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384 e. 98

Given to H. Dryden
by W. Caldwell
Ap 21 1845

Bound by Wiseman
Cambridge Feb 1848
3/9

PIERCE EGAN'S

# BOOK OF SPORTS,

AND

# MIRROR OF LIFE:

EMBRACING

THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE RING, AND THE STAGE

INTERSPERSED WITH

ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF SPORTING MEN, ETC.

Homo sum, humani nil à me alienum puto.—Terence.

DEDICATED TO

GEORGE OSBALDESTON, Esq.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. T. AND J. TEGG, 73, CHEAPSIDE;
AND R. GRIFFIN AND CO. GLASGOW.
1832.

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TO

# GEORGE OSBALDESTON, ESQ.

Dear Sir,

In accordance with the axiom that Public Men are public property, I have done myself the honor of dedicating the Book of Sports to your notice; and, in my humble opinion, I trust that I have done so from the right sort of *Taste*, nay more, "*good* Taste;" or, as an Artist might observe, I hope that it is "in perfect keeping" with the *Character* of the work:—

> To gild refin'd gold, to paint the lily,
> To throw a perfume on the violet!

(as our immortal Bard has so beautifully expressed it)

> Is wasteful and ridiculous.

Therefore, Sir, Flattery, or any thing in the shape of it, is entirely out of the question; and far, very far, rest assured, from my aim: although I feel not the slightest hesitation, asserting, that it is nothing else but a "bit of good truth" in addressing "the Squire,"[*] as the

**ATLAS OF THE SPORTING WORLD.**

Indeed, Sir, I feel so strong in my opinion the above title is correct, and universally acknowledged to be such by every Sportsman, from one end of the Kingdom to the other, that I consider it is Three to *One* in my favor.

Success, in an unparaleled degree, Sir, has attended your exertions in numerous Matches with which you have been engaged, that it would be utterly impossible to enumerate one half of them without making this Dedication as long as "Patterson's Road Book."

In every point of view in which you have been connected with the Sporting World, it is a well-known fact that the whole of your movements have rendered you conspicuous by the Game, Blood, and Bone which you have displayed in them—either in your own person; or, in that show of excellence, which has characterized the *high-bred* cattle under your control.

As a Breeder of Hounds, it is acknowledged that "the Squire's *blood* is *de facto* in the highest repute in the Sporting World!"

As a mighty Hunter, and a passionate Lover of the Chase, no man ever distinguished himself in the field with so much superiority and talent—realizing a complete portrait of the thorough-bred Sportsman; an intrepid and daring Leader; neck or nothing; regardless of any thing like fear, and only

HARK FORWARD! SEE THE GAME, ITS IN VIEW![†]

On the Race Course, Sir, in performing the part of a *Jockey* in your own right, as a Rider, the name of Osbaldeston, has claimed notoriety for its excellence from the best Judges of Horsemanship.

---

[*] During the period that Mr. Osbaldeston had the Quorn Hounds, three of the four packs which hunted in the same county, were the property of Noblemen; and for the sake of distinction, his friends conferred on him the familiar title of "The Squire."

[†] It was his custom to turn out every day in the week, weather permitting; and, after Christmas, as the days increased in length, he had often TWO PACKS, *out on the same day*, *a* CIRCUMSTANCE BEFORE UNHEARD OF. Besides, for a succession of Seasons in Leicestershire he hunted his own hounds SIX DAYS a week.

As a CRICKETER of the very first class, either with the Bat or the Ball, you have always been hailed with the greatest delight by the lovers of that manly and noble game.

And, upon the Water, Sir, no Gentleman

> **Has feathered his oar with so much skill and dexterity,**
> **Winning each heart and delighting each eye?**

like yourself, as if Old Father Thames had been the only element for "the SQUIRE" to have shown off his capabilities to the world, in order to win, and nothing else. Equally so, Sir, have you proved yourself completely 'at home' with the 'use of the scull,'* with which, in several '*funny*' matches, the admirers of Aquatic Sports have pronounced you a *blade* of the first water.

For the skill, nerve, and tact, which you have displayed at all times, in various TROTTING MATCHES; I have not 'travelled out of my road' to observe, that you have astonished the "Knowing Ones." You also have handled the ribbons; put along the *prad*; and as a Whip, "the SQUIRE" stands equally conspicuous in the Annals of Trotting.

To bring down your bird; bag lots of game; and floor myriads of pigeons from the trap, I have only to name the *Red House*; when the *crack* Shots, one and all of them will cry out—"Enough!"

But, lest any thing might be thought to be wanting to show that I had not made out a strong case in my favor, respecting the DEDICATION of the BOOK OF SPORTS to George OSBALDESTON, Esq. as a matter of 'good Taste!' I have only, by way of a *climax*, to call to my aid, the Herculean Match of riding *Two Hundred Miles* in the hitherto unheard-of short space of time—EIGHT HOURS and 39 MINUTES; and then, I prove myself a winner to all intents and purposes.

If I cannot use the *brush* with the excellence of a LANDSEER to convey my sentiments with that sort of rich colouring which the subject so justly deserves, I trust that my *pen and ink sketch* of "The SQUIRE" will not be pronounced out of drawing; but rather on the contrary, true to the principles of Nature. I likewise hope the *light* and *shade* of my Sporting Portrait will be found correct; and the *likeness* most clearly show to the Sporting World, that the appellation of a NONPARIEL—a PHENOMENON—and an OUT-AND-OUTER apply, in every point of view, to the character of GEORGE OSBALDESTON, Esq., and the motto to be placed under it—

"WHAT MAN DARE, I DARE!'

Then, Sir, long, very long, may you continue to prove the delight and ornament of the Sporting World; and also to 'keep the game alive!' In so doing, I flatter myself that your constant attachment towards all manly sports will not let you overlook the RING, as a requisite article, towards MATCH-MAKING.

I have the honor, Sir, to remain,
with the most manly sincerity and freedom,
your very humble Servant,

*July* 21, 1832. PIERCE EGAN.

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* If I might take the liberty to *pun*, or indulge in a 'tiny bit' of Sporting phraseology (at the same time anxious to avoid offence), I should say, without the fear of contradiction, and also independent of Dr. Spurzheim, that "the *scull* of 'the SQUIRE' is *screwed* on the right way!"

# PIERCE EGAN'S
# BOOK OF SPORTS.

THE SWELL DRAGSMAN OF "THE AGE."

With spirits gay we mount the box, the tits up to the traces,
Our elbows square, all so prime, dash off to Epsom Races:
With Buxton bit, bridoon so trim, three chesnuts and a grey,
Well couple up, my leaders there! Ya! hip! we bowl away.

It may, perhaps, be necessary to observe, in commencing the "BOOK of SPORTS," that to "START well" is one of the greatest objects in life; in fact, a good *start*, as the Stewards assert, backed by the knowing or experienced sort of folks at Epsom, Ascot, and Doncaster races, is half-way towards winning the gold cup; therefore, the Editor of the Book of Sports is most anxious to obtain the START; or, in other words, that he may be enabled to get over the ground like nothing else but a "good one," and also to arrive at the winning-post with ease, in style, and to a certainty:

Hark forward, my boys, see the game it's in view:

we, therefore, hope that our vehicle on the Road of Life will be found compact, firm, and "all right," and composed of the best materials; that our cattle will prove themselves to be *thorough-bred*, and that our charioteer will not be found wanting to render the journey, at all times, pleasant, full of interest, and of importance to the traveller.

But, as the Editor has always been, and always will be, fond of "A BIT OF GOOD TRUTH," he does not want the courage to assert, that it is far from his intention to be as *prim* as a Puritan, or as low and saucy as a *donkey* boy in his travels; yet, perhaps, a tiny bit of the PAUL-PRY may be seen attached to his efforts, in order to procure information; but nevertheless, he trusts that nothing of "the MARPLOT" will be discovered in his character. To resemble the busy bee, if possible, by "sipping sweets from every flower," but without leaving any of the *sting* behind him, will be one of the Editor's most decided points in the BOOK OF SPORTS, i. e. "Nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice." In short, "VARIETY is our motto—every thing by fits and starts—and nothing long, dull, or prosing, to occupy our columns;" indeed, to make it a "BOOK FOR EVERY BODY;" in which, topics will be introduced to interest the DUKE and attract the *Commoner*, to please the Rich Man and afford amusement and information to the Poor One; but never to give the slightest offence, by "o'erstepping the modesty of NATURE!" A book to be found welcome at all tables—a cheerful fire-side companion; and an interesting fellow-traveller, either in a post-chaise, or a stage coach. Under the Poet's idea, that "the proper study of mankind is man;" and to catch the manners living as they rise:—

"One negro say one ting, you take no offence,
BLACK and *white* be one colour a hundred year hence;
And when *Massa* DEATH kick him into a grave,
He no *spare* negro, buckra, nor massa, nor slave:
He dance, and he sing, and a banger thrum, thrum,
He *foolish* to tink what TO-MORROW may come.
Lily laugh and be fat, de best ting you can do,
Time enough to be SAD when you *kickara-boo!*"

So says the Editor; therefore he wishes that *sadness* may always be a day's march behind us; and to follow the excellent advice, given gratis by the late Lord Chancellor Erskine, "that a little mirth in this melancholy life is a good thing." Therefore, it is our intention to be merry and wise; and although we do not puff ourselves off as an ATLAS, capable of carrying the world upon our shoulders, neither as strong as a SAMSON, who slew thousands with the jaw bone of an ass, nor so romantic a chevalier as DON QUIXOTTE, who attacked wind-mills; yet, nevertheless, we mean to *Book* all the WIT that crosses our path—to *note* down all the TALENT we meet with in our pursuits through life; and to make use of our eyes towards keeping a good look out upon all occasions, to increase our stores of amusements; that is to say, to be *alive* to all the movements of the Sporting World; to

Chant the pleasures of sporting, the charms of a race,
And ne'er be at fault at a *mill* or the chace.

To be *awake* at the Theatres, in order to perpetuate the doctrine of our immortal Bard, "to hold, as it were, the mirror up to Nature;" and be able to show our passport, if required, at the turnpike-gate of Knowledge, as to an acquaintance with society in general—

FORTUNE in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The *cobler* apron'd, and the *parson* gown'd,
The *friar* hooded, and the MONARCH crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry), than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend, a WISE man and a FOOL!

If then, in the recital of our ANECDOTES, we cannot prove ourselves as *funny* as *Jack Reeve*, we will endeavour to keep him in our eye, as an excellent model to produce mirth and laughter: also, if it is not within our grasp to tell our STORIES like Liston, to keep our readers continually on the *broad grin;* nevertheless, we will put as comical a face upon the subject as our capabilities will allow us to do; and lastly, though not the least, in the *Court* of *Momus*, if we should not be able to give that sort of *pith* and strength of humour by way of illustration to our TALES, like the much-admired, irresistible comedian, *Charles Mathews*, we shall exert ourselves to be as near "AT HOME," as possible; or, in other words, no exertions shall be wanting on our part (if we cannot *command* it), to deserve success. We now start for the winning-post, with a sketch of real life:—

## THE SWELL DRAGSMAN OF "THE "AGE!"

Or, in plain English, a well-dressed Stage Coachman; but the character of the thing must be preserved—and a driver of four 'good *uns*' ought not to be described with any thing like the gravity of a parson, whose "good ones" are of another guess sort; therefore, if a 'tiny bit' of slang now and then should pop out, it must only be considered in *keeping* with the picture.

His late Majesty, King George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, could 'push along,' keep moving, with his four 'nonesuches,' and give the '*go-by*' to all his nobles like fun; indeed, the Prince was the delight of all the jockies and coachmen in the kingdom; but amongst the grooms, huntsmen, and whippers-in, at Brighton, Windsor, Newmarket, &c., he was their idol. His late Majesty had always a taste for driving, and very much attached to the turf. Not very long before he died, he asked one of his grooms, with whom he was conversing on the subject of his racing stud—"Well," said the King, "and what do they say of me at Newmarket?"—"What do they say of your Majesty," replied the groom, "why they say that you are the most ***varmint*** of 'em all, and they wish that they had you back again at Newmarket." The phrase "***varmint***" was a cant term in the days of the merry monarch Charles II., and was frequently used when speaking of him.

The late high-minded, splendid, Duke of Bedford, who never stood still at trifles, but got over the ground with all the ease of a bowling-green, with a 'turn-out' worthy of one of the highest rank in the peerage, was also considered a first-rate coachman; and likewise the never-to-be-forgotten Squire Mellish in the sporting world—who would not be ***second*** to any body, or at any thing—a first-rate charioteer, and nothing else, upon all occasions—with 'neck or nothing' for his motto—galloping up and down the Brighton hills, with all the playfulness of style and ease of manners, like the best bred gentleman in a ball-room. I think I see him now on a Race Course, surrounded by characters of the first rank in society, communicating life and spirits to the circle; indeed, he was a 'magnificent' fellow on horseback; a complete hero on the box; and an 'out-and-outer' in every other point of view upon the Turf, and all the *et ceteras* belonging to it; and, 'take him for all in all,' I have seen nothing like the late Squire Mellish since that foe to the human race, Death, placed him under it. And last, though not least in the 'Scale of Merit' in the whip line, the present venerable Sir John Lade, bart., the father of the driving-school for gentlemen. The ease and elegance displayed by Sir John in handling the reins, was quite a picture to the admirers of good coachmanship—his eye was *precision* itself, and he was distinguished for driving to an ***inch***. Sir John's memorable wager of driving through a gate only wide enough to admit his carriage, almost with the rapidity of lightning, two-and-twenty times in succession, and scarcely allowing himself room to turn round, sets this matter of fact at rest:—such a superiority of command had the once gay, dashing, baronet over his high-bred cattle. This will account, in some degree, for the Brighton road having been conspicuous for upwards of the last fifty years for first-rate coachmen; indeed commoners, mere whipsters, would not have been able to have kept their seats, but have been voted, by the visitors of this splendid watering place, of '***no use***,' and compelled to retire from the ***stage***.

The late *George Simcock*, as the term goes now-a-days, was a 'rum one to look at,' but a 'good one' to get over the heavy ground on the Forest as *light* as he could, by keeping his leaders to their work, and also making the wheelers do their duty; indeed, George was admitted to be a sound, practical coachman, and the lives of his passengers were considered safe under his protection; and a truly facetious fellow into the bargain. He had a *tale* for every body on the coach, and one or two to spare for his friends in the evening, when he left his coach to 'blow a cloud,' take his glass, and keep the 'game alive,' until the hand of the clock pointed out to him it was time to 'rack up' for the night, and also that coachmen, like other folks who have business to look after, must go to ***roost***. George had a great many merry little '***dodges***' belonging to his character—and was a great favorite both up and down the road. The gentlemen passengers he caused to laugh heartily at his comical jokes; and the fair ones to smile, but not to blush; his wit was always so well wrapped up; George being a family man, and fully aware of the necessity of 'keeping the line.' But it was a perfect treat to hear him get the JOHNY RAWS 'in a string,' by telling them to have a care of the phantasmagoria sort of sights, which would stare them full in the face at every turn in the metropolis. 'The London ghosts are a queer set of *chaps*,' said George, 'and very likely to make your teeth *chatter* again, if you only *look* at them; but, if you *touch* them, it is all up with you; therefore, I say, be on your guard. Why, you would scarcely believe it, that a friend of mine, a very strong countryman, who had the hardihood to tackle one of those nothing sort of things, as he thought, to his great surprise, during the struggle for victory, every hair of his head became as thick as a broomstick.' The passengers, in general, were laughing from the beginning of their journey to the end of it; and the whole of them felt sorry when *George* touched his castor, and said, "The coachman!"—"Remember the coachman!" said a gentleman one day, "d—n the fellow! I shall never forget him. I shan't get my *jaws* right again for some time, they have been so widely extended with laughing during the journey."

"Why," said George, to a country fellow who expressed his astonishment at Simcock's *lingo*, "when you have been as long upon the stage as I have, you then, perhaps, may see as many strange sights as I have seen."—"Lord! Measter *Simcock*," replied the Johny Raw, "What, have you ever been upon the *stage;* one of those strolling player sort of chaps that go about the country living by their wits? I never heard of it before, I declare."—"Yes," answered George, "to be sure I have; and performed a great many parts in my time: don't you see I am on the *stage* now." —"Lord, so you, be Measter *Simcock*," said the yokel, "how droll!—well, I never thought of that before. You really are such a funny fellow, it is worth all the *fare* only to keep you company up to London." It is well known that poor *George Simcock* was the delight of that *stage* on which he exercised his talents; but, like other great actors, with all his knowledge and care, he suffered 'Old Death' to get the whip-hand of him, and who compelled *George* to quit his box against his will, and also to laugh on the other side of his mouth. It is also true that his place has been supplied; but his box has never since been filled by any of his successors like the original 'rum one.' No, indeed; 'no more like my father than I am to Hercules.'—*Peace to his manes!*

*Sam Goodman* and 'the *Snows*' were well known on the Brighton road as first-rate coachmen—safe drivers—prime cattle—with elegant turn-outs, and gentlemanly behaved men in every point of view, long, very long, before the late Harry Stevenson had ever entertained the slightest notion of mounting the box as a coachman for hire, and becoming a competitor with the above experienced *dragsmen.* In fact, it might almost have been observed that the road, which they had passed over so many years with credit to themselves and satisfaction to their passengers, exclusively belonged to them; they were so punctual to their time, did their business like clock-work, and civil and attentive to all their patrons, that nothing, it was thought, would have had any chance with them, they played their parts so well upon the *stage.* For months together were *Goodman* and *Snow* seen driving up to London and down again to Brighton every day, actually performing *six hundred and twenty-four miles* in the course of every week, regardless of wind and weather, and in opposition to clouds of dust, storms of hail and rain, and violent tempests of thunder and lightning. Indeed, it was the general opinion of the inhabitants of Brighton that any thing like an *opening* for a new coach was entirely out of the question; that *Sam Goodman,* as the punsters had it, was nothing else but a '*good*' man; indeed, his *points* were all good. He was lively in conversation—full of anecdote—anxious to give satisfaction to all parties; and Sam could handle subjects in general with as much ease and freedom as he *handled* his reins. And although the quotation of Shakspeare might be made use of against his opponent SNOW—"Wert thou as chaste as ice, or as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny," yet, nevertheless, he stood equally in favor with the visitors to and from London; and, in spite of a hot burning sun at times, and during the *melting* moments of summer, yet SNOW was always to be seen as a fixture upon his box, completely unchanged in his duty towards his passengers and his horses. The obstacles thus thrown in the way of STEVENSON to deter him from the attempt of starting a new coach at Brighton had not the desired effect; he thought otherwise, and therefore with the advice of his friends—he "took the road."

STEVENSON, it appears, had received his education at Cambridge; but, notwithstanding the *degrees* he had taken at that celebrated seat of learning, *prudence* and economy were not amongst them. He soon got rid of his patrimony in mixing with society, and "keeping it up," as other *swells* of his acquaintance were wont to do. Harry Stevenson was ultimately "told out." The treasury became empty; and it was with him, "pockets to let, unfurnished." "He could not *beg,*" and "to *dig* he was ashamed;" to become a clerk, or to stand behind a counter, were ideas too groveling to be adapted to the taste of a *ci-devant* gentleman! Yet something must be done to make the pot boil: *breakfast* was absolutely necessary to keep up an appearance in life; *dinner* he could not dispense with; a cup of *twankey,* and a muffin, were equally essential to prevent the human frame from decay; and *supper,* by way of winding up the day, a most important feature in the history of man's career. A glass of grog also wanting to keep up the spirits—a cigar to cogitate over as to future events—or a bottle of wine to make the "*wisit* pleasant," if the funds and numbs could procure it. The stage then was the only thing that struck his fancy as the readiest road to preferment and riches; or, perhaps, a more humble phrase might better elucidate the matter, namely, "to keep the wolf from the door." In this dilemma—this state of nothingness—Stevenson was too high-minded to perform the character of *Sponge,* although a *living* must be procured for him some *how* or other. He was considered a *crack* gentleman driver—the hero of the tale—amongst all his *pals* who could "tool a jervy," and also voted by them "a proper marvellous man" to appear before the public in the personification of a regular *dragsman.* The practicability of the thing was canvassed by all his immediate friends—the points well considered—and the result—that Harry Stevenson should make his *debût* not in a box at the opera, with an eye-glass to *stare* his way into elegant society amongst the Corinthians, but upon the box of a stage-coach, with a whip in his hand, to *persuade* the horses that they had a master behind them; and likewise to obtain the good opinion of (whom, all in public or in private worship) THE TOWN?

His noble pals, fellow-collegians, and sprigs of nobility, were fully acquainted with the doctrine and advantages laid down by the late Lord Chesterfield, that a prepossessing appearance is every thing in Society—therefore, in order to heighten the *début* of Stevenson upon the *stage*, directions were given for a new drag to be made by the best workmen, calculated to "take the shine" out of every thing on the road. His *tits*, as fine as stars, possessing the qualities of race horses for speed, blood, and bone, with harness tasteful in the extreme, and placed on the *prads* with as much studied attention and care as the diamond necklace round the lovely alabaster neck of a beautiful duchess, or the gold chain upon the most handsome countess in the world, to attract admirers; and then the *coachman*, to correspond, or rather to harmonize, with the whole, a complete PELHAM in his walk of life; his *dress* was good, and his *address* of the same quality: his manners mild and interesting; his figure slight, but carrying with it the air of a gentleman, and his "pickers and stealers," as the classic might call them; his fingers and hands, as the sober sort of folks would term them; or, as the sporting men would have it, his "bunch of fives," were protected from the inclemency of the rude elements by "white kid gloves."

No "*petted*" race horse was ever brought to the starting post in better TRIM than the late HENRY STEVENSON; indeed, he was ushered upon the *stage* under patronage of the very first quality, a young honorable, the son of a very eloquent nobleman in the House of Lords, placing himself by his side on the box, the roof of the coach also covered with several young gentlemen connected with some of the highest families in the kingdom. The *stare* of the crowd was completely gratified; his *cad* (or assistant) also better attired than usual, to keep the unison of things perfect, who placed the boxes, and handed up the passengers. STEVENSON paying no other attention but to his horses, and when the signal was given "all right," his start was a first rate thing altogether—a *Taglioni* movement: and he handled the ribbons with as much ease and confidence as *Paganini* when playing one of his favorite solos on the violin; he likewise held up his *prads* compact, firm, and coachman-like, and he left Castle Square, Brighton, triumphantly; he turned the corner of North Street like a charioteer; he was upon the London Road in a twinkling, and almost out of sight before you could utter "Jack Robinson!" The spectators crying out, in the words of Goldfinch, "That's your sort."

He had scarcely made his appearance on the stage, as an actor, before he became a great favourite with "the TOWN:" in fact, he was immediately patronized by all the beaus and belles as one of the "great creatures" of the AGE in which he lived, when the capabilities of a stage-coachman became the theme of discussion. Stevenson was quite a feature *up* and *down* the road; "mine hosts" were all "cap in hand" to him when he pulled up at their doors; and the good-natured smiling hostesses always greeted him with a kindly welcome; and the dashing bar maids looked "unutterable things," in favor of the gentleman *dragsman*. The "fine women" from the metropolis would always go with Stevenson, he was such a nice, kind, genteel, obliging, coachman; and the *Corinthians*, and better sort of folks, would always *book* with him for the sake of being in "good company."

But, notwithstanding the above high flights of patronage of the "young swells," who were always upon the *tout* for him, united with the smiles and interest of some of the best dressed and most attractive females of the day, yet Harry Stevenson, nevertheless, had his "*work*" to do; it was an Herculean task to attempt to get the *best* of such bang up drivers—"old stagers on the road from boys to manhood." It was true—he had pictured to himself the accomplishment of "great things," but it was scarcely possible to achieve any thing like *improvement* in the Coach Department, every portion of which was so well done on all sides. STEVENSON, however, was resolved upon making a *dash*—to try the question, at all events, he was determined; when he was immediately viewed as a dangerous rival by the "old uns;" his exertions to produce novelty were scanned with jealousy; and all his movements were watched with the most scrutinizing eyes by his knowing opponents. Sam, the pleasant, much respected *Sam Goodman*, was always a fast coachman; *Snow* (the good-natured, jolly fellow, fond of life and all the good things attached to it, in his business) was equally on the alert to keep "his time," nay, to get *in* before the appointed minute: indeed, all the *dragsmen* were on the look out to be *placed* any where on the list by the proprietors, except the *last!* They were all "quick chaps," and every one of them endeavoured to make their *prads* put their best legs foremost to get over the ground with all the celerity of ten miles an hour. There was nothing like *dozing* to be witnessed on the *boxes*, nay, on the contrary, they were compelled to be "*wide awake*," in order that they might not give half-a-chance away likely to be turned to good account by their learned, accomplished, and leary rival, who was anxious to stand very high in the opinion of the public.

Although it should seem that Stevenson's *box* was not exactly a "bed of roses" to his feelings, but rather a difficult place to be firmly seated upon; yet there was a certain "sort of style" about his conduct that caused him to be attractive in his line:—"the GENTLEMAN COACHMAN!" The most perfect stranger could not view Stevenson with indifference, either when standing by the sides of his horses, or seated upon his "box:" indeed, the appellation of "the gentleman coachman," is such that few men can obtain the name, without it is attached in an eminent degree to their personal requisites as to stamp the character: *gentility* of demeanour is not one of those common-place sort of things to be assumed at will by every body; neither is it to be put on with as much ease and indifference as the stage coachman puts on his upper tog when the rude elements assail his outward man. The "*smart* fellow" is another sort of appearance in the eye of the critic; "the good-looking man" a different caste altogether, to the common observer of men and manners; and the "dashing, knowing sort of driver," who has crept up by degrees to obtain a seat upon the box, and a good suit of clothes into the bargain, is considered to partake more of the swaggering qualities of human nature, in the mind's eye of the painter, than any thing like the idea of conveying the portrait of "a gentleman."

The remarks which took place as STEVENSON passed up and down the road from London to Brighton, were often extremely amusing to the passengers, of which the following well-known anecdote, perhaps, will suffice: two London costard mongers, with their donkeys, who were selling their turnips and greens at the door of a gentleman's house at Streatham, when "the Age" stage coach passed by them, gave birth to the under-mentioned dialogue. "My eyes, Jem," said one of them to his pal, "only look out, did you ever see *sich* a heavy load of *swells* in your natural life time before? I never did." "Vy," answered the other dealer in apples, &c., "that ere is nothing new to him; his *drag* is always crammed both inside and out with the tip-top sort of customers; and as to the beautiful female vomen he brings along with him, lord bless their pretty faces, it does one good to look at them, I never saw *sich* pictures of flesh and blood since I was out of my egg-shell! I should like to know as how where they grows sich handsome things. That ere STEVENSON is a lucky sort of chap. He has got all the top sawyers in a string! I should like to take a *leaf* out of his BOOK—it would be vorth having at any price, that's vot it voud." "Vy, Jem, I will tell you to a *nicety* how he does it; you might come over the folks i' the same sort of vay if you voud'n't be so independant—vell then, listen to me, you see *ciwility* costs nothing, and he has got a bag full of it, and which he always takes with him every journey that he goes; and he pulls it out as he vants it; he gives a *handfull* of ciwility to some of his customers, and a hat full to others, just as they will stand it; therefore, do you see as how if you will play your *cards* with as much judgement as the swell dragsman does, you are sure to *vin* the game, and no *mistake*.'

The following outline of STEVENSON, written by ourselves, under the designation of "BILL PUT-'EM-ALONG," in the "*Finish* to the Adventures of TOM, JERRY, AND LOGIC;" and which appeared during the lifetime of STEVENSON: we therefore extract it towards the completion of his character, and for the amusement of our readers:—

"Our hero now mounted the box, along with BILL PUT-'EM-ALONG, who was every thing but a *dummy;* in fact, originally, he had been intended by his relatives to sustain the sacred functions of a clergyman; and accordingly he had received his education at one of the colleges at Cambridge. What progress he had made in his studies during his *novitiate* to obtain the character of a 'learned Pundit,' had never been a subject of argument amongst his fellow-collegians; but for a trotting match, as a good shot, and as an amateur whip, they would back him to 'push along, keep moving, and to get over the ground,' against most of the stage coachmen of the day. His papa and mamma had long been called to that 'bourne from whence no traveller returns;' and he was left wholly to the guardianship of a rich old uncle. A '*good living*' was also in store for him, when he arrived at a proper period of his life to conduct it with propriety and rectitude. The least thing BILL partook of at College was *learning*, it being the most *troublesome.* He could much sooner dispose of a bottle or two of Champagne, than descant upon the *Elements of Euclid;* mount his *tit* with greater celerity than quote a passage from VIRGIL; and make use of the *gloves* with more tact than expatiate on the beauties of PALEY. BILL never expected preferment in the Church—to become a Dean never entered his thoughts—to be made a Bishop, quite out of the question; and as to filling the high situation of an Archbishop of Canterbury, it was *visionary* in the extreme. Therefore, *severity* of STUDY did not belong to his *book*—he turned over the leaves of the RACING CALENDER with pleasure and profit; and noted down the ODDS at Tattersall's several times with an *interesting* account: and in the true spirit of the thing, BILL often used to give it as a matter of *taste* amongst his brethren of the gown, when enjoying the 'gaily circling glass,' during the hours of relaxation at College. 'For my money,' said he, 'I'll have DONCASTER for BOOK-*ing* against *Cambridge;* for NOB-*work*, I'll bet odds EPSOM in preference to *Oxford*; and for *Readers*, NEWMARKET 50 to 1 against both the schools of St. Paul's and Westminster. Ten Ponies on YORK, for the production of *scholars*, as to *knowledge* and *calculation*, against all the *deep* studies acquired at ETON; and ASCOT, delightful splendid ASCOT, for pedigree, bottom bone, and blood, 'all to nothing' against the '*training*' at the *Charter-house!*

"PUT-'EM-ALONG, it was soon discovered preferred the range of the world, to the confined state of the *closet*, and he was determined to risk his fortune upon the Grand Theatre of Life, rather than stick to the 'old musty, fusty rules of College.' He soon ran through his patrimony; the advice of his uncle had not been attended to, and BILL felt quite satisfied that the '*good living*' was completely out of sight; something must be done; a GENTLEMAN without *means,* he found to be the most afflicting state in society, and of 'no use' at all in the Metropolis; he, therefore, turned his attention towards '*the road!*' Yet not after the mode of a celebrated dramatic hero, to 'turn the *lead* into *gold;*' neither to trifle away his time with the 'pretty Pollies' and 'fond Lucies;' but without hesitation he mounted the box, stuck to his leaders, handled the ribbons, and picked up, after all, a '*good living,*' without quoting a single text from Scripture. Such was the outline of BILL PUT-'EM-ALONG. He was patronised by the *Swells;* his fellow-collegians also stuck to him like glue; and his civility and attention to his passengers rendered him a host within himself. His appearance was likewise prepossessing; his manners mild and interesting; and he was always dressed like a gentleman. In fact, the passengers were afraid to offer him the usual *tip* at the journey's end, until he faintly observed, 'the Coachman!' His *drag* was also in unison with the rest of his character, by possessing much more the *swell* look of a gentleman's Four-in-hand, instead of a regular vehicle for public hire! That BILL should prove himself a most interesting feature on the box, by his observations, and his knowledge of the various classes of society that he was compelled, from his daily occupation, to mix with, will not be doubted for an instant; he was also a most cheerful and lively companion in every point of view, and perfectly capable of answering any questions put to him by the passengers, respecting the seats along the road, and the characters of the various nobility and gentry who inhabit them. Alongside of the road, too, BILL had his friends amongst the landlords of the various inns, who said of *Coachy,* 'that there was nothing of the *screw* about him, and what he *axed* for, he *tipped* for, like a *Gent.,* which was more than many dragsmen did as how they could mention, although it was no matter howsomdever, *here* or there.' PUT-'EM-ALONG was likewise a bit of a favorite with the comely hostesses, the dashing barmaids, and prime smart chambermaids, who always gave it as their opinion, when Bill's character was inquired into as a Coachman, 'that he was such a *nice* man, and so attentive to the females, that it was really a pleasure to go a journey with a person like Mr. PUT-'EM-ALONG."

JERRY had scarcely seated himself alongside the Coachman, when the fat knight said, "Sir, I am very glad you have joined us; you will find *Coachy* here as good as an almanac, intelligent upon most subjects, and witty upon all of them; I have been *joking* with him about the uncertainty of human affairs, the change of occupation from *grave* to *gay:* the *lingo* equally at variance with the two situations in life; TILLOTSON giving way to *Goldfinch,* in order to comply with the phraseology of the road; and the dress necessary to render the character complete. I am glad to see that Mr. PUT-'EM-ALONG has got the 'whip hand' of his opponents; and, though not exactly 'holding forth' for the improvement of his flock, yet, nevertheless, he is 'holding them up,' and still so much confidence is placed in his exertions, to make 'all right,' that a great variety of *souls* and *bodies* are continually under his immediate care, in order that they may be kept in the *right road,* and arrive safe at the end of the journey."

Respecting the *tax,* which numerous passengers find fault with, of being compelled, as it were, to pay the Coachman, in addition to their fare, it might be urged, that the anxiety naturally attendant upon driving a four-horse stage; keeping strange horses at times well together, and to do their work; the duty to be performed, whether in hot or cold weather, wet or dry; the safety of the passengers always in view, either up or down the hills; the absolute necessity of keeping time; the different tempers to please, inside and out of the coach; civilities always required; and satisfaction to be given to the various proprietors. When all the above circumstances are taken into consideration, the liberal mind must be clearly satisfied, that "*the* LABOURER *is worthy of his hire!*" The stage coachmen, within the last twenty-five years, throughout England, are an improved race of men altogether; the WASTE-*butt* sort of CHAP is entirely removed from the box; drinking at every inn quite exploded; and the drivers in general so well *togged,* their linen white as snow, and viewed not only as one of the best dressed, but frequently the best *behaved* men upon the coach; full of anecdote; anxious to please all parties; cheerful and merry; frequently humming some well-known air, by which means a journey of fifty or sixty miles now-a-days is disposed of so quickly, as to appear more like a matter of pleasure, than the dull heavy routine connected with business and fatigue.

The *mind* of the "Swell Dragsman" was strong enough to bear up against the wind *and* the weather; but his delicate *spare* frame could not withstand the heat and the cold, the hail and the rain, the frost and the snow, and all the 'other rude elements which stage coachmen are heirs to.' But, as the *punning* Mercutio observes, in Romeo and Juliet, at the end of the combat with Tybalt, when the sword of the latter merely touches the body of Mercutio, "What, *scratch* a man to death! But no matter whether it is as deep as a well, or as wide as a barn door! it will do! I shall be a *grave* man to-morrow." Exactly so with the poor Swell Dragsman; one of his great toes was frost-bitten; considered simple in itself, as an attack upon his person, but, neglected, it ultimately produced those consequences to the '*Swell* of the AGE," before he expected, or was prepared for it, "a notice to quit." Thus suffering the 'king of terrors' to get the 'whip-hand of him,' also to drive him off the road, and, as the last scene of his eventful history, to exchange his upper Benjamin (the envy of all his brother coachmen), for an article of a more lasting description,—a WOODEN SURTOUT!—*Sic transit gloria mund!*

**Pleasure hath harnessed thy horses, all eager to run,**
**Fiery and swift as the steeds of the sun!**
**"Ah, this is life, happiness, splendor, and glee;**
**Mount, mount, my sweet damsel, and journey with me."**
**But, ah! that grim king, who sat at the feast,**
**Hath followed the track of thy chariot wheel;**
**He heeds not the cry of anguish for rest,**
**Nor the sorrows that time will never heal:**
**No,—he follows thee, thou gay and vain,**
**And all thy schemes of pride will mar;**
**He takes the wheel from thy splendid car,**
**And hurls thee prostrate on the plain!**
**Nature heeds not thy parting groan,**
**No more than thou didst the beggar's moan.**
**The sky-lark amid the full sun-blaze is singing,**
**While down the lone valley thy death-shriek is ringing.**

**Ah! what are worldly pomp and glory?**
**An empty shadow, a noisy story!**
**While earthly pleasure is a fleeting dream,**
**And honor but the meteor's gleam.**

*Stevenson* was by no manner of means a "*lushy* Cove," as his helper told a nobleman who was enquiring the cause of the absence of the coachman. "Ah, Sir," said the *cad*, rubbing the moisture off his peepers with his bunch of fives, a 'tiny bit,' after corporal Trim's affecting style of eloquence, "the *swell's* bolted! Poor Harry's gone! He's left the drag! There's not a dry eye all along the road, since his death! The landlords are quite chop-fallen, to think as how such a werry nice man should have been *brushed* off the box so soon. An't it a pity, Sir? my lord, I mean to say, your honor. But it's nothing new, when one comes to think on it! We are here this morning, and in Lunnon to-night: I should have said, we are here to-day, and gone to-morrow. The poor landladies are all in grief at his loss, and the bar, and chambermaids,—you never see sick vork with them,—they are all napping their bibs, like winking; that's vat they are; only on account of poor Harry's being such a genteel, well-behaved fellow. He vas a nonpariel in his vay! Yet the swell was a married man; but no matter for that, my lord: he always did vat vas right, and never did wrong, not to nobody! He stuck to his own wehicle, the *Age!* the bang-up AGE; the out and out AGE! Although he was quite a young one: but the good ones always go first. Vasn't it a picture of a *drag*, Sir, my lord? What a turn out! a prince might not have been ashamed to have *tooled* her. Such *tits* too! and sich harness—my eyes—lord mayor's show was nothing to it.—But, my lord, you must excuse me: I cannot go on any furder, it cuts me up so. I might as well bolt myself, now my best friend's laid up in lavender! Ah, sir, it was an unlucky day when Harry's *toe* napt it, for the *Age*. It vas a bad job for me too, Sir, my lord, I mean. I have been out of *luck* ever since." The *cad* made his bow, and was off like a shot, leaving his lordship almost as much in the dark respecting the fate of poor *Stevenson* as if he had not been listening to the *flash* story of the *chaffing* helper.

The 'Swell Dragsman' was likewise a well-known feature in the sporting world, and upon all the movements out of town, his *Rattler* was sure to be full, both inside and out on the road to a prize *mill*, with Cantabs, young sprigs of nobility, in *training* to become greater folks; and those sort of choice spirits who are always ready for a 'spree,' a 'lark,' or a 'turn up,' out of doors, to keep them from getting into more serious mischief at home. His *book* was equally filled for Epsom, Ascot races, &c.: indeed, his gay patrons were so anxious to give him a turn to witness every 'caper on the board' in life, likely to produce fun, afford amusement, or to hold out a chance to win a few of those '*screens* for misfortunes,' his pals were 'never backwards in coming forwards,' to do honor to the *Age!* The king, it is true, might have spared a better man in society; and yet he would not have been *missed* half so much as the late Harry Stevenson! But, *sorrow* is dry!

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In order as a 'set-off,' or, more properly speaking, to show the contrast between the above "Swell Dragsman" and a coachman of a more *weighty* description in the scale of horsemanship, we have been induced to quote, with great pleasure, from the facetious pen of TOMMY HOOD, the celebrated *punster*, the pathetic ballad of 'John Day,' which appears in his *last* 'Comic Annual,' recently published:—

### JOHN DAY—*A Pathetic Ballad*:

A Day after the fair—*Old Proverb.*

JOHN DAY he was the biggest man
Of all the coachmen-kind,
With back too broad to be conceived
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight,
When he was in the rear,
And wished his box a Christmas-box,
To come but once a year.

Alas! against the shafts of love
What armour can avail?
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through
His scarlet coat of mail.

The bar-maid of the Crown he loved,
From whom he never ranged,
For though he changed his horses there,
His love he never *changed*.

He thought her fairest of all *fares*,
So fondly love prefers;
And often, among twelve outsides,
Deemed no outside like hers.

One day as he was sitting down
Beside the porter-pump—
He came, and knelt with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

Said she, my taste will never learn
To like so huge a man,
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can.

But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs, and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart, although
He drove the DART for years!

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued,
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry
While on the way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town;
The course of love was never smooth,
So his went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin;
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

Oh, Mary! view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf;
Though I have never had a wife,
I've lost my better half.

Alas, in vain he still assailed,
Her heart withstood the dint;
Though he carried sixteen stone,
He could not move a flint.

Worn out, at last, he made a vow
To break his being's link;
For he was so reduced in size,
At nothing he could shrink.

Now some will talk in water's praise,
And waste a deal of breath,
But John, though he drank nothing else,
He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid that caused his love
Found out the fatal close—
For, looking in the butt, she saw—
The butt-end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown,
But that is only talk—
For, after riding all his life,
His *ghost* objects to walk.

## FREDERIC II. OF PRUSSIA—HIS ATTACHMENT TO DOGS.

'Kings have their *fancies* like other folks.'

'Frederic's attachment to his dogs, which had been one of his earliest passions (observes his biographer, *Lord Dover*) continued unabated to the end of his life. The breed which he preferred was that of the Italian greyhound, of which he had always five or six in the room with him. Zimmerman describes them as placed on blue-satin chairs and couches, near the king's arm-chair; and says that, when Frederic, during his last illness, used to sit on his terrace at Sans Souci, in order to enjoy the sun, a chair was always placed by his side, which was occupied by one of his dogs. He fed them himself, took the greatest possible care of them when they were sick, and, when they died, buried them in the gardens at Sans Souci. The traveller may still see their tombs (flat stones, with the names of the dogs interred beneath engraved upon them) at each end of the terrace at Sans Souci, in front of the palace. The king was accustomed to pass his leisure moments in playing with them; and the room where he sat was strewed with leather balls, with which they amused themselves. As they were all much indulged, though there was always one especial favorite, they used to tear the damask covers of the chairs in the king's apartment, and gnaw and otherwise injure the furniture. This he permitted without rebuke, and used only to say, 'My dogs destroy my chairs; but how can I help it? And if I was to have them mended to day, they would be torn again to-morrow; so I suppose I must bear with the inconvenience.—After all, a Marquise de Pompadour would cost me a great deal more, and would neither be as attached nor as faithful!'

'The most celebrated of the dogs of Frederic were Biche and Alcmena. Biche made the campaign of 1745 with him; and was with him when, one day, having advanced to reconnoitre the position of the enemy's troops, he was pursued by a party of Austrian hussars. He hid himself under a bridge, with Biche wrapped in the breast of his coat. The dog, though generally of a noisy and barking disposition, seemed aware of its master's danger, and remained quiet and hardly breathing, till the Austrians had passed over the bridge, and were at a distance. At the battle of Soor Biche was taken with the king's baggage, but was restored to her master. General Rothenbourg, who brought her, upon her return, into the king's room, found the monarch so entirely occupied in writing, that he did not look up when his favorite entered. The dog immediately jumped upon the table, and put her two front paws on the king's neck, who was moved to tears at this proof of her affection. Alcmena was a favorite greyhound belonging to the King of Prussia, to which he was so much attached, that, at its death, for a day or two, he abandoned himself to his grief; and it was long before he would allow the corpse of the dog, although it had become putrid, to be taken from his apartment and buried.'"

## AFFECTION OF THE ARABIAN HORSE.

In that admirable and interesting work, 'The Library of Useful Knowledge,' the writer states there are three breeds of Arabian horses;—the *Attechi*, or inferior breed; the *Kadischi*, literally, horses of an unknown race; and the *Kochlani*, horses whose genealogy, according to the Arab account, is known for two thousand years.

We may not, perhaps, believe all that is told us of the Arabian. It has been remarked that there are, on the deserts where this horse traverses, no mile-stones to mark the distance, or watches to calculate the time; and the Bedouin is naturally given to exaggeration, and, most of all, when relating the prowess of the animal which he loves as dearly as his children: yet it cannot be denied that, at the introduction of the Arabian into European stables, there was no other horse comparable to him.

The Arab horse is as celebrated for his docility and good temper, as for his speed and courage. In that delightful book, "Bishop Heber's Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India," the following interesting character is given of him. "My morning rides are very pleasant. My horse is a nice, quiet, good-tempered little Arab, who is so fearless, that he goes, without starting, close to an elephant, and so gentle and docile, that he eats bread out of my hand, and has almost as much attachment and coaxing ways as a dog. This seems the general character of the Arab horses, to judge from what I have seen in this country. It is not the fiery dashing animal I had supposed, but with more rationality about him, and more apparent confidence in his rider, than the majority of English horses."

The kindness with which he is treated from a foal, gives him an affection for his master, a wish to please, a pride in exerting every energy in obedience to his commands, and, consequently, an apparent sagacity which is seldom seen in other breeds. The mare and her foal inhabit the same tent with the Bedouin and his children. The neck of the mare is often the pillow of the rider, and more frequently of the children, who are rolling about upon her and the foal: yet no accident ever occurs, and the animal acquires that friendship and love for man which occasional ill-treatment will not cause him for a moment to forget.

When the Arab falls from his mare, and is unable to rise, she will immediately stand still, and neigh until assistance arrives. If he lies down to sleep, as fatigue sometimes compels him, in the midst of the desert, she stands watchful over him, and neighs and rouses him if either man or beast approaches. An old Arab had a valuable mare that had carried him for fifteen years, in many a hard-fought battle, and many a rapid, weary march; at length, eighty years old, and unable longer to ride her, he gave her, and a scimitar that had been his father's, to his eldest son, and told him to appreciate their value, and never lie down to rest until he had rubbed them both as bright as a looking-glass. In the first skirmish in which the young man was engaged, he was killed, and the mare fell into the hands of the enemy. When the news reached the old man, he exclaimed that "life was no longer worth preserving, for he had lost both his son and his mare, and he grieved for one as much as the other;" and he immediately sickened and died.

Man, however, is an inconsistent being, The Arab who thus lives with, and loves his horses, regarding them as his most valuable treasure, sometimes treats them with a cruelty scarcely to be believed, and not at all to be justified. The severest treatment which the English race-horse endures is gentleness compared with the trial of the young Arabian. Probably the filly has never before been mounted; she is led out; her owner springs on her back, and goads her over the sands and rocks of the desert, at full speed, for fifty or sixty miles, without one moment's respite. She is then forced, steaming and panting, into water deep enough for her to swim. If, immediately after this, she will eat as if nothing had occurred, her character is established, and she is acknowledged to be a genuine descendant of the *Kochlani* breed. The Arab is not conscious of the cruelty which he thus inflicts: it is an invariable custom; and custom will induce us to inflict many a pang on those whom, after all, we love.

The following anecdote of the attachment of an Arab to his mare has often been told, but it comes home to the bosom of every one possessed of common feeling. "The whole stock of an Arab of the desert consisted of a mare. The French consul offered to purchase her, in order to send her to his sovereign, Louis XIV. The Arab would have rejected the proposal at once with indignation and scorn; but he was miserably poor. He had no means of supplying his most urgent wants, or procuring the barest necessaries of life. Still he hesitated; —he had scarcely a rag to cover him—and his wife and children were starving. The sum offered was great,—it would provide him and his family with food for life. At length, and reluctantly, he consented. He brought the mare to the dwelling of the consul,—he dismounted,—he stood leaning upon her;—he looked now at the gold, and then at his favorite; he sighed—he wept. 'To whom is it,' said he, 'I am going to yield thee up? To Europeans, who will tie thee close,—who will beat thee,—who will render thee miserable. Return with me, my beauty, my jewel, and rejoice the hearts of my children.' As he pronounced the last words, he sprung upon her back, and was out of sight in a moment."

The next anecdote is scarcely less touching, and not so well known. Ibrahim, a poor, but worthy Arab, unable to pay a sum of money which he owed, was compelled to allow a merchant of Rama to become partner with him in a valuable mare. When the time came, he could not redeem his pledge to this man, and the mare was sold. Her pedigree could be traced, on the side of sire and dam, for full five hundred years. The price was three hundred pounds; an enormous sum in that country. Ibrahim went frequently to Rama to inquire after the mare: he would embrace her,—wipe her eyes with his handkerchief,—rub her with his shirt sleeves,—and give her a thousand benedictions during whole hours that he remained talking to her. 'My eyes!' would he say to her, 'my soul! my heart! must I be so unfortunate as to have thee sold to so many masters, and not keep thee myself? I am poor, my antelope! I brought thee up in my dwelling, as my child. I did never beat nor chide thee; I caressed thee in the proudest manner. God preserve thee, my beloved! thou art beautiful, thou art sweet, thou art lovely! God defend thee from envious eyes!'

Sir John Malcolm gives two anecdotes to the same purpose, but of a more amusing nature.

"When the envoy, returning from his former mission, was encamped near Bagdad, an Arab rode a bright bay mare of extraordinary shape and beauty before his tent, until he attracted his attention. On being asked if he would sell her.—'What will you give me?' was the reply: 'That depends upon her age; I suppose she is past five?' 'Guess again,' said he. 'Four?' 'Look at her mouth,' said the Arab, with a smile. On examination she was found to be rising three. This, from her size and symmetry, greatly enhanced her value. The envoy said, 'I will give you fifty toman' (a coin nearly of the value of a pound sterling). 'A little more, if you please,' said the fellow, apparently entertained. 'Eighty. A hundred.' He shook his head and smiled. The offer at last came to two hundred tomans! 'Well,' said the Arab, 'you need not tempt me further; —it is of no use. You are a rich elchee (nobleman). You have fine horses, camels, and mules, and, I am told, you have loads of silver and gold. Now,' added he, 'you want my mare; but you should not have her for all you have got.'"

"An Arab sheick or chief, who lived within fifty miles of Bussorah, had a favorite breed of horses. He lost one of his best mares, and could not, for a long while, discover whether she was stolen or had strayed. Some time after, a young man of a different tribe, who had long wished to marry his daughter, but had always been rejected by the sheick, obtained the lady's consent and eloped with her. The sheick and his followers pursued, but the lover and his mistress, mounted on one horse, made a wonderful march, and escaped. The old chief swore that the fellow was either mounted upon the devil, or the favorite mare he had lost. After his return, he found the latter was the case; that the lover was the thief of his mare as well as his daughter; and that he stole the one to carry off the other. The chief was quite gratified to think he had not been beaten by a mare of another breed; and was easily reconciled to the young man, in order that he might recover the mare, which appeared an object about which he was more solicitous than about his daughter."

One of our own countrymen, the enterprising traveller, major Denham, affords us a pleasing instance of the attachment with which the docility and sagacity of the horse may inspire the owner. He thus relates the death of his favorite Arabian, in one of the most desert spots of Central Africa. His feelings needed no apology. We naturally honor the man in whom true sensibility and undaunted courage, exerted for useful purposes, were thus united.

"There are a few situations in a man's life in which losses of this nature are felt most keenly; and this was one of them. It was not grief, but it was something very nearly approaching to it; and though I felt ashamed of the degree of derangement I suffered from it, yet it was several days before I could get over the loss. Let it, however, be remembered that the poor animal had been my support and comfort,—nay, I may say, companion, through many a dreary day and night;—had endured both hunger and thirst in my service; and was so docile that he would stand still for hours, in the desert, while I slept between his legs, his body affording me the only shelter that could be obtained from the powerful influence of a noon-day sun,—he was yet the fleetest of the fleet, and ever foremost in the chase."

Our horses would fare badly on the scanty nourishment afforded the Arabian. The mare usually has but one or two meals in twenty-four hours. During the day she is tied to the door of the tent, ready for the Bedouin to spring, at a moment's warning, into the saddle; or she is turned out before the tent, ready saddled, the bridle merely taken off, and so trained that she gallops up immediately at her master's call. At night she receives a little water; and with her scanty provender of five or six pounds of barley or beans, and sometimes a little straw, she lies down, content, in the midst of her master's family. She can, however, endure great fatigue; she will travel fifty miles without stopping; she has been pushed, on emergency, one hundred and twenty miles, and, occasionally, neither she nor her rider has tasted food for three whole days.

To the Arabian, principally, England is indebted for her improved and now unrivalled breed of horses for the turf, the field, and the road.

## On the Usefulness of Pugilism.

Of late years, it has been so much the *cant* of the puritanical part of society to run down the SPORTS and AMUSEMENTS of the people of England; and also, if possible, not only to reduce them in their manly spirit and character, but to change their good old habits and feelings into a *strait-haired* race of impostors and hypocrites. Perish the thought! We hope, nay we feel assured, that we shall never see the arrival of that day, when the TRUE COURAGE of Britons will be *frittered* down into mere *dandyism*, so conspicuous to "resent an injury," or "to forgive an insult" and which have rendered the British flag triumphant, both in our fleets and armies, all over the world.

The following opinion of that enlightened senator the late Right Hon. W. Windham, who so animatedly delivered his sentiments in parliament in favor of the sports and amusements of the people of England, is a complete answer to all the *cant* and humbug in opposition to it: "True courage," said Mr. Windham, "does not arise from mere *boxing* from the mere *beating* or being *beaten*, but from the SENTIMENTS excited by the contemplation and cultivation of such practices." In support of which doctrines may be added, the undaunted and persevering traits of a SHAW (the life-guardsman and pugilistic champion) at the memorable epoch in the history of nations, the great battle at Waterloo, so pointedly described by that illustrious poet, Anacreon Moore :—

"Oh, shade of the cheesemonger ! you who, alas!
*Doubled* up by the dozen those Mounseers in brass,
On that great day of *milling* when blood lay in lakes,
When KINGS *held the bottle*, and EUROPE the *stakes!*"

"I was preparing to say 'Good night,' after handing the young lady down stairs at the Opera House, when her brother, with the pleasant freedom of an old acquaintaince, pressed me to take a sandwich in St. James's Street, and as his sentiments, as far as they had been communicated, agreed with mine, I accepted his invitation with the same frankness with which it was made. The female between us, we proceeded along Pall Mall; and turning up St. James's Street, two men, apparently in a state of intoxication, reeled out of an entry, and attempted to seize hold of the lady, who at that moment was unguarded on the right hand, her brother being a few paces in the rear. The street, as far as we could distinguish, was unoccupied, not even the voice of a watchman interrupted the solemn silence; but the moon shone with resplendent lustre, and my new friend, alarmed by his sister's screams, with the swiftness of a feathered Mercury, flew along the pavement, and with one blow, laid the foremost of our assailants in the kennel. I was the more surprised at this, because his stature did not exceed five feet, and from the view I had of him, I was not prepared for uncommon strength. Our enemies were seemingly tall, raw-boned coal-heavers, and though one of them was for the moment rendered incapable, our case appeared so desperate, that to the lady's cries, I added a call for the watch; but my companion, nothing daunted, bade me take care of his sister, and fear nothing: 'for,' continued he, 'if I cannot manage such rascals as these, I deserve to be d—d.' The second ruffian, seeing his fellow on the ground, resumed his sobriety, and aimed a blow at me, but in so clumsy a manner, that I not only avoided it, but preserved my fair charge from harm; on which our little champion rushed forward, received the blow on the point of his elbow, and returned another in the pit of the stomach, which so staggered the wretch, that he reeled several paces, and finally tumbled headlong into an area, at least three yards deep. What I have employed so many words in relating was the work of a moment. Having taught his foes to bite the ground, our skilful champion seized hold of his sister's disengaged arm, and not suffering the grass to grow under our feet, we arrived in safety at his house.

"This anecdote will, I think, establish the USEFULNESS OF PUGILISM; had my friend been as *little knowing* in the *science* as his adversaries, *very dreadful might have been the consequences*, because might in that case would have overcome right, unless the fellows would have had patience to wait till he ran home for his sword; and then, indeed, he might have *killed* them in a *gentleman-like* manner.

"Every thing has its uses and its abuses. But, though this be granted, shall we neglect the use, because it may possibly bring the abuse along with it! I have heard declaimers against the science of bruising say, 'that a knowledge of SELF-DEFENCE makes people quarrelsome.' If I may speak, from very limited experience, I think the contrary. I was well acquainted with PERRINS, and never in my life saw a more harmless, quiet, inoffensive being. I have the pleasure of knowing GULLEY :—yes, reader—the pleasure! I would rather know him than many *Sir Byllis* and *Sir Dillys*, and he is neither quarrelsome, turbulent, nor overbearing.

"One evening, I accompanied honest JACK EMERY to a tavern in Carey-street, kept by JOHN GULLEY. As we passed along, Emery said, 'You conceive, I dare say, Romney, that I am going to introduce you into a society of rogues and pick-pockets, and if you can compound for the loss of your purse and handkerchief, it will be a lucky escape; but rest assured you are mistaken—Gulley's house is, of course, open to all descriptions, but the majority of his customers are people of reputation and respectability.'

"This account, I confess, was some relief to my mind, where a considerable degree of prejudice existed against prize-fighters, and the houses they frequent. GULLEY was unfortunately from home, but CRIB, the champion of England, was officiating as his *locum-tenens*, and handing about pots of porter and grog with persevering industry. MRS. GULLEY, a neat little woman, civil and attentive, superintended the business of the bar; where, through Emery's interest, for I found he was in high favor, we obtained leave to sit. CRIB uncorked and decanted, but could not give us his company (which to me, as a novitiate in such scenes, would have been a treat) owing to the business of the house, which he seemed to pursue much to its master's interest. CRIB, who had obtained popularity by his prowess, was originally a coal-heaver, and has several brothers in the same employment: he is sturdy and stout built, about five and twenty, stands five feet eight inches, clumsy in appearance, rather hard featured, with a profile not unlike Cooke the tragedian. He is, I believe, a good-natured, quiet fellow, and after we had detained him a few minutes in conversation, "Well," said Emery, "what do you think of the greatest man in his way, or perhaps any other can boast? for GULLEY has altogether declined the business."

"'Why, to speak the truth, notwithstanding your caution, I expected, in a house kept and frequented by boxers, to have seen nothing but blackguards, and to have heard nothing but blasphemy; but I am so pleasingly deceived, and so comfortably situated, that I believe this will not be the last visit I shall pay Mrs. GULLEY.'"—*Riley's Itinerant.*

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## LORD BYRON'S TASTE FOR BOXING.

Among the least romantic (says his Lordship's biographer, Mr. Moore), perhaps, of the exercises in which he took delight was that of boxing or sparring. This taste it was that, at a very early period, brought him acquainted with the distinguished professor of that art, Mr. Jackson, for whom he continued through life to entertain the sincerest regard, —one of his latest works containing a most cordial tribute, not only to the professional, but social qualities of this sole prop and ornament of pugilism. During his stay at Brighton this year, Jackson was one of his most constant visitors,—the expense of the professor's chaise thither and back being always defrayed by his noble patron. He also honored with his notice, at this time, D'Egville, the ballet-master, and Grimaldi, to the latter of whom he sent, as I understand, on one of his benefit nights, a present of five guineas.

Having been favored by Mr. Jackson with copies of the few notes and letters, which he has preserved out of the many addressed to him by Lord Byron, I shall here lay before the reader one or two, which bear the date of the present year, and which, though referring to matters of no interest in themselves, give, perhaps, a better notion of the actual life and habits of the young poet, at this time, than could be afforded by the most elaborate, and in other respects important correspondence. They will show, at least, how very little akin to romance were the early pursuits and associates of the author of Childe Harold, and, combined with what we know of the still less romantic youth of Shakspeare, prove how unhurt the vital principle of genius can preserve itself even in atmospheres apparently the most ungenial and noxious to it.

TO MR. JACKSON.

"*N. A. Notts*, *Sept.* 18, 1808.

"Dear Jack,—I wish you would inform me what has been done by Jekyll, at No. 40, Sloane-square, concerning the pony I returned as unsound.

"I have also to request you will call on Louch at Brompton, and inquire what the devil he meant by sending such an insolent letter to me at Brighton; and at the same time tell him I by no means can comply with the charge he has made for things pretended to be damaged.

"Ambrose behaved most scandalously about the pony. You may tell Jekyll if he does not refund the money, I shall put the affair into my lawyer's hands. Five and twenty guineas is a sound price for a pony, and by —, if it costs me five hundred pounds, I will make an example of Mr. Jekyll, and that immediately, unless the cash is returned.

"Believe me, dear Jack, &c.

However singular it may appear, it is true, that on the morning of the funeral of his mother, having declined following the remains himself, he stood looking, from the abbey door, at the procession, till the whole had moved off; then turning to young Rushton, who was the only person left besides himself, he desired him to fetch the sparring-gloves, and proceeded to his usual exercise with the boy. He was silent and abstracted all the time, and, as if from an effort to get the better of his feelings, threw more violence, Rushton thought, into his blows than was his habit; but, at last, the struggle seeming too much for him, he flung away the gloves, and retired to his room."

The late Lord Byron, to use a sporting phrase, "*set-to*" with the gloves better than most gentlemen, leaving noblemen entirely out of the question. He was fond of *sparring* as a science; he also admired it as a manly, noble art—an art that taught him the value of self-defence, and to support the true character of an Englishman,without resorting to the aid of the dagger, pistol, ball, or any other deadly weapon. He was likewise attached to *sparring* as an *exercise*, in which he was well assured had its advantages towards the promotion of health, cheerfulness, and long life. His Lordship, like his poetry, always entered into the spirit of the thing;—he viewed *boxing* as a national propensity—a stimulus to true courage; and, like the most illustrious personage in the kingdom, he was not afraid of witnessing a fight in the prize ring. In setting-to, his lordship was never afraid of meeting the *attack*, but, on the contrary, he *received* with coolness from his antagonist, and *returned* upon his opponent with all the vigour and confidence of a master of the art. If his Lordship was not a DON JUAN in every part that he undertook, he nevertheless must be viewed in the character of a hero; a common-place situation in any department of life would not suit the enlarged mind of the author of "Childe Harold." Lord Byron saw things in a very different light from most other men; and, with all his errors, his premature death was an immense loss to his country. His Lordship soared above the humbug, cant, and prejudice of his day; and in the most laudable manner he exposed hypocrisy wherever it crossed his path, and, rather unlike the "*privileged order*" to which he belonged, he appeared quite at his ease, and made himself as comfortable and agreeable in the humble dwelling of an acquaintance to those he saw around him as if he had been sojourning in the loftiest palace in the kingdom. Lord Byron admired *ability* in every shape; his Lordship was a man of the world, and not that *fastidious* sort of personage to view men, as it were, through a microscope, to obtain a knowledge of their feelings and manners. He *mixed* with society in all its different shades; he heard *men* talk according to their situations in life; he saw their *gestures*, and he listened to their opinions, as a kind of finger post to become acquainted with the various traits of human nature; he warmly supported his brother poet's idea:

> "That a man 's a man for a' and a' that."

The late Lord Byron has been seen with several other first-rate characters in the veteran *Tom Cribb's* house enjoying his glass of wine, and conversing upon subjects connected with the sporting world, in the most animated style; indeed, his lordship was well aware that an author whose intentions were to display something like ORIGINALITY in his writings, ought to view every thing in the different walks of life with the most marked attention. The *movements* of mankind were very important features in the "tablet of his memory," and to be treasured up with advantage to himself, in order to be improved upon at his leisure, and made known to the public at some future period of his existence, with all the embellishments of a superior artist, after the manner of

> "The poet's eye in a fine phrensy rolling."

As a proof of the above assertion, it should seem that Lord Byron was most anxious to establish himself in the opinion of the world as a painter of real life—that his *likenesses* were correct to a *shade*, and likewise his *characters* on the canvas should discover their own natural dialogue, without the aid of art. His Lordship, to show his versatility of talent, and his intimate knowledge of the various *grades* of society, had no objection now and then to give the "sublime and beautiful" touches of his pen a holiday, that he might descend a few steps from his high abode in the literary world, even with propriety, as a writer on men and manners, amidst the *lowest* of the "low folks," to describe some "*doings*," with a peculiarity of touch; exhibiting a fidelity of research; and sanctioned by the glowing colours of truth. The following quotation from the poem of *Don Juan*, Canto XI., stanza 19, and notes, will amply suffice:—

> "He from the world had cut off a great man
> Who in his time had made heroic bustle;
> Who in a *row*, like Tom, could lead the van,
> *Booze* in the *ken*, or at the *spell*-ken *hustle*!
> Who *queer* a FLAT! Who (spite of Bow-street's ban)
> On the high *toby-spice* so flash the muzzle;
> Who on a lark, with black-eyed Sal (his *blowing*)
> So prime, so well, so smutty, and so knowing![*]

[*] If there be any gemman so ignorant as to require a traduction, I refer him to my old friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esq., professor of pugilism; who, I trust, still retains the strength and symmetry of his model of a form, together with his good humour, and athletic as well as mental accomplishments.

The advance of science and of language has rendered it unnecessary to translate the above good and true English, spoken in its original purity by the select mobility and their patrons. The following is a stanza of a song which was very popular, at least in my early days:—

> "On the high toby-spree flash the muzzle
> In spite of each gallows old scout,
> If you at the spell kin can't hustle
> You'll be hobbled in making a *clout*.
> Then your blowing will wax gallows haughty,
> When she hears of your scaly mistake,
> She'll surely turn smitch for the forty,
> That her Jack may be regular weight."

N. B. In accordance with the above wish of the late Lord Byron, although at the distance of several years since *Don Juan* made its appearance before the public, the numerous friends in the sporting world of Mr. Jackson will be pleased to hear that he does retain his good humour, and athletic as well as mental accomplishments; the following letter having been lately received by the editor of the "BOOK OF SPORTS."

*4, Grosvenor Street West,*
*Grosvenor Place.*

My Dear Sir,

I am sorry I have only the Sporting Magazine from 1822 to 28, which I presume will furnish you with no information you are not in possession of. Should you wish to see them they are quite at your service. I have annexed Mr. Gulley's address Wishing you every success in all your undertakings, and that you and family are quite well,

I remain,
Very sincerely yours,
*Jan.* 18, 1832, JOHN JACKSON.
*P. Egan, Esq.*

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### DANIEL DABB!

Written by THOMAS TUCKER, one of the *Crack*[*] Club.

The present period appears to be "the reign of the TOMMY'S," in the world of poetry, and, rather singular to observe, they have all *amused* the state, and the community have been highly pleased with their productions. There are to be met with, if the reader should have the good fortune to pounce upon them, in some of his strolls of an evening in the metropolis, the justly celebrated Anacreon TOMMY *Moore;* the delightful "Pleasures of Hope," TOMMY *Campbell;* the merry Punster, TOMMY *Hood;* the *Spell*[†] Writer, TOMMY *Dibdin;* the *Crack* Poet, TOMMY *Tucker;* "and last, though not least, in our dear loves," the convivial Poet, "TOMMY *Hudson*, who not only writes his songs, but sings them "excellently well" into the bargain, and in a style of real comic humour, peculiar to himself. In consequence of *Dan. Dab.* being a

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[*] CRACK, the; or, ALL THE CRACK. The fashionable theme. The Go!—*Grose*,

[†] *Spell*—a cant term for the Theatre.

*crack* article in the regions of fun and laughter, and some of the literary pirates of the day having made an attempt to *rob* TOMMY *Tucker* of the merit due to his song, we are induced more especially, on that account, to give publicity to it, that TOMMY may enjoy the *crack* of his own composition.

### SONG.

There was a man, named Daniel Dabb,
(A hapless man was he),
Who sometime lived in a *sea-port*,
But it was not *Portsea*.
He dealt in fish and mended shoes,
But could not make it do,
Although he sometimes *sold a fish*,
And sometimes *soled a shoe*.

So of a quack he learned to bleed,
And draw teeth with precision,
And as he knew the *heeling* art,
He set up as *physician*.
He took a cellar, which you know
Is always under ground,
And sometimes *heel'd* a pair of shoes,
And sometimes *heal'd* a wound.

'By fish and shoes and drugs,' said he,
'I hope I shall rise higher,
For by a *cellar* I can't live,
Unless I have a *buyer*.
On wealth I've staked my *all* and *last*,
And trust that I shall win it,
For if a *tray* of trades won't win,
I think the *deuce* is in it.'

But people would not have teeth drawn,
Because it gave them pain;
And bleeding, when folks will not bleed,
You know is all in *vein*,
One day, when at his cellar-head
He sat with doleful face,
A servant maid came up to him,
And asked him for a *plaice*.

He'd herrings *shotten*, though not *shot*,
That shone like any gem,
And though he placed them all in *rows*,
*Roes* had no place in them.
Says Sue, 'they are all skin and scales,
And full of bones within;'
Says he, I've *mussels* without *bones*,
And very little *skin*!

Says Sue, 'they're poison, though I own
That I for some with soy long;
And as for *poison* I've heard say,
The French call all fish *poisson*.
But I should like a little fish.'
Says Dan, 'I ve no white bait;
And as the eels are *slippery things*,
You'd better take a *skate*.'

'Oh no, a plaice I want, 'says Sue:'
Says Dan, 'this is the case,
Because I was not out in time,
You see I'm out of plaice.'
'Indeed,' says Sue, 'why so am I,
My mistress wants one stronger;
And though she says I am too *short*,
She does not want me *longer*.'

'If that's the case, dear Sue,' says Dan,
'Why something must be done
So as we two are out of place,
Why let us two make one.
To mend folk's shoes, and serve them fish,
Some want of help I feels;
So while I drive nails in their *toes*,
Why you can skin your *eels*.'

'Oh, no,' says Sue, 'that will not do!
I'll find some other work;
For since you are a *mussel-man*
You'd use me like a *Turk*.
So off she ran, and left poor Dan
A disappointed elf;
And when he'd cried fish all that day,
At night he cried himself.

Next morn on a large nail he hung
And hung till he was pale;
For though death took him off the hooks
He could not off the nail.
And when they bore him to the grave,
She wrung her hands and cried;
And some one rung his knell, although
It was for *Sue-he-sighed*.

*Feb*, 1830,

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## DR. ABERNETHY AND THE FOXHUNTER.

### Exercise is the best Physic.

In spite of the doctor's well-known confidence, he was to be managed—and he was frequently defeated against his will, when he least expected it: although eccentric to the very echo of eccentricity, yet the eccentric man had the best chance with him in overcoming his peculiarities: the blunt man often got the better of the doctor's rudeness; and the bold hero, something after the manner of "Greek to Greek," more than once or twice proved his master. The following incidents will illustrate his eccentricity. A jolly-hearted fox-hunter in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, one of those choice-spirits who had lived rather "too fast" for his constitution—devoted to his lass and his glass—fond of his dog and his gun—and "Yoicks! hark forward, tally ho!" to him far sweeter sounds than Braham's 'Beautiful maid'—felt himself out of sorts—in other words, he could not tell what was the matter with him; he therefore consulted the Bolus of the place, of whom the whole parish declared no man could better

Gild a pill,
Make a bill,
Or bleed or blister!

But the country apothecary, with all his Caleb Quotem sort of talent, proved of no use to the fox-hunter; the complaint of the latter got worse and worse, and he was determined to consult, without any more delay, one of the faculty in London. Abernethy was pointed out to him as most likely to make him hearty again; but, at the same time, it was intimated to him the reception he would probably meet with on making his bow. "Never mind," said he, "if I do not prove myself a match for the doctor, may my mare refuse the first leap she comes to; may I never again be in at the death." On stating the nature of his complaint to Abernethy, the latter replied, "Sir, the sooner you go back, the better; you have come on a fool's errand. I am no doctor." The fox-hunter, in great surprise, observed, "Perhaps, Sir, I have mistaken the house; and if I have intruded myself into your company I am sorry for it. May I ask, Sir, is your name Abernethy?" "Yes," replied the doctor, "Abernethy is my name." "Abernethy, and no doctor!" said the fox-hunter; "but I have been told you are a joker—though a joke to a man who has come 200 miles is rather too much out of place for him to relish it!" "Joke or no joke," answered Abernethy, "you will find I am no doctor; and the sooner you quit my house the better," (getting up to ring the bell for the servant.) "Hear me, doctor Abernethy," replied the fox-hunter (pulling out his purse at the same time), "I have not much knowledge it is true, but I trust I have too much sense to put my purse in competition with my constitution; therefore, name your fee, and, be it great or small, I will give it to you. That you are a doctor, and a man of great skill, Fame reports all over the kingdom: your talents have induced me to travel 200 miles expressly for your advice; therefore none of your tricks upon travellers. I will not be disappointed! Advice I come for—and *advice* I *will* have!" (running immediately up to the door, locking it, and putting the key into his pocket.) He then held out his wrist to the doctor. "You *will* have advice," echoed the doctor in a rage, "Insolent man! not from me. I again tell you that I am no physician." The fox-hunter, putting himself in a boxing attitude, advanced towards Mr. Abernethy, and, in an offensive manner, exclaimed, "Then, by G— I will make a doctor of you; and if you do not feel my pulse without any more equivocation, I will feel yours, and also administer to you some points of my practice. I will likewise give you an emetic, without the smallest particle of physic in it, that shall make you sick for a month." The doctor, retreating, said, with astonishment, "What are you about? Are you going to strike me?" "Yes," replied the fox-hunter, "I am as cool as a cucumber: and nothing shall stop me in my pursuit: dangers I fear not; and to leap over a steeple is a trifling concern to me when the game is in view; therefore, I again repeat, feel my pulse, or else——" The doctor immediately laid hold of his arm, and in a sort of whisper, as the players have it, aside—exclaimed—"and a d——d strong pulse it is!" then, in a louder tone, "suppose I had not felt your pulse—what then?" "Why," replied the fox-hunter, with a most determined look attached to the expression, "I would have run you down sooner than I would a fox: and have made you more timid than a hare, before you could have sung out for the assistance of either of the colleges." "The devil you would," said the doctor; "nevertheless, I admire your candour; and I am not at all disposed to quarrel with your bluntness; and as you have been so extremely explicit with me, I will render myself as perfectly intelligible to you, and also with as much sincerity. Your pulse tells me that you are a far greater beast than the horse you ride; indeed the animal is the most preferable character of the two by comparison—your horse feels the spur and attends to it; the whip to him is not applied in vain; and he eats, drinks, and takes his rest more like a rational being than his master. While, on the contrary, the man with a mind, or at least who ought to possess something like the exercise of intellect, is all excess—he drinks to excess—he eats to excess—he hunts to excess—he smokes to excess." "Bravo, doctor, nay more, my friend," replied the fox-hunter, quite pleased, "only say that my pulse has been abused, but not worn out—that I shall once more be upon the right scent, and that the effects of training will enable me again to enjoy the 'view halloo!' accompanied by rosy health, and I will be yours, &c., for ever—I will do any thing, I will apologise to you—" "Retract one word that you have uttered," suppressing a smile, answered the doctor, "and I will be dumb! and you will lose that advice you almost fought to obtain: first, buy my book, then let nature be your principal guide in future, and when you are at fault, Mr. Fox-hunter, consult page —, and you will be able to decide upon your own case." "Buy your book?" said the fox-hunter, "aye, that I will; and I should think it cheap, if it cost as much as Rees's Cyclopædia. I will purchase it in a canter, and it shall be as bible-proof to me for the remainder of my life." "Do then, and make your exit without delay—I have lost too much time already," answered the doctor. "I am off like a shot," replied the fox-hunter, "but the first toast I shall propose at the club on my return home, will be 'Long life to Dr. Abernethy.'" "Fox-hunter, farewell!" said the doctor, "Remember that your horse is your example—drink only when you are dry—satisfy your hunger when it requires it—and when Nature points it out to you, take rest!" The fox-hunter behaved liberally as to the fee—they shook hands together like men who had a respect for each other—the doctor being perfectly satisfied that his patient belonged to that class of persons who are vulgarly denominated "rum customers;" and the fox-hunter did not quit the house of Mr. Abernethy, without being equally impressed that the doctor was one of those extraordinary men not to be met with amongst 20,000 human beings!—*Metropolitan Mag.*

### LOVE OF BEARS.

It has been observed, with a great deal of truth, that "one man's meat is another man's poison," and the same assertion might be made respecting the difference of *taste* and *attachment*. In the recently published Tour, by Captain Frankland, in his visit to the courts of Sweden and Russia, he observes, that "Count Ottermann was more remarkable for his love of bears than of the fine arts. It is related of him, that when he gave a great dinner, he used to cause to be placed behind the chairs of his guests, a bear, which thrusting his shaggy head over the shoulder of the *convive*, would growl out his supplications for food, and extend his pawless stumps (for he was mutilated to prevent mischief) towards the table. How strange that a man, who ought to have passed his days in the caverns of the Orsine species, should have built and lived in a palace of marble and gold! This is, indeed, barbarous magnificence."

## MIRABILE DICTU! SHAVING A HORSE!!!

"THE longer we live," it is said, "the more we shall see;" but, in opposition to the above old adage, the quibblers assert, "there is nothing NEW under the Sun.!" But we most decidedly enter our protest against this doctrine, and [illegible]e '*Tale*, or *Circumstance*,' we are abo[illegible] to unfold, will enable us to show that we have quite a NEW FEATURE in the history of our times, to lay before the public.

It is true, that we have heard of the mighty doings of the Flying Childers; the Phenomenon Trotting Mare; the out-and-out Tom Thumb; and the celebrated Eclipse. We have also seen Mr. Ducrow perform his unrivalled feats with his wonderful cattle; in fact, every thing connected with horses, has excited our attention, from the high-mettled racer down to the crib-biters, roarers, jibbers, and Rosinantes of all descriptions; but, most certainly, we never, before the present instance, heard of in our lives, since we first saw the day-light,—a HORSE BEING SHAVED!!! But, without any further remarks upon the subject, as facts are stubborn things and speak for themselves, we shall content ourselves with

**A round, unvarnish'd tale!**

It must be admitted as one of the most extraordinary circumstances in the year 1831; nay more, as a capital '*wind-up*' to that eventful period; then thus it is:—

### COURT OF CONSCIENCE!

FIELD, *a* (*Barbatic*), versus WELLS, *Gent.*

The above personages did not employ counsel to assist them in this *knotty* affair; but preferred, as the best mode of saving expenses, to have a '*Battle of Brains*' between themselves; and the Commissioners accordingly sat as umpires upon the occasion. The above cause excited considerable interest amongst the contending parties, as a question of some considerable importance between the *Barbatics* of the metropolis and the dealers in horseflesh. The court was crowded to excess by the above description of characters; and numerous bets were laid—such as a gallon of ale to two quarts of *heavy whet*, and a bottle of rum to a quartern of *max*; both parties were very sanguine as to the verdict; therefore, it was the '*Barbatic* against the *Prad*;' and, on the other hand, the '*Hanimal* against the *Barbatic*.'

The case was opened by Mr. Field, the *horse shaver;* most certainly, not in that superlative style of eloquence, which distinguishes the celebrated orations of Counsellor Phillips, who possesses the extraordinary facility of language to give elegance to a *mud* cabin, and also to paint the heroine of it in all the glowing charms of a *Venus de Medicis*; yet, nevertheless, Mr. Field opened his case in prime twig. He not only *lathered* his subject well, but *shaved* it from all doubts as clean as a whistle; and also convinced the Commissioners that he had got a head upon his shoulders, and 'summut' inside of it. He, however, apologized for the awkwardness of his situation, and said he would be as 'brief as possible.' He had been told by one of his customers that 'Brevity was the soul of wit;' therefore, he would come to the point at once, without any more *gammon*. His appearance in the Court of Conscience, Mr. Field admitted, was quite a new feature in his history; it was most true, that he had had, in his little way of business, a great deal more to do with the *head* than with the heart; he, therefore, was extremely sorry that he could not quote Latin to answer his purpose, in order that he might put his argument in a proper train for the clear comprehension of the Commissioners, whom he was given to understand were learned men, and much above his humble station in life. But he remembered reading somewhere or other, that when "Needs must, the Devil drives." That was his case; indeed, he was very much confined in his circumstances! *Time* was his principal capital; and the sum of *Thirty Shillings* much too large to be absent from his empty *till*. He, therefore, appeared in the extraordinary situation of a Barber, to obtain *Thirty Shillings* for SHAVING A HORSE!

"*Shaving a horse!*" exclaimed the Commissioners; the court convulsed with laughter.

"Yes, your Worship, 'pon my soul, it's no lie; the defendant, Mr. Wells, who is in court, brought his *horse* to me to be *shaved*."

It appeared that the Barbatic (the plaintiff) was a man of first rate abilities as an *artiste* in his most useful line, not only to give *decency* to his Majesty's *re*-formed subjects, but also to give them a *clean* imposing sort of look in society; or, in other words, a prepossessing appearance. No man could 'CUT a head' with more elegance and taste than Mr. Field; indeed, he operated with the *scissars* with all that sort of ease and freedom, which characterise the hands of an artist in sketching the (human face divine!) With the *razor* he was equally an adept, and expert to the echo that applauds again; he could remove a *beard* of a week's growth from the iron cheek of a blacksmith, in a twinkling; in fact, his powers of *lidivation* were immense; he could lop off the exuberant hairs of a *Numscull*, like electricity; but for the production of a *curl*, he was the *tippy*, the go, the non-such: in truth, Mr. Field was a nonpareil *Barbatic*; and no doubt can be expressed, that he was the *identical* man to perform the difficult job in dispute before the Commissioners.

The plaintiff, in continuation, stated, that the horse was *shaved* with the intention of having a '*new coat*,' upon the animal.' "Now, Gentlemen," said he, "that was an excellent, nay better, an original idea, and leaving the *taste* of the thing altogether, it showed that Mr. Wells had some *nous* in his head. A new coat! every body is aware of the great advantages of a new coat in society—the bows, the scrapes, and the polite nods it brings to the wearer. It is like meeting an old friend with a new face!"

Here a friend of the magistrates whispered to one of the commissioners, saying, 'it has been observed by the witty George Colman,

**What's expected from a horse, with an Apothecary on his back?**

not much, perhaps, but when there is an artist to be found in the world that can effect so desirable a change—to metamorphose a horse with a rugged, ugly, dingy, uncouth appearance; to remove a coat as rough and unsightly as a hedgehog; and, strange to say, to give him a new feature at Tattersall's, the Horse Bazaar, or Jack Morris's establishment, and turn him out as a complete new article to surprise, the gentlemen; to humbug the *Jerveys;* take in the dealers in horseflesh; and the auctioneer, not 'up to it,'—why then I do assert the talents of such a *barber* or any other artist are cheap at any price.

The plaintiff said, the horse had been attempted to be *shaved* by the defendant on the part of the *rump*, but, from the want of skill in the art, the poor beast was most miserably *notched;* and, indeed, he was quite a sight. The defendant also got tired after four hours' working, when he threw down the razor and pot of *lather* with disgust, vexation, and disappointment, and, in his rage, swore it was a worse attempt than washing a blackamoor white. The poor teazed horse was then handed over to the plaintiff to finish the job, "And a precious job it was," said he, "the razors in my shop were in a state of requisition for ten days, during which time the *shaving* was going on. It was nothing else but lather and sharpen, lather and sharpen the razor from day-light in the morning until the darkness of the night gave him some relief. I was also obliged as I went on, to wrap up the bald parts to prevent the horse from catching cold. It was totally impossible that the Commissioners could have any idea of the trouble he had had—they could not possibly judge of the difficulty of SHAVING A HORSE; comparisons were out of the question in *shaving* themselves (*roars of laughter*). It was a different sort of business altogether, and he defied any barbatic to "go over" such a sized animal for less than *three shillings* per day, besides going over the *chins* of his usual customers in the same time. In truth, his customers had but a sorry time of it; he had had so much to do with the previous *kicker* that he could only give them a "*lick* and a promise [*incessant peals of laughter.*]

Mr. Myers, of St. Michael's Alley, one of the worthy commissioners, endeavoured to assume a *gravity* if he possessed it not; and, with as stern a countenance as the chancellor on the woolsack, asked what objection was made to the charge?

The defendant (Mr. Wells) said, that he considered the sum of 30s. for merely taking the hair off a horse certainly too much; especially as he had done a good deal of the job himself.

The plaintiff, with much warmth, declared that the part on which the defendant had attempted to operate was so badly done that, if it had not been *shaved* again, the coat of the horse would have been as rough upon the rump as a hand-saw; while, on the contrary, all the rest was as smooth as the body of a new-born-babe [*roars of laughter*; and the cry of silence useless].

The defendant said, that any horse-clipper would have completed the business for much less money.

The plaintiff, in a rage, answered, it was impossible: it was true, he had never *shaved* a *horse* before, and it would be lucky for them if they ever caught him in such a predicament again—it was a regular *sweater!* He had lost at least, by the violent exercise he had undergone in performing the disagreeable task, added to the fears of getting a *kick* for his pains every minute, upwards of a stone and a half in his weight. And, if he undertook any more jobs of such a dangerous description, he was afraid that he should lose so much flesh off his bones that the boys in the neighbourhood, would shout out, "there he goes, the living skeleton" [*loud laughter*]. The perspiration had rolled down his cheeks like soap-suds down a gulley-hole—he never was in such a *pickle* before in the whole course of his life.

Mr. Myers asked the defendant what he generally paid for a *shave* for himself?

The defendant (feeling his chin), Why, two pence I think is generally the price.

Mr. Myers.—Aye, a penny a cheek! Now, how many of your *jaws* do you think would make up for the size of a horse? [The laughter was here so loud that some time elapsed before the reply could be heard.]

The defendant said such a question ought to have been put to the accountant-general, who was a *dab* in figures, and not to an unlettered man like himself; indeed, it was a subject for a master in chancery to give an opinion upon. One thing he knew, they had got him in *chancery*, and he wished himself well out of it. But he was sure there was less delicacy required in *shaving* a horse than a man!

Mr. Myers, with one of Jack Reeve's sort of comical flourishes, observed, not a bit more than in *shaving* an ASS!

[It was some minutes before the court resumed its gravity.]

The plaintiff, with a face full of anxiety, said, only look at a horse, and the chance of a *kick* from him might *spoil* any man all the days of his life afterwards. Besides, I went over the beast as clean as possible. I turned him out as smooth as a looking glass, and as nice as a new made pin, down to the fet-locks. He was completely metamorphosed; the old ostler that had looked after him for several months did not know him again—no one knew him again—I did not know him, he was so much altered for the better. [Laughter.]

Mr. Myers said he was surprised at the refusal to pay *thirty shillings* for the job: indeed, he always thought it impossible to perform a thing of the kind: and he believed that to be the general belief; for was it not usual for people to say, when they heard a bouncing lie, next comes a horse to be shaved, and a monkey holds the bason. [Roars of laughter.]

The plaintiff said that it was a very hard matter to *shave* some parts of a *horse;* because the skin here and there, upon being tickled, *itched* very much. He was very near getting, at one time, a *settler* for life!—it was 'all but' a Coroner's Inquest. His dear wife had nearly become a widow, and his children left fatherless. He, therefore, hoped that the Commissioners would take that circumstance into their most serious consideration; not that he asked for any thing like *damages* to be awarded to him, but to show to the Commissioners, to the world, to the whole race of horse-dealers, from one end of the kingdom to the other, that his claim was well founded, just, and honourable. It might also operate as a precedent, in future what sum ought to be paid for SHAVING A HORSE; and save a great deal of argument at the bar, whenever a case like the above stated be determined by the Big *Wigs!* For his choice, he would rather go over an army of soldiers, for they were steady, and no mistake, to the word "attention," soldiers pay the greatest respect and deference; but what could a simple Barber do against an obstropolis horse; an animal that frequently would not answer the *whip;* play tricks in spite of the *curb; kick* over the traces; and '*bolt*' right away from all his drivers, and no help for it. But to *shave* a horse was any thing but a treat: one pill was a dose; and if he could not use his razors to a better purpose than *horse shaving*, he would let them get rusty, and throw stones to a pavior. He would have no more of it. [The defendant was then ordered to pay *thirty shillings* and costs.]—"And not cheap, neither," said Mr. Wells; "You have not only made me pay for *shaving* my horse extravagantly; but you have *shaved* my pockets into the bargain,—you have *cleaned* me out. I never was so much *lathered* before in my life; and this 'Knight of the Block' has beaten me against my will.

[The plaintiff, on pocketing the cash, said, with a smile, "Well, never mind, Mr. Wells, come as often as you like, without your horse, and I'll shave you for *nothing*."]

The *finale* to this '*Shaving Case*,' was quite theatrical: indeed, it is not 100 to 1, but either Mr. *Moncrieff*, or Mr. *Buxton*, do not seize upon the subject for theatrical representation, and it makes its appearance, with great *eclat* at the Adelphi or Coburg Theatres. The 'Knights of the Block' were crowing like cocks at the successful termination of the event; and a proposition was made to *cheer*—no, to 'chair' the eloquent '*Dicky Gossip*' to his residence; but his modesty and good sense would not let him partake of that mark of distinction which his friends, in their good nature, wished to confer upon his humble efforts. Mr. Field took his leave, like other great orators in the public cause, by observing, "That he had done no more than his duty, and although he did not like to *puff* himself off, yet he might aver, that if he had not *powder*-ed his opponent, he had, nevertheless, *shaved* him clean respecting his errors of payment for SHAVING A HORSE; and that his antagonist had had a fair *Field* to try the contest in; but that he had shown himself little more than a *Block*-head, to suffer his conscience to be summoned into Court upon such a subject."

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## The Horse Dealer.

We are not sufficiently aware whether the facetious *Tommy Hood* has been out-jockied, or the 'double' put upon him, by any of the dealers in horse-flesh in London, respecting '*soundness*,' but, it does appear that his opinions are not only *sound* about those 'good sort' of folks to be met with in stable yards, Smithfield market, &c., yet he endeavours to get the whip-hand of them before the public, by laying '*his* lash' on their hides, like 'cut and come again.' He observes, without ceremony, that a "horse-dealer is a double-dealer, for he dealeth more in double meanings than your punster. When he giveth his word it signifieth little, howbeit it standeth for two significations. He putteth his promises, like his colts, in a break. Over his mouth, Truth, like the turnpike man, writeth up 'No Trust.' Whenever he speaketh, his spoke hath more turns than the fore wheel. He telleth lies, not white only, or black, but likewise gray, bay, bald, chesnut, brown, cream, and roan pyebald, and skewbald. He sweareth as many oaths out of court as any man, and more in; for he will swear two ways about a horse's dam. If, by God's grace, he be something honest, it is only a dapple, for he can be fair and unfair at once. He hath much imagination, for he selleth a complete set of capital harness of which there be no traces. He advertiseth a coach, warranted on its first wheels, and truly the hind pair are wanting to the bargain. A carriage that hath travelled twenty summers and winters, he describeth well-seasoned. He knocketh down machine-horses that have been knocked up on the road, but is so tender of heart to his animals, that he parteth with none for a fault; "for," as he sayeth, "blindness or lameness be misfortunes." A nag, proper only for dog's meat he writeth down, but crieth up, "fit to go to any hounds;" or as may be, "would suit a timid gentleman." String-halt he calleth, "grand action," and kicking, "lifting the feet well up." If a mare have the farcical disease, he nameth her "out of Comedy," and selleth Blackbird for a racer, because he hath a running thrush. Horses that drink only water he justly warranteth to be "temperate," and if dead lame, declareth them "good in all their paces," seeing that they can go but one. Roaring he calleth "sound," and a steed that high bloweth in running, he compareth to Eclipse, for he outstrippeth the wind. Another might be entered at a steeple-chase, for why?—He is as fast as a church. Thorough-pin with him is synonymous with "perfect leg." If a nag cougheth, 'tis "a clever hack." If his knees be fractured, he is "well broke for gig or saddle." If he reareth, he is "above sixteen hands high." If he hath drawn a tierce in a cart, he is a good fencer. If he biteth he shows good courage; and he is playful merely, though he should play the devil. If he runneth away he calleth him "off the Gretna road, and has been used to carry a lady." If a cob stumbleth he considereth him a true goer, and addeth, "the proprietor parteth from him to go abroad." Thus, without much profession of religion, yet is he truly Christian-like in practice, for he dealeth not in detraction, and would not disparage the character even of a brute. Like unto Love, he is blind unto all blemishes, and seeth only a virtue, meanwhile he gazeth at a vice. He taketh the kick of a nag's hoof like a love-token, saying only, before standers by, "Poor fellow, he knoweth me!"—and is content rather to pass as a bad rider than that the horse should be held restive, or over mettlesome, which discharges him from its back! If it hath bitten him besides, and moreover bruised his limb against a coach-wheel, then, constantly returning good for evil, he giveth it but the better character, and recommendeth it before all the studs in his stable. In short, the worse a horse may be, the more he chaunteth his praise, like a crow that croweth over Old Ball, whose lot it is on a common to meet with a common lot.

## TRICKS OF HORSE DEALERS.

In order to dispose of a diseased horse with facility, says *Mr. Youat in his Veterinary Lectures*, they deem it expedient to conceal the existence of glanders, to accomplish which the dealers are said sometimes to give a brushing gallop, in order to clear the air passages; they then inject a solution of alum, or sulphuric acid, up the nostrils, by the astringent power of which the discharge is for a while stayed. The animal is doubtless tortured; but I can hardly believe that the astringent effect would continue so long, or in fact could be established, from the improbability of being able to bring the liquid in contact with the diseased surface. When the discharge is from one nostril alone, some are said to introduce a piece of sponge too far up that nostril; there will still remain, however, the indurated and adherent gland, or the lividness of chronic glanders, or the intense inflammation produced by the caustic that was injected; either of these would excite suspicion, and, if the examiner is at all on his guard lead to certain detection.

## THE DOG BILLY.

This celebrated Hero of the canine race, to the great joy of the rats, lost his *wind* on Monday, February 23, 1829, in Panton-street, Haymarket. The body-snatchers and *dog-priggers* are outdone upon this suit, and the remains of Billy, instead of being obscured in *clay*, are preserved in an elegant glass case and gilt frame. The Ex-Champion, Tom Cribb, who *liked* BILLY when *alive*, still likes him although *told out*. Billy was the property of Charley Aistrop when he last *barked* out an adieu; although Cribb was his tender nurse up to the time when he gave up the ghost. The rats, it is said, are extremely glad to find that Billy has left no *successor* to give them a nip!

### MONODY ON THE ABOVE RAT KILLER.

Not a *bark* was heard—but a hideous growl
Burst now and then—or a piteous howl—
(For grief will have vent, in man or brute,
When the cause is great, and the sense acute.)

Not a *bark* was heard—but a mournful whine
Broke in cadence slow from the race canine;
And the prick'd-up ear, and the wagging tail,
Were drooping low 'mid the gen'ral wail.

Not a *bark* was heard—for the warlike hound
Had ceas'd o'er the hedge and ditch to bound,
And the timid stag, with his antlers tall,
Shook no more at the sound of the huntsman's call.

Not a *bark* was heard—for the mastiff bluff
Had inactive crouch'd, and his voice so gruff
Was hush'd, as the wind on a summer's eve,
So o'erwhelming the pang when mastiffs grieve.

Not a *bark* was heard—e'en the snarling cur
Had his *ivories* clos'd—and without demur
The *dustman*, and *beggar*, and *sweep* let pass,
So *down in the mouth* the whole race, alas!

Not a bell was toll'd—not a shop was shut,
Nor a searcher deign'd her *fives* to put
On the lifeless corse of the Prince of Dogs,
Whose history every history flogs.

Not a *bark* was heard—but a lively squeak
Was echoed from rat to rat (a whole week),
From Whitechapel church to Piccadilly,
Of "Long *life* to grim *Death*—for *boning* BILLY!"

DAFFY.

## THE COUNTRY MANAGER.

> "I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
> Would————
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

"The manager welcomed our hero to *Scanty Corner* with a most flattering smile, and a hearty shake of the hand, observing to PEREGRINE, "Your lordship's right welcome to Denmark." SCREW was a complete *actor* in every part he undertook, excepting characters upon the stage. No man knew his *cue* better than the Brown Paper Manager. He was always perfect without the aid of a *prompter* The entrances and exits of life he had marked with a shrewdness scarcely equalled, but never excelled, by any of his brethren of the *sock* and *buskin*. SCREW had self-possession to the very echo; but his *feelings*, except *professionally*, were like the rock on which the rain that printless falls: yet he could *laugh* and *cry* wherever those incidents were set down in his manuscript, and sometimes with tolerable humour, and even pathos. In his portraiture of *bronze* no artist could compete with him. His stock was so immense that he could have furnished twenty cross-examining Old Bailey Barristers, without missing a single drop of it. In pursuit of a *be-speak*, he was not to be denied with the common courtesies of life: *rebuffs* to him were never remembered; the door shut against his repeated calls was no offence; but he solicited, solicited, and solicited again, till the besieged party had no other resource left to get rid of his importunities but by granting him his request. He was never seen to *blush* in the whole course of his eventful history; and often candidly confessed he could not represent such a passage, however strongly it might have been marked by the author. Mr. SCREW and his name were never at variance, admitting the extremity of the pun. He was a most careful *treasurer* to himself, and always had a good balance in his own favour. His superior knowledge of accounts, in dividing the shares of the receipts of his house between the company was above the comprehension of all his performers: the Accountant General would have had no chance with Mr. *Screw*; and COCKER driven out of the field. He was prepared at all points to treat with a *stage-struck* youth: Mr. SCREW baited his trap so ensnaringly that his heroes were caught, for a time, as fast as if they had been held by a vice; and when the delusion had subsided a little, the Brown Paper Manager was so well versed in the arts of dissimulation as to obtain a conquest a second time, by persuading his "fresh caught victim" that he would form a better judgment on the merits of the case when time had mellowed his opinions. The weakness of youth answered his purpose; and to *manage* the unsuspecting person was mere routine to Mr. *Screw*. His *travels* from town to town had done more for him towards obtaining a perfect knowledge of mankind, and an intimate acquaintance with men and things, than the nobleman with his tutor at his elbow, traversing foreign countries in search of information.

Proteus was exactly the sort of personage to suit the calculations of Mr. Screw. Peregrine was fiery, ardent, ambitious; bent upon a peculiar object, and not to be thwarted from his purpose by any trifling obstacle. "Mr. Proteus, permit me to show you the theatre," said *Screw*, "and introduce you to your brother performers in the *green room.*[*] You will find amongst them several actors of *immense* talent. In my theatre, some of the great dons who are now "strutting and fretting their hour" upon the boards of the Theatres Royal, made their first appearance as actors. I have, I assure you of the fact, Mr. Proteus, taught the best of them to speak, to walk, to sigh, to laugh, to start, to fence, to make love, to weep, and to do every thing that elevates the profession above all the other arts: but when I have done all this, sir, so ungrateful have these persons behaved to me that they have left my theatre for other engagements: the truth is, I am too liberal in bringing young men forward: I put them into all the good parts: I make no *reserve* for myself, like all other managers: indeed, I am content to *double*[†] any character, and only anxious to make the most of every little bit. I have almost sworn that I would never teach another person the rudiments of our great art—that *art*, sir which makes the audience mistake *art* for *nature:* but I believe I must make an exception in your favour, Mr. Proteus: you have been so strongly recommended to my protection." You flatter me, Mr. Screw, I am afraid," replied Peregrine. "No! upon my honour, I do not. However, I have merely to mention that Mr. *Truncheon* is my first tragedian, but he gives way to Mr. Proteus, owing to the brilliant character he has heard of his abilities. He is a *Talma*, a Kemble, a Kean, and a Young: that is to say, Mr. Proteus, he has a small *taste* of all those great actors combined in his own person.

"Miss *Made-up* is my heroine: she is positively an actress of all work! a female Roscius. She is own sister to Melpomene and Thalia. Miss *Made-up* is a Siddons in the highest walk of the drama; and a perfect Jordan in the paths of comedy. She is a delightful creature. The fact is, Mr. Proteus, she is too beautiful for my theatre; and I ought to have ten police officers in the pit to keep the *gallants* in order. You will make a fine Romeo to her Juliet. And I am only candid when I say, beware of her charms. In the balcony scene she is irresistible.

> 'Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye
> Than twenty of their swords! look thou but sweet,
> And I am proof against their enmity.'

"Then, sir, we have Miss Scream-out, who takes the lead in my operas. She is all nature. She despises art. You might *encore* her twenty times; she is so strong, and so passionately fond of singing, that she never tires. Miss Scream-out has done more, in her professional exertions, Mr. Proteus, than ever Mrs. *Billington* did, or *Catalani* into the bargain. She has performed for me at twenty fairs, and sung thirty songs a day—No, no, I beg pardon, I should have said towns. Her *pitch* is very high; and she can descend with the utmost ease and rapidity, to the *lowest* note in the scale. But I suppose I shall not be able to keep her: those fellows from the Italian Opera have been buzzing about her lately, with the most *tempting* offers to sing upon their stage. I have been in *grief* about it for the last week; and did not sleep a wink during the night, so restless have I been upon the subject. I really don't know who would be a manager, Mr. Proteus.

"In my ballet department I have a treasure indeed. Miss Kick-her-heels is not to be equalled in the United Kingdom: I have seen them all. I am an old manager, Mr. Proteus, I have the whole corps-de-ballet, as it were, under my eye; and *most* of them have danced upon my stage, though I suppose they are too proud now to own it. The attitudes of Parisot were superlatively good; she was graceful, elegant, and fascinating: and Del Caro, in her line, delightful; but, nevertheless, give me Miss Kick-her-heels against any dancer I ever saw. Her Columbine is far superior to the once celebrated Mrs. *Wybrow;* and the Messrs. *Adams* and *Dennets*, the cracks of their day, must yield the palm to my heroine. On the slackwire, the rope, the ground, and *cutting* in the air, she is a *none*-such! For a hornpipe, sir, rely upon my word, there was not a jack tar throughout the fleet but would have sooner forfeited a fifty pound share of his prize money than have missed the never-to-be-forgotten steps of the lively Miss Kick-her-heels. All Portsmouth was in an uproar during her stay; and *Nancy Dawson* looked upon as a fool, by comparison with my lady. Here again I must be candid, Mr. Proteus, and beg of you to be upon your guard against the very powerful attractions of Miss Kick-her-heels!

"Then last, but not the least, in the company is my *low* comedian, Mr. EPHRAIM MUG-CUTTER. The history of the stage cannot boast such an original *cutter of mugs* as *Ephraim*. He is a century before all the actors in the kingdom, living or dead: Tom Weston, Shuter, Noakes, Dodd, Parsons, Edwin, Munden, Dowton, Blanchard, Oxberry, Matthews, and Emery, all very great men in their line I admit, but *little* ones when placed in competition with Ephraim. With as much pliability as *putty*, he can cry on one half of his face, and laugh on the other side at the same time. I will back him at odds against the Emperor of FACE-*makers* (Mr. Liston); in fact, Mr. PROTEUS, I have been strongly pressed, nay, offered a handsome premium by the artists of the metropolis to let Mr. *Mug-Cutter* stand to them for a study. He has a fine face, abounding with expression, and full of capabilities, in which may be witnessed, highly tinted, all the great passions of LE BRUN. *Mug-Cutter* is the very fool, too, that follows the advice of SHAKSPEARE: he speaks no more than what is set down for him by his author, except when I give him the word *ad libitum*. His comprehension is lively in the extreme; and instantly he understands every move and wink of my eyes. *Mug-Cutter* is a truly valuable fellow for '*pulling them in:*' I must be permitted to correct myself, Mr. PROTEUS, I should have said, to invite an audience to witness the performances at my theatre. But after all, the greatest quality he possesses, in my mind, is his gratitude for the instruction he has received under my tuition: the Bank of England, sir, could not tempt *Mug-Cutter* to leave my stage. Whenever he lets loose the reins of his imagination, my powers fail me, I must not attempt to give even an outline of his comic humour. At a country wake the other day, in *grinning* through a horse collar, for the prize of a pound of tobacco, several of the country boobies went into fit's with laughter. *Mug-Cutter* was really *great*, Mr. PROTEUS, in the *collar;* he had not the trick of the stage to second his efforts, and it was a rich portrait of nature. To sum up his character in little, the *Blue Devils* are put to flight in his presence; the malady of the HYPOCHONDRIAC is forgotten in his company; and the phrase, so incessantly made use of by the French, of *ennui*, is never to be experienced within one hundred yards of Mr. MUG-*Cutter!*

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[*] Much as I have been about theatres, and intimately as I have been acquainted with the *sons of Thespis*, it never occurred to my mind to inquire the origin of the *title* of the Green Room; but in Mr. *Screw's* company no explanation was required by Peregrine. It appeared to the astonishment of Proteus, most certainly, a *green* room, the grass growing under his feet. A thin partition only separated the performers from a couple of animals belonging to the dairy. It was the cow-house contiguous to the barn, which had been engaged for the occasion, and fitted up, for a few nights only, by Mr. *Screw* as a theatre. Peregrine, on entering this most delectable recess, exclaimed, in the words of Bloomfield—

> The fields his study—Nature was his book.

[†] By the word *double* is meant the necessity which often occurs in travelling companies, of the same individual personating two characters in the same performance.

"I had almost forgotten to introduce to your notice, Mr. PROTEUS, my leader of the band, Mr. TEAZER. He is a perfect ORPHEUS in his line, although he cannot draw sticks and stones after him. I never exaggerate sir, I assure you, but it is truly extraordinary, as well as laughable, to witness the effects of his violin upon the nerves of the country people in general. During our circuit the other day, in removing from one town to another, we stopped at an inn to partake of some refreshment, when Mr. TEAZER took out his violin, and played two or three tunes so sweetly as to occasion in an instant a general *movement* throughout the house. The landlady could not stand *still* in her bar; and *mine host* approached his customers in the most ludicrous style; it was a *hop, skip*, and *jump*, with the waiters; the daughters of the innkeeper left off mixing brandy and water to join in a *reel;* and the whole of the company kept *nodding* their heads, and *shaking* their feet, to keep time to the ravishing instrument of Mr. TEAZER: such are the powers of my leader. To my taste, Mr. PROTEUS, and it is said of me, whether I deserve the compliment or not, that I possess an excellent ear for music, the celebrated Giordani, Viotti, Pinto, Salomon, Cramer, Weischell, and Spagnioletti were mere apologies, compared with Mr. TEAZER. His *touches* are so exquisitely fine, and his *swell* prodigiously grand and imposing. Handel would have been delighted with his knowledge of harmony; Mozart captivated by the brilliancy of his tones; and Storace in ecstasy with the rapidity of his execution. Yet, nevertheless, I am sorry to say that Mr. *Teazer* is too fond of a '*drop*,' which might prove a very distressing circumstance to my feelings, had I not brought my company to such a high pitch of excellence as to be enabled to perform an opera without the aid of music! We can do strange things at country theatres, Mr. PROTEUS, which the metropolitan places of amusement dare not attempt.

"In *pantomimes* we are quite at home; and, if our harlequin is not quite so elegant in his attitudes as those displayed by the father of *Oscar Byrne* in the party-coloured hero; so spirited as *Jack Bologna;* or so lively and active as *Ellar*, there is no ballet performer can strip him of his laurels on the *ground*. His pedigree is good; indeed it is of the first quality in the pantomimic line: he is descended from the celebrated harlequin, Phillips, so celebrated in the days of George the Second at Southwark Fair, who, to please his majesty, and to show the deception and talent of his art, Phillips, at the command of his sovereign, leaped down his own throat. Our *clown* is no fool neither. He can distance them all except JOEY GRIMALDI. Dubois, Delpini, Jack Follett, and Laurent, came the nearest to my hero amongst the host of clowns in town or country. It is saying no little for my fool in placing him second to Grimaldi; in fact, I never saw an equal to the latter performer during the whole of my professional life.

"When the managers of the classic theatres in the metropolis descended to employ horses to *draw* audiences to their houses, I trust, Mr. PROTEUS, that I need not make any apology in stating to you I once went round the country as the proprietor of a *moving* CIRCUS.

"At *Astley's* I always admired the melodramatic pieces produced with the assistance of horses; and considered them perfectly in character, and I have also been most agreeably entertained at the *Royal Circus* with such like productions to represent the seat of war. But to a lover of the regular drama as I am, Mr. Proteus, you may depend upon it that I will never suffer any performer of mine to be annoyed by the introduction of *horses* on the boards of my theatre.

"But I will not tease you any more, sir, with the incalculable merits of my other performers: perhaps I may be too liberal in my disposition. Yet I never feel happy if I do not praise and reward merit as it deserves. However I will conclude with stating that you will meet with a combination of excellence in my company—in a word *Multum in parvo*. And with the addition of the abilities of Mr. Proteus *(making a low bow)*, permit me to say, we shall carry every thing before us. I shall now take my leave for a short period, having to meet by appointment the Duchess of *Never-fail*, to *bespeak* a play. A fine chance for your opening. The Duchess is a most kindhearted and liberal creature; her smiles are the very high road to patronage and fame. I will speak to her *Grace* about your performance. In the interim I have no doubt you will soon become acquainted with the invaluable members of my company.
—*Egan's Life of an Actor.*

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### Doings and Sayings in the Prize Ring.

### Dick Curtis and Perkins.

This match, which had excited considerable interest throughout the Fancy, both at Oxford and London, was decided on Tuesday, December 30, 1829, in Parish Meadow, Hurley Bottom, Berks, 34 miles from the Metropolis, for £100 aside. The *Pet of the Fancy* was known to every person connected with the Milling Circles; but Perkins, who had obtained the designation of the "Oxford Pet," was little more than a stranger to the London Ring. Perkins, it is true, had defeated Raines in good style; and had also beaten Price, the Oxford *Sticker*. It is urged that Curtis had spoken rather contemptuously of Perkins, as a *Milling Cove*, and this circumstance brought about the match in question. Curtis went into *training* at Hartley Row; and Perkins under the care of Mr. Shirley, at the New Inn, Staines. Six to four was betted without any hesitation upon Dick, when the match was first made, but, before fighting, the *takers* became more numerous; five to four was greedily accepted: and upon the day of fighting drawing near, *Perkins* had risen so high in the confidence of his friends, that scarcely any odds were asked at all. The road on Monday evening, although it was uncommonly dark, dreary, and *foggy*, nevertheless, such was the interest manifested by the Fancy to see the Pet once more in the P. R., that every inn in the route to Maidenhead was overflowing with company; and the *dabs*, generally speaking, were all occupied. Brentford, Colnbrook, and Windsor, were overdone with visitors; and even *Tom Cox* [the *Prad* and the *Slavey*], at Datchet, could not find *roosting-places* for his numerous customers. A stranger, on meeting with a polite refusal to his request, observed to 'Mine Host,' "It is a new landlord, certainly, that keeps this house, an't it? It was kept by one of the greatest *blackguards* of the name of Cox, in the kingdom, for some years?" "No, Sir," said Tom, making a grand *salam*, "my name is Cox; but owing to the King, God bless him, being a gentlemanly sort of man, a neighbour of mine, and the Court so near to me, I have taken lessons out of Chesterfield for the purpose, and d—mme, I beg pardon, but I have become quite a genteel man ever since." Owing to the assistance we derived from Ben Black's improved carriage lamp (more particularly after groping our way in the dark so long), we trotted along towards the scene of action with as much ease and security as if it had been broad day-light. We have no hesitation in recommending them to the *Fancy* and public in general, who set any thing like a value upon their lives, to use Black's lamps, which enables the driver to possess a most powerful light, sixty yards and upwards from his gig, along the road. Vehicles of every description were seen early on the Tuesday morning, both from Oxford and London, to arrive in time at the scene of action. So many persons have not been seen at a *Mill* for several years past. The ring was made in the best part of the field; but in many places near the ropes it was ancle deep in mud, and flooded with water. Some thousands of persons were present. At one o'clock Curtis appeared, and threw his hat into the ring; he was dressed very genteel. His colours were orange. He was seconded by Josh. Hudson and Young Sam. Perkins followed almost immediately, and repeated the token of defiance. Tom Spring and Harry Holt were his seconds. His colours were crimson. On meeting each other in the ring, like true Englishmen, they shook hands together. It was the general opinion that "Dick *was overmatched!*" The odds had got down rapidly; and ten pounds to nine were taken by several of the friends of Perkins. The men and the seconds crossed their hands in friendship, and the battle commenced:—

Round 1.—Curtis *peeled* well: placed himself in an excellent attitude; and viewed his opponent from head to foot with the utmost confidence, seeming to say, "I'll soon *tip* the *Yokel* what he will not like!" Perkins was cool, collected, and quite ready for the combat. His appearance altogether was decidedly in his favor; and had he not been opposed to the "*all-conquering Curtis*" the disparity of size between him and the Pet, must have insured his being backed at odds. His shoulders were round and good, and indicated strength; his arms were muscular; and *pins* round and firm. His *nob* a fighting one; *snake-headed*, such as the Fancy like; and such as the Fancy assert belongs to a "*good-un.*" The eye of Dick was fine and penetrating: he kept a good look out, and was determined as soon as the opportunity offered to give the 'Oxford Scholar' *summut* for himself! Dick crept in by degrees, made a feint; it would not do, Perkins was *awake;* Dick, like an auctioneer's catalogue, came ditto, ditto, ditto, and ditto—but it was of no use, the 'Cove was *leary*,' and not to be *gammoned;* he would not give half a chance away, kept his position, did not offer to return a blow, but stood as firm as a rock, with his weather eye *up!* FIVE MINUTES! and not a blow struck! This, most certainly, was a *new feature* in the battles of Curtis; and extorted from the backers of the Pet, that Perkins was "*a troublesome customer!*" "Go to work," was the cry. Dick at length placed a slight facer; and in the exchange of hits, in a rally, he napt a rum one between the *chaffer* and the *sneezer*, when Spring called out "First blood! and we shall win it!" This was also another *new feature!* The Pet was on the alert, and planted a heavy blow on Perkins's *domino box!* In fact, he would not be denied, and was determined to try the *pluck* of his opponent. Severe counter hits again occurred, and the left *Peeper* of Perkins napt it, and the *claret* followed. "That's a tie," said Josh, "*Claret* on both sides." Curtis, on the bustle, went to work; blows were exchanged, when the 'Oxford Scholar' went down from a slight hit. Thunders of applause from all parts. The Kent-street Lads; the Bermondsey Boys; the Old Fanciers; the principal part of the Boxers; *all roaring out like Fun*, at the success of the Pet.

2. Curtis, active and ready, again appeared at the *scratch;* and endeavoured to take the lead. It was evident, at this early part of the fight, to the spectators, that the Pet had got his *work* to do, and the *length* of his adversary made him appear rather at *fault*. Perkins had been well *counselled*, the *feints* of Dick had not the desired effect, and he would not be *gammoned* to alter his position. Curtis planted a right-handed blow, but Perkins was with him. In a sharp rally it was *give* and *take:* the *sensitive* plant of the Oxford Scholar received a small taste: and Dick did not get off gratis. In finishing the round Perkins went down from a hit; it was not received as a knock down blow. *Another roar of artillery;* "*Bravo, my little Pet, you will soon make it all right!*"

3. The Oxford Boy was as cool as a cucumber; and acted upon the defensive. The PET, like a skilful general, kept a good look out, tried a variety of manœuvres; but on letting fly, Perkins stopped the blow in admirable style. ["*Well done 'Peggy Perkins,' from the Oxford Swell Dragsman; he'll soon be stopped altogether. Why, he's got the whip hand of the Pet now.*"] Perkins endeavoured to plant a rum one; but the *stopper* was put on. Curtis, full of gaiety, went in to *punish*, and as the Oxford kept retreating, he was sent out of the ropes.—It is impossible to describe the joy manifested by the backers of Curtis,—and in the pride of the moment, ten to five was offered by them. "It is as right as the day now."

4. This was a capital round: the Pet satisfied his friends of his fine knowledge of the *science;* and Perkins astonished the crowd with his *skill* and ability as a Pugilist. The mug of Curtis appeared agitated; and the *handy*-work of his opponent was also visible. After a little manœuvring, Curtis hit out, but was stopped. ["BEAUTIFUL!" from the *Classical* part of the audience.] The Pet now was compelled to adopt a new mode, and made very free with the *Grub Warehouse* of his opponent. ["Capital," said young Sam; "what a fine way of improving *digestion*."] Perkins on the alert, cleverly planted a right-handed hit. "Good," said the Gent. from the BOWERS, near the Seat of Larning: "one slap-up now and that will do for me: they all count towards winning." Dick was very successful in making body blows; but yet they did not appear to reduce either the strength or confidence of Perkins; counter-hits, and mischief done on both sides. The science of Dick was here praised by all the admirers of Pugilism; he stepped in and out; he toed his opponent, to make his *hitting* secure, and boldly went in to finish the round, but his left hand was open. In a rally, spirited on both sides, the *chaffing-box* of Dick had the worst of it. The *claret* was also discovered on both of their faces—indeed it was *pepper alley* on the side of Dick; *Cannon Street* administered by Perkins. *Job*, versus *hit* went on to the end of the Chapter, until the Oxford Scholar measured his length on his mother earth. The cheering was loud all round the ring; and the backers of Curtis again were happy. "The little one is as good as gold; there is nothing like him on the list. We can't lose it now."

5. Dick, on appearing at the *mark*, shewed symptoms of *distress;* and that the bustling system was rather too much for him: in fact, in all his other battles, he generally put his opponents on the *fret;* but, in this contest with Perkins, the case was altered. The *grubbery* was again knocked about by the Pet, but the firmness of Perkins enabled him not to flinch from the coming blow. An exchange of blows occurred in a rally; in struggling for the throw both went down, but the Oxford Scholar undermost. The applause was still on the side of Dick; and his friends stuck to him.

6. Curtis very cautious, yet anxious to do *mischief*, let fly at Perkins' nob, but the latter parried it off, in first-rate style. Dick again punished his opponent's body, when Stockman roared out, "Dick, have some mercy on his *palings*, do not knock them in." [Laughter.] The Oxford Scholar now satisfied the spectators that he was no *Yokel*, but a good boxer,

and up to a trick or two. The Pet, in a clever manner, got away from a *quietus* blow aimed at his head. In a rally some sharp blows were exchanged, Jack as good as his master, until the Oxford Scholar went down. "It is a capital fight," was the cry; and who ever saw any other boxer do so much with Curtis, as this countryman.

7. The Pet's *mug* looked a little *queer;* it did not display its usual serenity; his mouth was *parched*, and he relieved his *thirst* with some brandy and water. He planted two hits in succession on the body; but the Oxford boy seemed to say "who cares for that?—I'm as tough as wire, and I can stand it for a month." The steadiness displayed by Perkins claimed the admiration of the whole ring. Perkins received a heavy blow on his neck; and had he not retreated from danger, *summut* might have been the matter. The Pet also finding that *head-work* was not to be got at without great difficulty, again resorted to the *Grub Warehouse*, and he made three successful *moves* towards *digestion*. "The first," said young Sam, "was a *taste* from Cambridge; the second, a hint from Oxford; and the *third*, a sort of finishing touch of education, from the London New University." The Pet, rather angry, tried to put on the *polish*, and boldly went up to the head of his opponent, who retreated towards the ropes. In closing, Perkins went down, and Dick upon him. Great cheering for Curtis—"*He is a fine, brave little fellow! but he is overmatched*," observed the Sage of the East. "*Such a match ought not to have been made.* But I supposes as how we must now leave it all to the Cook!"

8. The Oxford Scholar now showed his *Passport* as to a good Boxer; the stops on both sides were cheered by the spectators. The fight had now become truly interesting—Hopes and fears were seen in the countenances of the Backers of Dick; and the *Oxonians* were all in the stirrups as to Victory. The conduct displayed by Perkins, against so accomplished a Pugilist as Dick Curtis, had satisfied them their judgment was correct. Both of the men rallied like nothing else but *out-and-outers;* and lots of *claret* trickled down their faces. The blows were hard and fast, and a lunging one from Perkins, *floored* the PET like a SHOT! *The row was immense;* the *Classical Gents were almost out of their senses with joy at this sudden slice of luck.*" "*Perkins for ever! Perkins for* 1000l." THE LONDONERS WERE PANIC STRUCK.—*The bolting of the Great Stakeholder near the Blunt Magazine, could not be worse to their feelings;*—the latter hit was a *Rowland* for an *Oliver*—they were all reduced to DUMMIES in the twinkling of an eye—silence was the order of the day—their *choppers* as long as Patterson's Road Book, and blue, green, yellow, and all manner of colours, *summut* like the incantation scene in *Der Frieschutz*. It was a sort of *charmed* bullet for the Oxonians—one of whom exclaimed, with all the solemnity of a preacher, "Curtis will have to say, '*Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness* !!!'"

9. This last touch was another *new feature* in the milling history of Curtis. Dick came up *game*, but he could not conceal his *distress;* he was *piping;* nay, very far from *home;* indeed, several of the Oxonians would have it he was quite *abroad*. He commenced an attack upon the *grubbery*, and also rather wildly tried to *nob* Perkins. The latter retreated skilfully to the corner of the ropes, when *punishment* was given on both sides. The *strength*, LENGTH, and FRESHNESS here told with tremendous effect; but the Pet, who is nothing else but *blood*, *game*, and *bone*, fighting almost upon the system of 'Death or Glory,' exerted himself to the utmost, to get a turn in his favour. But the day was gone by, he could not reach the *upper-works* of his opponent with effect; his blows fell too short, yet there was *Pepper* about them. In closing, Curtis captured his opponent's 'knowledge-box,' and was endeavouring to *weave* it under his arms, but the Oxford Boy said, 'it was no go!' and slipped skilfully down out of mischief. The Backers of DICK were now changed into *Alarmists*—the *hedging* system was immediately adopted by those that were *lucky;* and who got their '*money off like winking!*'

10. The strength of Dick was rapidly on the *decline;* but not his *pluck*—he had been *bustled* about too much. "Do not Josh," said Tom Owen, "let him play at *long* bowls—keep him close to his work, he can only win upon that suit, d'ye mind me, John Bull!" The Pet went boldly in to *mill*, exchanges took place between them, and Curtis met with a rum one on the side of his head. In a rally, *mischief* was meant on both sides; but by comparison as to *taking it*, Dick might be compared to a man in a *consumption*, while Perkins, on the contrary, possessed the strength of rude health. Ultimately Perkins went down, and Dick upon him. The *University Coves* were now as jolly as Sand Boys, and looked upon the Long Odds as their own; nay, the battle reduced to a certainty, and only to ask for the *blunt;* and the Knight of the Whip, to make the "wisit pleasant," was humming part of the Old Stave, "*Will you come to the* BOWERS? *which I have planted for you?*"

11th and last. "The pitcher goes once too often to the well:" and such was the unfortunate case of the darling of the Fancy. The Pet was quite aware that *sparring* would be of no use to him; and nothing else but downright *punishment* could reduce Perkins to his grasp. He, therefore, made up his mind to try what severe *milling* would effect in his behalf; but Perkins was satisfied that he had '*got* the Pet.' The blows on both sides were severe indeed, and Curtis received in turn a blow for every one he planted upon his adversary. Perkins, at length, put in a tremendous *stunner* on the side of Dick's *nob*, and he went down as insensible as a sack of flour. He was picked up by his seconds, and every exertion made use of by them to restore animation, but when "*Time*" was called, the Pet of the Fancy was as dead as a house. It is impossible to pourtray the feelings of Dick's backers at this *electric shock*, that *shook* all their *rag* into the clies of their opponents. To paint their *faces* would be more difficult; they were of all manner of shapes—and the horrors clearly depicted on every cheek. On the hat being thrown up, Perkins in the joy of the moment, left the ring; but he came back to make his victory certain, and the decision complete. Poor Dick, for the first time in his life, was taken senseless out of the ring to his drag, and immediately conveyed to Maidenhead. The battle was over in 25 minutes.

> "Can such things be?
> And overcome us like a summer cloud
> Without our special wonder?"

The Pet of the Fancy—the admiration and delight of his brethren of the *Bunch of Fives*—the Champion of the light weights—the Hero of the Prize Ring—the pride of the Tennis Court, to be *licked* in TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES, and by an *Out-side Boxer*—a *Yokel!!!* Would that we could have said—"Forbid it, Fate! Forbid it, Fortune." Forbid it—but the 'die is cast,' and the once gay, lively, scientific, elegant, and *pluck* Boxer, poor little *Dick Curtis*, now ranks amongst the defeated men in the pages of the '*Book of Sports*.'

But who can rule the uncertain chance of war? Napoleon was *floored!* Marc Antony was defeated! Suwarrow *licked!* Tippoo Saib 'done over!' all great masters in the art of war—and a thousand others have been compelled to surrender in turns to superior tactics. *Weep*, ye Kent-street lads; drop a tear, ye 'over the water coves;' pipe your eye '*Young Sam*,'—your model, your delight as a fighter, and your intimate friend, has lost the proud title of Conqueror. Makers of matches, be on your guard in future! The *folly* of poor Dick; the *imprudence* of his backers; and the strong attachment, not to say flattery, of the Fancy in general, have placed him in his recent unfortunate situation. He was looked upon as INVULNERABLE to a stone above his weight, in comparison with several good boxers well known in the Prize Ring; but the idea of any *Countryman* defeating the Pet of the Fancy was laughed at, treated as absurd and ridiculous, and considered to betray a want of *milling* judgment. That he has been *licked* is too true for *himself* and friends, and cleverly *defeated* by a stranger, a yokel, and, worse than all, an OUTSIDER!!! Now let us argufy the topic: Curtis, with all his clothes on, weighing 9st. 3lbs., after having fought FIFTEEN BATTLES: facts are stubborn things:—only look:—

| | | Min. |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Watson . . . | June 27, 1820.. | 25 |
| 2. Ned Brown . | Aug. 28, 1820.. | 57 |
| 3. Lenney . . . | Oct. 24, 1821.. | 38½ |
| 4. Cooper (Gypsy) | May 26, 1822.. | 10 |
| 5. Peter Warren . | July 23, 1822.. | 20 |
| 6. Peter Warren . | April 16, 1823.. | 37 |
| 7. Peter Warren . | July 8, 1823.. | 9 |
| 8. Hares . . . | May 25, 1824.. | 20 |
| 9. Peter Warren . | May 19, 1825 . | 8 |
| 10. Peter Warren . | July 19, 1825.. | 18 |
| 11. Barney Aaron . | Feb. 27, 1827.. | 50 |
| 12. Teasdale . . . | Oct. 9, 1827.. | 62½ |
| Conquests out of the Prize Ring. | | |
| 13. Ned Savage . | Aug. —, 1825.. | 16 |
| 14. Ned Stockman | May 16, 1826.. | 7 |
| 15. Phillips, a Coal-heaver . . | Jan. 2, 1828.. | 20. |

After defeating the above men, and open to all England for three months to any man of his weight, or half a stone above it, his chalienge not accepted, he formally retired from the Prize Ring, nobly to repose upon his laurels. Fond of a bit of life; a gay boy in principle; frequently meeting with Mr. *Lushington;* and paying kind visits of an evening to Nancy, Betsey, Maria, Kate, Lucy, Peggy, Fanny, Susan, &c. &c; having retired also from hard knocks and the Seat of War, to the softer enjoyments of the Court of Love; likewise living in the lap of ease, *training* out of the question, and the care of his constitution not an object of consideration, Dick, too late, has now found out that he viewed his opponent rather *lightly*. Perkins is longer, stronger, above a stone heavier, and under twenty years of age. A fine fresh young man; a good stopper, a leary fighter, and a hard hitter. Several persons remarked Curtis never fought so bad in any of his previous battles; it certainly did appear so to most of the spectators; but, in our humble opinion, we never saw him exert himself more to win a fight. Dick tried all he *knew;* the science he displayed was beautiful; he manœuvred upon every attack to get a successful move on the board, and his courage was of the finest quality. But the truth is, his heart was *broken;* he was stopped at every point; his opponent was not to be *gammoned*, but Perkins waited for him; *rallied* with the *Pet*, and *floored* him. After the knock-down blow Curtis received, his strength appeared to leave him, and he was of 'no use' towards victory. Dick is upwards of eight years older than Perkins. The Pet was hit out of time; and the battle being at an end much sooner than had been anticipated by the spectators, *murmurings* did certainly occur by several persons who had betted heavy stakes, and the odds upon Curtis, that *summut* was wrong.

> "But it is cruelty to load a fallen man!"

Curtis, although defeated, is by no means *disgraced!* It was the expressed opinion of *Young Sam*, that Perkins ought to have been matched against him rather than Dick. CURTIS was taken out of the ring; while, on the contrary, PERKINS jumped about like a dancing-master. In a few minutes after the battle was over, the *Oxford Pet* appeared as if nothing was the matter, walking round the ring with his friends. His *nob* was not much *damaged*, excepting a cut over the left eye; his mug was *puffed* a little, but his *Grub Warehouse*, we think, must have been very tender, from the numerous *podgers* DICK planted upon it. The above defeat will teach persons in future not to put one of the best little men in the ring to fight above his weight. PERKINS is very likely to prove a *teazer* to most of the light weights. His victory over so celebrated a pugilist as the Pet of the Fancy, of course, must increase his confidence.

The Castle Tavern, on the Friday night after the fight, was crowded to excess; Curtis and Perkins were present. The Chairman, in a very manly speech, regretted that Curtis had been induced to make such a foolish match, but his friends had thought him "INVULNERABLE." Some *murmurs* had transpired respecting the defeat of Curtis, "that it was not all right:" he was anxious, before he parted with the Battle-money, to leave it open to any gentleman to state his objection. A sufficient time being allowed, and no person offering any sort of objection, the money was paid over to Perkins, who generously presented Dick with 5*l*. The Chairman then proposed a subscription in behalf of Curtis, which was immediately entered into by several gentlemen present.

### A NEW SONG, TO AN OLD TUNE, BY A COVE FROM THE WEST.

DICK CURTIS was as brave a youth
  As ever graced PIERCE EGAN'S story;
And warmly sighed, with equal truth,
  Sometimes for LOVE—and then for GLORY!

Oft had he met the foe with pride,
  And shone a STAR on *stages gory*,
'Till, *over-matched*, his best he tried,
  Gave in to FATE—but fell with GLORY!

Again his skill he means to try
  Ere time shall turn his head-piece hoary;
And show us, in another shy,
  He has NOT LOST, but LENT his GLORY!

## ANTIQUITY OF WRESTLING.

### *The oldest British Sport.*

The first account we have of Wrestling, according to Mr. *Litt*, in his WRESTLIANA, places it, in point of antiquity and respectability, not only the first, but infinitely superior to any other amusement at present prevalent in the whole world. For the truth of this assertion, we quote no anonymous author, whose authenticity might well be disputed! No! the precedent we will quote was even anterior to such writers as we have described. It is one which no christian can, or will, dispute:—it is to be found in that BOOK which treats of the creation of man, and the beginning of the world; authenticated by divine command, and written by that sacred and inspired historian—even Moses himself!

We find in the 32d chapter of Genesis, that Jacob having passed his family over the brook Jabbok, was left alone. In its history of events at this early period of the world, with a brevity commensurate with its high importance, the Bible minutely relates only those particular occurrences which refer to some covenant, or promise, then made, renewed, or fulfilled. It narrates facts, without commenting upon them. Therefore, although Jacob's wrestling with the Angel was too remarkable an incident to be omitted, yet we are not told in what manner he came, nor of any preliminary conversation, or agreement between them. It however appears very evident, that, until the Angel manifested his miraculous power, Jacob believed his opponent was a mere mortal like himself; and on whichever side the proposal originated, it was acceded to by the other either as a circumstance not unusual, or as an amicable amusement, which might be practised without the least infringement on cordiality.

It is a common and received proverb, that "A Man is known by his works, and a Tree by its fruits." Here then is an amusement peculiarly chosen not only by one of the best of Men, but by one better, and greater than any man:—and if to give *strength* and *firmness*, combined with *quickness* and *elasticity* to the Limbs; *discrimination* and *vigour* to the Body; *coolness* to the Head, and *perception* to the Mind: the whole forming an energetic combination of the whole power given to Man! no exercise could have been selected tending more to exalt his character, and from which such typical illustrations could have been deduced for his spiritual advantage.—Here then we take our stand.—Advocates for any other diversion, be it whatever it may, can you produce an origin, either so ancient or so honourable?

Having proved the existence of this amusement at so remote an era, it would be neither necessary nor important to trace the practice of this art through that period of time which intervenes from the time of Jacob to the formation of the Grecian Republics. The blindness and wilful transgressions of the Jews, and the barbarous ignorance of those nations whom God permitted to chastise them, render their exercises a matter of neither curiosity nor utility. But when Greece, emerging from obscurity and ignorance, began to take the lead in civilization, in military knowledge, and in the cultivation of learning and sciences: the utility of public games, not only to infuse a generous and martial spirit into the minds of the young men, but to improve their bodily strength, was too apparent to be neglected. Accordingly we find these athletic exercises not only practised and encouraged in each particular state, but the highest honours and rewards bestowed on the victors at the Olympic, Nemean, and other games, where prizes were awarded, and contended for before the whole nation.

The influence of these sports in advancing Greece from a few petty states, not equal in extent of territory to one half of England alone, into the most powerful Kingdom at that time in the World, is universally acknowledged by all historians and commentators who have ever treated of the subject. And it is singular to remark, that while the fact is admitted by all modern legislators, few or none have recommended an imitation of them.

It is strange that Homer, who was perhaps the greatest poet that ever lived, and who himself had often witnessed the celebration of these games, has given us so confused and even incomprehensible an account of the wrestling at the funeral of Patroclus (though many years antecedent to his time,) between Telamon Ajax, the strongest, and Ulysses, the wisest man in the Grecian army. Its translation, by Pope, is as follows :—

" The third bold game Achilles next demands,
And calls the wrestlers to the level sands:
A massy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice six oxen its reputed price;
And next, the loser's spirits to restore,
A female captive, valued but at four.
Scarce did the chief the vigourous strife propose
When tower-like Ajax and Ulysses rose,
Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands;
Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt,
Below their planted feet, at distance fixt:
Like two strong rafters which the builder forms,
Proof to the wintry winds and howling storms,
Their tops connected, but at wider space
Fixt on the centre stands their solid base.
Now to the grasp each manly body bends,
The humid sweat from every pore descends;
Their bones resound with blows: sides, shoulders,
thighs,
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours rise:
Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground!
Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe;
While the long strife e'en tir'd the lookers-on,
Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon:
Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me:
Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree.
" He said, and straining, heav'd him off the ground
With matchless strength, that time Ulysses found
The strength t' evade, and where the nerves combine
His ankle struck—the giant fell supine;
Ulysess following, on his bosom lies;
Shouts of applause run rattling through the skies
Ajax to lift, Ulysses next essays,
He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise:
His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt denied,
And grappling close they tumble side by side."

This account seems as ridiculous as it is incomprehensible to a modern wrestler: ridiculous! in regard to the duration of the contest, and the strange proposition of Ajax; and incomprehensible as it appears, Ulysses was the winner of the first fall: and the second was a disputed, or what is vulgarly termed, a dog-fall. One thing, however, seems clear enough to us—that it was a bad wrestle; and though we imagine neither gained much *honour* by the struggle, both were sufficiently *rewarded* for it.

It appears, that in the celebrated interview between Henry the Eighth of England, and the French king, Francis, which exceeded in magnificence and splendour any spectacle of modern times, wrestling was deemed the most manly and entertaining amusement then exhibited in the presence of these two mighty monarchs, and their courts. A grand national and scientific display of this athletic art took place between a number of champions selected from both nations, in which our countrymen were victorious. However, one mortified French historian pretends their king left better wrestlers at home than those who accompanied him; and by way of redeeming the defeat of his countrymen, asserts that Francis himself was a most excellent wrestler, and in a contest between the two rival monarchs threw Henry with great violence.

Antecedently to this period, wrestling was a favorite amusement, as well among the nobility as the yeomanry and inferior classes; the prize varying according to the rank of the combatants. At some particular times and places there appears to have been some acknowledged and customary prize—this as usually a ram and a ring. Thus in Coke's tale of Gamelyn, ascribed to Chaucer :—

There happed to be there beside
Tryed a wrestling;
And therefore there was y-setten
A ram and als a ring.

And likewise at a still earlier period we see in Ritson's Robin Hood :—

——— By a bridge was a wrastling
And there taryed was he:
And there was all the best yemen
Of all the west countrey.
A full fayre game there was set up,
A white bull up y-pight,
A great courser with saddle and brydle
With gold burnished full bryght;
A payre of gloves, a red golde ringe
A pipe of wyne good fay:
What man bereth him best I wis,
The prize shall bear away.

In which the prize was still greater; being a white courser, well accoutred, a pair of gloves, a gold ring, and a pipe of wine.

It is rather a remarkable coincidence that our modern Homer should have given nearly as lame an account of wrestling matches as his mighty predecessor. Thus we see in the fifth canto of the Lady of the Lake, the following account of one :—

" Now, clear the ring, for hand to hand,
The manly wrestlers take their stand.
Two o'er the rest superior rose,
And proud demanded mightier foes,
Nor called in vain, for Douglas came.
For life is Hugh of Larbert lame,
Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
Whom senseless home his comrades bear.
Prize of the wrestling match, the king
To Douglas gave a golden ring."

In the first couplet, the method, viz., " hand to hand," seems introduced solely for the purpose of getting on; and certainly is not calculated to produce the dreadful consequences that ensue. In the second, all order is violated by the two last standers, instead of contesting the last fall, calling out for fresh men! nor are the remaining couplets less faulty in regard to Douglas's treatment of his opponents, in the immense superiority of strength ascribed to him. The match between Bothwell and Burley, in the Scottish novels, is likewise one of the worst things in the whole series. It would have much gratified us, if a writer whom we so highly value, had given us some better account of such contests, however cursorily introduced. But alas! the baronet is probably no wrestler; and truly we are sorry for it.

We are likewise equally mortified to remark that the immortal Bard of Avon, in his comedy of "As You Like It," although he has combined in Orlando rank, character and wrestling, tells us a truly pitiful, but dreadful and improbable story, concerning it. The justly celebrated *James Hogg*, the Ettrick Shepherd, has, in his Tales, occasionally introduced wrestling. And although we confess we do not exactly comprehend the fatality of Geordie Cochrane's heelchip, yet we certainly think the wrestling between Polmood and Carmichael by far the best illustration of the art, either of ancient or modern date we have met with: we will offer no apology for extracting it for the gratification of such of our readers as are not in the habit of perusing books of that description.

"Sixteen then stripped themselves to try their skill in wrestling, and it having been enacted as a law, that he who won in any one contest was obliged to begin the next: Polmood was of course one of the number. They all engaged at once by two and two, and eight of them having been consequently overthrown, the other eight next engaged by two and two, and four of these being cast, two couples only remained.

"Some of the nobles engaged were so expert at the exercise, and opposed to others so equal in strength and agility, that the contests were exceedingly equal and amusing. Some of them could not be cast until completely out of breath. It had always been observed, however, that Polmood and Carmichael threw their opponents with so much ease, that it appeared doubtful whether these opponents were serious in their exertions, or only making a sham wrestle; but when it turned out that they two stood the last, all were convinced that they were superior to the rest either in strength or skill. This was the last prize on the field, and on the last throw for that prize the victory of the day depended, which each of the two champions was alike vehemently bent to reave from the grasp of the other. They eyed each other with looks askance, and with visible tokens of jealousy, rested for a minute or two, wiped their brows and then closed. Carmichael was extremely hard to please of his hold, and caused his antagonist to lose his grip three or four times, and change his position. Polmood was, however, highly complaisant, although it appeared to every one beside that Carmichael meant to take him at a disadvantage. At length they fell quiet, set their joints steadily, and began to move in a circular direction, watching each other's motions with great care. Carmichael ventured the first trip, and struck Polmood on the left heel with considerable dexterity. It never moved him, but in returning it he forced in Carmichael's back with such a squeeze that the by-standers affirmed they heard his ribs crash, whipped him lightly up in his arms and threw him upon the ground with great violence, but seemingly with as much ease as if he had been a boy. The ladies screamed, and even the rest of the nobles doubted if the knight would rise again. He however jumped lightly up, and pretended to smile, but the words he uttered were scarcely articulate; his feelings at that moment may be better conceived than expressed. A squire who waited the king's commands then proclaimed Norman Hunter of Polmood, the victor of the day, and consequently entitled, in all sporting parties, to take his place next to the king, until by other competitors deprived of that prerogative."

Although this account may not have much fact to recommend it; yet it is nevertheless apparent Mr. Hogg was conscious the practice was not uncommon among the Scottish nobility at that period; and that this was the case, might easily be proved by indisputable authority. At this period it is worthy of remark few discoveries of distant countries had taken place; and consequently the great landed proprietors spent much more of their time in their own countries, and on their own estates. But no sooner had that ceased to be the case, than degeneracy and effeminacy crept in apace; and those exercises in which it had been the pride of their ancestors to excel, ceased; and from that time, few above the rank of yeoman chose to exhibit in a ring, either for their own pleasure, or that of others.

But we are now arrived at that period when the attention of most of the European nations, and particularly England, began to be as much directed to new discoveries, and consequent settlements abroad; as to the internal prosperity of the Mother Countries. This no doubt had its due effect upon the manners, customs, and amusements of the people. Our immense acquisitions in America, and in Eastern and Western India, added to the great improvements in the art of gunnery, which rendered nugatory all previous modes of warfare, alike contributed to hasten the downfall of all athletic exercises among the higher ranks. The art of war became a more complicated science—gunnery, engineering, fortification, and all the minutia of tactics attendant on these studies, became of proportionally more importance to men of rank, either in the civil or military departments, than those exercises calculated to promote the display of personal strength, valour, or activity.

In the proudest days of chivalry, no exercise was so well adapted to enable king, lord, or knight, to excel in tilt or tournament, as wrestling: as in it were combined, dexterity in personally coping with an antagonist, and the power of acquiring bodily vigour and stamina, so requisite for enabling the combatant to endure a protracted contest without detriment. But the days of chivalry are gone—tilt or tournament is no more—the listed ring no longer boasts of patrician exhibitions! but still within it we view all the remains of that chivalric spirit, which has distinguished the most celebrated conquerors in all ages;—for, according to one of our justly esteemed writers, had he been placed by Providence in a different station,

> "He that the world subdued, had been
> But the best wrestler on the green."

And we will venture to mention, that it is to that generous spirit of emulation which animates the wrestler to acquire celebrity in the ring, that we are indebted for the glorious victories of Agincourt, Trafalgar, Waterloo, &c. There are many who will argue that athletic sports have no direct tendency to inspire additional confidence and courage in the breast of the soldier on the day of battle; but we confidently aver, that all who assert this, speak without due consideration—for that such exercises will have their due effect even in the present mode of warfare, let us suppose the following case:—Let one individual, or any certain number of the most courageous men, be selected from the bravest regiment in Great Britain, let them all possess hearts that never knew fear, and bring them to the charge against the same number of men, equally disciplined, and all expert wrestlers, and what would be the unavoidable result? Might not one party say, I have only to parry the first onset of my antagonist, and close with him, and then victory is certain? I can in a moment dash him to the ground, and either kill or take him prisoner at my pleasure. Would not the other naturally observe, this is not a fair contest, there are fearful odds against me? I meet a man whose sinews have gained additional strength by practising athletic exercises. If I charge him freely, a parry will enable him to close with me, and then I am inevitably gone. When men fight under these impressions the result cannot be doubtful. Again, are not the English superior to any other nation in the junction of active and passive courage and is it not a fact that, the French, during the late war, frequently charged the troops of all the continental nations with whom they were engaged, with the bayonet; while they scarcely ever ventured to cross one with ours? will any man imagine this had not some influence in regulating the tactics of the contending armies? In even a distant engagement under a heavy fire the British soldier might exclaim, "Notwithstanding they gall us now, they dare not stand our bayonets!' Supposing the case had been exactly *vice versa*, and they had had to observe, "We must endure this or run away, for we dare not come in close contact with them." Whether of these considerations, let me ask, is better calculated to infuse courage, and inspire with hopes of victory, the boldest men on earth? The answer is too obvious to any man of common sense to require insertion. In the battle of Waterloo, the success of our cavalry when opposed to the French cuirassiers, a body of men confident in themselves, and of invincible courage, was principally occasioned by their superiority in the science of the sword, arising from the universal adoption of learning the proper use or science of the stick. This practice owed its introduction to the circumstance of an Irish peasant thrashing with that weapon some of the best men in a celebrated regiment of horse, then quartered in the north of Ireland; and it would be absurd to suppose that superiority will not have its due effect in all future cavalry engagements.

As a proof that the practice of athletic exercises is not confined to this kingdom, or even to Europe, we quote the following account of an entertainment given in the island of Tongataboo, to Captain Cook in his third voyage to the Pacific Ocean:—

"While the natives were in expectation of this evening exhibition, they engaged, for the greatest part of the afternoon, in wrestling and boxing. When a person is desirous of wrestling, he gives a challenge by crossing the ground in a kind of measured pace, and clapping smartly on the elbow joint of one arm, which is bent and sends forth a hollow sound. If no opponent steps forth, he returns and sits down; but, if an antagonist appear, they meet with marks of the greatest good nature, generally smiling, and deliberately adjusting the piece of cloth that is fastened round the waist. They then lay hold of each other by this cloth, and he who succeeds in drawing his opponent to him, instantly endeavours to lift him on his breast, and throw him on his back, and if he can turn round with him in that position two or three times before he throws him, he meets with great applause for his dexterity. If they are more equally matched, they quickly close, and attempt to throw each other by entwining their legs, or raising each other from the ground; in which struggles they display an extraordinary exertion of strength. When one of them is thrown, he immediately retires, while the conqueror sits down for a minute, then rises, and goes to the side from which he came, where the victory is proclaimed aloud. After sitting for a short time, he rises again and challenges; and if several antagonists appear, he has the privilege of choosing which of them he pleases to engage with: he may also, if he should throw his competitor, challenge again, till he himself is vanquished; and then the people on the opposite side chant the song of victory in favour of their champion. It frequently happens, that five or six rise from each side, and give challenges together, so that it is not unusual to see several sets engaged on the field at the same time. They preserve great temper in this exercise, and leave the spot without the least displeasure in their countenances. When they find that they are too equally matched, they desist by mutual consent; and if it does not clearly appear which of them has had the advantage, both sides proclaim the victory, and then they engage again. But no one, who has been vanquished, is permitted to engage a second time with the conqueror.

"Those who intend to box advance sideways, changing the side at every pace, having one arm stretched out before, the other behind; and holding in one hand a piece of cord, which they wrap closely about it, when they meet with an opponent. This is probably intended to prevent a dislocation of the hand or fingers. Their blows are dealt out with great quickness and activity, and are aimed principally at the head. They box equally well with either hand. One of their most dexterous blows is, to turn round on the heel, just after they have struck their adversary, and to give him another pretty violent blow with the other hand backwards. In boxing matches, unless a person strikes his antagonist to the ground, they never sing the song of victory; which shows that this diversion is less approved among them than wrestling. Not only boys engage in both these amusements; but it not unfrequently happens, that little girls box with great obstinacy. On all these occasions, they do not consider it as any disgrace to be overcome; and the vanquished person sits down with as much indifference as if he had never been engaged. Some of our people contended with them in both exercises, but were generally worsted."

It does not seem reasonable that Captain Cook's men should have proved equal to these Islanders in exercises which require practice to become expert in; and probably not one of his crew was either a scientific wrestler or boxer. Had that been the case, notwithstanding their different mode of procuring hold, we have no doubt the result would have been in this instance, what it always has been, when British prowess has fairly and equally been brought into action: nor would the superiority of a Belcher or a Cribb have been more conspicuous over these good natured Islanders, in the use of their fists, than the science of a Nicholson or a Richardson in vanquishing, even in their own manner of wrestling, the whole of their heroes in rotation. From the preference given to wrestling, it is evident the natives of Tongataboo considered it as the less hurtful and dangerous to the combatants; and affording equal, if not superior scope for the display of personal address, activity, and quickness.—*More anon.*

### Sagacity and Feeling of a Dog.

During a severe snow-storm in Falkirk, a remarkable incident of the brute-reasoning kind occurred at a farm-house in this neighbourhood. A number of fowls were missed one evening, at the hour when they usually retired to their roost, and all conjectures were lost in trying to account for their disappearance. While sitting around the kitchen ingle, cursing all the "gangred bodies" who had been seen that day near the house, the attention of the family was roused by the entrance of the house-dog, having in his mouth a hen, apparently dead. Forcing his way to the fire, the cautious animal laid his charge down upon the warm hearth, and immediately set off. He soon entered again with another, which he deposited in the same place, and so continued till the whole of the poor birds were rescued. Wandering about the stack-yard, the fowls had become quite benumbed by the extreme cold, and had crowded together, when the dog observing them, effected their deliverance. They had not laid long before the glowing ribs ere they started on their legs, and walked off to their *bauks*, cackling the *hen's march*, with many new variations, in thanks to their canine friend.

### RANDOM RHYMES,

FROM W. L. R. TO HIS FRIEND PIERCE EGAN.

SUCCESS TO THEE EGAN tho' I am afar,
My wishes are with you, wherever you are;
*Your name* wakens visions of many a scene,
That I long ago number'd with things that *have* been:
Of moments, most dear to my mind, to my heart,
When night saw us meet, and the dawn saw us part.

Alas! ev'ry day is to me an apprizer,
That tho' growing older I'm not growing wiser;
Now far from the spot where I rambled with thee,
I sigh for the frolic, the fun, and the *spree*,
For the friendship that gave to existence its zest,
And the joke that ne'er carried a *sting* with its jest.

I can't but remember (tho' far apart now),
That we've met at a *mill*—that we've shar'd in a row;
That over the bowl we've forgotten our woes,
Drank *success* to our *friends*, and *reform* to our *foes*;
At many a scene of delight *we* have met,
That tho' *sweet* to *remember*, 'twere *wise* to *forget*.

You've launch'd a fresh bark on YOUR ocean, the Town,
Good luck be your pilot, your harbour—renown,
She's a trim little frigate, well rigg'd and with pride,
And unlike other vessels, she *sails* in *Cheapside*,
The tide of success bears her on, for who fails
When fame brings the breezes, and *friends* furnish *sails* (*sales*).

My glass is o'erflowing! I drain it to thee,
And your prow that rides on Popularity's sea,
May fortune bring daily some *port* into sight,
In bliss may you swing in your hammock at night,
And be *my* life's breezes brisk, pleasant, or fierce,
From my heart I shall still say—SUCCESS TO THEE PIERCE.

*Scotland.*

## THE "GREAT COMIC LION" AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

## MR. JOHN REEVE AND HIS JACK ALL.

> A merrier man,
> Within the limit of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an hour's talk withall.
> His eye begets occasion for his wit,
> For every object that the one doth catch
> The other turns to a mirth-moving jest.
>
> *Shak.*

In our time we have seen nothing like **John Reeve**; nor do we think from reading, or according to the report of our theatrical forefathers, any such actor has appeared on the English stage since the period of *Nokes:* in truth, the performances of the "Great Comic Lion" ought not to be termed *acting*—it is not acting, but to call it *impulse* would be much nearer the mark. The *extravaganzas* of John Reeve emanate from his mind; a mind of the liveliest description—the *pun* which presents itself he adopts without the slightest hesitation; and, should a 'comic incident' strike him during any of the scenes in which he is engaged, he risques all his well-earned fame, rather than let the opportunity slip through his fingers.

In the Court of **Fun**, *John Reece* has long been crowned 'The Emperor,' without any dispute to the Title; indeed, in that respect, *Jack* is legitimacy itself! His *staff!* yes, ye Gods! *his* staff, although it does not elicit such harmonic sounds as Paganini's bow; yet he flourishes it with such a triumphant air amongst his brethren of the Sock and Buskin, that he never fails to produce a variety of *Capers!*

If we cannot again quote Shakspeare exactly for our purpose, "Leave off your damnable faces and begin" we will say (supposing ourselves seated in the front of the theatre) come forth *Jack Reeve*, and only show thy face to the audience, which will instantly produce roars of laughter, obtain lots of applause, and prevent any thing like an apology for this sketch :—

> Let me play the fool,
> With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
> And let my liver rather heat with wine,
> Than my heart cool with mortifying groans,
> Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
> Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster,
> Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice,
> By being peevish ?

Our immortal Bard, in his advice to the Clowns, begs them to say "no more than what is set down for them ;" but Jack, funny Jack, irresistible comic Jack Reeve, is not particular to a *shade* in that respect, nay, some authors have averred that the "Great Comic Lion" has not given utterance to half their dialogue. Be that as it may, he has obtained for himself the character of an improvisatore actor ; and under that title he thinks and says what will answer his purpose best ; or what will *tell* most with the audience. With all his imperfections, it is said of him, that he does far more for his author than most other actors ; and if he does not give the whole of their words—his *substitutes*, perhaps, are of far greater value to the writer than the omission of a few sentences. The very *arms* of Jack Reeve TALK to the audience ; his *legs* also speak to them ; his eye converses with the spectators all over the house ; his *nose* looks unutterable things ; and his *cheeks* are on the *qui vive* to communicate a few *broad* grins. His *spirits* likewise are in a ferment, and the effervescence of his wit may be seen to rise like sparkling champagne when Jack is about to "*go it !*" His *teeth* always chatter towards a comic purpose ; his little finger when held out is full of meaning ; and in pointing his toe, there is also eloquence attached to it. His *lips*, as a pendulum to the comic machine, display a magazine of good things ; and the *tout-ensemble* is one of the finest pieces of fun, humour, drollery, laughter, eccentricity, talent, and *character*, ever concentrated in the human frame ; or to be witnessed upon the boards on which Jack Reeve sports a toe ; or on any other theatre in the world. Indeed he might exclaim as a *broad* Comedian :—

> I have no brother—I am like no brother!
> I am *myself*—ALONE.

In the character of Abrahamides, in 'Quadrupeds,' *Jack Reeve* is without a rival—the throne of the *Flints* is decidedly freehold property to him ; but it might be too much to say it will descend to his heirs in regular succession. But no more of that—for himself, viewed as a 'Bombastes Furioso' sort of touch, it is the grand climacteric of the art, and one of the richest things on the stage extant. *Jack Reeve* proves himself throughout the action a *flint* of the *fieriest* quality—every touch produces *sparks* of intellect which set the actors in the scene with him all on *fire* with emulation ; and the audience may be seen *burning* with impatience to applaud the *blazing* qualities of the 'Great Creature' at the conclusion of the piece.

As a dancer, he is light as cork upon his legs ; and if *Jack Reeve* does not show the line of beauty, or that his movements are not of so fascinating and elegant a description as the late Mercandotti—a Ronzi Vestris—a Noblet—or a Taglioni, he nevertheless *steps* into the good opinion of the audience in quick time, and frequently obtains an encore. Such a sure *foot*-ing does *Jack Reeve* make with the house in general.

In the burlesqne drama, entitled the 'Lions of Mysore' (and which the preceding wood-cut so characteristically portrays), Jack Reeve showed himself off as a 'Great Creature' to all intents and purposes ; whether with his head *on* or *off* his shoulders ; or playing at 'all fours ;' and if Tommy Hood will not think we are poaching too much upon his manner, by paying a visit to Punster's Hall to take a leaf or two out of his book, we should say, the very tail of the lion told a good *story*. The request of the lion to have twenty-four pounds of raw meat per day, and a lioness to sooth his cares, was *modest* in the extreme ; and the gratitude of the managers ought to have been shown by allowing the above 'Great Creature' to have Lumber Court for the supply of fish ; Leadenhall-Market for a bit of *hollow ;* Newgate-Market for the raw stuff ; and Covent Garden as a make-weight to him for vegetables and fruit. In truth, the Managers could not do too much for such a Lion, whose '*roars*' were not only of such immense service to the place, but produced 'ROARS' in return to the echo that applauds again. The above burlesque piece gave birth to the following impromptu :—

### THE MANAGER'S GAG.

Fun, gig, and humour, quite a feast—
  Managers relied on ;
Chang'd their great actor to "a *beast !*"
  Made REAVE—a *comic* Lion !

Loud Jack did *roar*, and us'd his *paw*—
  The *cause* he did espouse ;
That "necessity had no law,"
  So he must have a *Spouse !* [1]

Laughing JOHN BULL, pleased with the fun,
  Howe'er the Critics rail ;
Great Houses brought—the 'Beasts' did run,
  With *Jack Reeve's* merry tail *(tale)*! [2]

---

[1] Strictly according to the law of nature, and perfectly in *keeping* with the *character* of a lion !

[2] Something different in the opinion of the managers, who are *calculating* sort of folks at all times, from a

> Tale told by an ideot,
> Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing

and, if not the *richest* on the boards of the lively Adelphi Theatre, most certainly one of the *merriest Tales* ever introduced amongst the actors and actresses.

> The *gag* was good ! the thought well done !
> Old Hudibras did sing ;
> Intrinsic value—battle won,
> *Money*—" the Beasts did bring !"[3]

The leading journal of the day, or, as it is called by some persons, the ' Great Creature of Intellect ;' by others, ' the Political Giant and his leaders ;' but in general the " Mountain of Talent," though by the Proprietors simply ushered into the world as "The *Times*," in their remarks upon a piece of a similar description at another theatre, observed, that the *roarer* of the forest was " Nothing like the Lion of John Reeve,

> Which roar'd so loud, and look'd so grim,
> His very *shadow* durst not follow him !"

But the climax of *John Reeve's* performances is to be witnessed in his Marmaduke Magog, the beadle of the parish, in the ' Wreck Ashore ;' which representation, if it is not absolutely PERFECTION, it is the nearest thing to it that can be imagined or seen upon any stage. Indeed, communication of its excellence is totally impossible ; and it must be seen to be duly appreciated. Report certainly goes a great way to elevate the merits of a painting, raise the character and abilities of an actor, and also to give importance to an orator in the House of Commons : but in several instances many persons have been disappointed by such high sounding panegyrics, and their anticipations never realized. Yet it is not too much to observe that, viewed as a display of genuine humour, it is the real thing, and nothing else but the real thing—that Marmaduke Magog, as represented by Jack Reeve, cannot be OVER-RATED !

> I'm a very knowing prig,
> With my laced coat and wig,
> Though they say I am surly and bearish :
> Sure I look a mighty man,
> When I flourish my rattan,
> To fright the little boys,
> Who in church time make a noise,
> Because I am the Beadle of the Parish.
>
> Here and there—every where,
> Halloa, now !—What's the row ?
> Fine to do—Who are you ?
> Why zounds ! I'm the beadle of the parish.

For the production of 'Broad Grins' and roars of loud laughter, it puts aside all etiquette and gentility in the boxes, and compels the haughty *Exclusive* to laugh as heartily as the illiterate and humble dustman, the first time that the latter was ever in a place of amusement. The simpering, smiling, refined, woman of the highest quality, who would scarcely separate her pretty rows of pearl to admit a single pea—Marmaduke Magog now makes the fine lady extend her elegant jaws with roars again, till she almost bursts her sides ; breaks her lace in two, and leans back on the seat to recover herself from her exhausted state ! Thus the woman of quality enjoys it with as much *goût* as the poor pot girl who clubs her pence together, until they amount to a white-headed Bob, to join the gods to ' see the play ;' aye, the ' Wreck Ashore' is the thing that makes poor ' *Potty*' shout again with delight ; also clapping her hands together with the fun of the scene before her eyes ; and, by way of conclusion, stamps her feet again and again to the ground to give vent to her pleasant feelings, which Marmaduke Magog has given to her heart. Such are the capabilities possessed by Jack Reeve in the funny department of the theatre, that even NIOBE, had she been seated for only a few minutes at the Adelphi theatre, her tears would have been dried up in a twinkling, and the scene of her grief changed to an immoderate fit of loud laughter.

In consequence of Mr. Rodwell, sen., father of the present George Rodwell, Esq., the celebrated composer, witnessing the performance of *Jack Reeve*, in *Sylvester Daggerwood*, at Mr. Pym's elegant private little theatre, Wilson Street, Gray's-Inn Lane, he requested Reeve to play *Sylvester* for him at Drury Lane theatre, on his benefit night, June 8, 1819. *Jack* immediately gave his consent—upon which performance the ' *Theatrical* Inquisitor' thus observes :—

" His imitations we do not hesitate to pronounce to be the best we have hitherto seen. They do not consist in the mere adoption of some single characteristic of an actor ; they embody the whole of his peculiarities of voice, gesture, and manner—they identify the man —and you might almost persuade yourself he stood before you. The least striking were those of Liston and Harley. Of the latter he gave the tread and manner only, but could not touch his voice. The most perfect were those of Munden, Farren, Mathews, Kean, and D. Fisher. That of Munden, as *Dozey*, in *Past Ten o'Clock*, was excellent. He comes much nearer to Kean than any one that has yet attempted it ; and D. Fisher he perfectly identifies in his voice, action, manner—everything. We are yet inclined to give him more praise for his imitation of Mr. Farren than any other, because we conceive it to be the most difficult ; Mr. Farren does not possess any broad peculiarity which can be easily seized on. His action is chaste, and free from all distortion ; and therefore it must require a very close study to give any idea of his manner. This imitation was admirable—were we not too well acquainted with Mr. Farren, we should have thought him on the stage. Whether this gentleman's powers are confined to imitations, we are not in a situation to judge ; we can never believe there is much genuine genius where this genius for imitation prevails ; and yet we are inclined to suspect that the young man has in him some humour of his own. Before attempting any thing like a character, it will be necessary for him to lay an embargo on a pair of very long legs, which seem to have an irresistible inclination to run, jump, and dance away with him. We never saw any body but a *harlequin* display so much vivacity and agility on the stage. His person is never quiet; he is incessantly dancing and jumping round the stage—jumping over the chairs, tables, and even over the actors; and we were in some doubt whether he would not fly into the pit, or one of the proscenium boxes."

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[3] A ' good account' from the Treasury renders a piece far more *valuable* in the eyes of the proprietor than the most flattering *report* in any of the journals of the day.

His performance not only proved such a decided *hit*, that Reeve consented to repeat it on the next night for the benefit of Mr. Lanza, but it also effected a complete revolution in his future prospects in life:—

> A youth, by fate designed
> For culling simples, but whose stage-struck mind,
> Nor fate could rule, nor his indentures bind!

His fame now ran before him, and Mr. Arnold, of the English Opera House, offered Reeve an engagement, and the following bagatelle was written for him, and he was announced, July 17, 1819, to sustain five characters in it, thus:—

1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
BY ADVERTISEMENT.

HARRY ALIAS,
DR. ENDALL,
SAM DALLIS, } by Mr. * * * * *
SIR PETER TEAZLE,
Mr. M.

This sort of *mysterious* announcement had the desired effect; the public were anxious to learn who Mr. * * * * * was, and a good house was the result. The following criticism appeared on the above performance.—"Much as we deprecate and regret the prevailing rage for imitation, justice to the author, the exhibitor, and the manager, will not allow us to be silent when merit appears, either in the piece or the performer. That such is the case in the present instance, in our opinion, does not admit of a doubt; and, although a writer in *the Sunday Monitor* informed us he considered the whole as 'very la la indeed;' a declaration that does as much credit to his powers of expression as his critical judgment, we do not hesitate to pronounce Mr. * * * * * one of the best imitators of the present day, and the piece itself a pleasant little vehicle for the exertions of this whimsical mimic."

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, was received with great applause, but Reeve did not appear in any new characters until his benefit, when he performed *Pedrillo* and *Crack*, after the manner of Munden.

On the opening of the Adelphi Theatre, under the management of Messrs. Rodwell and Jones, in October, 1819, he appeared as Squire Rattlepate, in the Green Dragon, and Lord Grizzle, in Tom Thumb; and proved successful in both of them. At the close of the season he appeared at Cheltenham and Bristol.

But Mr. Reeve, who had afforded so much amusement to the public during his engagement at Bristol, in which city he proved an immense favourite; the life-blood of the theatre; the delight of every company he mixed with; and his home, his attractive home, the climax of all his happiness, in one little month was changed to a barren desert, leaving an awful chasm in his mind that nothing else but time, change of residence, and fortitude, could eventually overcome, by an unexpected reverse of fortune—which all the consolations of his friends could not reconcile him to his melancholy fate—the afflicting loss of his young and amiable wife, who caught a severe cold during her accouchement, from which she never recovered, and dying left an only son. For several years he did not recover from the severity of the shock; and when the bustle of the theatre was over, and he retired to his chamber alone, the unhappy circumstance preyed upon his feelings more than description can unfold:—

> Oh, no! it weakness ne'er can be,
>   When woe-begone, to show our feeling!
> To shed the sympathetic tear,
> In mournful silence, o'er the bier
> Of one so loved in memory,
>   Such grief, alas, there's no concealing!

At the Coburg Theatre he performed with considerable success; and in 1822 he returned to the Adelphi Theatre. In conjunction with Mr. Wilkinson, in an entertainment, after the manner of "Mr. Mathews at Home," called "Trifles light as air;" Mr. Wilkinson performing the dialogue part at the table; and Mr. Reeve a monopologue, called *Bachelor's Torments*, in which he sustained *nine* characters with the most decided success; the quickness with which he appeared in the characters, having to change his dress *eighteen* times, stamped him with the public as an actor of no common mould. In the course of the entertainment, Mr. Wilkinson having to fulfil engagements at other theatres, Mr. Reeve added to his reputation by performing the whole of the entertainment.

In 1826, Mr. Reeve was engaged at the Haymarket, and made his first appearance in *Ralph*, in Lock and Key, after twelve o'clock at night; but, nevertheless, his friends did not desert him, and his performance was highly successful; he performed a variety of characters: Caleb Quotem, Major Sturgeon, Buskin, Paul Pry, &c. Although not the original Pry, united with the great disadvantages of appearing in the above character—more especially upon the same boards where Liston had rendered himself so great, and deservedly a favourite in the above ludicrous, inquisitive hero—yet, nevertheless, John Reeve triumphed over the difficulties by which he was surrounded—first impressions. Reeve displayed great *originality* in the *Paul Pry* which he personified after his own manner and ideas upon the subject, nightly, with the approbation of crowded audiences, and likewise assured the public that there were TWO ways of telling a story, and both of them might be well told, and received with general satisfaction: such was the fact.

It however appeared to us, but perhaps we might have grounded our opinion in error, that Jack Reeve did not exactly appear 'at Home' at the Haymarket; and likewise that he was not much nearer to it, during his engagement at Covent Garden Theatre, which he relinquished after the first season. His reception at the latter house, in *Acres*, was truly flattering to him; and also the applause he met with in *Jerry Hawthorn*, in Life in London. Yet the above spot—the classic spot—the legitimate spot for actors (which all in public or in private sigh to obtain a sure footing upon), did not appear to be the *identical* spot for the display of his peculiar comic exertions. Whether Mr. Reeve felt his situation at the Haymarket and Covent Garden Theatres, as we describe, we have not been able to ascertain; but, since the periods alluded to, he has returned to the Old Spot—that merry little spot, for the production of novelty, fun, and laughter, which affords him such ample room to treat the town with in succession—Abrahamides, the Comic Lion, and Marmaduke Magog. In the latter portrait, it is not only our opinion, concerning the superiority of the comic powers possessed by *John Reeve*, but it is strongly backed by a rival actor, a man of first-rate talent, and often opposed to Jack in 'the cunning of the scene,' that the late Mr. Munden with all his richness of humour, splendid abilities, and allowed to be the greatest comedian of the time he 'strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage'—in no one character did that justly eminent actor produce such general and continued peals of laughter, or ever display such indescribable comicality as Jack Reeve, in the Beadle of the Parish.

JOHN REEVE, it is generally admitted, has no pretensions to the character of a *sentimental* actor on the stage; indeed, he is quite aware of that feeling towards him by his patrons, although *once*, in his early theatrical career, he did *attempt* to personify OTHELLO; but he has since allowed the criticism of his friends to be perfectly just—and in the words of the character he has very sensibly exclaimed—

Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone.

But, as a 'Man of Feeling' off the boards, with his 'heart in the right place,' he is one of the best and most feeling performers connected with the *Sock* and Buskin: he understands the right way of conferring a favour,—"to do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame;" something after the manner of

Why what's that to you, if my eyes I am wiping?
 A tear is a pleasure d'ye see in its way;
It's nonsense for trifles I own to be piping—
 But they that an't pity—why I pities they!

There is no *palaver* about Jack Reeve; and no person detests flattery more than the 'great comic lion' does;—although as an Actor before the public he is anxious to merit the esteem of the world; and he is also fond of the meed of approbation due to the performer who exerts himself to deserve it—general applause. Reeve is a Man of the World; and it is true that he has not lived in it for *nothing*; but like most travellers he has seen 'strange things.' That he has viewed many characters in his walks through society, that may have been afterwards turned to a good account by him, there can be little doubt—and, in 'shooting folly as it flies,' Jack has likewise proved himself a good marksman.

REEVE is a sociable, friendly companion; neither has he any objection to a glass of generous wine; and by no means of a reserved character amongst his acquaintances—yet he has an immense aversion to be viewed as the 'plaything of the hour' in private parties—or, in other words, the *Tyger* of the company. He does not relish "Mine Host" inviting his friends to dine with him, under the proposition that the visitors will have a rare treat, as the celebrated John Reeve takes his *food* at such an hour, in his house, and in the course of the evening he will be shown up by Mr. Merryman, if not stirred up with a 'long pole' by some of the guests. This sort of thing—Jack detests altogether; therefore 'a word to the wise' may prove sufficient; and likewise the hint not altogether thrown away upon those gentlefolks who invite Theatrical Persons to their tables, not only as a source of attraction, but as a *make-weight* to their parties.

As a burlesque actor, Mr. Reeve is unrivalled; he enters into the scene with so much spirit, that he positively identifies himself with the character he represents. There is nothing like him on the stage, since the decease of the late Mr. Oxberry.

The *imitations* of Mr. Reeve are not so numerous as those of Mr. Mathews or Mr. Yates; but they are generally considered on a *par* with these celebrated Comedians.

His *parodies* are remarkably well executed; and his astonishing falsetto, which possesses great sweetness, affords him considerable assistance in the execution of his songs.

The following parody was nightly encored with the most tumultuous approbation:—

Heavy whet! heavy whet! whet, I cry;
Full and fair pots when I'm dry,—
If so be you axes where,
They are sold? I answers there!

Where the jovial *flints* are met,
There's the shop for heavy whet!
Heavy whet! heavy whet, whet, I cry;
Full and fair pots when I'm dry!

Instead of repeating the above parody, in answer to the encore, to the great surprise and pleasure of the audience, he introduced the following new versions of it:—

Mutton chops! mutton chops! chops, I cry;
Fat or lean one's, both I'll try:
But, if you would have my coin,
You must cut them off the loin:
When the cook for nothing stops,
That's the time for mutton chops!

Mutton chops! mutton chops! chops, I cry;
I was hungry and as dry;
Let me have them nice and hot,
With a murphy and chalot;
When the lip with hunger drops,
That's the time for mutton chops.

Cherry bounce! cherry bounce! bounce, I cry;
Fill a full glass on the sly;
If so be you ask me where,
To the Blue Posts we'll repair
When we heavy whet renounce,
That's the time for cherry bounce!

Cherry bounce! Cherry bounce! bounce, I cry;
When my sweetheart's standing nigh,
And with passion I'm beguil'd,
When I wish to draw it *mild;*
Then her fears of me to trounce,
Then I call for cherry bounce!

Although John Reeve can *manage* the audience, as it is termed, and do almost what he pleases with them, so high does he stand in their good opinion, yet he displays great FEVERISH*ness* of mind in the representation of any new character. There is a kind of 'stage fright' hangs over his exertions, which he cannot shake off, and some nights must elapse before he feels himself quite at his ease to add those finishing touches of humour and character to the part for which he is so justly celebrated. The following song, written for him by the late Thomas Rodwell, Esq., in *Bachelor's Torments*, affords him considerable scope for the display of his peculiar traits of excellence.*

### VID DE GRACE EXTRAORDINAIRE.

First vid de grace extraordinaire,
I use de foil, and I hit you dere;
If vid de gentilhomme I parry quarte—O!
Ca, Ca, I tip him on the right-hand-heart—O!
But if vid de demoiselles I parry tierce—O!
Vy den de little left-hand-heart I pierce—O!
Frappez deux fois, ne bouges pas à la garde, I say;
Avancez, retirez-vous, un, deux, trois, developez.

Den on de theatre I play so free,
You never shall see one act well like me.
In comedy I send so far away—O!
Parlet and Potier, and Brunet—O;
In tragedy I do so tear about-a,
You tink poor Talma but a stupid lout-a.
Regardez look! see my tragic grace,
In Comedy, I have anoder face.

Den at de Opera so much I shine,
Dey cry bravo bis, bis, 'tis quite divine.
I cut so neat, and so long up remain—O!
You tink I shall never come down again—O!
And if in pirouette so light I hop i,
You ask your ami if I never stop i:
Chassez croissez, chaine entière, demoiselles, balencez,
Dos-à-dos promenade, cavaliers avancez.

Den ven in love, such dolce tings I tell her,
In soft Italian so I call her "bella;"
And on my knees I stay three hours or more—O
She di pietade takes me from the floor—O!
I press her mano to my poor cuore,
Dat she may feel how frème is my ardore.
Cara, sweetest! it is for you I die,
"Ah! no non more!" she so sweet reply.

Den for de song,—ah, ah! I quickly soon
Shall put de very angels out of tune:
In seriosa I've more force den any,
And make look foolish de great Tramezzani:
To talk of Naldi, pooh! it's all stuff a,
You crack your very side when I sing buffa.
Now sotto voce, et concompiacenza,
Stiam furiosa—finish a la cadenza!

A short time since *Jack Reeve* very narrowly escaped an accident which might have proved of a most serious nature to him; the above Son of Momus, always upon the alert to produce novelty and fun, identified himself so much with the passing scene in "Robert le Diable," in order to give greater effect to the character, that in his rush down the stage, he lost his balance, and unexpectedly fell into the orchestra. Mr. Reeve sprained his back so severely, that the 'Lyons of Mysore' was changed to 'Freaks and Follies.' Upon which curious coincidence, almost an allusion to the above accident, a wag present composed the following impromptu:—

The Lion now has got a *stall*,
'Great Creature' in a rage;
By music caught in a PIT-*fall!*
His fury to assuage.

Tho' bad the fall, and fast the run,
Strange! without mist or fog!
But hope nothing will stop the fun
Of MARMADUKE MAGOG.

Then Fare thee well, JACK REEVE, may health prove thy best friend; may he stick to thee like glue; but be sure thou dost not abuse him. Remember the public have a life interest in thy career; also may that merry trio, fun, frolic, and harmony, be always thy attendants, and never be found out of place or out of tune; and may wit, talent, laughter, bustle, incident, pun, whim, drollery, joke, all that sort of thing, and every thing in the world, never refuse thee their potent aid to the end of the chapter; but, above all, may '*Abrahamides the* First, the Last, the only *Abrahamides*,' always prove a *Flint* at his post; may the '*Great Comic Lion*' never want a 'head' at all times to set the table in a roar; and may *Marmaduke Magog*, the renowned Beadle of the Parish, always have his work to do, i. e. to 'take himself *up*' as a model for all other beadles, to please and gratify the public, is the sincere wish of the Editor of the BOOK OF SPORTS.

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* Some few years since, being at the Brighton Theatre, and chance having placed me in the same box with Mrs. Mountain and Mr. Tom Cooke, I overheard the following remarks made by Mrs. M., during the time Reeve was singing the above song. "Who is that young man, Mr. Cooke," said Mrs. Mountain, "I really am very much pleased with his performance: I have not seen so much real talent for a long time; and I have no doubt but he will arrive at the very top of his profession." The prediction of Mrs. Mountain, whose reputation as a first rate songster, and whose experience enabled her to form a correct judgmen on theatrical affairs, and the merits of performers have long since been verified to the utmost extent.

### *To all* SPORTING COVES, NORTH, EAST, *and* SOUTH; *by* ONE *from the* WEST.

PIERCE EGAN, on the course again,
Another race begins;
And, mounted well, with spur and rein,
Declares that ev'ry nerve he'll strain,
Until the *whip* he wins!

The race he runs is not alone
For *profit*, but for *fame*;
Since, *if each rider had his own*,
To *all the world* would soon be known,
The worth of EGAN'S name!

Some say he rides a *slender* nag,
Whose points and pace bespeak,
That he who *backs* him should not brag
Much of his *speed*--but *mum* their *mag*—
He'll *run* them *week* by *week*.

'Tis true his mettle will be tried,
With *prads* high bred and bold,
But, lo!—their *skins* are scarified,
With *cuts, so close*, no skill can hide
How *dull* they are, and *old*!

Whilst EGAN'S COLT is from a stud
Unrivall'd yet, for strength;
And, let his rivals chew the cud,
In spite of FEEDING, BONE, and BLOOD,
*He'll beat them by a length.*

**Devonshire.**

## TOM THUMB.

### *The Celebrated American Trotting Horse.*

The unparalleled feat of trotting 100 miles in harness, in *ten successive hours and a half*, £200 to £100, was accomplished on Monday, February 2, 1829. When this match was first made, Mr. Melville contemplated making the attempt with the celebrated Paddington mare, which had exhibited extraordinary powers both as to speed and lasting qualities, and she was put into regular training, but ultimately relinquished, and the preference given to a horse recently arrived in this country from America. To this horse, which is an American by birth, standing about fourteen hands high, and twelve years of age, he turned his attention; and the horse was put into training (having but about ten days to prepare for his extraordinary task), and the whole of the stake-money was made good; but, owing to some dispute, the bargain for the American was relinquished. However, at a late hour on Saturday night, the negociation was renewed, and his request generously complied with. Little time was now left to prepare for action. The horse was fortunately in excellent condition, and on the Sunday afternoon was walked from the neighbourhood of New Cross, on the Deptford-road, to the Red Lion at Hampton, a distance little short of twenty miles, while the match cart, in which he was to perform his feat, was sent, "under cover," to the same place. The proprietor of the horse, being himself somewhat indisposed, placed him under the care of his own groom, and of Mr. Harry England, of the Kent-road, who undertook the superintendence of the match, and, by his admirable arrangements, succeeded in effecting it in the most triumphant manner.

The betting was very limited, time being backed to a small amount only at two to one. The articles having stipulated that the match should be performed on Sunbury Common, it was agreed that it should be done over a five-mile piece, from mile-stone to mile-stone; and it was at first arranged that the start should take place from the Staines end, which would have been the case had the mare started. The American, however, having been elected, which was at Hampton, an alteration took place, and it was determined that the arduous task should be commenced at the fifth mile-stone from Staines, close to the George public-house, and from thence to Staines and back. Two umpires and a referee were chosen on the same night, and every preliminary arranged. Relays of horses and gigs being on the spot to carry the umpires and referee, as well as those persons who were appointed to watch the progress of the match.

At four o'clock on Monday morning, the American groom, who seemed to regard his horse with the affection of a relative, was on the alert. He slept in the same stable, and roused him from his slumbers to give him a substantial feed. At six, accompanied by Mr. Henry England and Mr. Frederick Smith, who rode as umpires for the horse—all set out for the five-mile stone, where the other parties had assembled. The distance from the Red Lion was about a mile and a half, and although not yet light, it was evident that the little horse was all life and spirit. He was driven by the groom, who weighs about 140lbs., or ten stone. The match-cart, which was made in America, was one of the lightest we have ever seen, not more than 108lbs., and decidedly the most compact, although not the most elegant, that has met our notice. The shafts ran level with the body of the horse, and the seat, which was lined with leather, was as near the axle-tree as possible, so as to give room for the driver to stretch his legs. The principle seemed to be, to place the weight close to the draught; and, in fact, the slightest exertion set the machine in motion. The horse was unseemly in his aspect—rough in his coat, and, at first sight, slouching in his gait; in truth, any thing but what an English eye would select for such a performance. He had four good legs, however, and a brightness in his eye which led the connoisseurs to "calculate" there was something more than common in his qualities, and many began to "guess" that he would vindicate the fame of the Yankee breed of trotters, which are acknowledged to be the best in the world. Two watches, having been regularly timed by the umpires, were now produced, and having been stopped at the same moment, half-past six, were, at a given signal, started at the same instant, and with them the horse—and we must here pay a compliment to the excellent plans of Mr. England, who, having been appointed referee, rode the whole of the match before the American, in a gig, having been supplied with excellent relays of horses for the purpose. Mr. E. foresaw that, to perform so long a journey, the wisest plan would be to prevent over-exertion at first; and, although he knew the speed of the horse was equal to fifteen miles an hour, he resolved to keep him to a steady pace of about ten miles an hour, thus husbanding his strength for the last, if it should be necessary; and in order to effect this, he further resolved to drive before him himself, with his watch in his hand, so as to regulate his time. This plan had the additional advantage of encouraging the animal, and checking that desire to increase his speed, which, if the road had been clear before him, and horses were travelling on each side of him, he would have evinced, and which to check, would only have produced fretfulness. It is needless to say that, to effect this, Mr. E. was provided with some good tits, who throughout were not permitted to let the grass grow under their feet. To Mr. Frederick Smith also great praise is due for his activity, zeal, and attention throughout the match. He rode the whole hundred miles on five horses, and was indefatigable in giving notice for the necessary refreshments for the horse, and spared no pains to secure success. A stable was prepared for the reception of the American, close to the Five-mile-stone, into which he was taken at the end of every twenty miles. Gruel was his only food, but he occasionally took a snap of hay, and never once showed a disinclination to grub.

The distances were thus performed :—

| | H. | M. |
|---|---|---|
| First twenty miles . . . . . . . | 1 | 59 |
| Taken out and in stable . . . . . | 0 | 8 |
| Second twenty miles . . . . . . | 1 | 59 |
| Taken out and in stable . . . . . | 0 | 8 |
| Third twenty miles . . . . . . | 1 | 58 |
| Taken out and in stable . . . . . | 0 | 11 |
| Fourth twenty miles . . . . . . | 1 | 42 |
| Taken out and in stable . . . . . | 0 | 8 |
| Last ten miles but one . . . . . | 0 | 52 |
| Stopped to wash mouth with gruel, which he took with good appetite | 0 | 2 |
| Last ten miles . . . . . . . . | 1 | 0 |
| | 10 | 7 |

Thus performing the hundred miles in ten hours and seven minutes, and having twenty-three minutes to spare of the time allotted him for the task; and, we must add, he came in as fresh and as lively the last ten miles, and at as brisk a pace and with as free a will, to all appearance, as when he first started. In fact, Mr. England stated, that he had no hesitation in saying he could have done fourteen miles in the last hour, if necessary; and his owner declared that, if humanity would permit it, he should have no hesitation in backing him to do thirteen miles in the succeeding hour with perfect safety. The conclusion of this most extraordinary feat was hailed with loud cheers, and the little Phenomenon, as he may be well called, was walked back to the Red Lion at a pace of four miles an hour. On being groomed, and furnished with a fresh supply of gruel, he was as playful, and seemed to go to work on the hay with as good an appetite, as if he had been merely performing an ordinary task.

The road throughout was immensely crowded during the day with gigs and trotters of every description, but especially at the Staines end, where a most fashionable assemblage was collected, including a brilliant display of the fair sex, who seemed to take a deep interest in the match, and every time the horse approached received him with loud cheers. His last return was marked by more than ordinary exultation, and many rushed forward to touch him, a desire which the groom gratified by letting him stand for nearly two minutes.

The day was uncommonly favourable, and, although the road was hard in the morning, still it ran light, and, as the warmth of the sun increased, got better. The groom had but ten miles' relief during the whole journey, when a light boy was substituted; but this youngster was incapable of holding him in, and poor Bill was obliged to resume his seat, and finish his labours with a steadiness and regularity highly to be commended. Throughout the journey, although a small whip was provided, it was never once used, nor did the little animal on any occasion show the slightest vice or want of temper. A more extraordinary horse has, perhaps, never before graced the annals of horse-flesh in this country.

### Shooting in America.

The Landlord proposing a route by which we might connect a little sporting with it, and his son, a fine intelligent youth, to accompany me (says Mr. John Fowler, in his Journal of a Tour in America), I began to feel my chagrin rapidly abating; and slipping on a shooting dress, we were shortly in the woods with our guns, attended by a pretty good pointer dog. We found a few woodcocks and squirrels, but, upon the whole, had indifferent success. As to what *we* denominate *game*, it is by no means abundant in the country, except *quail*, which are *generally* plentiful. Hares and pheasants there are none; and partridges (in some places *called* pheasants) are scarce. Woodcock and snipe are uncertain, both as to season and situation. 'Tis true that great quantities of *other* birds may sometimes be killed; for instance, *wild ducks* and *pigeons*, which are occasionally seen in flocks of many miles in extent; but, after all, and much as I have heard of American shooting, in my opinion it is a poor, insipid diversion, compared with the English, pursued without any kind of system or science, and reminding me more of the onsets of our mechanics and shopmen, let loose at Christmas, and on holidays, to range the fields, *no matter where*, and pounce upon *all, no matter what*, than of any thing worthy the name of shooting. Let no English sportsman think to better himself by emigration in this respect; I'll answer, upon trial, for his total disappointment.

There is not, there cannot be, an individual living, who holds our *game-laws* in greater abhorrence than I do, considering them as barbarous and absurd as they are wantonly tyrannical and unjust,—the very *fag-end* of the old *feudal system*, when barons could lord it over their debased vassals at their pleasure, and when in the *humane* diction of the day, if one of them "did course or hunt, either *casually* or wilfully, a beast of the forest, so that by the swiftness of the course the beast did pant, or was put out of breath," he was authorized to *flay him alive*. These days, thank Heaven, have passed away, and the doctrine of *equal rights* and *equal privileges* is becoming rather more fashionable, somewhat better understood, —and I hope yet to live to see this bloodthirsty code altogether expunged from a statute book it has so long disgraced; but if I *must* sport, I confess I should prefer meeting every unpleasantness still attendant upon these odious enactments, and *shooting* at English game in English *style*, to *going a gunning* with the most unbridled license, after the *American* fashion.

On several other days, or parts of days, one of our party and myself were occupied in perambulating the neighbouring country, with our guns. We met with little other game than woodcock, which, had we been provided with a brace of good English pointers or setters, would have afforded us excellent diversion: as it was we killed a considerable number. My friend was more successful than myself; owing in part, perhaps, to the situations in which we found the birds,—chiefly amongst Indian corn, and to which he had learned better to accommodate himself. It frequently grew so high, and so far out-topped me, that I often heard the rise of a bird within ten yards of me, without seeing any thing of it, and could only get *snap-shots* at best. The few quail which we saw were uncommonly wild; in fact, between buck-wheat, which is a very favorite resort, and Indian corn, it was almost impossible to get them on the wing. The best month for shooting here is November: it is usually very fine: the corn is all gathered, and the game has nearly attained its full growth, so as to be strong enough, whether on wing or foot, to *give it a chance for its life*, and the *latter system* has no attractions for me. All the diversion which I could ever discover attaching to shooting consists in anticipation, in pursuit, in the excitement of seeking and finding the game: there can be none in the mere *killing*, except as undeniable evidence of a good shot,—an attainment few ambitious of such distinction, with moderate self-possession and practice, need despair of; but the *exercise*, which persons in general would never take without the accompanying stimulus of dog and gun, is worth all the rest put together. Whoever designs to sport here, though, as I have said, it will bear no comparison with English shooting, should take care to provide himself with good dogs; they are scarce, and frequently sell for extravagant prices.

## ARCHERY.

Archery was so much approved of as a bodily exercise by *Bishop Latimer*, that he even preached a sermon in favor of it before Edward VI. After the Restoration, ARCHERY became the general amusement; CHARLES II. himself took such delight in it, that he even knighted a man for excelling an excellent shot,* whose portrait is in the possession of the Toxopholite Society. After the death of Charles, it again began to decline, and was confined in practice to a few counties only, till about thirty years ago, when it was revived with increased splendor throughout every part of England, as will appear by the number of societies that were instituted; many of which exist and continue their yearly and monthly meetings to this day.

It is seldom in this stern and strifeful world that an instrument of destruction becomes altogether converted into an instrument of harmless gratification, and yet such is the case with the *arrow*, if we except its use by a few hordes of savages that are still without the pale of civilization. From the earliest period to which the pages of history lead us, to the time when a restless monk, instead of counting his beads, amused himself in compounding saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal, it has been the principal missile weapon in war, and through it hath many a momentous day been lost and won. Had some benevolent philosopher of old been told, that such a change would happen in the employment of the mortal shaft, he might have supposed that it would come when Bellona had been driven from the earth. But, alas! he would have given too much credit to future ages; the arrow and the javelin have been abandoned by the soldier, merely that deadlier weapons might supply their place.

This is especially an interesting subject to us, as never was the arrow in more able hands than when in the grasp of the English archer. They who have attentively perused the accounts of our earlier battles must be well aware of this historical fact. Talking about English archery also brings to our recollection the well-known tale, so fascinating to our boyhood, of the unequalled outlaw, Robin Hood, and his merry men; but those days are gone, and live only in ancient lays and legends. Sherwood's goodly trees have disappeared—and the stout earls of the North no longer "to drive the deer with hound and horn" lead their "bowmen bold" to the debateable coverts of Chevy Chace.

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* Sir William Wood.

The Archery Meetings, or Bow Meetings, as they are variously called, at present established in this country, are, so far as our knowledge extends, a national peculiarity. We have seen our horse-racing imitated, however imperfectly, in Germany, France, America, and even India, but *they* have, as yet, been imitated no where. In these days of refinement, when the recreations of the wealthier orders are too often luxurious and enervating, and when their semi-foreign habits of life have too much estranged them from the interchange of domestic hospitalities, we hail with pleasure a rural and elegant amusement, having a strong tendency to correct both these evils. It is a curious, but well-ascertained fact, that these meetings are in some degree merely a revival of the customs of former times. Our forefathers made a law, and an admirable one it was, that in every parish, or hundred, as might be convenient, a certain portion of ground should be set apart for the practice of archery, and a butt and target erected at the public expense. It accorded well with the manly and warlike character of the people, and old chroniclers tell us that it was a favorite pastime among the young and active peasantry on holydays, or on a summer's evening, when their hours of labour were past. Does not this circumstance let us into one grand secret of the superiority of British bowmen over all their competitors? It also in some measure accounts for the wonderful rapidity with which *effective* armies were raised and brought into the field during the wars of York and Lancaster, and other periods of trouble in England. When the spirit of a proud people is aroused by a call upon their honor, or even by a favorite war-cry, it is not difficult to bring them *en masse* into action; but no such armies could have been raised in such a space of time, had not the arts of military life been much cultivated throughout the land.

It is highly honorable to the natives of this island that, even when little more than semi-barbarians, they disdained to use the poisoned arrow, after the fashion of some more civilized eastern nations. Indeed the same may be said, generally speaking, of all the different states in the quarter of the globe of which Britain forms so distinguished a part, and it is one of the finest illustrations of the European character. A few exceptions may be found, but exceptions should be thrown into the shade in all great national pictures.

However, in what we have hitherto written, as in the speeches of old Nestor, it may be observed that too much has been said about the past, and too little about the present. To those who may have never chanced to witness such a thing, a brief description of a modern Archery Meeting may not be uninteresting. There may be various regulations and observances in the many established throughout the country, but, in the leading and most essential points, they are nearly alike. A sufficient number of members having first been elected, the meetings occur at stated intervals, during the season of the year favorable to such amusements.

*Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum*, says the proverb, and it is not every one that can conveniently give an Archery Meeting. Two things are indispensable—a fortune able to bear the expense, and a park, or other grounds, favorable to the purpose; and such members as are without these advantages are not expected to give one. A uniform is appointed, which is always (to our knowledge) green, but may vary in minor points according to the caprice of fashion or of taste; and those members who do not appear in it are fined. It is this costume that chiefly imparts the characteristic and beautiful appearance to the scene, which it must be allowed to possess, especially if laid in some wild and romantic park. It is then and there that the lover of antiquity might muse on ancestral times, and fancy that they were again about to return.

Prizes, proportionate to the funds of the society, and as appropriate as the good taste of the directing party can make them, are prepared for the occasion; there being different ones, of course, for the male and female archers. Of themselves alone they are not of any great value, but, by the glory attached to them, they become, like the monarch's glove to Fluellin, doubly and trebly enhanced in the estimation of those who obtain them.

Every thing being prepared, they who have the direction of affairs give the signal to commence; and we may say with the poet—

> Protinus Æneas celeri certare sagittà
> Invitat, qui forte velint, et præmia ponit:

The distance at which the gentlemen shoot is one hundred yards—that of the ladies sixty; and the skill with which the latter frequently acquit themselves shows that Queen Bess was not the only Englishwoman who could "draw a long bow." Sometimes, during the pastime, the company are enlivened by the music of an attending band. When the sports are ended, the judges declare aloud the names of the winners of the prizes, who receive them on the field, according to the true principles of chivalry. To prevent any mistake, the arrows of every one should bear some particular mark or motto, that they may be distinguished when in the target; else it would be very difficult, if not sometimes impossible, to declare the victors. The evening is generally concluded by a ball, which need only be mentioned as differing from other balls with respect to the costume of the assembled party; but that circumstance gives to it a very unique and pleasing appearance.

Such are the leading features of a modern Bow meeting. Of course, as in all such out-of-door amusements, much depends upon the weather; but, when that is favorable, it may easily be conceived to be a scene of much pleasure and animation. It moreover possesses the advantage of being one of those morning amusements, of which the gentler sex can partake, without in the slightest degree infringing upon the rules of elegance and strict propriety. Though admirers of the chase ourselves, we quite agree with the poet when he counsels the British fair against—

> The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
> In which they roughen to the sense, and all
> The winning softness of their sex is lost.

But the female archer does not come under the lash of such satire. The ancient Greeks, who well knew what arts of life accorded best with feminine grace and purity, disdained not to paint Diana with the quiver upon her shoulder, and the bow in her hand; and Virgil, when describing the magnificence with which Queen Dido was attired for the hunt, tells us that she wore a golden quiver. Indeed, the very act of discharging the arrow from the bow, to be done *properly*, must be done *gracefully*.

The chief natural requisites for shooting well, we should describe to be a quick and steady eye, and a quick and steady hand. The proper position in which the bow should be held and its string drawn back, which cannot well be shown upon paper, having been acquired, art and experience have to instruct the archer, first, to point the arrow in a direct line; and secondly, to elevate it according to the distance of the mark, and the strength of the bow. One thing should be most particularly attended to —that the strength of the bow be well adapted to the strength of the arm that has to bend it. The command of Richard to his army on Bosworth field, "Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head," was in the true language of an able warrior. It is also essential that the arrow should be drawn to its head with a *steady hand*, which is not likely to be the case if the bow require more strength than the arm can conveniently give; and the consequence of which is, that the shaft is apt to swerve from the direct line, and fly unsteadily. On the other hand, if a bow of great power is not beyond the strength of the archer, it is the most effective, as the arrow may then be shot horizontally to a greater distance, and is, consequently, likelier to hit the target than when it requires to be much elevated.

Archery, however, is an art, and, like all other arts, requires practice to reach perfection; and thus, while surprise and admiration are often raised by some of the most expert, laughter frequently follows the attempts of the unskilful, who are generally new hands, and who, like the suitors of Penelope, sometimes make sad failures. Let the novice bear in mind the saying of Xenophon—that it was "downright impiety for such as had never learned to ride, to supplicate the Gods for victory in engagements of horse; or for such as had never learned the use of the bow, to ask the superiority at that weapon over those who understood it."

Of course, the point of an arrow formed merely for amusement, is very differently constructed from such as were used in warfare, but the effect even of the former, when well shot, is such as few unacquainted with it would be likely to imagine. We remember to have seen one, that, having missed the target, and struck against a strong tin quiver lying near, drove its point right through. Due precautions against accident are therefore needful, but the arrangements are generally so good, that we never heard of the slightest unpleasant circumstance of the kind. Those who are sceptical about the force of an arrow, and we have heard some who are, might soon be undeceived by witnessing it. The effeminate courtier, in the play, may tell Harry Percy that

> "but for these vile guns
> He would himself have been a soldier.—"

We much doubt, however, whether the man who would shrink from the sound of cannon, would have felt at all comfortable had he been confronted by the merry bowmen of old England.

During the last few years these meetings have been much upon the increase. We look upon it as a good omen. Any innocent recreation, tending to encourage good fellowship in a neighbourhood, is beneficial in many respects, but is in none more so than in the opposing influence which it possesses with the gay and inconsiderate, against the fascinations of a continental residence. We would rather see our youth, beauty and chivalry, enjoying themselves upon their native green sward, or shaded by the wide-spreading foliage of the aboriginal oak, than revelling in Parisian saloons, or amidst the midnight carnivals of Italy. Let those who choose decry, as did the partisans of Cromwell, the unoffending amusements of the different orders of society, as immoral and ungodly. We are not of that class, but rather agree with Mr. Burke, when he says that "to make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely;" and are unphilosophical enough to believe that those amusements, especially if hallowed by time, are esteemed at a higher rate by the people, and have a happier tendency on the general mind, than sophists, or political economists, may write down in their tablets.

## DOINGS AND SAYINGS IN THE PRIZE RING

### TOM GAYNOR AND NED NEAL.

The rain came down in torrents all the morning, but notwithstanding the ardour of the Fancy could not, and would not, be *damped* by "the pitiless pelting showers;" and if the road did not display numerous barouches, drags, &c., as a May-day morning, nevertheless, most of the old ring-goers came out to witness the mill. The turnpikes of course had a turn; the innkeepers were busy; the *blunt* changed masters; and the penny was turned to a good account. The battle between Neal and Gaynor took place on Tuesday, March 15th, 1831, in the same field where Neal defeated the great gun (*Tom Cannon*), called Warfield, in the parish of Wingfield, Berkshire. At one o'clock, NEAL, attended by *Spring* and Young *Sam*, threw his hat into the ring, and was received with loud shouts of approbation: he walked up leisurely, and, in the most composed manner, tied his *blue fogle* to the stakes. GAYNOR soon afterwards made his appearance, and *shied* his tile also within the ropes—waited upon by *Harry Holt*, and the *lively kid* (Ned Stockman), when the *yellowman* was tied to the blue emblem. *Curtis* was to have undertaken the office of bottle-holder to Gaynor; but, as he said, a violent attack of the *screw-matics* prevented him. *Simon Byrne* was also expected to have acted as second to Neal; but as he did not appear, Josh. Hudson was mentioned; neither of the above boxers was on the ground. Neal was decidedly the favorite at 5 and 6 to 4, previous to setting to. Tom Cannon observed to Neal, "this is your lucky ground, but it is softer to-day." On Gaynor entering the ring, Neal went up to him, asked him how he did, and shook hands with him. The spot selected for the ring was perfectly dry: the office was given for the men to *peel;* when the battle commenced.

ROUND 1. Neal looked remarkably well, his *condition* was good, and owing to the renovating effects of training, no traces were visible of his recent battle with Sam: his weight was nearly the same, 12 stone 3 lbs. On being asked the question, Neal replied, "he had not been to scale since his last fight." Gaynor astonished his friends and backers by the improvement his frame had undergone in the course of a few weeks, by his careful attention to regimen and exercise: he had also completely *shaken-off* all the up-all-night appearances of a *Lush-crib* in the heart of the metropolis—the *waste-butt* sort of thing—the *nails* in the coffin, and the general *stale* appearance connected with the character of a fighting man and a London Landlord. Tom had made the best use of his time: he entered the ring slap up to the mark, confident of success, and made up his mind to nothing else but winning. The attitudes of the men were excellent; the stakes were high; the combatants were perfectly aware of each other's milling talents, and both were determined not to give half a chance away. It was therefore *caution*, extreme CAUTION, and CAUTION to the very echo. They *dodged* each other, kept a good look out, and both prepared for any opening that might offer. Ned hopped from any thing like mischief as quick as a squirrel; and Gaynor jumped out of danger like a posture-master. Several minutes occurred, when Gaynor rubbed his hands, as if tired of doing nothing. At the expiration of *Fifteen* minutes, Tom put down his hands, and stood completely still, smiling [Applause]. Gaynor at length made an offer, but Neal got away. "Wake him up," said Stockman, "and let Ned know he is in the ring." *Twenty-two* minutes had now expired, and not a blow struck. "Go to work," from all parts of the ring. *Thirty-five* minutes, and nothing like mischief, when Gaynor let fly with his right hand, which was beautifully stopped by Neal [Applause]. The spectators were almost tired with watching the movements of the combatants—the *caution* observed on both sides was so excessive. Neal hit out, when Gaynor stopped the blow capitally. Ned also followed his opponent up in the corner, and made himself up for mischief—when the *peepers* of the crowd were on the stretch expecting *smashing* work; but it not appearing exactly *safe* to Neal. he retreated backwards, to the great disappointment of his friends. FORTY-THREE MINUTES had elapsed, when Gaynor, as if worn out with *attitudinising*, made play with his right hand, which was immediately returned by Neal; several blows were exchanged; and, in closing, Neal tried to fib his adversary; the struggle for the throw was severe on both sides, but Gaynor obtained it. Both down, but Neal undermost.

2. Nothing the matter, but both ready for the attack. After a little *dodging*, Neal followed up Gaynor to the ropes, but missed a tremendous right-handed blow, which, if it had touched the *listener* of Gaynor, might have altered the state of affairs. In closing, Gaynor was extremely active with his *mauleys*: Neal was by no means idle, and the fibbing system was adopted on both sides, until Neal went down. Great shouting. "The Queen's Head," said Stockman, "shall now be the King's Head—we shall win it without a scratched face; and I'll crown my man with laurels."

3. The left eye of Gaynor was touched a little. "Look," said Sam, "at the *mouse!*" "Never mind," replied the lively kid, "your man will soon smell *a rat*. You ought not to have brought the man here. You took the fight out of him! But he is ready made to our hands." Neal stopped a rum one aimed at his nob, and Gaynor also got out of mischief. The latter hit Neal on his ribs, and Ned returned slightly. Caution on both sides. Gaynor ran in, and in closing, after a most desperate struggle, got Ned down. Lots of applause for the hero of the Queen's Head. During the half minute while Gaynor was sitting on his second's knee, Spring exclaimed—"First blood!" pointing to Gaynor's mouth; this was most vehemently disputed by Holt, but to us a very slight tinge of *claret* appeared on Gaynor's *ivories*.

4. This was a short round. After two or three blows, Neal went down. Gaynor sung

out—"Take notice, the first knock-down blow!" This was denied by the seconds of the opposite party—but no opinion is of any value to decide the event as to betting, except the umpires and referee.

5.—Both down—Gaynor uppermost.

6. The face of Neal looked red, but nothing more. He stopped, in a most scientific style, two hits. Exchanges, when Gaynor laughed, and pointed at his opponent—indicating he did not value his attempts. In closing, Neal struggled violently to obtain the throw, but Gaynor, who is a first-rate wrestler, got Neal down. Loud shouting. The *claret* was visible enough on the top of Neal's nose.

7. The left hand of Neal told on his opponent's mug, when he ran in and caught hold of Gaynor so tightly, that, in spite of the struggles of the latter, Neal positively lifted him off the ground and threw him so heavily as to be pronounced almost a *burster*. 7 to 4 on Neal.

8, 9. These rounds were decidedly in favor of Neal. He touched Tom upon some of the old places, the *scars* of former brave contests, and the *claret* was seen trickling down his iron cheek. But he was as game as a pebble. In closing, both down.

10. The science of both of the men was much admired, and the stops on both sides were of the first character of the Art of Self-Defence. Gaynor retreated from mischief, and Neal took care of himself. The strength of the latter was here manifested in a great degree; he again got Gaynor off his legs—threw him on the ground with severity enough to take the fight out of any one—Gaynor's head made a *dent* in the ground. "Bravo, Neal—he must win it—he has too much wear-and-tear for Gaynor." Two to one.

11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16. These rounds were like the former; they partook more of wrestling than *milling;* and although Neal was decidedly the favorite, the old ring-goers and his immediate friends perceived that his energies were on the wane; he did not, as heretofore in his former battles, go right up to his opponent's head, and fight with him; in fact, he was too cautious, and retreated at times when he might have done some severe execution. During some of these rounds 3 to 1 had been laid on Neal.

17. Gaynor, although *piping*, was confident, and in a masterly style he threw Neal. Great applause, and "well done, Gaynor."

18. The men were now on their mettle, and *milling* was the order of the round. Some sharp hits occurred between them. Gaynor's nob showed the *handy*-work of his opponent, and the left *peeper* of Ned was considerably damaged, and put on the *winking* list. Gaynor ran after Neal, but Ned was not to be had. Both down. *One hour and a quarter had elapsed.*

19. This was one of the best rounds in the fight; and, as the Sage of the East would have said, had he but seen the men, the *lookers-on* had the best of it. They stood up to each other well—exchanging hits—the *claret* on both their mugs, until both down. "Well done, on both sides," and applause from all parts of the ring.

20, 21, 22. Neal stood well on his pins—his wind was also good—and the general opinion entertained round the ring was, that he must win; in fact, the *Neal*-ites could not lay out their *blunt*, no *takers* were, except in a few slight instances, to be met with. Gaynor undermost in both of these rounds.

23. This was a truly distressing round to Tom, and, after some blows were exchanged between them, Ned, by the dint of strength, threw Gaynor, who fell upon his head, and Neal went down upon him. Harry Holt, a capital second at all times, never exerted himself more to bring up his man clean and well than he did throughout the fight; he placed Gaynor's head right—indeed it was almost out of place, so great was the shock he had received. *"It will soon be over—it is as right as a trivet—how can Neal lose it?"* from the *Blue Fogle* party. "By de powers of Moll Kelly," said a Patlander, "do dat again for me, Ned, and you shall have all the four Misses ——, with £2000 per annum, for your wives; and I'll give you the ould widow into the bargain."

24. Gaynor came to the scratch a tiny bit *groggy*—with bellows to mend—but nevertheless his *game* was the delight of all the spectators. He sparred a short time for wind —when he made play, and some hits were exchanged. In closing, he threw Neal. The applause was great, and "we don't know what to make of it."

25. Short. Both down. Gaynor undermost.

26, 27, 28, 29. Although the friends of Neal had made up their minds, at this period of the fight, that he must win the battle, they did not approve of his fondness to obtain the *throws*—they were aware it must ultimately tear him to pieces. He now and then made use of his left hand, which told on the *mug* of his opponent; but, in general, the *defensive* mode was too prominent: it wanted more of the fighting character. Both down in these rounds, after severe struggles for the *falls*.

30. Short. Exchanges. Both down.

31. Neal commenced fighting, and Gaynor stood well up to him; counter hits, and not light ones. Both down.

32. Gaynor planted a severe facer. "Bravo! that's the way, Tom," said Stockman, "He don't like it; two more of the same sort will do the trick—and I'll order a diamond necklace from my jeweller's on Ludgate-hill, for the Queen's Head—I always patronize merit." Ned drove Gaynor to the ropes, where they were hanging on for a short period, until both down.

33. Again at the ropes, when Neal held fast by one of the stakes, and ultimately threw Gaynor on his head. Neal uppermost

34. Gaynor endeavoured to serve out Neal, but he escaped from punishment, and went down. "Take your man out of the ring," said Curtis to Holt, "you have won it." Ned went down without a blow. The Pet was very attentive to the battle—watching every movement, with his ticker in his hand, to see the time kept correctly, and how long the battle lasted.

35. Nothing the matter in this round. Both down.

36. This was a fighting round. Ned's *peeper* was almost closed; but, nevertheless, his backers were quite sanguine as to the termination of the battle. Both their mugs were *clareted*. Tom was terribly distressed, but he was not down upon his luck. In closing, both down, Gaynor undermost.

37. Gaynor planted another *facer*, and was following it up, when Neal went down. "He's as dead as a house," said Stockman. "You are wrong, my lively kid," replied a Patlander, "Ned is as strong as a Hercules, and will soon put on the *polish*, honey."

38, 39. The appearance of Neal's mug, excepting his nearly darkened *peeper*, did not show much *punishment;* and his wind was good. In closing, the *fibbing* system was resorted to, and Gaynor had none the worst of it. Both down. The friends of Gaynor were now on the *qui vive*. He'll win it now! "Win it!" said Reuben Martin, "How can Tom lose it? Neal is as slow as a top; it will soon be over."

40, 41, 42. To the spectators in general, Ned appeared fresh and strong enough to fight for half an hour longer; but one of his immediate friends, also a backer, and a near relative of Neal's, said in a sort of whisper—a sighing kind of ejaculation—upon perceiving an alteration in his countenance for the worse, "*By J—s, the battle's lost!*" Gaynor reviving, made play, planted two hits; exchanges, and Ned down.

43, and Last. On coming to the scratch, Ned, as usual, made himself up for milling, but on Gaynor's attempting to plant a hit, he retreated to the ropes. Tom followed him, and in closing, Gaynor threw Neal, which gave the latter a sort of twist in his neck, and likewise fell on him. Upon Spring and Sam picking up Neal, he was insensible; and although the ex-champion pulled his head on one side, and the young phenomenon on the other, Ned could not be *waked*, and was deaf to the call of time. Gaynor jumped for joy, and received the shouts of the spectators as the conqueror, and the congratulations of his friends. The battle continued for ONE HOUR AND FIFTY-ONE MINUTES. Gaynor walked to his barouche and four, when the yellow fogle was soon hoisted over the fallen blue bird's eye out of the window, and the *prads* went off at a smart rate for Shirley's, his trainer, at Egham; while, on the contrary, Ned was carried to his vehicle, and conveyed with the utmost speed to Sunning Hill, attended by his seconds, put to bed, and bled by a medical man, to make "all right." Ned complained of his right shoulder. Gaynor went to bed at Egham for a couple of hours, and then started for town, where he arrived at the Queen's Head, Duke's Court, Bow Street, about nine o'clock. His house was overflowing with company to hail his return; and also a complete mob outside the doors.

### OBSERVATIONS.

Neal may now say, in the words of Shakspeare, "A pox on both your houses!" in allusion to Sam and Gaynor, or perhaps the phrase might be more appropriate—"between you both, I have been *bothered* out of my fighting qualities!—I have lost my fair fame, and terminated my milling career as a losing man!" According to his intimate friends and backers, having TWO matches on at once proved rather too much for his mind—after his severe defeat by Sam—having only eight clear weeks, or fifty-six days, to get over the mortifying recollection of his loss of glory, and to appear again at the scratch, fighting his man £300 to £200. To say the least of it, the match was ill judged; but the fault did not rest with Neal! his backers made the match without consulting him, and he would not let them forfeit their deposits. Indeed, so confident was he of success, that he put down £200 of his own money towards the stakes. But the truth must be told; and, to sum up in little, Ned is nothing like so good a man as heretofore; he wants energy; his fighting points have left him; his perception is nothing like so acute, as in his previous battles, to seize upon an opening likely to lead to victory, after the manner of a Nelson, or a Wellington, and to turn it to a successful account. His *determination, resolution, game, fortitude, gluttony, bottom*, or DEVIL, whichever the reader likes best, does not now attach to his once warlike pugilistic character. He does not like to be a *receiver*—it does not suit his constitution. Owing to the above circumstances he lost his fight with Sam! But it ought never to be forgotten by the fancy, and the milling coves in general, "THAT HE HAS DONE THE RING SOME SERVICE, AND THEY KNOW IT!" He never did wrong; and his conduct as a boxer was always straight forward. Out of EIGHTEEN BATTLES in the Prize Ring, *four* times only he experienced *defeat*.

Respecting the conqueror, TOM GAYNOR, as a scientific fighter, he is well known and respected; and as a *game* man he must be admired. His *caution* in the early part of the battle proved his sound judgment towards obtaining victory. Gaynor only weighed 11 stone 3lb., a stone less than his opponent; it will be admitted that *caution* became necessary—and he was perfectly aware that, towards the latter part of the fight, *gameness* was essential—nay, without it he could not have proved the conqueror. We are extremely glad to hear that **NEAL** has taken his leave of the ring; and we sincerely hope **TOM GAYNOR** will adopt the same resolution.

### GOING TO SEE THE FIGHT.

TUNE.—"*The night before Lary was stretched.*"

"To be, or not to be, that's the question."

TOMMY HUDSON.

The watchman was crying "past four,"
When lanky Tom Lenny arose;
He jump'd out o' bed on the floor,
And groped in the dark for his clothes.
Him, cross-eyed Billy Smart,
And Sam Grope had agreed over night;
And borrow'd Aby Long's horse and cart,
To go down and see the fight.

The morning was *lowry* and wet.
The clouds seem'd ready to burst;
Says Sam, "no good luck I shall get,
I got out o' bed backside first'
Says Tom, "we shall do well enough,
The day light will make it all right;
Such old woman's sayings are stuff,
Ar'n't we going to see the fight?"

Says Bill, "it looks queer, for my part,
We've only *one* horse 'tis true;
Back him 'tween the shafts of the cart,
And then you'll see he'll be *to*."
Says Tom, "clap a stop on your muns,
And buckle that belly-band tight;
We don't want none of your puns,
'Cause we're going to see the fight."

The three all, without more ado,
Jump'd into the cart all alive,
And had then a rare filliloo,
Concerning which *on* 'em should drive.
Says Bill, "we must go pretty sharp,
To get back to town by night:
So let's have no rows,—*come arp!*
We're going to see the fight."

The *pike* man at Tyburn Gate,
About the mill not at all knowing,
Cried out, "why you drive a rare rate,
Gentlemen, where are you going?"
Says Bill, "why, Pikey, yo ho!
Cup, hand up the change—all right;
We all *on* us, if you must know,
Are going to see the fight."

They guv'd him a bad half-crown,
'Twas so dark that he could not see;
And, though the rain still pattered down,
They started again off with glee.
The mare went along pretty prime,
And now it began to get light;
They hoped to be there in time,
Thus going to see the fight.

To Wormwood Scrubbs then they got,
All three well wet to the skin;
Of porter they call'd for a pot,
And three half-quarterns of gin.
The landlord laughed, ready to burst,
Says he, "why your *scent* is not right;
You must go to *Moulsey Hurst*,
If you want to see the fight.

Then all held a council of war,
As to what was best to be done;
Tom Lenny he said 'twas too *fur*
For Aby Long's mare to run.
Bill Smart said, "O that's all my eye,
The mare is in very good plight:
I *moves* that we do go—for why?
Why we *com'd* out to see the fight."

The mare again put in the cart,
'Cross the country to Moulsey to roam;
But not liking that way to start,
She bolted straight forwards for home.
She ran as if drove by a witch:
Tom Lenny held the reins tight;
She capsized them all in a ditch,
Going to see the fight.

Tom Lenny got out of it first,
And all round about him did stare;
Sam Grope swore, halloed, and curs'd,
And Bill Smart he wallop'd the mare.
The shafts and the axletree broke
Left the cart in a pitiful plight;
All of 'em thought it no joke,
Thus going to see the fight.

The mare was much hurt by the fall,
They found to their riding a baulk;
She scarcely could toddle at all,
So they were *obligated* to walk.
To a stable they got her at last,
While the cart in the mud stuck so tight;
They walk'd up to town,—not so fast
As they'd gone down to see the fight.

When Aby Long heard it next day,
He blow'd up all three of them round;
And made 'em the damages pay,
A matter of five or six *pound*.
My advice now may not be the worst,
Never choose a man with a cross sight;
Nor get out of bed backside first,
When you're going to see a fight.

## THE LAST WORDS AND TESTAMENT
### OF
## ROBERT LOGIC, ESQ.

[*From Pierce Egan's Finish to Life in London.*]

Being wide *awake*—my upper STORY in perfect repair—and *down* to what I am about—I have seized hold of the *feather*, with a firm hand, to render myself intelligible, and also to communicate the objects I have in view: I give and bequeath unto my friend, JERRY HAWTHORN, Esq., my *tile*, my *castor*, my *topper*, my *upper-crust*, my *pimple-coverer*, otherwise MY HAT, which, I hope, will never be the means of changing the appearance of "an old friend with a *new* face." To my out-and-out friend and companion, CORINTHIAN TOM, I give my *spread*, my *summer-cabbage*, my *water-plant*, but more generally understood as my UMBRELLA; who, I feel assured, will never let it be made use of as a *shelter* for duplicity, ingratitude, or humbuggery of any sort! Also, to JERRY HAWTHORN, Esq., I resign my *fam-snatchers*, *i. e.* my GLOVES, under the consideration, if he ever should part with them, that they are only to be worn by those persons who have "a *hand* to give, and a *heart* that forgives!" Likewise to JERRY HAWTHORN, Esq., I bequeath my *four-eyes*, my *barnacles*, my *green specs.*, but, amongst opticians, denominated SPECTACLES. It is my sincere wish, that nothing *green* will be ever seen appertaining to them, except their *colour:* I also hope they will not, upon any occasion whatever, *magnify* TRIFLES into *difficulties:* but enable the wearer to see his way through LIFE as clear as *crystal!* I press upon JERRY HAWTHORN, Esq., his acceptance of my *fogle*, my *wipe*, my *clout*, my *sneezer*, politely termed a SILK HANDKERCHIEF. This article has often been used to *wipe* off the tear of pity, and always forthcoming at a tale of *distress;* may it be ever at *hand* on such Christian-like occasions! To PHILIP TIMOTHY SPLINTER, Esq., I bequeath my *upper tog*, my *Benjamin*, my *wrapper*, generally called a TOP COAT, with the advice, that however it may be *mended*

mended, and *mended* again, he will never let it be *turned* against unavoidable misfortunes, poverty, and charity. My *ticker*, my *tattler*, my *thimble*, otherwise my watch, I bequeath to JERRY HAWTHORN, Esq., as an emblematical gift to keep TIME upon all occasions—to remember its inestimable value; and also to recollect that he will, some day or another, be *wound-up* for the last *time*. My two SEALS I give conjointly to my most valued and dear friends, CORINTHIAN TOM AND JERRY HAWTHORN, Esqrs., in order, if possible, that the bonds of friendship may be more firmly *sealed* between them, to the end of their lives. To Miss MARY ROSEBUD, I give and bequeath my DIAMOND RING, as a representative of her excellent brilliant qualities, and also as a golden fence, to secure her virtue, reputation, and dignity. To my worthy friend, SIR JOHN BLUBBER, Knt., I give and bequeath my *padders*, my *stampers*, my *buckets*, otherwise, my BOOTS, whose knowledge of mankind, united with his kindness towards the failings of others, teaches him to tread lightly o'er the ashes of the dead! To prevent mistakes respecting my BIT, I have not a *bit* to leave; it having been with me for some time past—POCKETS to LET, *unfurnished; Sic transit gloria mundi!* But, nevertheless, I trust that I have always proved *amicus humani generis!* My BOOKS having been long *booked* for their value, and afforded me consolation and support in the hour of need—I, therefore, leave as I found it, for other folks to bustle in, that GREAT VOLUME—the WORLD! which, upon all occasions, was my sheet anchor! assisted by the following good old maxims, as my guide:—

*Tempus edax rerum.*
*Vincet veritas.*
*Principiis obsta.*
*Vitiis nemo sine nascitur.*
*Spes mea in Deo.*
*Spero meliora.* ROBERT LOGIC.

**This Tablet**
Was erected in remembrance of
ROBERT LOGIC, ESQ.
Who was viewed throughout the circle of his acquaintances as
A MAN,
In every sense of the word;
VALUABLE AS GOLD!
MIRTH and GOOD-HUMOUR were always at his elbows; but
DULL CARE
Was never allowed a seat in his presence.
He played the *first fiddle* in all companies, and was never out of tune:
BOB was a wit of the first quality;
But his SATIRE was general, and levelled against the follies of mankind;
PERSONALITY and SCANDAL he disclaimed:
His exertions were always directed to make others happy.
As a CHOICE SPIRIT, he was unequalled;
And as a SINCERE FRIEND, never excelled; but in his character of a
MAN OF THE WORLD,
BOB LOGIC was a Mirror to all his Companions.
MANKIND had been his study; and he had perused the Great
**Book of Life**
With superior advantages; and his COMMENTARIES o
MEN AND MANNERS
Displayed not only an enlarged mind; but his OPINIONS were
gentlemanly and liberal.
His intimate knowledge of VICE had preserved him from being VICIOUS;
by which source he was able to discriminate with effect; and
VIRTUE appeared more beautiful in his eyes.
TRUTH was his polar star; and INTEGRITY his sheet anchor.
ADVERSITY could not reduce his noble mind,
And PROSPERITY was not suffered to play tricks with his feelings:
HE WAS A MAN UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES!
FLATTERY he despised; while CANDOUR obtained his respect; and
the corner-stone of his character was—SINCERITY.
He was charitable, but not ostentatious, and a well-wisher to all the world.
His Friends
TOM AND JERRY,
Lamenting his severe loss in Society, trust, that upon the
AWFUL DAY OF RECKONING,
The Great Auditor of Accounts will find his BALANCE SHEET
Correct, (*errors excepted*):
And as the whole tenour of BOB LOGIC'S life had been A VOLUME
OF PLEASURE, they sincerely hope it will be
WELL BOUND at the last!

# PAUL PRY

## TAKING A SYNOPSIS OF THE SPORTING WORLD.

WELL, I hope I don't intrude, but I wish I may die if ever I saw so lively a sight! 'tis beautiful! All bustle, all glorious confusion; but, nevertheless, all happiness. I am sorry my *Paulina* is not here, she is so very fond of a bit of sport—my Rib would enjoy it so much. I really don't wish to intrude; but one cannot intrude here. I should think they are such a set of jolly dogs, all hail fellow well met. Sporting of all sports—pick and choose, as my fruit-woman says, where you like best, according to your fancy. Here's HORSE-RACING, HUNTING, MILLING, CRICKET, SAILING, BOXING, ANGLING, SHOOTING, &c. Every body is on the *qui vive*—some to look after the blunt—others to '*drop it*,' as the sporting folks say. What funny fellows they are! Lots of sharps to be met with, and plenty of *flats* to be picked up! But it is all right: what precious dull '*Old Fogeys* we should soon be, if we had not something now and then to divert our attention from the crosses and losses in this life, and to rub off the rust of '*Care*' from our minds! we might also lay down and die with grief, and according to the song,

> "Let us all be unhappy together."

No, no—that will never do for *Paul Pry*. Blow me, if I don't love a bit of life; and I am not one of those sort of chaps who say they enjoy the 'luxury of woe!' I am for the other side of the picture—to laugh and grow fat. Besides the old English sports do good to all classes of life—the money is continually changing masters at such times—the rich man spends it freely, and the poor fellow finds the advantages resulting from these sort of amusements for the sale of his wares. As the late Lord Byron said,

CASH does, and CASH alone;
CASH rules the grove, and fells it too besides;
Without CASH, camps were thin, and courts were none;
Without CASH——

I wish I may die, "if I an't all my eye and Betty Martin:" and Lord Byron, great a man as he was, if he were alive now, he could not say a bit more to the purpose. Therefore, as I often tell my *Paulina* over our twankey, and *Sally Lunn*, when she and I can't match our horses together, every one to his *fancy:* and so it ought to be—there is nothing like variety—and the sporting world gives you a fine sample of it. May I be hanged, if I don't like to hear those sporting chaps *chaff*, as they call it; you cannot be dull in their company; yet, nevertheless, there is a great deal of *routine* about their conversation, and they scarcely ever open their mouths without finishing the sentence with, "I'll bet you 2 to 1; 6 to 4; and so on, that you do not name the winner:" indeed, without a *bet* amongst these sort of gentry, any thing like interest seems to evaporate from their minds, and the whole of their arguments become little else than "stale, flat, and unprofitable."

Blow me, if ever I shall forget it the longest day I have to live; indeed, it always makes me laugh whenever the circumstance flashes across my memory, although the first time that I told it to *Paulina* I thought she would have snapped my nose off. She looked at me with such an ill-natured frown that I did not know what to make of it, when she observed that, I ought to have been ashamed of myself—it really was profane, nay, quite awful. Something like making game of the church. But Lord bless your unsophisticated soul, answered I, you never *Paulina* were more in the basket in your life time, to think that I would make game of the church! Indeed, I know myself too well for that: because I am well assured there are several good one's amongst them at all events. I have lived long enough to know that the 'Devil is never half so black as he is painted;' and in spite of all the songs and balderdash made against the clergy, I shall always pay respect to the 'good ones' of the cloth:—

At the sign of the horse,
Old Spintext of course,
Each night took his pipe and his pot;
O'er a jorum of nappy,
Quite pleasant and happy,
Was plac'd the canonical sot!

However, that is neither here nor there to my story; but that Tom Six-to-Four was such a precious fellow for betting, that I happened once accidentally to meet him in a chapel, when he, without the least hesitation, offered me a wager of 3 to 2 that he would mention the time by five minutes nearer than I did, when old Spintext had finished his sermon. Blow me, if ever I felt so much ashamed in all my life, and I did not know where to put my head; therefore, I was compelled to bolt, and *cut* the sermon, in order to prevent behaving ill towards the minister, or disrespectfully to the congregation.

But, nevertheless, there are a gay, high-spirited, liberal-minded, set of fellows, who forget and forgive in spite of all their little '*blowings* up' to get a *point* the best of one another in a bet: and likewise the right sort of chaps to make the money fly, as the tradesmen call it, and, to keep trade moving. Blow me if I don't remember the "FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB," as they called themselves:—that was the 'time of day' for the Sporting World, as my friend Jack Dash used to say, when you might meet with a 'mob of swells' in every street at the west end of the town, and 'well breeched' into the bargain, with lots of *goldfinches* to make the 'wisit pleasant.' Talk of the procession of the mail coaches compared with 'the fours,' why they must not be mentioned in the same day with the elegant turn-outs of the Club. It was quite a treat to see them start from Hyde Park Corner; such prime cattle, I never saw before nor since, proper high-bred ones, quite beauties: and I wish I may die, if every one of their *drags*, yes, they used to call them *drags*, I well remember, were not complete pictures to look at, and ought to have been framed and glazed for the honor of the coachmakers, and to perpetuate the taste of the club. They were indeed, *real* gentlemen coachmen—dressed like gentlemen—and also looked like gentlemen, although their *toggery* was sporting like, and appeared rather knowing. I think now I see Mr. *Charles Buxton*, their leader, mount the box and give the signal for starting: I fancy he was a fine fellow to put-'em-along; an ornament and honor to the road; followed by *Lord Hawke*, nothing else but a good one to get over the ground; and close after him the *Earl of Portarlington*, an excellent whip. Mr. *Akers*, also a capital coachman; and then Mr. *Osbaldeston* with his '*Canary*,' as those high-bred ones used to call his vehicle; indeed, it was slap-up to the echo, that is, slap up again; you could not keep your eyes off his *drag*, it was such an elegant article—a pattern for all other coachmen. The *Hon. Captain Agar*, who well knew what to do with four prime tits before him; *Sir Harry Vane Tempest* was likewise 'bang up' to the mark; and the S. S. of the Club; *Sir John Rogers*, who could handle the ribbons with as much ease and dexterity as he did his feather, to make "all right." The *Earl of Sefton* pushed along with all the style of a first rate charioteer; Mr. Wedderburne Webster, equally on the *qui vive* to add style to the club; and the *Hon. Lincoln Stanhope*, full of life and fire, scarcely able to hold in his prime 'goers' they were such out-and-outers. *Major Pelby*, safe, pleasant, and easy, driving with all the *sang froid*, as if toddling over a bowling green. *Sir Bellingham Graham*, at home to a peg. A regular sporting hero—well furnished for the box, the chace, or the race course. Nothing to learn, but complete at all points—the proprietor, horses, and drag, all of a-piece—excellent. *Sir Godfrey Webster*—a regular dash, neck-or-nothing, turf or turnpike, and no odds about the matter. Never on the fret, but who looked after the leader, and made the wheelers do their work —might have got a birth for a regular draggsman, and no questions asked—the whip looked well in his hands. *Sir Charles Bamfylde*, pluck to the back bone—too game to be beaten on any suit—with the *prads* quite under his command. *Mr. Champion*, nothing wanting to 'show off' well. *Mr. Harrison*, a right one, and never at fault; and, though last not least in the catalogue of excellence, *Sir John Lade*, the emperor of whips—whose title precludes the necessity of any further comments. Blow me, if I would not walk, nay, almost *hop*, ten miles to see such a club start now-a-days; but the young *Swells* do not appear to me to have half the spunk the above 'Choice Spirits' possessed. They were, indeed, nothing else but *rummy* ones!

The proprietor of race-horses will entertain you for hours together with the blood, bone, and pedigree of his high-bred cattle; but ask him to trace his family connections, and he will laugh at you for being a bore, and wonder how you could waste your time upon such dry uninteresting details. Telling you, at the same time, to let the dead rest in their graves, as he *has* objects of greater importance in view.

See the Course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun,
What confusion, but hear! I'll bet you, Sir! done!
Ten thousand strange rumours resound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockeys, assail the tir'd ear;
While with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his breast
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
The HIGH-METTLED RACER first starts for the plate

What a beautiful race! A handkerchief might cover the whole of them! How charmingly FANNY moves her legs! What speed! She's a picture of a horse! There's nothing like her on the course for blood and bone! The mare wins the Cup for 1000 gs. "Done! once more, if you like!" "Done!" "I'll do it again, Sir!" "You do to the end of the chapter! She is not the favorite, and that's quite enough for me to *lay* upon her. Bar Long Legs and the Duke, and I'll take the field." 'My eye, did you ever see such whipping and slashing! There's jockeyship! Neck and neck! What prime ones! It must be a dead heat!" "No, no!" "Huzza! FANNY's got the lead—she keeps it! What a plunge! Go along, my dear FANNY—she passes the winning post! She's won the Cup! That's the time of day.—Huzza! Huzza!" I wish I may die, if this sort of sporting lingo is not very *moving*: it keeps all our senses upon the alert; and, for the time being, the interest is kept up so strongly on our minds, that nothing else is thought of but the winning horse

And then the FOX-HUNTER, who thinks he is always at the heels of the fox, if you listen to his discourse; yet, I wish I may die if it don't do one good to hear him, there is so much spirit in his description:—

"———Hark! what loud shouts
Re-echo through the groves! he breaks away:
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
'Tis triumph all, and joy."

It was the fox I saw as he came down the hill: those crows directed me which way to look, and the sheep ran from him as he passed along. The hounds are now on the very spot, yet the sheep stop them not, for they dart beyond them. Now see with what eagerness they cross the plain! Galloper no longer keeps his place. Brusher takes it: see how he flings for the scent, and how impetuously he runs! How eagerly he took the lead, and how he strives to keep it! yet Victor comes up apace. He reaches him! See what an excellent race it is between them! It is doubtful which will reach the cover first! how eagerly they strain!—now Victor, Victor! Ah! Brusher you are beat: Victor first tops the hedge. See there! see how they all take it in their strokes! The hedge cracks with their weight, so many jump at once. Blow me, if I an't all in raptures with their discourse—it is all life: and as I say to my *Paulina*, when I can't get her out of bed in a morning, it is exercise is the best doctor—I hate apothecary's bills—and I always cry out when I see their draughts come into my house; 'throw physic to the dogs, I'll have none of it.' And the best way too, I'll be hanged if it an't?

Neither is the *pigeon-shooter* at a loss for arguments to support his favorite sport; and he will also keep you engaged in conversation for half a day together, to hear about his exploits at the Red House: that he may be backed with safety, as he is in the possession of a gun that never *misses* the bird, either from the trap or in a preserve, he is such a good marksman. Blow me, if it does not make me laugh heartily sometimes to hear some of these *caaps* praise themselves, and lay it on as thick as mustard—they 'out-herod Herod,' so much with their would-be crack shots; but then, as I tell my *Paulina*, there is nothing like being good-natured—that 'more flies are caught with honey than with vinegar;' so I *accommodate* them and swallow it all as gospel what they assert. By which means I never lose a friend. And I wish I may die if it an't the best way—there is nothing got by *contradiction*. Then sometimes in an evening I drop in to near a bit of a *chant* after they have killed baskets full of birds—which gives a zest to their glasses of liquor; and which also enables them to blow 'dull Care' away with the whiffs from their cigars:—

There's no rural sport surpasses,
PIGEON SHOOTING, circling glasses,

Fill the crystal goblet up;
Fill the crystal goblet up;
No Game Laws can ever thwart us,
Nor *qui tams* nor *Habeas Corpus*,
For our license Venus grants.
Let's be grateful; here's a bumper;
For her bounty, here's a bumper.

The lovers of *Sailing* are equally eloquent in support of their amusement; and I wish I may die, if they don't study how to look and act the character of a sailor with as much care as a performer on the stage; and they also knock about nautical phrases to the great astonishment of the natives of the villages both up and down the river—with the most perfect ease and confidence. But blow me if I don't like to go a short voyage in a sailing boat—you enjoy so delightfully the breezes, and also avoid the dust: indeed, my Paulina will have it that *short* voyages are the safest on board such boats. "That is a prejudice, my dear *Paulina*," says I; "Did you ever hear now of a sailing boat being lost?" "No, *Paul*," she replied; "I must admit that I did not." "Well, then," I answered, "as Bill Bet-all says—it is all the amateur sailing boats on Old Father Thames to one, that there is no going to the *bottom* about it and I hope I may never have another squint to get hold of a secret, if I don't like the *gallantry* attached to those clubs—they name their boats after their sweethearts, or some favorite girl; and if ever I have the luck to have one built, blow me if she can't be called 'the *Paulina*:" in accordance with the following song:—

My love's a vessel, trim and gay,
Rigg'd out with truth and stor'd with honor,
As thro' life's breeze she cuts her way,
All eyes with rapture gaze upon her.

Built, ev'ry wond'ring heart to please,
The lucky shipwright's love and fancy!
From stem to stern she sails with ease,
And at her launch they called her NANCY.

If you pay attention to the Patron of Scientific Pugilism, you will find that he is equally as much devoted to *Milling* as the lover of racing, the ardent fox-hunter, and the *patient* angler, are to their various sports. He is quite eloquent in his mode of delivery upon the subject:—"Only look at his condition," says he, at the boxer he is going to back, "he is as fine as a star; as full of bone and blood as a thorough bred racer, and as nimble on his pins as a greyhound. He is a picture to look at; and such a boy to *hit* and get away, and never *distressed!* He is quite an artist in his line—he paints after nature; and the late Sir Thomas Laurence, with all his tip-top excellence, never produced such beautiful colours. View him as a *polisher*, and the French are a complete century behind him for talent—he *polishes* off his antagonist in such quick time: but for putting in a *floorer*, what an author would term a *climax*, and the actor a *denouement;* he is nothing else but a Nonpareil—and he must prove the winner. 'Lombard Street to a China-orange,' and no mistake:—

First, my muse I'll invoke—the brave Sires of the Fist,
Those heroes of old who stand high on the list,—
To Figg, father Broughton, and veteran Slack,—
TOM JOHNSON, MICH. RYAN that brave PADDY WHACK!
To do them all justice I cannot now stay,
Nor half their brave actions and feats here display,
But *country or colour* to us are the same,
Only anxious are we in *preserving* the GAME.

And then the *quiet* angler, who prides himself on his favorite sport, viewing all other sorts of amusement as little better than loss of time, who will sit, throughout a long summer's day, like

Patience on a monument,
Smiling———

And yet he appears completely satisfied with *his* day's sport, if he only obtains "a *nibble*." Well, blow me if there is any accounting for the different *tastes* of men; yet, nevertheless, the adage is perfectly true, that "one man's meat is another man's poison:" only hear the angler:—

Oh, my beloved nymph! fair dove!
Princess of rivers! how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie
And view thy silver stream
When gilded by a summer beam,
And in it all thy wanton fry,
Playing at liberty;
And, with my angle upon them,
The all of treachery
I ever learn'd industriously to try.

May I never again pick up a bit of information on the sly, if it is not quite a treat to hear the 'chaff-cutting' between the chaps in the Sporting World, denominated '*Trotters;*' their very souls, as it were, seem interested upon nothing else but 'trotting-matches,'—it is quite a *mania* among them, from the proprietor of the humble *donkey*, the natty kill-bull, up to the *Heavy Swell*. The leading feature of their discourse, at all times, is concerning the capabilities of their cattle: i. e., what a horse can perform in an hour, either to walk, trot, or to gallop. "I have got one of the fastest things alive," observes an old Trotting Man to his company,—"there is nothing like my mare in this country; or in the next to it; and also a great way further off—the whole world." Blow me if I have not often stared again with surprise at the strange remarks I have heard: and, when the subject has been completely exhausted, then you are sure to hear it brought forward again in verse,—

Come, I ride as good a trotting-horse as any one in town,
He'll trot you sixteen miles an hour, I'll bet a hundred pound:
He's such a one to bend his knees, and tuck his haunches in,
That to heave the dirt in people's eyes, he thinks it not a sin.
So he rides away, trots away, &c.

In fact, in every different pursuit in the Sporting World, you will find persons equally animated in the praise of that peculiar sport, in which they feel the most interested; and the CRICKETER will tire out your patience with the abilities of Jem Never-lose. "Jem," says he, "is such a prime chap to catch a ball, to bowl down a wicket, or to stump his man out, that there is nothing like him in the list of cricketers. He is a very poor fellow, but that is of no consequence to Sporting Men; he possesses such knowledge of the game of cricket, that the Swells from all parts of the kingdom always send for Jem when they are making any match of consequence; in fact, they can't do without Never-lose, if they mean to *win* the match; besides, he is such a good one to make up 'an Eleven' against all England." I wish I may die, if Jem an't so much interested in the game of cricket, that he does not care one farthing respecting the success of the Reform Bill,—paying off the National Debt,—or who 'rules the *Roast*;' so that he can catch a ball, or bowl his opponent out. Blow me, if Never-lose did not get me into a string for one whole evening, upon the merits of the different cricketers in England, that I could not get a word in edge-ways; however, upon leaving Jem, I told him the '*innings*' I had had that night at cricket, would last me all my life time!

The admirers of COCKING are not destitute of arguments to back their favorite sport; indeed, at the present moment, in several of the cock-pits, both in town and country, are to be seen noblemen of the highest rank in the peerage, and some of the oldest members of the House of Lords, giving it their support and sanction. "Well, blow me if I can make it out, to witness the sums of money won and lost upon the different mains all over England! But such is the fact, and my answer to the *Cockers* is, if I can enjoy my amusement without restraint, you may fight cocks till you are tired of it." Bob Heel'em-well, a great cocker, and a fellow who had also the gift of the *gab*, used frequently to ask, with a sort of confidential triumph, "I should like to know what any body has got to say against *cock-fighting*. Aye, who has got any thing to say against cock-fighting? If they have, only let them hear what I have got to urge in its favor, then let them judge and determine; and I'll bet it is two to one in my favor." Bob Heel'em-well was quite eloquent in his recital of the following well-known anecdote:—

When THEMISTOCLES led an army of his countrymen against their barbarian neighbours, he beheld two COCKS engaging in furious combat! The spectacle was not lost upon him; he made his forces halt, and thus addressed them:—

"Those COCKS, my gallant soldiers, are not fighting for their country, their paternal gods, nor do they endure this for the monuments of their ancestors, for their offspring, or for the sake of glory in the cause of liberty: THE ONLY MOTIVE IS, *that the one is heroically resolved not to yield to the other!*" This impressive harangue rekindled their valour, and led them to conquest. After their decisive victories over the Persians, the Athenians decreed by law, that one day should be set apart in every year for the *public exhibition* of COCK FIGHTING, at the expense of the state.' Now, says Bob, with exultation, I think I have put on the '*stopper!*' concluding his argument with the following verse of a sporting song:—

> I'll race my *Jack*, or bait a *bull*,
> Or fight my *Doodle-doo!*
> I'll flash a *quid* with any *cull*,
> And fly a *pigeon* blue!

The WRESTLERS are quite 'up in the stirrups' respecting the antiquity of their sport; and offer to bet any odds that *wrestling* is the oldest on the list of sports. Be that as it may, within the last few years it has made great progress in several of the counties in England; and Devonshire and Cornwall have contended for the championship, in the persons of *Cann* and *Polkinhorne*, with great spirit and ardour on both sides, reminding us that the 'days of chivalry are not o'er.'" Polkinhorne and Cann are esteemed as the two best wrestlers in the kingdom:—

> "Now clear the Ring! for, hand to hand,
> The manly WRESTLERS take their stand.
> Two o'er the rest-superior rose,
> And proud demanded mightier foes,
> Nor called in vain; for Douglas came.
> —For life is Hugh of Lambert lame,
> Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
> Whom senseless home his comrades bear.
> Prize of the *wrestling* match, the King
> To Douglas gave a golden ring.

The Metropolis also has been the scene for the decision of several great matches between Cann, Gafney, Copp, Thorne, Murray, &c. The principal places of resort for the wrestling fanciers to meet have been at the Golden Eagle, Mile-end-road; and at the Eagle Tavern, City-road; kept by the well-known sporting Tom Rouse. The latter person has endeavoured to 'keep the game alive,' by offering prizes of £50, £25, £15, for the best player; and also several Silver Cups have been given to the winners, by the landlord of the Eagle Tavern.

But I wish I may die if I should like to be pulled and hauled about, and my shins kicked as I have seen some of them, for all the plate in Rundell and Bridge's shop; no, I am blowed if I should,—but every one to his liking. Abraham Cann is a very fine wrestler; indeed, there is a certain sort of superiority about his action, that I never met with in any other wrestler I ever saw throw a man. But most of the counties have different modes of wrestling. Cann is considered by the men as a very fine, well-made, athletic man; but, by the females, rather handsome, and something of the *Adonis* attached to his person. He has got a good head, with fine glossy, black, curling hair—something after the manner of the late Lord Byron, which rendered him extremely attractive in the eyes of the ladies. Blow me if the women an't funny creatures after all—so I tell *Paulina*; indeed there is no being up to them. The Sporting World may boast of their *fancies;* but may I be hanged if it an't all nonsense to the *fancy* of a female!—if she takes a *fancy* to any thing, she must have it: or mischief is sure to be the result—which I think the following anecdote will clearly illustrate:—

The present wife of Mr. Cann, a female connected with a most respectable family, and a pretty woman into the bargain, was so much attached to Cann, during the time he was engaged in paying his addresses to her, that all opposition to their union was useless. A gentleman of fortune, and also a man of fashion and high repute in the neighbourhood of Exeter, appeared in the character of a rival to Cann, the poor wrestler, and offered to make her his bride: but, without the least hesitation, she refused the dazzling offer, by observing that she would sooner be the mistress of one of Abraham Cann's pretty glossy curls, than all his fortune—his lands—his house—his carriages—and his own person as a make-weight to the bargain. Blow me if it an't impossible to account for the *taste* of women-folks!

I wish I may die, if there an't my old acquaintance the keeper of the *Une, Deux, Cinque* Table: my *Paulina* and I cannot agree at all upon this matter, and, petticoat-like, she insists it ought to be called *One, Two, Five*, in downright English, as she will have it. With all my rhetoric I can't persuade her she is in the wrong. I said to her the other day, now, my dear *Paulina*, who would stop to look at a play bill with plain Mr. or Mrs. ——— upon it; but only let Madame and Monsieur ——— be announced from Paris, and a crowd of folks will assemble around it immediately: *foreign* names always excite attention in England. Therefore, I say, a little *mystery* is the thing; or what the play-folks call "doing the trick!" People in general don't understand what is meant by the words *Une, Deux, Cinque;* and that accounts why they wish to learn all about the game. A French phrase, introduced here and there, always gives importance to the subject; but I will say no more respecting it, as *Paulina* will not give it up. However, I will just take a peep at his tent, to see if any improvement has taken place inside of it since I last sported my half-crown. As a *chaff-cutter,*' I think him one of the Greatest Creatures in the History of the 'gift of the gab!' Matthews, Liston, or Reeve, would be at fault to have a *turn-up* with him in a 'Battle of brains;' indeed, Sir James Scarlett with all his experience in the knowledge of '*blowing-up;*' a witness would be totally at a loss to 'reply;' the great Chancery lawyer, Sugden, would be bothered and upset altogether, if not run the danger of getting his own *nob* in chancery; and Counsellor Phillips, as good a *gammoner* as ever sailed down the *Liffey*, with all his high stilts in the oratorical line, would be double distanced in a twinkling; in truth, the whole *Bar* would be 'told out' in competition with my *chaffing* acquaintance. He does not lose any time to pick his words; in truth, they flow from his lips like the rapidity of a water-fall, sweeping, as a mighty flood, every thing before it. If CHESTERFIELD suit his purpose, then a touch of the '*elegant*' makes its appearance; but if a *slang* phrase from *Grose* will give greater effect to his argument, or render him more intelligible to his audience, he adopts it without the slightest hesitation. "I hope I don't intrude Mr. *Une, Deux, Cinque*, I merely "*dropped* in" to see how you kept the game alive? "Intrude, my dear fellow," replied the *Chaffer*, "I beg you will not mention it? You never were more welcome in your life. What do you say, Mr. *Paul Pry*, to a sparkling glass of pink Champaigne to put you into spirits, there is nothing like it upon the course, and you are as welcome to it as the flowers in May; or, a tiny drop of *Eau d'vie*, all France cannot boast of better; and king William has not got in his palace at St. James's any liquor of finer flavour, than I can present to you from my little snuggery; indeed, it is what we *chaps* call the illuminating stuff; it lights up your whole frame, in an instant you are almost in a blaze and you become as gay and brilliant as the sun in the month of July, before you know where you are. But I will not press it! You are a man of the world, and know what pleases you best, and also how to conduct yourself. But, if you prefer Madeira, it is at your service; or Hock, Barsac, Port, Sherry, or any other wine, only mention it, and a glass of either of the above good things of this life shall be at your elbow before you can say, quick, presto, begone. My dear fellow, me and my pals are only here for the *accommodation* of the public. Pleasure is the order of the day with us; and win or lose, you will find our faces as steady and without the slightest alteration, exactly like Old Windsor Castle in the distance. But we, ourselves, like our friends always to win: "'pon my soul, it's no lie, I'll bet a thousand." *Strangers* may do as they please, that is their business and not mine; but let us hope we shall all be lucky to day. We are well-breeched for the occasion, and Fortune's favorites will have a rare chance if they have any *pluck* about them to sport their *blunt*. We have nearly emptied the bank at Windsor of all their sovereigns, and cleared out all the large and small inns in the neighbourhood of half-crowns and their tills, without any *pewter*. We are determined to do the thing in style this time; and every facility given to change notes of the largest amount with all the celerity at a banker's counter! in order to give the visitors a chance to make their fortunes: yes, I repeat the word, fortunes!

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune!
> Once omitted all the rest of their lives
> Are bound by shallows.

Then follow the advice of Shakspeare: here the flood gates to riches are open to every body: I say to every body, and no distinction made to persons so as they are prepared with the *needful*. Take notice *One* half-crown may be made into FIVE, only by the stopping of a ball! "Tis as easy as lying!" Brains are not wanting; and study is out of the question at this noble game of chance called *Une, Deux, Cinque;* recollect, there are no puzzling situations belonging to it like games of science! A baby can win as well and as quiet as the Accountant General if he only puts down his cash on the *right* colour. But I will not deceive you, gentlemen, I hate *deceit;* indeed, any thing like deceit would ruin our characters. But I must say that *pluck* is necessary; therefore, if any gentleman does not stand "shilly-shally," half afraid, and dare not put down his *cole* but, on the contrary, if he comes up like a thorough-bred one to the winning post, the *Une, Deux, Cinque* Table, he may win more gold in a minute than he can count in half an hour; and ever afterwards snap his fingers at any of the 'Upstarts in Life' for the remainder of his days. This glorious circumstance has been accomplished: can be accomplished: and may be accomplished again and again by the lucky adventurer. But delays are dangerous—now is the time, or never—remember we are here to-day and gone to-morrow; and the next day, however you may wish it, we are not to be found. Then, I say, make your game, gentlemen, the *chances* are as clear to you as the sun at noonday; but I will explain them once more to you in order that no person may complain of ignorance: *Une* is one; *Deux* is two; and *Cinque* is five; therefore lose no time but make your game: twenty can play as well as one, but the more the merrier: so now if you wish to win make your game. Well, I wish I may die, if the dialogue of this capital chaff-cutter does not operate on my feelings so strongly that I appear under the influence of a load-stone—I cannot quit the spot. But nevertheless, it must be viewed as a "bit of life" on a race course; and when I grow old, and cannot quit my fire-side, all I know about the matter is—I then cannot lose my money at *Une, Deux, Cinque.*

I wish I may die if I don't see in the Royal Stand, our king William, God bless him! He is the right sort of a king—a king of kings; and a good citizen into the bargain. He is a lover of liberty, to the echo that applauds again; and Freedom had never a stauncher friend to the cause, than our out-and-out monarch. He is a good husband; and in the character of a father he is a pattern to all other fathers in the kingdom. Blow me, what I now assert comes from the bottom of my heart—it does come from my heart:—I have a prime little crib of my own, and I do not want any place or pension to burthen my country; therefore I cannot, will not be looked upon as a flatterer. Our king is a friend to the people—he is one of us—an Englishman to the back bone: he has lived amongst us; he is acquainted with our wants from his own eyes and ears; he is also aware of our difficulties and privations; and he loudly praises our subdued feelings towards love of country. King William has now arrived at the top of the tree—the English oak; and he is most anxious to do all the good he can for his loving subjects, and all his exertions are directed towards making them happy. He does not want to deprive the people of their little sports and amusements; and he will not in the slightest degree abridge the sports of his subjects. There is nothing like cant and humbug about the conduct of our beloved sovereign; but, after the manner of a true-hearted sailor, it must be all fair above board, or else he will shiver their timbers who may try to deceive him under false colours.

May I never cock my eye-glass again if I don't well remember seeing that great personage when he was his royal highness, the duke of Clarence, at a *mill*, at Moulsey Hurst; and blow me, why should I be ashamed to tell the truth? I shall never forget the English-like conduct of his royal highness upon that occasion: I was delighted with it—and every person present was in raptures with the remarks which issued from the lips of the royal duke. Indeed, his majesty is too well aware that "TRUE *courage*" is the key-stone to the greatness of Old England.

One of those aristocratic boroughmongering lords, who had left his carriage for a few minutes, as he was accidentally passing the spot, to take a peep at the "Sports of the People," felt himself very much annoyed that he was not immediately recognized, and a 'bed of roses' prepared for him, to prevent the rude wind from interfering with his dignity: one of those sorts of persons in the peerage, whom the late facetious *Peter Pindar* has so finely sketched:—

> But then I'm told agen, that grandeur's sore,
> At owning obligations to the poor;
> Such thanks cut no figure in discourse,
> To say, I'm much oblig'd to "a horse."
>
> Now such forgetfulness is most unpleasant;
> The man that doth receive a hare or pheasant
> Might certainly somewhat from manners spare,
> And say, I thank ye for the bird or hare.

But there was nothing like thanks in the composition of the noble lord alluded to; nay, quite on the contrary, he looked down upon the spectators with the most aristocratic sort of contempt, and appeared quite restless for fear the slightest touch from a plebeian should contaminate his olfactory nerves. The royal duke, observing the uneasiness of the noble lord, thus addressed him: "My lord, you appear rather to be annoyed; but be pleased to recollect that we are all Englishmen alike here; and as to places, we must do the best we can for ourselves." Blow me, but this slap of the chops, as I called it, operated like a cordial to my feelings; nay, better than a thumping glass of brandy; and I remember it as well as if it only occurred yesterday, saying, well, I wish I may die if ever his royal highness comes into power, he will be the right sort of a king to make the people happy; and hang me but my conjectures have proved "a bit of good truth."

It is at Ascot, delightful Ascot races, where the public have the opportunity of beholding his Majesty, and of hearing his remarks without the least reserve. The course at Epsom races, on the Derby day, displays thousands of well-dressed persons, with plenty of *dash*, and *here* and *there* sprinkled with some fashionable folks; and is, in reality, a most beautiful and interesting sight; but on Ascot Heath the splendour of the scene is unrivalled; and the truth is verified to the echo which applauds again, that the king's name is a tower of strength. Ascot may be deemed the rallying-point for all the nobility and gentry, for miles round Windsor, to pay homage to their beloved monarch. It is also at Ascot that dukes, duchesses, marquisses, earls, &c., are to be met with in numbers, promenading up and down the course, as much at their ease as if walking on a private lawn. It is also truly interesting to view the king at his ease, divested of the paraphernalia and etiquette of the court, habited like a private gentleman, easy of access, and conversing with the utmost affability and attention to all his auditors. To behold a monarch of a mighty and powerful nation, without his guards (but possessing a more firm and lasting support than stone walls, or fixed bayonets), secure in the hearts of his people's love: it is English from top to toe; and not only a most gratifying, but a real picture of the independence and liberty of the country. The distance of Ascot from London gives it also a preference over Epsom: the set out and return to the Metropolis, is too long a journey for a single day, and tends to operate more like *fatigue*, than hours devoted to pleasure. The ride through the great park, the appearance of the noble trees, the beautiful surrounding picturesque scenery, the dashing charioteers along the road, the venerable castle, enriching, and giving the prospect a perfect climax, altogether make the journey to Ascot races one of the most desirable places for a week's pleasure in the kingdom. His present majesty, king William, has not been so much interested on the turf as his royal brother, the late king George, and his royal highness, the duke of York. The latter august personage first made his *debut* in the Sporting World, at Ascot races, in 1789; and his royal highness was extremely attached to horse-racing; and, at one period of his life, his stud was said to be unequalled. But, nevertheless, his present Majesty enters into all the spirit of the lively scene, and appears to enjoy it equal to any of the sporting characters present. During the last races, after the king was asked how many of his horses should start for a certain plate, his majesty answered, with great *naïvete*, "O let all the FLEET run!"

But blow me, if it an't all the same thing, after all—talk as you like, and say what you will about the matter—every man has his *hobby* in this world, and will ride him after his own pleasure. When I was a young one (and I wish I may die if I should have any objection to peg back a few years; for, to tell the truth, I am not so tired of the pleasures of this world, as to wish to give them up yet a-while; and, indeed, my *Paulina* says that she should have no objection if I could make myself a bit younger—as youth is the season made for joys. Very true, my dear *Paulina*, says I, but you know very well that we cannot have our cake, and eat it. Yes, when I was a young one I was a tiny bit of a Sporting Character, and rather a sort of hankering after the *fancy*, and was generally considered a 'good man' by all my acquaintances: but, very soon after my *Paulina* took a 'fancy' to me, I was compelled to take a leaf out of another sort of book; indeed, I became completely changed in my habits and general disposition, and being rather of an inquisitive turn of mind, I obtained the title of PAUL PRY. Blow me, if one of the Sporting Fellows, for a joke, or *chaffing* me, as he said, endeavoured to give my pedigree to the company, one night, when I accidentally 'dropped in' to the Pig and Tinder Box, to have a few whiffs on the sly: "Why," said he—the people all laughing, "that sire of yours, *Paul*, was not half a good one; he was nothing better than a pitiful sneak—poking his nose into every company, where he was never invited, and pretending to know every body's business, and a complete stranger to his own affairs; and, to wind up his character, a most disagreeable. impudent fellow. In this state, during his rambles, where he ought not to have rambled, he met with Miss *Curiosity*, a sort of slip-slop personage—a back-biter—fond of making mischief, and a promoter of scandal. She was never welcome any where, either at home or abroad—dear at any price; and must have been knocked down by every auctioneer in the kingdom, as a "shocking bad lot!" This was your precious dam; and the pedigree of your parents. The above union produced a colt—yourself—who was named *Paul Pry*—a chip of the old block, but, most certainly, worse in quality and quantity than either your no-nothing sire, or your presuming, ignorant, vain, self-sufficient dam. Now, if you think you can get a sounder pedigree of your family, or a better character for yourself, why all that I have to say more on the subject, is, you may go and look for it." Blow me if this *chaffing*, as he called it, did not procure him lots of applause, and roars of laughter; and I could not help joining in it with the comical dogs; as it was not so much out of the way, neither, as a body might say—and people in general might not obtain such a good pedigree by paying for it at the Herald's office.

I wish I may die, if the Sporting World is not a complete world within itself—it has its laws, customs, manners, peculiarity of language, and style of dress; and a very funny world it proves to many folks—there are a great number of *ups* and *downs* in it; and worse *falls* are experienced by Sporting men than any tumbles they meet with in hunting. Blow me, if I have not heard the sporting world compared to a pawnbroker's shop—that the chances are Two to *One* against any person who enters it as a matter of speculation to realize a fortune; although it cannot be denied that such achievements have been accomplished, and may be accomplished again; but the instances are very rare.[*] But, nevertheless, it has its advantages as well as its evils; and the races, in many parts of England, not only afford pleasure to numerous classes of society, but enable many poor country folks to pay their rent; indeed, who look forward to the time of the races as a sort of land-mark, from which the above advantage is derived by the great influx of strangers which generally attend such sports, and likewise from the sums of money which are expended at them. The sporting world also offers great encouragement towards promoting the breed of horses, dogs, &c., and many noblemen, and gentlemen, attached to the British sports, expend great part of their fortunes by giving employment to thousands of persons. However, it cannot be denied that the attractions of the sporting world are very alluring to the high-spirited, the thoughtless, and unwary persons to speculate with their money on sporting events; that ruin, precipitate-ruin, is too often the serious consequences before any such result is anticipated. There is also great ambition in the sporting world like other movements in life, that some men wish to possess the best stud in the kingdom; or a crack pack of hounds; and superior animals of every description; and no doubt but great sums of money have been expended in this manner. It is equally true that many persons are to be met with in the sporting world, who obtain a livelihood, as it is termed, on the "*chance* of the thing;" but nevertheless it does not follow that all sporting men are GAMBLERS: indeed, the contrary is the fact; there are numbers of breeders of horses, and backers of men, who contribute towards the stakes or prizes given for certain things, to be accomplished in the sporting world as a reward for trials of skill and exertions, in the true sense of supporting British sports, but who never risque a shilling on any event in a *gambling* point of view. However such things must find their own level; and notwithstanding the rapid strides the March of Intellect has made towards the improvement of society, we have not heard amongst the numerous patents which have been specified, that one has been obtained possessing the qualities of changing a fool into a wise man; to put brains into an empty scull; or to convince an obstinate man against his will; but, until something like this can be procured to regulate the propensities of mankind, orators may declaim against the pernicious effects of the sporting world, and parsons preach till they become hoarse, and yet obtain no proselytes. Blow me, as often as I have said to my Paulina, men who have their eyes open ought to see their way; or, in other words to 'look before they leap;' and if they have ears to hear, why do they not listen to good advice, and avoid the glaring errors committed by the thoughtless and dissipated part of society? and again, why do not men in general profit by the terrible examples which daily cross their paths, to behold men of immense property reduced to wretchedness and beggary, and all owing to their improper conduct? "Why, my dear *Paul*," said *Paulina*, laughing, "you are become quite a preacher, you have been *prying* for something, I think?" "Yes," I replied, "*Paulina*, I must admit I have had a little of the talk this time to myself, and you must not expect to keep all the *preaching* to yourself in future; and, therefore, by way of *finale* to my synopsis, the next opportunity that occurs I shall take another peep at the sporting world, or as my learned friend in the temple, Dr. Latitat, observes—MORE ANON.

## THE HUNTSMAN AND WHIPPER-IN.

It is no uncommon practice, among our young 'squires, to take the first wide-throated attendant that offers his service, and make him his huntsman; imagining the colour of his coat will qualify him for the office: but certainly no one is fit for it who is not born with a natural cast and readiness of mind, and has not improved those talents by long study, observation, and experience.

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[*] Mr. John Gulley, one of the best judges of horse racing in the kingdom but obtained by unwearied industry and practical experience. His *word* on the turf is good for thousands, nay, to any amount: his integrity also in *paying* has never been impeached, and his conduct honorable and gentlemanly throughout the Sporting World. His knowledge of the odds is superlative; and his calculations upon the above subject rapid in the extreme: indeed, he stands so high in this respect that the first accountants in the kingdom could not "get the best of him," either on the score of quickness, or in point of accuracy in placing the odds upon the various horses. It is true Mr. Gulley has been one of the favorites of the powerful and all worshipped goddess, and he has obtained for himself a large fortune; but it is equally true he has proved by his conduct throughout his family worthy of that great success which has attended his speculations on the turf. And in the character of a good son, an affectionate husband, an indulgent fond father, and a kind hearted brother, he has never been surpassed. In other situations a warm friend, and a worthy companion. Since the days of Colonel O'Kelly on the turf, we have had nothing like the enterprise of Mr. Gulley: on *Memnon* alone the winner of the St. Leger Stakes, in 1825, he netted £22,000. He has been the proprietor of Hare Park, near Newmarket, where he took up his residence for some time; but he has since disposed of it, and now lives in Arkwright Park, near Pontefact, also purchased by him—where he is visited by persons of the first description in Society: and no man "does the honors of the table" with a better specimen of 'good breeding' than Mr. Gulley. The words of POPE are strongly verified by the conduct of this gentleman.

Honor and shame from no condition rise
Act well your part, *there* all the honor lies.

The great flow of riches into his coffers have not spoiled the man, neither has his great success elevated him a *jot* above his old friends and acquaintances. He still remains the same plain unassuming person, and highly respected JOHN GULLEY.—*Trip to Ascot Races.*

Peter Beckford, Esq., in his Thoughts on Hunting, makes it appear that a good huntsman must be an amiable, as well as an accomplished character.—"A good huntsman," says he, "should be young, strong, active, bold, and enterprising; fond of the diversion and indefatigable in the pursuit of it; he should be sensible and good-tempered; he ought also to be sober; he should be exact, civil, and cleanly; he should be a good horseman, and a good groom; his voice should be strong and clear, and he should have an eye so quick as to perceive which of his hounds carries the scent when all are running; and should have so excellent an ear as always to distinguish the foremost hounds when he does not see them. He should be quiet, patient, and without conceit. Such are the excellencies which constitute a good huntsman: he should not, however, be too fond of displaying them till necessity calls them forth. He should let his hounds alone whilst they can hunt, and he should have genius to assist them when they cannot."

It is well known that the conquest of a hare, like that of an enemy, does not attend on vigorous attacks or pursuits, but there are a hundred accidents to which the success of the field is obnoxious, and which ought always to be in the head of the huntsman, if he would come off with glory.

A huntsman must not forget that a hare has her particular play; that, however, that play is occasioned or changed according to the variation of wind and weather, the weight of the air, the nature of the ground, and the degrees of eagerness with which she is pursued. Nor is he to be unmindful of the numerous accidents she may meet with in her way, to turn her out of her course—to cover her flight—to quicken her speed, or to furnish her with an opportunity of new devices. It is not enough to have a general knowledge of these things before the game is started; but in the heat of action, when most tempted to be in raptures with the melody of the cry, and the expectation of success; at every step he should calmly observe the alterations of the soil—the position of the wind—the time of the year; and no less take notice with what speed she is driven—how far she is likely to keep on forward—or to turn short behind; whether she has not been met by passengers—frightened by curs—intercepted by sheep; whether an approaching storm—a rising wind—a sudden blast of the sun—the going off of the frost—the repetition of soiled ground—the decay of her own strength, or any other probable turn of affairs.

Other things are equally necessary to be remembered by the huntsman, as the particular quality and character of each dog; whether the present leaders are not apt to overrun it; which are most inclined to stand upon the double; which are to be depended on in the highway, on the ploughed ground, or a bare turf, in an uncertain scent, in the crossing of fresh game, through a flock of sheep, upon the soil or stole-back. The size and strength of the hare will also make a difference; nor must the hounds themselves be followed so closely, or so loudly cherished when fresh and vigorous, as after they have run off their speed and mettle, and begin to be tired.

A young huntsman, when the scent lies well, should always keep himself pretty far behind. At such a time, especially if it be against the wind, it is impossible for the poor hare to hold it forward; nor has she any trick or refuge for her life, but to stop short by the way, and, when all are passed, to steal immediately back, which frequently occasions an irrecoverable fault in the midst of the warmest sport and expectations, and is the best trick the poor hare has for her life in scenting weather; whereas, if the huntsman were not too forward, he would have the advantage of seeing her steal off and turning her aside, or more probably the pleasure of the dogs, returning and thrusting her up in view.

It often happens that the fleet dog is the favorite, though it would be much better if he were hanged or exchanged. Be a dog ever so good, in his own nature, he is not good in that pack which is too slow for him. There is generally work enough for every one of the train, and every one ought to bear his part; but this the heavy ones cannot do if they are out of breath by the unproportioned speed of a light-heeled leader. For it is not enough that they are able to keep up, which a true hound will labour hard for, but he must be able to do it with ease, with retention of breath and spirits, and with his tongue at command. It must never be expected that the indentures of the hare can be well covered, or her doubles struck off (nor is the sport worth a farthing), if the harriers run yelping in a long string, like deer or fox-hounds.

Sportsmen should hang up every liar and chanter, without sparing even those that are silly and trifling, without nose or sagacity. It is common in many kennels to keep some for their music or beauty, but this is extremely wrong. It is a certain maxim that dogs which do no good must certainly do much harm; they serve only to soil the ground, and confound the scent; to scamper before and interrupt their betters in the most difficult points. And long experience authorises me to affirm, that four or five couple, all good and trusty hounds, will do more execution than thirty or forty, where a third of them are eager and headstrong, and, like coxcombs among men, noisy in doing nothing.

To join with strangers is an effectual method to spoil and debauch the staunchest hounds, to turn the best-mettled into mad-headed galloppers, liars, and chatterers; and to put them on nothing but out-running their rivals and overrunning the scent. The emulation of leading (as well in dogs as their masters) has been the absolute ruin of many a good cry. Nor are strange huntsmen more desirable than strange companions; for, as the skill and existence of these animals consist in use and habit, they should always be accustomed to the same voice, the same notes or hallooing, and the same terms of chiding, cherishing, pressing, or recalling; nor should the country fellows be allowed, in their transports, to extend their throats.

Change of game should be avoided, but many sportsmen would think it a hardship to have nothing to kill when hares are out of season; it is, however, certain, that the best harriers are those which know no other.

Mr. Beckford, speaking on this subject, says, he always thought a huntsman a happy man; his office is so pleasing, and at the same time so flattering; we pay him for that which diverts him, and he is enriched by his greatest pleasure;* nor is a general, after a victory, more proud than a huntsman who returns with his fox's head.

I shall finish my remarks on the necessary qualifications for hunting with an anecdote related by the gentleman above-named:—"I have heard that a certain duke, who allowed no vails to his servants, asked his huntsman what he generally made of his field-money; and gave him what he asked instead of it: this went on very well for some time, till at last the huntsman desired an audience:—'Your Grace,' said he, 'is very generous, and gives me more than ever I got for field-money in my life; yet I come to beg a favor of your Grace: that you would let me take field-money again, for I have not half the pleasure now in killing a fox that I had before.'"

Permit me, gentlemen, before I conclude this long epistle, to say something on the perfections and duty required of a whipper-in. He should be attentive and obedient to the huntsman; and, as his horse will probably have most to do, the lighter he is the better: but, if he be a good horseman, the objection of his weight will be sufficiently overbalanced. He should always maintain to the huntsman's halloo, and stop such hounds as divide from it.

When stopped, he should get forward with them after the huntsman.

He must always be contented to act an under part, except when circumstances require that he should act otherwise; and, the moment they cease, he must not fail to resume his former station. When the huntsman cannot be up with the hounds, the whipper-in should; in which case it is the business of the huntsman to bring on the tail hounds along with him.

Where there are two whippers-in, the first should be considered as a second huntsman, and should have nearly the same good qualities. When whippers-in are left at liberty to act as they shall think right, they are much less confined than the huntsman, who must follow his hounds; and consequently they have greater scope to exert their genius, if they have any.

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## A Day at Epsom Races.

*It is a poor heart that never rejoices!*

The family of the Twankey's are great tea-dealers in the metropolis. Old Twankey, as the phrase goes, had done all his dirty-work, and, to use his own words, "when he commenced business, he could scarcely jingle two shillings together:" he was originally a porter to a large tea-warehouse, and Mrs. Twankey was the cook; but having found favor in each other's eyes—what with the perquisites of the kitchen, and the 'funds and numbs' of the place of porter, they put their odd matters together, and swore constancy at the hymeneal altar. In consequence of such union their interests became as one; they had an eye to the main chance of life, and, entertaining the old but true notions that servitude is no inheritance, took a shop for themselves, scarcely bigger than a nobleman's salt-box. Up early, and to bed late, their shop was always opened the first in the neighbourhood, and was the last with the shutters closed. Mrs. Twankey, being above vulgar prejudices, lent a helping hand to fill the till by waiting upon her customers: success crowned their exertions; the coppers soon rolled into shillings, the silver into pounds, the sovereigns into notes; their cash became too bulky to keep at home; stock was purchased at the Bank; freeholds were bought; a residence among the barristers and fashionable cits in Gower-street was taken, and Mr. Twankey ultimately became one of the Common Council, with an aspiring eye towards becoming an alderman, and all that sort of city greatness which might ultimately place him in the golden coach.

Their union was blessed with a boy and a girl, named Theophilus Henry and Penelope Georgiana—two prime chits in their way. Education was forced upon these children, just as much as it had been neglected by the parents. Gentility was the idol of the young folks, while, on the contrary, all the cutting-out and padding of the tailor could not polish old Mr. Twankey; nor could the superior embellishments of the dress-maker and milliner give address to Mrs. T.—No, they were always designated the "Rich Old Grocer and his Wife". Old Twankey and his rib had scarcely had a day's pleasure in their lives—working from morning to night was their hobby; and the shop, the shop, and nothing else but the shop, their continual theme of delight. But as Mrs. Twankey got up in the world, and heard so much about Epsom Races amongst her new and tip-top acquaintances, she was determined, for once in her life, to do the 'genteel thing,' and give her son and

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* The field money which is collected at the death of the fox.

*darter* a treat to see the 'Darby'—"Derby, mamma," replied Penelope (with a blush upon her cheek, and in a whisper), "Mamma, pray be upon your guard when we are upon the Course, and near to the nobility!" "For God's sake! do mother," cried Theophilus—"Should any slip of that sort occur, it would ruin me in the estimation of my schoolfellows and acquaintances; they would set me down as an upstart, in spite of our property." "Never fear, my boy and girl," cried Old Twankey, "let them laugh that likes; I have got that in my pocket, if I have it not in my head, which will make you, your sister, the old woman, and myself intelligible through life; so let us get ready, the coach will be here in a few minutes." The coach came: "Now, Mrs. Twankey, take your seat, and make yourself comfortable," said Mr. Twankey. "I likes the look of the carriage very well indeed," observed Mrs. T. "But, post-boys, are the horses sure-footed? Your master received particular orders from my husband, last night, not to send any stumbling creatures." "Why, as to that ere, Ma'am—my Lady, I should have said—I believe no man in our line would insure his cattle from going down. Accidents will happen, and the best of us are liable to make slips at times." "Yes, it may be so, but that won't do for me; I wouldn't have them trip up for all the tea in—" "Hush! my dear Mamma," cried Miss Pen., "we are out upon pleasure, not business." "It is all perfectly safe," said Theophilus in a subdued tone of voice. "Do not, mother, ask any more questions—What will the men think of us?" "Get on boys," said the Old Grocer; and they did get on. The horses were good; the boys pushed along, passing every thing on the road. Clouds of dust, myriads of horsemen, vehicles of all sorts—a complete world in motion. "My dear husband," observed Mrs. T., "what a rate we are going! I am frightened out of my wits!—We shall be overturned I am sure!—I tremble every limb of me!—I am choked with dust!—All my clothes will be spoiled!—My four-guinea bonnet will be done for!—I shall never be able to wear my silk pelisse any more!—O dear! I wish I had not come; I would sooner have been at home behind the coun—" "Mamma, mamma! think where you are," cried Miss Pen. "It is fine talking, my love, but all my thoughts are jolted out of me—I wish I could stop the coach." "It will soon stop," said Theophilus Henry, with a grin on his countenance.—"Here is a turnpike at hand." "Come, be quick, Sir—your ticket!" bawled out the man at the gate. "You ought to have got it ready, and not be fumbling in your pockets for it all the day—Don't you see the string of carriages behind you?" "It is our coach," angrily replied Mrs. Twankey. "Yes, Ma'am, I supposes it is—for the day; but you can't gammon me; it an't job for all that—we knows the hack-horses—we are up to snuff—such tales von't do for Jem and I, so ve must have the day-ticket, or you don't go through—that's the long and short of the matter." "What an impudent fellow to talk to gentlefolks! I wish I was a man, I'd teach you better manners!" said Mrs. T., bursting with rage. "That may so appear as how to you, Ma'am, and we turnpike folks are considered a little bit imperent on race-days by the Greenies, who don't know vat travelling is—a parcel of folks who puts by a penny a-week to give themselves a holiday once in their lives. We can't lose our time in bowing and scraping to people, or picking our vords; we have our vork to do, and that must be done, or else our props will give us the go-by, or, in other vords, turn us up. Ve do every thing in the reg'lar vay—If you have no tickets, you are of no use to us; therefore, as how you see, ve must have the *blunt*, or else you don't go through. I believe as how, at least I never heard of it, did you Jem?—that any Hact of Parliament had been passed to teach us turnpike chaps to diskiver gentlefolks from commoners."

The dispute about the ticket having been arranged, by the Old Grocer paying for the negligence of the boys, the turnpike-man's cry of "All's right!" again set the vehicle in motion, and the lads, scarcely having room to clear an inch of the other carriages, made the best of their way through numberless gigs, curricles, tandems, fours, overloaded waggons, crowded carts, glass-coaches, shatter-dans, flys, &c., contesting every bit of the road with the sixteen-mile-an-hour tits, down to the roarers, the gibs, the limpers (only fit for the dogs): in truth, such was the eagerness displayed by the inhabitants of the first city in the world to witness the great Derby Stakes contended for at Epsom, that every thing in the shape of a horse was brought into play, to the complete 'clean-out' of all the livery-stables in the metropolis.

The boys pulled-up at the inn-door at Ewell. Mrs. Twankey eagerly inquired the cause of the delay. "Why, Ma'am," replied the lads, "please ye, my lady, we must stop a little bit, ye see, to take the dust out of the poor hanimals' mouths; for, if we push forward to the ground, we may not be able to get water under a shilling for half a pailful; therefore you see, Ma'am, the spur is of no service, and the whip will not do any good. If we do not attend upon our cattle, they will not move.—Lord bless you, my lady, the horses know as well as we do, that it is race-time, and they will have refreshment. We boys too (by the bye, two old men) if you please, my lady, likewise stand in need of a little summut to drink." "Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Twankey, "and is water really so dear?—What a fine speculation it would be for the New River Company to furnish water at such a price!"

The course appeared to the delighted eyes of the whole of the Twankey family. "I am, indeed, astonished!" said Mrs. Twankey; "the more I cast my eyes around, the more I have to admire.—What a beautiful building!" "Yes, Mamma," replied Miss Pen., "it is an elegant Stand—the sight altogether surprises me—What an immense assemblage of persons!—I must confess, I was not at all prepared for it—I am delighted beyond measure." "Well," said Mr. Twankey (rubbing his hands in ecstacy), "this sight will repay us for all the dust and other disagreeables we have had to encounter during our long journey—won't it my dear Mrs. T.?—Come, lads, get us a good place near the Stand, and take out the horses, that we may take a walk over the Course, and look at the booths and other novelties."

The Twankey family, having settled the above preliminaries to their mind, went to view the Course. The first thing that attracted their notice was an elegantly fitted-up *un, deux, cinque* booth; and they listened with great attention to the invitation given by the man at the door, 'Walk in, walk in, ladies and gentlemen, to the royal game of '*un, deux, cinque;*' we are liberal to the echo; we are not like your London play-managers, we do not charge for admission; therefore, I say, walk in. Now is the time to make your fortune if you only bring plenty of sovereigns with you, and mind you are lucky—that is the grand art of making your fortunes.—You may also perceive, ladies and gentlemen, that I give you advice gratis; that is, in plain English, for nothing. I like to make myself intelligible to all parties to prevent mistakes. This game is a royal game, therefore it is strictly fashionable; no commoners are permitted to put down their money, or to mix with the first-rate quality, which always visits this here grand booth at this partiklar time of the year.—Stand by, good people, for the dukes, lords, and other persons belonging to the Upper House, who are eager to walk in without any interruption.—There is the red colour for those that approve of red; and, for those persons who do not approve of red, there is the black colour by way of variety; but, should any lady or gentleman fancy the blue, there is the blue colour for them: and no questions will be asked.' "This man talks very fair," said Mr. Twankey, "suppose we go in and take a peep;" when young Theophilus soon lost a few half-crowns by way of paying towards the expenses of the booth.

"Who is that gentleman nodding to you upon that carriage in so *family* a manner, my dear Pen?" "Familiarly!" whispered Theophilus to his mother. "See Mamma," answered Miss Penelope, "don't you?—it is Mr. Smithers, the gentleman we met one night last season at Vauxhall, in company with my father's friend Mr. Molasses; he knows every thing:—Mr. Smithers—if you remember, you said he was as good as an almanack, as intelligent as a bill of the play, as instructive as the Court Guide, and as communicative as the London Directory." "Yes, Penn., you are right," answered Mrs T., "he was very entertaining, and most excellent company; he knows everything." "Does he?" said Theophilus with a sneer—"he knows every thing but his own business—I hate him—he is such a presuming, self-important fellow, and I long to tell him so!" "O fie!" replied Mrs. T., "you must be polite to him now; another time say what you like—I perceive he is making up to us." After the usual congratulations had passed between them, "You are come very opportunely," said Miss Pen.; "we shall become acquainted with all the public characters now you are with us, Mr. Smithers." "You flatter me, Miss," replied Mr. Smithers; "but you may command my services. Well, then, to commence—Have you met with any of the conveyancers in your walk over the Course?" "Conveyancers! Who do you mean, Mr. Smithers?" exclaimed Mr. Twankey. "The *conveyancers*," said Mr. S., laughing, "are a set of men who convey property from one to another without the use of parchment, or the aid of lawyers; by other intelligent persons they are styled artists, being in the drawing profession, although they are extremely averse to having their own likenesses taken; but by the vulgar sort of folks they are ignorantly alluded to as pick-pockets." "O dear! Mr. Smithers," said Mrs. T., "be kind enough to point out some of these conveyancers to us." "Not for the world, Madam—my life would be at stake; and I might be conveyed to a bone-house to be owned, by making my exit from society before my time was come. I have put you on your guard at all events—I must leave you for the present to return to my party; but I will join you again before the race commences." On their return to their vehicle, their attention was arrested by a man with a small table, upon which were three thimbles with peas under them, similar to the jugglers with the cups and balls. "Now's your time to make money," said the fellow, playing with the thimbles; "I'll bet five pounds the pea is under that thimble,"—pointing to it. "It is not," said Mr. T., "I saw him throw the pea away." "You never could see in your life," replied the hero of the thimble; "you can't see the pea when you look at it: besides, I'll bet you five pounds you an't got a shilling in your pocket; and, if you have, you borrowed it. Why you know, ould chap, you only got your togs down the spout last night"—(a loud laugh from his confederates)—"This poor ould fellow is superannivated, he does not know what he says." Don't I, you insolent fellow," answered Mr. T., angrily; "do you think I can't believe my own eyes?" No, my old covey," replied the man, "and I'll bet you a sovereign the ball is under that thimble." "Well," said Mrs. Twankey, "you shall bet him a sovereign for his impudence; you are sure to win, that the sovereign is not under the thimble." Mr. T. put down the sovereign in a rage—when the bubble soon burst—the old grocer lost his money, amidst loud shouts of laughter from the thimble-man and his confederates. The latter fellows now taunted Mr. T. to have "another shy, as he might be more lucky next time." This language produced a sort of pushing of several of them against the grocer and his family, who, with great difficulty, extricated himself and his wife from their clutches. "I am very glad, my dear," said Mrs. T., "we have got safe from those fellows; never mind the sovereign." "The Course now looks interesting indeed; every part of it seems filled with company," exclaimed Miss Penn., "and they all appear so happy, taking their dinners and wine. I think we had better get to our coach as fast as possible, and take some refreshment; it will not be long before the horses start, I suppose. Papa, be kind enough to tell me how the time goes?" Mr. Twankey, on putting his hand to his fob, almost ready to faint, said, "It is gone! O the rascals!" "What is gone, Mr. T.?" asked his wife. "My gold watch, chain, and seals—all are gone! by those cursed conveyancers that Mr. Smithers talked about." On recovering himself a little, he made his loss known to a police-officer, while the family made all haste to their carriage, not in the best humour.

During the time they were lunching, and lamenting their losses, a dispute occurred between the coachman of a duke and a costard-monger, by the latter fellow insisting upon standing behind the carriage in spite of the coachman and footman attempting to displace him. "What does I care for a duke," said he, "any more than a dustman! The King, God bless him! I knows would let me stand behind his wehicle if I axed him. I supposes as how as I am made of the same flesh and blood as any of them there dukes who hold their heads so high—why I know'd the duke when he wanted a shirt." "You lying scoundrel!" replied the coachman, "how dare you abuse my master?" "It is no abuse," answered the costard-monger; "and I'll bet you a kavarten of Seager's brilliant that it is a bit of good truth. Why, you stupid fool, he was born like other men—without a shirt. Well, he wanted one then, didn't he, spooney?"

In England, it is this sort of saucy independence which distinguishes its mob. Deny them not their pleasures—let them have their *say*, and beard the great folks if it suits their whim—grumble at any thing they do not understand or like—and contentment is the result. The names of oppression and power bring forth thousands in an instant to oppose them. This sort of championship against, or perhaps in reality jealousy of, power of all kinds, even in the lowest ranks, peculiarly marks the national character.

When the foregoing battle of words had subsided, Mrs. Twankey missed her reticule. While she was listening to the fracas, some person had got up behind the carriage, and carried it off with its valuable contents. "This is all through coming to the races!" exclaimed Mrs. T. in a tone of agony. "I shall go distracted—I am mad already—robbed in this manner and no redress to be had, it is abominable!" "Compose yourself, my dear mamma," said Miss P.; "I see Mr. Smithers coming towards us—he will tell you and papa the proper means to get the watch and reticule back again." The plausible manner of Mr. S. went a great way towards the consolation of the Twankeys. "I will," said he, "as soon as I get back to town, speak to my friends the magistrates about your loss, and I have no doubt but it will be rectified. I will set all the thief-takers in London after the rascals —so a truce to melancholy now, my dear Mrs. and Mrs. Twankey. Depend upon it, I will be as good as my word." This soothed the unhappy couple for a time.

"I never saw so much beauty and fashion," said Miss Pen., looking up at the Stand, "in my life!" "There are some pretty women, I admit," replied Mr. Smithers, "and also a sprinkling of beauty and fashion; but for the rest" (shrugging up his shoulders), "they come under the denomination of well-dressed folks, nothing more—persons wholly indebted to the tailor and dress-maker for their appearance." "You are too severe," answered Miss Pen.; but pray who is that fashionably-dressed female, who seems in such high spirits, and to whom all the gentlemen are paying so much attention?" "O, I perceive," said Mr. S., "the person you allude to is a lady newly come to a title; but I hate scandal, 'pon my honor I do—yet they do say she had at least five keepers before." "Poor dear lady! out of her mind!" answered Mrs. Twankey; "what a pity to be so afflicted!" "O no, my dear madam," said Mr. S., suppressing a laugh, "before she could get any one in the mind to be her partner for life—" (whispering in her ear). "Indeed! you surprise me, Mr. S." replied Mrs. Twankey. "Nothing new for fashionable people to marry so—an every-day sort of thing—a mere bagatelle!" answered Mr. S. "Who is that sallow-complexioned, smirking-looking gentleman near her?" asked Mrs. Twankey. "He is a great lawyer when on the bench, Mr. Justice ——," said Mr. S. laughing; "but having left his wig behind him, he has not a particle of either law or justice now attached to his person." "O fie!" observed Miss Pen., "you are really too severe; but who is that gentleman appearing to be rather lame, whom the crowd are gazing upon—is he not some public character?" "Yes, my dear Miss Penelope," answered Mr. S., "he is a very public character, but strange to say he is always at home." "How very odd," said Miss Pen., "Not at all, Miss Pen.! I should have said his talents are of such superior description he is at home everywhere." But I should like to know if you can tell me, who is that young gentleman, in conversation with the dashing young lady near the corner of the Stand?" Mr. S. replied with a smile, "He is one of our celebrated singers, and a good fellow into the bargain; but, however his notes may prove attractive elsewhere, they will not pass current here, without they are indorsed with the cash account for the sport. 'That's the time of day' to the jockies and trainers; the pleasing sounds to them are 'Post the poney —down with the dust—P. P.' but you must excuse me, my dear Miss Penelope, every thing in its place, when we are at Rome, you know, we must do as Rome does."

"But hark! I hear the bell rings for saddling," observed Mr. Smithers,—"look out, my dear friends, make the most of your time, and listen to B—— there. Goldfinch, in the Road to Ruin, is a mere apology to B——for the description of a race. He is an eccentric character altogether,—look—his hands, his his legs, his arms, his head, are all at work; his frame is almost reduced to a jelly with agitation. The Bank—the Reform question, the world, in fact, every thing is lost sight of in his anxiety at the race; he is one of the favorites of fortune. He is known to carry with him one of his fine Holland pillow-cases to fill with the money produced from his bets; and he brings his dog-cart with him, after the races, to Tattersall's to carry off the large sums he wins to the Bank. Listen! There they go—now they are off—Hæmus takes the lead: Bras de Fer second; Cuidad Rodrigo following, accompanied by Slight and Colwich; good—well meant—I like it. Look at Riddlesworth, Vestris, Caleb, Africanus, Fordonsi, and Pigmy, on the outside: just as I wish them,—Judgment! Excellent! and not lost in the mob. Now they are on the turn:– See– see—see—Colwich is distressed; Rattler no chance; Roadster out of it altogether; Surprise attracts no notice, and Cressida done up! The corner is gained, I am all alive again—Beautiful! Delightful! Charming!—See how close they are together. Behold Hæmus, Riddlesworth, Cuidad, and Fordonsi, all in front. Go along my pretty ones; the winner is amongst them! Riddlesworth for a thousand. Ha! do my eyes deceive me—Spaniel and Incubus appear to be creeping up in a good place; Silenus is of no use; she lags—declines. What a picture for an artist! There's stepping out for you—only look at the action: talk of Opera dancers—Psha! Take notice: Incubus, Fordonsi, and Ciudad are as close together as a pill-box. What a prime racer is Riddlesworth!—a picture of a horse, there's nothing like Rid. on the Course for blood and bone. The whip—the whip! make play, my boy, and you can't lose it! Take care of that Spaniel! Now I look again it is dangerous. Spur Riddlesworth, boy—get over the ground if it break your neck! The race is between Riddlesworth and Spaniel; it will be a near thing. You don't name the winner for a thousand—they are neck and neck. See what a plunge Spaniel has made; very near winning it."

"Near it!" exclaims the steward, "Spaniel has won by three-quarters of a length."

"Only look, my dear Mrs. Twankey, at the long faces of the losers," exclaimed Mr. Smithers, "the knowing ones have dropped their blunt. I beg pardon; they have lost their money—they are done brown!"

"How can you tell a knowing one?" asked Mr. Twankey.

"Why," replied Mr. Smithers, "I must admit that's a puzzler. Instead of knowing, they should be termed 'foolish ones.' As a proof of their sagacity and turf-knowledge, 50 to 1 was the betting against the winning horse; in fact, Spaniel was never named as having any chance by the knowing ones."

Mr. Smithers having made his bow, the Twankeys immediately prepared themselves to leave the Course; but as many things happen between the cup and the lip, the 'pitiless pelting storm' soon made its way through all their finery; and, before they could close up their carriage, another misery of life presented itself; the carriage hinges were out of repair, and some considerable time elapsed before they were protected from the weather. "Get on, post-boys," cried Theophilus Henry, "and stop at the first respectable inn you come to." The lads went off at a good round pace; but, on their coming in contact with numberless carriages, where the roads meet, smack went a pole through the pannels, the violent shock of which nearly upset the whole of the Twankeys in the mud. To describe the consternation and fright of Mrs. and Miss T. is impossible: life could scarcely be kept in them. After the confusion and swearing had a little subsided, and they had recovered themselves without injury,—the supposed aggressor having left his card by way of reparation for the damages done to Mr. T.'s coach, which in their hurry they did not perceive had only the name of Thompson on it—thus getting rid of the accident altogether, and saddling the expences upon the Twankeys. They again made progress on the road, when the carriage pulled up at a tolerably-looking decent house. On getting out, a mob of boys had assembled round the door, and the first salutations the Twankeys met with—'What a shocking bad bonnet that female woman has got on her head!' 'Only look at that queer tile upon that old chap's nob!' and other like most agreeable greetings, accompanied with loud shouts of laughter, and other marks of ridicule. To mend the matter, or rather to make a bad introduction worse, every room was crowded with company; the bells incessantly ringing; the cries of 'Waiter—waiter,' from the top of the house to the bottom; plenty of orders, but no attention paid to them; and several persons intercepting the servants, and fighting for hot water, bread and butter, &c.

After the patience of Mrs. T. was completely tired out, and calling the waiter fifty times at least, she said, "I insist, man, you will pay some attention to what I want."

"Insisting won't fit here, Ma'am," replied the waiter, "you may insist as much as you please, but who cares for it? You are only one of God A'mighty's customers; and if the chovies had'n't come down so fast, and drove you into this here house, ve shou'dn't have had you at all: but I can tell you, Ma'am, for your comfort, the cream is all gone—no milk is to be had; and if you stop here until midnight, you will not get any thing: we are drained quite dry with every thing in the liquor vay."

The Twankeys found it useless to complain, and bore all their misfortunes with a kind of stoic consolation—that their troubles would soon be over; but, after repeated exertions made by Theophilus at the bar, with persuasions and almost threats, some refreshments were obtained for his almost exhausted mother and sister. The post-boys had attended to their horses, and the Twankeys, being in a little better humour, made another start for London.

The streets of the metropolis were duly gained; the gas-lights seemed to send forth more brilliant rays than ever to the anxious eyes of Mrs. Twankey. The old grocer began to chuckle to himself, that like his predecessor, Johnny Gilpin, he had gone farther than he intended, but got safe home at last. The horses, like hack horses in general, upon feeling the stones under their feet, trotted along merrily without the whip; even the post-boys were glad their tiresome journey was at an end. Miss Penelope Twankey, quite disappointed, fatigued, and out of temper, that neither her 'dear self' nor her great fortune had made any conquest; and Theophilus, the best informed of the family of the Twankeys, equally disgusted that the day had turned out a bore instead of a record of pleasure. The name of Twankey, on the shining brass-plate, was never viewed before with half such pleasure by the family. The knocker's rattling peal occasioned the door to open in a twinkling, and the family were at length seated by their own fire-side. The joy of Mrs. Twankey was so great, that she could not disguise it, and began humming the well-known air:—

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Still be it ever so humble, there's no PLACE like HOME.

It is true, that Mrs. T. did not sing the above pathetic ballad exactly after the penetrating strains of Miss M. Tree, neither did it resemble the harmonious notes of Mrs. Waylett; but, nevertheless, it came from the heart. "Thank God," said she, upon seating herself in her elbow chair, "I am once more at home: the watch and reticule we shall have again, I hope, through Mr. Smithers; if not, I am at home and no matter; if ever they catch me again at the races, why then my friends shall tell me my name is not Twankey, and I am not satisfied with my home."

"Yes, my dear," echoed Mr. T., and I will allow those blackguard little boys again to insult me with the prevailing, foolish, unmeaning phrase of 'What a shocking bad hat you have got!' if ever they lay hold of me more. No more races for me. No more thimbles for me; I shall hate the sight of a thimble till the last hour of my life."

"La! Pa," exclaimed Miss Penelope, do not be so angry about the loss of a sovereign."

"Well, I wont; I'll bear in mind with cheerfulness," said old Twankey, "one of my copies which I used to write when I was a school-boy—'all's well that end's well!'"—*Metropolitan Mag.*

### CANINE INGRATITUDE.

The dog, of all the animals in the creation, has ever been regarded as the peculiar friend and companion of man. Among the most conspicuous of those qualities which bind him to his master, and render him amiable to mankind, is that of *gratitude;* gratitude, which no ill usage can shake, nor neglect can destroy. But anomalies are no less frequent in animals than in man; the latter have their moral deviations, and the former their instinctive contradictions. As a striking proof of the justness of these deductions, we will present to our readers the following accredited fact.

A butcher of Mitcham in Surrey, had reared a mastiff-dog from a puppy, and was so attached to him, that he was his constant company wherever he went. One day this mastiff had been eating very plentifully of some horse-flesh which his master had purchased for him, and having lost some part of it, the butcher attempted to take hold of it, in order to lay it by: the dog instantly seized his arm, and tore the flesh in a most dreadful manner; not content with this, the furious animal flew up at his master's throat, where he fastened himself, and was not loosened from his hold, till some neighbours tied a rope round his neck in order to strangle him. The moment the dog felt the cord, he let go; and such was the extraordinary attachment of the butcher to this favorite mastiff, that although his life was in imminent danger, he would not suffer the animal to be destroyed. It is generally supposed that eating such a quantity of raw horse-flesh occasioned the ferocity of the animal; for, till this circumstance happened, he had always been remarkably docile.

### ADVANTAGES ARISING FROM HAVING DUMMY FOR YOUR PARTNER, AT WHIST.

If I sit down with some, I am check'd and abus'd,
Into ridicule turn'd, and, indeed, so ill us'd—
But when for my Partner grave Dummy I take,
He ever looks kind should I make a mistake;
If I play a wrong card, takes the will for the deed,
Nor says ought if I fail in returning his lead;
Should I trump his best card, or forget what is out
(A very great error in playing, no doubt),
Yet he never reproves me as others would do—
Nor says, "I ne'er saw such a player as you;
"Why the Ace Sir, was out—what a sad stupid thing,
"You should, certainly, Partner, have put on your King."
And then, should we win, and the losers pay toll,
Dum quiet remains, though I pocket the whole;
But let me observe (by the way rather loth),
Should Dum and I lose—I must pay stakes for BOTH.

# PIERCE EGAN'S
# BOOK OF SPORTS.

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No. V.] [*Price Three Pence.*

## TOM SPRING'S PARLOUR;

### *Otherwise the* "TEMPLE OF THE FANCY!" *Castle Tavern, Holborn.*

Then let us be merry,
While drinking our Sherry,
For friendship and harmony can't last too long:
Be still our endeavour
That nothing shall sever
The *Lads of the Fancy*, at the CASTLE so strong.

THE Castle Tavern was first opened as a Sporting House, about two and twenty years ago, by the well-known *Bob Gregson;* but designated, at that period, under the familiar title of BOB'S CHOP HOUSE:

His house is known to all the *milling* train;
He gives them liquor, and relieves their pain.

The Castle Tavern was also viewed as a sort of 'finger post' by his countrymen, as the 'Lancashire House;' and considered by them a most elegible situation to give their Champion a call, on their visits to the Metropolis. It is rather singular to relate that *Bob Gregson* rose in the estimation of the Sporting World, from defeat: he fought only three battles in the P. R., and lost them all. Indeed, *Bob's* character as a boxer reminds us of the anecdote, or rather the *pun*, mentioned in the House of Commons, by the late right honorable Charles James Fox, who observed of the fighting Austrian, General Clairfayt, who had been for several years engaged in one and twenty battles in the cause of his country, that the General might be compared to a *drum;* for he was never heard of but when he was *beaten!* Just so with Gregson: however, the Castle Tavern, as a Sporting House, got rapidly into note, soon after *Bob* showed himself as the landlord of it. The appearance of *Gregson* was prepossessing—he was in height six feet one inch and a half, weighing about fifteen stone six pounds: and in the course of a long day's walk in the Metropolis, or during the continuance of a week in London, a finer, or better proportioned, athletic man could not be met with, than the host of the Castle Tavern. He was considered by the celebrated professor of anatomy, at the Royal Academy, Mr. Carlyle, a most excellent subject to descant upon; and he publicly declared that from his neck down to his waist, he never saw any man who possessed so much anatomical beauty as the late *Bob Gregson*. He was likewise selected by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Daw, &c., as a fine subject for their pencils to portray the beauty of human proportion. Bob possessed a constitution truly robust, with a vivacious eye, calculated to dazzle every spectator with its importance; and an arm that was

Active and strong, and vigorous to all its purposes.

Possessing good intellectual faculties, his general deportment was above all absurd affectation; nothing supercilious was to be found in his manner; and ambition was totally exempt from his breast; nay, on the contrary,

> Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize—
> *More* bent to raise the VALIANT than to *rise*.

*Gregson*, in addition to his other prepossessing requisites, was always well, nay fashionably dressed; and, in the common phrase of the day, 'he had a good deal to say for himself;' and the right sort of a man, not only to attract company to his house, but to keep them together by his tact and knowledge of society. He was a good-natured fellow, and extremely liberal in his conduct; indeed, without resorting to a *pun*, at that period he was viewed as a "Great Creature" in the Sporting World. Bob, according to his own account, considered himself a 'tiny *bit*' of a poet,* and he was very fond of reading the works of our great poets. In consequence of the following song, written by him in honor of Tom Cribb's victory over Molineux, he was unanimously voted, by his brethren of the fist, to the honorable situation of poet-laureate to the Prize Ring; indeed, it was reserved for Bob Gregson alone, from his union of Pugilism and Poetry, to recount the deeds of the Boxers in heroic verse, like the bards of old, by sounding the praises of their warlike champions.

### British Lads and Black Millers.

You gentlemen of fortune attend unto my ditty,
A few lines I have penn'd upon this great fight,
In the centre of England the noble place is pitched on,
For the Valour of this Country, or *America's* delight:
The sturdy black doth swear,
The moment he gets there,
The planks the stage is built on, he'll make them blaze and smoke:
Then Cribb, with smiling face,
Says, these boards I'll ne'er disgrace;
They're relations of mine, they're Old English oak.

Brave Molineux replied, I've never been denied
To fight the foes of Britain on such planks as those:
If relationship you claim, by-and-bye you'll know my name:
I'm the swellish milling cove that can drub my foes.
Then Cribb replied with haste,
You slave, I will you baste
As your Master 'us'd to cane you, 'twill bring things to your mind,
If from bondage you've got clear,
To impose on Britons here,
You'd better stopp'd with Christophe, you'll quickly find.

The garden of freedom is the British land we live in,
And welcomes every slave from his banish'd isle;
Allows them to impose on a nation good and generous,
To incumber and pollute our native soil:
But John Bull cries out aloud,
We're neither poor nor proud,
But open to all nation's, let them come from where they will.
The British lads that's here,
Quite strangers are to fear:
Here's Tom Cribb, with bumpers round, for he can them *mill*.

In Mine Host's parlour, or little snuggery behind the bar, considered a sort of Sanctum Sanctorum—a House of Lords to the Fancy, where *Commoners* never attempted to intrude upon the company, Bob carried on a roaring trade. '*Heavy whet*,' or any thing in the shape of it, except at meal-times, was entirely excluded from this "*Repository of* Choice Spirits;" and where Champagne of the best quality was tossed off like water; Madeira, Claret, Hock, and other choice wines, handed about with the utmost sang-froid; and Port and Sherry the common drink of the snuggery. It might be invidious, if not improper, to mention the names of some of the visitors who spent an hour or two on different occasions in this little spot, famed for sporting, mirth, harmony, and good fellowship; but let it suffice, and with truth, to observe, that persons of some consequence in the State were to be seen in it, independent of artists, and other men of *ability*, connected with the gay Metropolis.

The late *Jack Emery*, so highly distinguished as a comedian on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre, in a number of characters which he made exclusively his own; and a man of immense talent in every point of view, spent many of his leisure hours in the above snuggery. Emery was a great patron of Bob's; and Gregson, in return, was most sincerely attached to the entertaining, liberal-minded comedian. Nature, enriched by *art*, had rendered the late Mr. Emery a man not often to be met with in the walks of society: as a comic actor he was unrivalled; and, viewed as an amateur artist, some of his paintings, which he exhibited at Somerset House, were greatly admired. In the character of a musician he was considered above *par*. And though he could not produce captivating sounds from his fiddle, like a Spagnioletta, yet it was generally admitted he could discourse most 'eloquent music' with it; but, as a comic singer, and a writer of songs for himself, he was at the top of the tree: his anecdotes and tales were told with so much richness of colouring and good taste, as to enrapture all his hearers: and, as a general companion, as the song says, "he was the boy for bewitching 'em!" *Emery*, as it is termed, was strong in the '*Fancy*;' and, if necessary, he could turn his hands to good account; and it was one of those excellent Old English maxims, he used to say, for a man to be capable of standing up in his own defence; indeed, he was very much attached to all kinds of sporting. The above comedian was quite at home in the capacity of President, at a Sporting Dinner; nay, perfect to a letter in the part, without any rehearsal. It was impossible to be dull in his company; every toast was introduced with an appropriate remark; and with the most cheerful compliance he was ever ready to give his song to add to the mirth of the meeting, when called upon by any of the visitors. Those gentlemen who remember the inimitable talents displayed by the late Mr. John Emery, not only when singing, but the rich *acting* he introduced into his songs at the same time, will, we feel quite assured, acquit us of any intention of colouring his portrait too highly. In the following song he was irresistible—the various passions in his face which depicted the pretended love of the lass for the sailor, and her ingratitude, and contempt for him at his departure, together with the noble characteristic of the Jack Tar, was viewed as a master-piece in the style of comic singing.—

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* The celebrated bard, Tommy Moore, under the assumed signature of "Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress," a little volume replete with wit, slang, knowledge of life, and also inimitable as a rich specimen of the *Bürlesque* style of writing, has not failed to recognize the poetic fervour of the late Bob Gregson:—

A pause ensued—'till cries of "Gregson"
Brought Bob the Poet on his legs soon—
(My eyes, how prettily Bob writes!)
Talk of your *Camels*, *Hogs*, and *Crabs*,
And twenty more such Pidcock frights—
Bob's worth a hundred of these *dabs*,
For a short *turn-up* at a sonnet,
A *round* of odes, a pastoral *bout*,
*All Lombard-street* to *nine-pence* on it
Bobby's the boy would *clear* them *out*!

### THE SAILOR'S WILL AND HIS POWER.

Early one morning, a jolly brisk tar,
  Signal being made for sailing,
Nimbly stepped down and told his dear,
  Who was of her loss bewailing:
"Orders are come ship to unmoor,
  Boats alongside lay waiting;
Come, come, my dear Molly, for you must ashore,
  For this is no time for prating."

Moll, with her arms around his neck,
  Looked as if life had left her;
To hear such words come from her dear Jack,
  Quite of all speech bereft her.
He saw her face began to look wan,
  He smiled at the silly young creature,
Till, from her heart, the blood began
  To brighten up every feature.

"Molly, my dear, now since I must go,
  Why such recoils at parting?
For you may be happy, you very well know,
  'Long with other men's wives concarting."
"No, no, no; it's no such thing,
  I never shall cease from crying,
For I may, perhaps, rejoice and sing
  While you on the deck lay dying."

No sooner she spoke than old Trinculo's call
  All hands a-hoy did rattle,
Says Jack, with a smile, "Come, come, my dear Moll,
  This is no time for prattle;
Boat's alongside, ship's under weigh;"
  Poor Molly went snivelling over;
At every step she heaved a sigh;
  Her sighs did her fears discover.

Now, afar off, with watery eye,
  She beheld the ship a-sailing;
Eager she looks, and thus she cries,
  For the loss of her true love bewailing,
"There he goes! that's a good job,
  He's been going this quarter of an hour;
Oh! that the bullets may scuttle his nob,
  For I've got his will and his power."

Now, as along the beach she strayed,
  Quite forgot was poor Johnny;
Eagerly, instantly, off she sped
  Into the arms of her Tommy.
Close in her arms she did him embrace,
  She called him her joy and her honey,
"How could you think that I loved that there man?
  'Twas only to finger his money."

Bob one evening complained to his friend, Emery, in the snuggery, that some vain pretender to poetry had abused the verses of Gregson; when the Comedian, laughing, took out his pencil, and wrote the following couplet:—

Never mind 'em, Bob—in turn, tip them *bruises!*
I'll bet the odds you could *floor* ALL the Muses!

Mr. Emery was so great a favorite with the Sporting World in general, that he was voted to present the silver cup, of the value of Eighty Guineas, to the champion, Tom Cribb, at the Castle Tavern, on December 2, 1811, after a sporting dinner, in honor of his victory a second time over the sable hero, *Molineaux*. The following speech was made by Mr. Emery upon that occasion:—

"Thomas Cribb—I have the honor this day of being the representative of a numerous and most respectable body of your friends, and though I am by no means qualified to attempt the undertaking which has devolved on me, by a vote of the subscribers, yet the cause will, I am confident, prove a sufficient excuse for my want of ability. You are requested to accept this cup, as a tribute of respect for the uniform valour and integrity you have shown in your several combats; but most particularly for the additional proofs of native skill and manly intrepidity displayed by you in your last memorable battle, when the cause rested not merely upon individual fame, but for the pugilistic reputation of your native country, in contending with a formidable foreign antagonist. In that combat, you gave proofs that the innovating hand of a foreigner, when lifted against a son of Britannia, must not only be aided by the strength of a lion, but the heart also.

"The fame you have so well earned has been by manly and upright conduct, and such conduct, I have no doubt, will ever mark your very creditable retirement from the ring, or stage of pugilism. However intoxicated the cup, or its contents, may at any future period make you, I am sufficiently persuaded the gentlemen present, and the sons of John Bull in general, will never consider you have a *cup* too much."

It has been remarked, by an old friend and admirer of the late Mr. Emery, that in

Each part he shone in, but excell'd in none,
So well as husband, father, friend, and son,
His heart was warm, and aid was ever granted
Whene'er it whispered him, "there, *York*, you're
  wanted?"

Great is the public loss, but, while the tear
Of memory bedews the actor's bier,
Think on the man whom private worth endears—
Think on the anguish of a widow's tears."

The poet well may assert, "Great is the public loss." He was the *Morland* of the stage; and NATURE might exclaim, "This is my son, indeed!" His portraits were, all of them, masterpieces in the art of acting. The fine tragic powers he displayed in *Tyke*, not only astonished the late JOHN KEMBLE; but that truly great performer publicly declared to his friends he could not find words of sufficiently strong import to convey his praise and admiration of the acting of MR. EMERY, in the *School of Reform*. In *Giles* he was equally eminent; *Dandie Dinmont* all that could be wished by the most fastidious critic of the age; and his *Farmer Ashfield* positively without a fault. Most persons expressed their astonishment that so highly-gifted an actor should have died poor—the tale, however, is soon told: he was too generous in disposition to every person who applied to him for relief, but, to his family, his kindness knew no bounds; his aged father and mother were entirely supported by his talents; he had several children to provide for and to educate. He was the admiration of all those individuals who saw him on the stage, and beloved as an honest man and a sincere friend by every body *off* of it. He was clever in every thing he undertook—either in music, poetry, or painting. The loss of such a man must be felt for many years, without any disparagement to the men of talent who attempt to supply his place on the stage.

The late Mr. *George Kent* was also a *striking* feature in this little snuggery, towards keeping the game alive: he was of a gay disposition, fond of life in every shape, and, when perfectly sober, was one of the most peaceable fellows in the kingdom, and an excellent companion; but, when he got a little liquor into his *noddle*, a word and a blow were too often the leading features of his character. A good *milling* was quite familiar to his feelings; a *black eye* a common occurrence; carried home by the *Charleys*, out of all calculation; and locked up in the scout-ken so repeatedly, that his person and name were as well known to the keepers, as Sunday, in the Almanack; and his eventful history of *sprees* and midnight rambles, would positively have filled a volume. *Punished* in his person, and compelled to pay in his purse, ever and anon, towards "making it up" for his night's adventures, yet nothing could cure him of his *penchant* for *milling;* and George was pronounced incorrigible by all his acquaintances and friends. He was a complete man of the world: Kent possessed courage of the highest order; and, with a frame as hard as iron, his person seemed almost insensible to the attacks of common opponents. George was likewise an adept in the fistic art, a great lover of the science, a sort of oracle amongst the milling coves, and a *sparrer* above mediocrity. In the metropolis, his fame for a *spree* was perfectly established at the Police Offices; and he very often proved himself a troublesome customer at the theatres. His foibles out of the question, the late George Kent was far from an ill-natured man, and often expressed his sorrow for what had occurred on the preceding evening when he had given any offence; he said it was not his fault, and the disturbance he created ought to be attributed to the right cause—too intimate an acquaintance with the *Lushington* family. He commenced three or four sporting publications, connected with the boxers, but he never completed any one of them. His *slang* was well applied in his pugilistic articles—extremely witty and full of point. Several of the most learned writers of the age have stepped aside from their studies to peruse the *milling* articles of Kent with pleasure and amusement. At one period of his life he was a sort of *oracle* to Bob Gregson; in fact, he was such an attractive feature at the Castle Tavern, that the word and opinions of Mr. Kent were, in the eyes of the Lancashire hero, completely orthodox.

The late Captain D——, connected with one of the most noble families in the kingdom, and denominated one of the *highest* fanciers in the Sporting World, in consequence of being six feet four inches and-a-half in height, was likewise a great frequenter of the "Repository of CHOICE SPIRITS." The Captain was a remarkably well-proportioned man; a finished scholar; a great musician; a man of sense and talent; a strong supporter of the Fancy—a real gentleman, and a most delightful companion. He was also a man of prodigious strength; and few of the boxers could stand before him with only the '*gloves*' on; his blows were so powerful. One anecdote of the Captain is worthy of recital: during the run of Bartholomew Fair, just after he had left Harry Harmer's in the evening, where he had been with a few friends, taking a glass or two of wine, he was accosted in his walk through the fair by two dandies, who had a very dashing lady between them—"My eyes," observed the biggest of the two, "only look here—the *Giant* is out for an airing?" The Captain made no reply, but, with the utmost *sang froid*, caught hold of him by the collar of his coat, and held him up in the air, with as much ease as he would have held a red herring, where he kept him dangling for a short period, to the no small laughter and shouts of the crowd. The lady interfered, and begged for mercy; and the other dandy also offered to make any atonement in his power for the improper conduct of his friend. "Well," said the Captain, "let the gentleman get down if he can." "That is totally impossible," answered the lady," who appeared to be a woman of mind; "but, my dear Sir, I am sure you are a gentleman, and I only beg to call to your recollection, that it is

Excellent to possess a giant's strength;
But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.

"Enough, my dear young lady," replied the Captain, who was a man of gallantry, "I am subdued; the lion is turned to a lamb!" at the same time letting the dandy feel the ground once more, whose nerves were rather agitated from the iron-like grasp of the Captain. "Let this foolish young man keep his tongue within his teeth, and never give an unprovoked insult in future, for fear of the consequences. Therefore, Sir, I let you off this time; but immediately place yourself under the protection of that lady and you will be safe; attend to her instructions for a short time, when, perhaps, 'you may be *trusted* ALONE.' The Captain then made his bow to the lady, and retired from the fair amidst the loud applause of the spectators.

Numerous other "Choice Spirits" might have been introduced, full of *character* as the preceding ones; but the above three gentlemen will be quite sufficient to give an outline of the company to be met with in *Bob Gregson's* snuggery—where there was wit at will; the parties sought out each other to please and be pleased, where 'Dull Care' could never obtain a seat—and *fun* to be had at all times. Sporting the general theme amongst the parties, but not to the exclusion of the topics of the day. Very heavy matches have been made in the snuggery: and most certainly the period alluded to might have been termed the "Corinthian Times of the Fancy." It is true, perhaps, that STERNE might not have been pleased with many of the *Sentiments* made use of at the Castle Tavern; and ROUSSEAU have altogether disliked the tenor of the arguments of the orators; but for *feeling*, practical *feeling*, on any distressed subject introduced to their notice, the Fancy have proved themselves, without the aid of one word of *sentiment*, generous to a fault; "Charitable upon most occasions, and never visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children;" and always ready with their mites to help a fellow-creature out of his troubles. Such circumstances have occurred, times and oft, at the Castle Tavern, in spite of all the calumnies[*] which have been heaped upon the members of the Sporting World. The Sun for a long time shone brilliantly over the "Temple of the Fancy;" but poor Bob, like too many of his class, did not make hay while it was it in his power; when the scene changed, the clouds of misfortune overwhelmed him; and the once sprightly, gay Lancashire hero was compelled to take a voyage on board his Majesty's Fleet, not only for the recovery of his health, but to obtain a *certificate* against all future attacks of the enemy. Thus ended the reign of Bob Gregson, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn.

For a few months, a sort of *inter-regnum* occurred at the Castle; the Sporting World were missing; and little else but dreary silence reigned throughout the house: when the sprightly, stylish, well-conducted TOM BELCHER, in the summer of 1814 (under the auspices of his sincere friend, and almost father, Mr. John Shelton) appeared in the character of landlord at the above tavern. The house had undergone some repairs; the rooms were all retouched by the painter; elegance and cleanliness, backed by civility, became the order of the day; a prime stock of liquors and wines were also laid in to command the attention of the public. *Tom's* opening dinner was completely successful, and the *Fancy* immediately rallied round him—*rallied* round a hero who had nobly contended for victory in thirteen prize battles. Tom was also considered the most accomplished boxer and sparrer of the day; and the remembrance, likewise, that he was the brother of the renowned Jem Belcher, were *points* in themselves of great attraction in the Sporting World; and the above Tavern again became one of the most favorite resorts of the Fancy in general.

"The CASTLE TAVERN, as a sporting House, is conducted upon those principles of honor and rectitude that must ensure its success. Propriety is the order of the day; and no man appears more anxious or eager to accommodate his visitors, and at the same time none more scrupulously exact in asserting his right as a landlord to prevent the introduction of improper company, and to do the thing that is right, than TOM BELCHER. In this respect the *management* of the house is entitled to universal praise; and the inquiring stranger, whom curiosity might have tempted to take a *peep* at the scientific pugilists, feels not the least restraint in visiting the CASTLE TAVERN; but from the spirit, life, and entertainment, which the company affords him, *repetition* is generally the result. The long room is neatly fitted up, and lighted with *gas*; and the numerous sporting subjects, elegantly framed and glazed, have rather an imposing effect upon the entrance of the visitor, and among which may be recognised animated likenesses of the principal pugilistic heroes in the Fancy, with a variety of other subjects connected with the Sporting World.

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[*] In spite of the cant and humbug which exist in the world, and the "*flattering unction*" which many persons take to themselves, that they are better than other folks, and not like those wicked fellows who frequent horse-races, hunting, and prize-fights; it must, however, be pleasant to the feelings of those men who mix with all sorts of society, and who endeavour to conduct themselves as well as they can, that they have the opinion of one of the greatest Law Lords who ever sat on the Bench to administer justice in this kingdom, that according to the Scriptures, "He did not like people *righteous* over much." The Lord Chancellor Thurlow, on being told that "Mr. Mellish was a great favorite of the populace," observed, "They like him as a brother blackguard: I am of their opinion: I dislike your pious heroes: I prefer Achilles to Hector—and Turnus to Æneas." When at Cambridge his Lordship was considered to read remarkably well, and Satan's speeches were his especial favorites; and on his finishing one of them he was frequently heard to say, "He was a fine fellow! I wish he had won!"

"During the time Tom Belcher was the landlord of the Castle Tavern, the *Daffy Club*[*] was started by Mr. James Soares. The above Club is a complete antidote to the *Blue Devils*, and has to boast of greater advantages than any other Society in the Metropolis, from its members being always in *Spirits!* Formality does not belong to this Institution; it has no written rules to bind its members; no specified time of meeting; no fines for non-attendance; but the corner-stone is, "TO DO WHAT IS RIGHT!" The Sporting World is its *hobby*; and respecting ORIGINAL ANECDOTES of the *Turf;* the incidents of the *Prize Ring;* the merits of the swift *Pedestrians* of the day; a knowledge of the first rate *Trotters;* an acquaintance with the *best Shots;* good *Cockers;* great *Cricketers;* distinguished *Anglers;* and thorough-bred *Cattle, Dogs*, &c., most of the Club can prove themselves not deficient RIDERS, whenever necessity requires them to *mount.* One of the antidotes of the DAFFY CLUB is *starch;* the members having "lived" all the days of their life, and are therefore not to be *slighted* by the self-importance of a *soi-disant* SWELL, nor be broke in upon by the *rudeness* of a *Blackguard.*

This high-*spirited* Society is also *characterized* by a FEATURE totally unknown, and not acknowledged by any other Institution, namely, its ACCOMMODATION. The *Munchausen* traveller can relate all his *marvellous* adventures without the fear of *contradiction;* the *good-breeding* of the Club is so *game* in this peculiar respect! And should the *relator* of any *event* happen to do it rather *too brown*, (for instance, such as stating, with a *face of clay*, what he terms a *fact*, that in the country he ran a mile in three minutes and a half) so as almost to spoil the steadiness of the *mugs* of the Club, and to endanger its general rules, the PRESIDENT gently reminds them, as being staunch Members, "that of course they will *accommodate* the gentleman in his *story.*" The *chaffing* of the Club, one to another, is then generally, "*You believe it?*" If the CATOLLA[*] can stand the *grin* well, this sort of *playful satire* affords much laughter; frequently good *punning*, and excellent amusement.

Although every member of the *Daffy Club* is expected to be in *spirits*, yet Mr. *Lushington* is always viewed as an unwelcome visitor. HARMONY is the basis of the *Daffies;* and between the different *heats* of BETTING, some good characteristic *chaunting* often adds an interest to the scene at the *Castle.* The following song is so connected with this Tavern, and has repeatedly received the approbation of the Club, and throughout all the sporting circles, that no apology is necessary for its insertion:—

TUNE—"*The Land of Sweet Erin.*"

You LADS OF THE FANCY, who wish to impart
The tokens of Friendship and soundness of heart,
To BELCHER'S repair at the *Castle* so strong,
Where he'll *serve* you all well—and you'll hear a good song:
The company cheerful, and SPORTING'S the go—
Though *milling's* the theme, you'll not meet with a foe;
But each, in good humour, enjoying his pipe,
With tales of the FANCY—and knowledge of life.
Then let us be merry
While drinking our Sherry,
For friendship and harmony can't last too long—
Be still our endeavour
That nothing shall sever
The LADS OF THE FANCY at the *Castle* so strong!

First, my muse I'll invoke—the brave sires of the fist,
Those heroes of old, who stand high on the list—
To FIGG, father BROUGHTON, and veteran SLACK,
Tom Johnson, Mich. Ryan, that brave Paddy whack!
To do them all justice I cannot now stay,
Nor half their brave actions or feats here display,
But *country* or *colour*—to us are the same,
Only anxious are we in preserving the GAME.
Then let us, &c.

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[*] Notwithstanding the writer of this article most anxiously wishes his KEY should *fit* well, and that every person who is in possession of it should be able with the utmost ease to *unlock* the door that affords a *peep* into the movements of the Sporting World; yet rather than attempt to *gammon* any of his *readers*—*etymology* being out of the question—the only *definition* he can give to the term "DAFFY" is, that the phrase was coined at the *Mint* of the *Fancy*, and has since passed *current* without ever being overhauled as *queer*. The Colossus of Literature, after all his *nous* and acute researches to explain the *synonyms* of the English Language, does not appear to have been *down* to the interpretation of "DAFFY;" nor indeed does BAYLEY or SHERIDAN seem at all *fly* to it; and even *slang* GROSE has no *touch* of its extensive signification. The *squeamish* Fair One who takes it on the *sly* merely to cure the *vapours*, politely names it to her friends as "*White Wine.*" The *Swell chaffs* it as "*Blue Ruin*" to elevate his notions. The *Laundress* loves dearly a *drain* of "*Ould Tom,*" from its strength to *comfort* her inside. The *drag Fiddler* can *toss off* a quartern of "*Max*" without making a wry mug. The *Coster Monger* illumines his ideas with "*a flash of lightning!*" The *hoarse Cyprian* owes her existence to copious draughts of "*Jacky.*" The *Link boy* and *Mud Larks*, in joining their *browns* together, are for some "*Stark Naked.*" And the *Out and Outers*, from the addition of *bitters* to it, in order to sharpen up a dissipated and damaged *Victualling Office*, cannot take any thing but "*Fuller's Earth.*" Much it should seem, therefore, depends upon a name; and as a soft sound is at all times pleasing to the *listener*—to have denominated this Sporting Society the "GIN CLUB," would not only have proved barbarous to the ear, but the vulgarity of the *chaunt* might have deprived it of many of its elegant friends. It is a subject, however, which must be admitted has a good deal of *Taste* belonging to it—and as a Sporting Man would be *nothing* if he was not *flash*, the DAFFY CLUB meet under the above title.—*Picture of the Road to the Fight.*

[*] This phrase is a recently *coined* one, and may be termed a new reading for the old *flash* terms of "*a precious sam—a spooney—a muff—a flat—a go-alonger*, &c. or in plain English, *a fool.* The original CATOLLA (the name of a man who was in the habit of using the *Castle*) was distinguished for his *mar-plot* qualities, and stupid bets. Also in offering wagers, that when called upon to *cover*, it generally turned out he had no *blunt* to stake. *Catolla*, from proving too annoying, was ultimately *laughed out;* but unfortunately his family are very numerous, and still continue to furnish amusement for the *Daffies* and other frequenters of the *Castle Tavern*, very few evenings passing over without some *Catolla* or other making his appearance

Well stor'd is our *Castle*, a long siege to stand,
To parley or fight we can all take a hand—
Like trumps stick together, afraid of no plot,
But beware of being *floor'd* by TOMMY'S *grape-shot*!
To banish dull care, or to roar out a catch,
Take part in a glee, or in making a MATCH;
Chaunt the pleasures of Sporting—the charms of a race,
And ne'er be at fault—at a *mill* or the chase.
Then let us, &c.

Now, LADS OF THE FANCY, assist me to sing,
That nothing unmanly takes place in the ring,
May no fear nor revenge e'er embitter your lives,
And be fond of your sweethearts, and true to your wives.
Then give no offence, but with courage take part,
And show the right trait of an Englishman's heart,
To *resent* or *forgive*, to him 'tis the same—
And may LADS OF THE FANCY still never want GAME!
Then let us, &c.

During the principal time of *Tom's* residence at the above tavern, the members of the Sporting World were in 'fine feather,' and milling, 'glorious *milling*,' was the order of the day. Patrons 'came out' in mobs to give it support, necessary to make it a *striking* feature with the bloods, the bucks, the men of ton, and the et cetera, which make up the sporting circles. *Tom* always kept his weather eye up towards the main chance; and no man on the list knew better how to get up a purse; make a match; or *back* a man, than the late hero of the Castle Tavern. *Tom* was quite a *Swell* in his way—he was always well dressed, and as smart and as nice as a new made pin; whenever he made his appearance in the ring, or upon a race course; indeed, in any situation before the public. Belcher was a keen observer of society—he *measured* his way through life; and every *step* he took he turned it to good account. The proverb was not lost upon Tom "To make hay while the sun shines." He had lots of sporting dinners; numerous gay little suppers; and always plenty of matches on the board to excite the attention of the fancy. The *Daffy Club*, a prime hit,* also became very popular in the Sporting World; and for a long time crowded to excess almost every night: indeed,

Fortune seem'd buckled to his back!

Every thing went right: *Tom* stuck to the Castle, he was always to be found at his post—and the *Castle*, in turn, proved a rich Castle to him: it fortified him at all points; and although *Tom* was spirited at times, to win a good heavy bet, yet nevertheless prudence was generally at his elbow to prevent him from getting out of his depth. *Tom* was far from a gambler; the hazard table had no charms for Belcher; and he scarcely ever sported a shilling except upon a horse race, or a *Mill*. His principal style of betting was, to use his own words, "Blow my dickey, I'll bet a guinea and a goose?" and if he did not like to make a bet, he would observe, "I'll leave it all to the Cook?"

Tom Belcher, after fourteen years' residence at the Castle Tavern, was enabled by his civil conduct, attention to business, and good luck (we must not leave "good luck" out of the statement, as we feel assured that '*good luck*' is a great point towards realising a fortune) to retire from the busy world. It is true, that Tom had, tolerably well, skimmed the cream off the Fancy before he made his bow to them; indeed, it might be said that *milling* had been rather on the *wane* before Tom had any idea of giving up the Castle Tavern. The times had changed for the worse—the *blunt* had got rather taper; and numerous patrons of the P. R. were growing too old to give it their usually animated support, and the young swells were not rich enough in the 'cash account' to prop up the 'decline' and almost 'fall of the ring.' However, at all events, *Tom Belcher* had had not only a long but a rich innings; and if he did not exactly retire from the Castle Tavern in a 'shower of gold,' he nevertheless, put by a good quantity of the 'Sweeteners of Life,' to render his retreat to the country safe and pleasant, but he had also got 'Bank security' against a rainy day.

In the character of a Freeholder, the *lucky* Tom Belcher now passes his days in a very handsome cottage on Finchley Common, living at his ease like a man of fortune, with his dog and his gun, to traverse the fields when he feels inclined for a day's shooting to 'bag the game;' and Tom is well known as a good marksman. He has also got his *prad* and his gig, to visit his old friends in the Metropolis whenever it suits his inclination to quit his fire side; and the climax of all his hopes, in the possession of a glass of good wine after his dinner, when Tom never fails to drink as a toast (we suppose by way of gratitude for past favors) "*Here's success to milling!*" and with a smile on his countenance says Tom, "my friends may flatter me as much as they please about my fine fighting, but, blow my dickey, of all the *hits* I ever made in my life, none of them were to be compared with the *hit* I made at the Castle." Tom sensibly feels quite satisfied with the result of his exertions in life, and the burthen of his song is—

Contented I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford?
Than a girl that will socially sit on my knee,
And a cellar that's plentifully stor'd,
My brave boys.

But the designation of Tom Belcher will never be erased from his escutcheon. Not a long time after Tom had taken up his residence on Finchley Common, a *Swell* enquired of the ostler at the Bald Face Stag if he could direct him towards the house of Mr. Belcher? "Belcher? Belcher?" echoed the ostler, scratching his head, and cudgelling his brains for a minute or two for a reply.—"No, no," said he, "we have no gentleman of that name on the common, I be sure." "You are wrong," answered the Swell; "I know that Mr. Belcher's residence is somewhere about here, I had it from his own mouth, and I must find it out before I go, as I have some business to settle with him." "No," said the ostler, "I am certain there is no such a person about these parts; as I have lived here all the days of my life, boy and man." The Swell drove off rather angrily, muttering to himself, "what a stupid set of fellows these country chaps are; there is no getting a decisive answer from them!" But he had scarcely got the distance of five hundred yards, when the ostler out of breath running after him, exclaimed, just recollecting himself—"Sir, sir! Do you mean Tom Belcher, the fighting man?" "Yes to be sure," replied the Swell. "He once was a pugilist, but now he lives in another character!" "O, then, you did mean him. I did'n't understand. If you want Tom Belcher, he lives at that handsome cottage," pointing to it, "about half a mile off." The Swell gave a nod, smiling; and in a very short time afterwards he found himself in Tom's delightful and elegantly furnished freehold.—*Non sum qualis eram.*

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* To add to the *notoriety* of the Daffy Club, a fac simile of the interior of the Coffee Room was painted by the celebrated Tom Greenwood, Esq., and represented in the drama of "Life in London," written by Pierce Egan, for Sadler's Wells and the Olympic theatres, where it was performed for 200 nights without intermission.

### True Hope ne'er tires!

Although it might have been urged by his friends, as a kind of drawback against the attempt, that the "show had gone by;" yet TOM (WINTER) SPRING,* who had not only been losing his time amongst his countrymen at the *Booth-Hall*, in the city of Hereford, but, what was worse, his hard-earned money; he was determined when the opportunity offered to have another 'shy' in London; therefore, after the setts-to had taken place between the 'two Toms,' the match made, and the *blunt* posted—TOM SPRING appeared in the character of "mine Host," at the Castle Tavern, Holborn.

*Tom Spring* did not enter upon his new capacity without possessing considerable claims to the notice of the patrons of boxing; indeed, he was well known from his victorious career, to the sporting world: and no man, from his general conduct and deportment, was considered so eligible in every point of view to succeed Tom Belcher, as the present landlord of the Castle Tavern. *Tom Spring* was born at Fownhope, within six miles of Hereford, on the 22d of February, 1795: he fought and won several battles in his own neighbourhood before he arrived in London; however, it is rather singular to state, that although he experienced *defeat* in one of his battles, yet he has BEATEN all the men he ever fought with in the Prize Ring. The following are a list of the Ex-Champion's battles:—

| | | | | h. | m. | rds. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | Stringer . . | Sept. | 9, 1817 | 0 | 39 | 29 |
| 2. | Painter . . | April | 1, 1818 | 1 | 29 | 31 |
| 3. | Ditto . . . | Aug. | 7, 1818 | 1 | 4 | 42 |
| 4. | Carter . . | May | 4, 1819 | 1 | 55 | 71 |
| 5. | Ben Burns . | Dec. | 20, 1819 | 0 | 18 | 11 |
| 6. | Bob Burns . | May | 16, 1820 | 0 | 30 | 18 |
| 7. | Josh Hudson | June | 27, 1820 | 0 | 10 | 5 |
| (This was a turn-up under peculiar circumstances.) | | | | | | |
| 8. | Tom Oliver . | Feb. | 20, 1821 | 0 | 55 | 25 |
| 9. | Bill Neat . | May | 20, 1823 | 0 | 37 | 8 |
| 10. | John Langan | Jan. | 27, 1824 | 2 | 29 | 77 |
| 11. | Ditto . . . | June | 8, 1824 | 1 | 49 | 76 |

The Castle Tavern still maintains its rank amongst the Sporting Houses; and on any particular occasion it is filled to an overflow; but in general, it has a very good share of custom. It is well situated for business: and strangers from all parts of the country are continually 'dropping in' in the course of the day; and it is also a good half-way house between the East and West End sporting gentry to call in and settle their matters. But in the evening it is an attractive feature altogether; and a great deal of *curiosity* attaches to the Castle Tavern as a sporting house: more especially, the landlord of it having been once the champion of England—the very *sound* of which carries importance along with it—and those persons, particularly from the country, who have never visited such houses, in general, feel anxious to take a peep at the resort of the Fancy, merely to "see what it is like!" It also offers the opportunity of viewing the heroes of the ring; and other persons who are considered 'public characters' connected with the turf, &c. The Castle Tavern is most respectably conducted under its present proprietor, in spite of the calumny which is continually heaped on such places by hypocrites and canting knaves:—

> Yet more, the diff'rence is as great between
> The optics seeing as the object seen;
> All manners take a tincture from our own,
> Or some discolour'd through our passions shown;
> Or *Fancy's* beam enlarges, multiplies,
> Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

The appearance of "Mine Host" is very much in his favour; and there is a manly dignity about his person which is prepossessing; his language is also mild and perfectly correct; and his behaviour at all times truly civil and attentive to his customers. A NIGHT spent at Tom Spring's may not be regretted by the most *fastidious* visitor; and, perhaps, more amusement and information may be derived from the *pro* and *con's* afloat there, than from a "*residence of* SIX WEEKS AT LONG'S." The Castle Tavern, most certainly, is considered and called a fighting house; but, nevertheless, FIGHTING is expressly forbidden in it by the landlord. "*Words,*" says he, "cost nothing; indeed they are little more than wind; and you may make use of as many of them as you like to support your argument; but *blows* are not only painful and sometimes dangerous, but very often prove expensive: therefore, you may *talk* about fighting as much as you please to promote *milling*, but not a blow shall pass in my presence. However, if you are determined to have a *mill*, and inclined to "show off" in it, I advise you to get a ring made a few miles from Town, where you will have plenty of scope for your exertions, and fair play into the bargain."

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* To the best of our recollection, Old Paddington Jones was Tom's godfather. On Winter's first appearance at the Fives Court, and the spectators crying out "Name, name?" Jones, seeing Winter a fine looking young man, and without enquiring his name, in the impulse of the moment, exclaimed, "*Young Spring!*" which designation Winter has held ever since; and it is most likely the appellation of Spring will continue with him until the day of his death.

The *groupes* to be met with in the Coffee room, at times, as the embellishment represents, are highly *characteristic* of the different grades of life—abounding with ORIGINALS of all sorts—a kind of Masquerade, with this difference only, where the *characters* play their parts without resorting to the assistance of masks; yet, nevertheless, a great many persons 'pop in on the sly,' who have not courage to acknowledge who they are; and who are equally cautious, if possible, to prevent recognition. But there is no need of this display of *sensitive* feeling;[*] the visitor may be as quiet as a mouse; or as talkative as a clown outside a show if he has any desire to amuse the company. You may be seated next to an M. P. without being aware of *that* honor; and you may likewise *rub* against some noble lord without committing a breach of privilege. You may meet poets on the look out for a hero; artists for subjects; and boxers for customers. Young surgeons you may likewise meet with at the Castle tavern who will *cut* you up in argument, if they cannot in any other way: and "modest men," according to the late witty brilliant orator and writer, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq., "are *dumb*;" we therefore suppose, that accounts for the numerous *dummies* who are nightly seated at the above Temple of the Fancy; but then have not these persons a most excellent excuse for their *taciturnity*—"to hear much and speak little, is laudible." If the *ears* cannot at all times be gratified with the various topics of argument brought forward at the above tavern, the *eyes* have no cause for complaint, the coffee room and every part of it is covered over with some attractive device; and if there are not so many pictures for criticism as may be seen at the 'Exhibition,' yet there are a number of most excellent sporting subjects well worthy the attention of the observer. One of the most prominent amongst them for a display of talent, is a "Picture of the Road Going to a fight," drawn and etched from life by Robert Cruikshank, Esq.[*]

The company, in a great measure, may be viewed as rather *promiscuous;* therefore, anything like a set of *routine* faces are not to be met with every evening as *fixtures* to the apartment; and it is this perpetual change of visitors that gives fresh life to the scene. The order at all times is excellent; and which good conduct renders the Castle Tavern a desirable place to pass away a dull or leisure hour, which might otherwise hang very heavily on a person's hands: and although we are quite aware that the landlord is more of a Sinner than a *Saint;* also, that the Castle Tavern is not exactly the '*Paradise*' of the Fancy; yet it is well known that any thing in the shape of '*Hell*'[†] does not form any portion of the premises; and upon all sides of the question, it is generally admitted that Tom Spring is nothing else but a "good man."—As an example—the following song says a 'tiny bit' about his "*goodness!*"

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[*] One of the lower order of *ranting preachers*, contiguous to Bolton-in-the-Moors, a few years since, addressed his auditors in the following metaphorical language:—"I dare say you'd all pay to see a boxing match between Turner and Randall; and yet you don't like to pay for seeing a pitched battle between me and Beelzebub. Oh, my friends, many a hard knock, and many a cross-buttock have I given the *black bruiser* for your sake! Pull! do pull off these gay garments of Mammon; strike the devil a straight blow, and *darken* his *spiritual day-lights*. At him manfully, and I'll be your *bottle holder*. I ask nothing but the *money*, which I hope you'll not forget before you go."

[*] "For that sketch," observes the author of the "Every-Night Book," on the opposite wall round which three or four persons are laughing so heartily, we are indebted to the burine of our young Hogarth—George Cruikshank, the matchless, delightful Cruikshank. We have laughed until laughter hath become a pain to us, at his productions: and, in gratitude for the jocund moments his pencil hath afforded us, we would, and we could, even take a wrinkle from his brow, and place it on our own." This is not the fact, and as the opportunity occurs we hasten to set the matter right, in order that every *tub* may stand upon its own bottom; or, in other words, that the saddle may be put on the right horse. Soon after the above '*Picture of the Road to the Fight*' was hung up at the Castle Tavern, I met there one evening my two friends, Mr. Hone (the very clever editor of the 'Every Day Book' and several other publications of merit,) and Mr. George Cruikshank. On looking at the picture, Mr. Hone said to me, after praising it to the skies, George has out-done himself!" "No," I replied," you mean Bob Cruikshank." Indeed, I do not," answered Mr. H., "I repeat, that George has outdone himself; and more clever touches of art I never saw—they are beautiful!" "Well," said I, "if you are so positive, Mr. Hone, I will bet you any thing you like, from a glass of grog to a five pound note, that Bob Cruikshank accompanied myself down the Road to Moulsey Hurst, to accomplish the above picture." Upon Mr. Hone appealing to George Cruikshank on the subject, the latter celebrated artist, without the least hesitation, answered, "I had no hand in it." After this declaration, Mr. Hone did not attempt to retract the compliments he had paid to the merits of the picture in question; but, of course, they now operated with double effect on the talents of Mr. Robert Cruikshank.

[†] *Hell.*—The cant phrase for a gambling house; nothing of the kind being permitted to take place at the Castle Tavern.

## THE TRUE BOTTOM'D BOXER;

### OR, THE CHAMPION OF FAME.

(T. Jones.)

Air—"*Oh! nothing in life can sadden us.*"

Spring's the boy for a Moulsey-Hurst rig, my lads,
Shaking a *flipper*, and *milling* a pate ;
*Fibbing a nob* is most excellent gig, my lads,
Kneading the dough is a turn out in state.
Tapping the *claret* to him is delighting,
*Belly-go-firsters* and clicks *of the gob ;*
For where are such joys to be found as in fighting,
And measuring *mugs for a chancery* job :
With flipping and *milling*, and fobbing and nobbing,
With *belly-go-firsters*, and kneading the dough,
With *tapping of claret, and* clipping and gobbing,
Say just what you please, you must own he's *the go.*

Spring's the boy for *flooring* and flushing it,
*Hitting* and *stopping, advance* and *retreat*,
For *taking* and *giving*, for sparring and rushing it,
And will ne'er say *enough*, till he's downright dead beat ;
No *crossing* for him, true courage and bottom all,
You'll find him a *rum un*, try on if you can ;
You shy cocks, he shows them no favur, od rot'em all,
When he fights he tries to accomplish his man ;
With *giving* and *taking*, and *flooring* and *flushing*,
With *hitting* and *stopping*, huzza to the ring,
With *chancery* suiting, and sparring and rushing,
He's the champion of fame, and of manhood the Spring.

Spring's the boy for rum going and coming it,
Smashing and dashing, and *tipping it prime*,
Eastward and westward, and sometimes back-slumming it,
He's for the *scratch* and come up too in *time ;*
For the *victualling office* no favor he'll ask it,
For *smeller* and *ogles* he feels just the same ;
At the pipkin to point, or upset the bread basket,
He's always *in twig*, and *bang up for the game ;*
With going and tipping, and timing and priming,
'Till groggy and query, straight forward's the rig;
With ogles and smellers, no piping and chiming,
You'll own he's the boy that is *always in twig*.

## MORTALITY IN THE PRIZE RING.

Oh mourn not for prize-fighting kiddies inglorious ;
Lament not the fate of those swells of "the Ring ;"
The Championship's mine! for I'm ever victorious,
And fam'd *Boxiana* my prowess shall sing!
Then hoist the black fogle ; let marrow bones rattle ;
And push round the skulls which with *claret* o'erflow;
Drink, drink to the CHAMPION, who, fairly in battle,
The fam'd men of *muscle* for ever laid low!

Within the last twenty-five years the *mortality* in the P. R. has been very great indeed:—the renowned *Jem Belcher*, the pride of Bristol, and the admiration of the London Ring; the out-and-out game chicken, *Hen. Pearce*, a boxer of rare pretensions, and never defeated ; and the confident, gay, anglo-Irish boy, *Jack Power*, that could 'hit and get away' from every body, except the grand finisher of the human race! *Bob Gregson*, the Poet-Laureate to the P. R., was likewise compelled to yield to his devouring gripe, in the midst of a *Sonnet ;* the Nonpareil, *Jack Randall*, who could get out of trouble like magic, but, with all his science, he could not escape from the paralizing corner of the "gristly foe ;" and the hardy Welshman, *Ned Turner*, who never turned his back upon danger, was *floored* to rise no more! Old *Dutch Sam*, the phenomenon, who had astonished every body else with his tactics, was ultimately astonished, surprised, and captured, before he was prepared for the attack of the grim general. The leary *Caleb Baldwin*, of Tothill Downs notoriety; the tremendous Molineux, and the iron-like man of colour, *Sutton*, all of whom were compelled to knock under, and obey the awful summons. The lively, entertaining *Bill Richmond*, better known as "*Lilly-white*," was cut short in one of his funny stories ; the corner-stone of the P. R., the *illustrious* hero of the Fancy, *Bill Gibbons*,* likewise was compelled to *bolt*, and leave his office to other boxers ; and the facetious, punch-drinking Irish Champion, *Dan Donnelly*, was called away quite in *spirits!* The unflinching glutton, *Bob Purcell*, who would never strike his colours to any man, while a chance remained, could not resist the all-powerful grasp of the grim Tyrant; the scientific *Bill Eales* ; the prime chanter, *Peter Warren* ; *Jack Curtis*, a bold one, and brother to the *Pet ;* the *bottom, Jack Ford ;* Bristol *Cabbage ;* the iron-armed copper-smith, *Elias Spray ;* and *Pat Halton :* all bowed before him, and obeyed his terrifying notice. The swell, *DanDogherty*, never listened to a decree with so much real sorrow and regret; and the brilliant *George Head*, who had so often 'set the table in a roar,' with 'all the family,' was suddenly missed one night at the festive board. *Tom Tring*, one of the finest made men of his time, porter to the late king, George IV., when prince of Wales, and who challenged all England for £1000 aside, was, after all his boasting, defeated in a *second* by the skeleton boxer: the ferocious, determined, neck-or-nothing gas-light man, *Tom Hickman*, received his *quietus* in an instant; and the muscular, hardy, strong *White-headed Bob*, was forcibly ejected from his prime 'lush crib' before he could return a blow. The 'lively kid' *Stockman*, proved saucy and desperate to the last moment of his existence, and even struggled with Death to obtain the victory.—"He's coming, Jem," said he to his brother, "it's all up!" And again, as if trying to stop him in attitude, shouting, "D—n his eyes, he's coming!" fell backwards, and gave up the ghost. And *Old Joe Ward*, the father of the Prize Ring, who had for numerous years parried off the blows of his terrific opponent, was *grabbed* by him one night, 'on the sly,' before any of his friends could render him any assistance.

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* This was indeed a *death*-blow to the "hopes of the *Fancy*." It is true that we did not hear the last words of poor Bill (to his credit be it spoken, he was never heard to take an oath in conversation), but we have no doubt he said, "Burn my breeches" (his favorite expression) to the mighty chief of the bone-house, "you have tripped me up on the sly, and also taken advantage of me in an unguarded moment; but if I had had half a chance, I would have served you out for such *unfair* conduct." Gibbons was a great feature in the Prize Ring for fifty years; and the anecdotes respecting him, if published, would form a most interesting volume. Bill was considered one of the best judges of dogs in the kingdom; in consequence of which he became acquainted with several of the great dons in the upper circles of society, and he was also selected by them to procure spaniels, and other fancy animals, for their ladies. Through the above introduction added to *Bill's* being termed an "*insinnivating*" sort of fellow; extremely humble in his deportment, and mildness itself when addressing the above high-born dames, he used to sell them valuable shawls, French laces, veils, &c. *Gibbons* told the ladies he had a *knack* of getting them into his possession, but the Excise Officers called it *smuggling*, and, on one memorable occasion, they would insist upon it they were right. The Commissioners also backed their opinion, and very politely informed Mr. Gibbons he must pay into court £200 for his error. Bill shrugged up his shoulders on hearing the fine; but he had a friend at court who made it "all right" for him; and he never afterwards heard any thing more about the matter. We remember to have seen written, in the hand of one of the most fashionable women at the west end of the town, a note addressed to her shoemaker—"Make the illustrious Bill Gibbons a most excellent pair of boots; and spare no expense."

Well! so I've '*floor'd* those fancy' fighting cocks,
And *finish'd* them in style! Presumptuous fellows!
*They* 'chaff'd' of *science*—and, forsooth, would box
With one whose 'HITS' are sure to touch the '*bellows.*'
Conceited mortals, thus to spar with DEATH,
Whose fame's as old almost as the Creation!—
For *knock-down blows* which take away the breath,
I've even had a first-rate reputation:
*They* talk of Championship!—what next, I wonder!
Did they imagine DEATH would e'er 'knock under!'
And yet these *heroes* of the science fistic,—
Poor stupid drones!—
Thinking I could'nt "come it pugilistic,"
Threw up their "castors," stak'd the "ready bustle,"
"Peel'd and prepar'd with DEATH to have a tussle—
As though their *flesh* and *blood* and *muscle*,
Were proof against my *bones!*
Could they, in fact, suppose
*I* car'd about their blows?
*I!* who can "draw the claret" when I please—
"Fib," or "cross-buttock" 'em, or close their "peepers!"
*I!* who can "double up" the "swells"[*] with ease,
And make 'em senseless as the seven sleepers!
Not *I*, indeed;—and so, it seems, they found,
For there they all lie sprawling on the ground;
They'il never "come to time" again—no, never—
At least not *here*—
For 'twill appear,
When *I* their business do, 'tis done for ever!
No, no!—nor had they each a thousand lives,
Could they have stood against my rattling "bunch of fives."[†]

The veteran, Dan Mendoza, the Father of the Prize Ring, and once its pride and ornament as a scientific boxer, now and then may be seen of an evening at the Castle Tavern, talking of "O the days when I was young." It is forty-five years since Mendoza first appeared as a pugilist, with Martin, the Bath butcher, at Barnet races.

The '*Young Ruffian*,' so denominated from his athletic figure and determined resolution, and who fought with the renowned Jem Belcher, may also be seen at the Castle Tavern some evenings, but so reduced in appearance as to be little better than a mere 'walking skeleton,' almost *sans* eyes—sans taste—sans *blunt*, and sans every thing. But the visitors are not unmindful of his former efforts in the P. R., and frequently contribute their mites to alleviate his distressed state.

Old *Jack Scroggins*, the 'gentlemanly sort of man,' as he styles himself, generally pays a visit every night to his friend Tom Spring; who, indeed, is a friend in reality towards poor Jack. Scroggins is full of humour, and, when the 'grog is not too much aboard,' contrives to keep the visitors alive; he is full of milling anecdotes, and talks over 'battles nobly fought, and bravely won,' like the old generals Blucher and Suwarrow.

The gay old Tom Owen, known by the title of the *Sage of the East*, occasionally drops in for '*auld lang syne*;' also the game Ben Medley; and on various evenings in turn, the whole of the heroes belonging to the P. R.

One of the most *striking* characters who frequently visits the Castle Tavern, is the renowned frosty-face JACK FOGO, to have a bit of a chit-chat; also to see how the 'world wags,' and to throw '*off a chant*.' After the death of Bob Gregson, he aspired to the situation of poet-laureate to the P. R. No opposition being offered to his claims, he was declared duly elected, and took his seat accordingly. He has published a small volume of *chants*, recording the heroic deeds of the Prize Millers. The following is a specimen of his style:—

Of all the fighting men,
Down from Johnson to Big Ben,
I'll tell you of a *swell* that was so handy, O!
At once to raise his fame,
He fought on Moulsey plain,
But he proved nothing else but a *dandy*, O.

JACK originally was a *translator of soles*, and a protector of '*little feet*,' but Fogo turned up both those callings, to look after the '*bodies*' of the fighting men, as a more lucrative concern. He is a facetious sort of fellow; a jolly companion, and a man of considerable importance connected with the P. R., and the benefits of the boxers. Since his accession to the Ring he has become a kind of walking *Boxiana*; having all the fights, as the saying is, at his fingers' ends.

Who cries the *Ring* uncivilizes youth,
Outraging common sense and common truth!
When science wakes the peasant's dormant wit,
His hands with elegance protect or hit;
Soon he discards the rustic's sluggish mien,
With grace and gallantry to tread the green.
Full oft the conquer'd kicks and clubs assail,
Where wood, and heath, and ignorance prevail.

It is curious to witness the great anxiety displayed by the members of the Ring, on those nights when Matches are made of great importance; and it should seem to the visitor that as much argument is made use of to prevent the *losing*, or to *concede* a point to each other, as if the fate of nations depended upon the issue of it; something like settling the boundaries between Holland and Belgium. And so much interest has been manifested by the public upon the decision of any great battle, that it has been necessary to employ several police officers to prevent the crowd from doing mischief, and also to keep the door way clear at the Castle Tavern.

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[*] The Fancy, in general, thought it was "werry cruel, nay, werry unfeeling" of Mister Death, to deprive them of two such *heavy* swells, and great patrons of the ring, in the persons of the late splendid Mr. Mellish, and the truly liberal-hearted Fletcher Reid, Esq.

[†] DEATH has not merely the authority of Pierce Egan, Lexicographer and Chronicler to "the Fancy" (observes Mr. Samuel Maunder, a gentleman of considerable research, and general literary talents, in "*Death's Doings*," from which the above extracts have been made) for using the *scientific* terms here introduced, and specially marked for the benefit of the uninitiated, but he is also sanctioned by the classic Blackwood, in whose pages may be found some high encomiums on the transcendent merit of that *eloquent style of composition vulgarly called flash!* And is not its use sanctioned by the sweetest of all sweet poets—the "bard of Erin?"—What better precedents *would* the critics have?

In order to give variety to the evening's entertainment at the above Tavern, a most excellent Free and Easy has been established every Friday evening, where some first-rate singing is always to be heard. Tom contributes himself frequently towards the harmony of the evening, and who is also considered a very fair *chanter*. Spring is a favorite with several of the professionals connected with the theatre; and who at times are not backward in giving him a turn.

As a matter that might be expected, the '*Paul Pry* sort of folks' who visit the Castle Tavern, are generally on the alert to ascertain who's who? The old stagers are thus frequently *bored* by the inquisitive stranger, with —"Pray, sir, can you tell me who that gentleman is," &c., &c. A circumstance like the above occurred some time since:—a young swell from Oxford observing a person wishing Spring good night, asked Tom the name of that tall, gentlemanly-looking man, with spectacles on, who had just left the coffee-room. I am sure, said the Oxonian, he is some public character; and he appears to me to be a very well-informed man. "Well-informed!—I believe you," replied mine host, rather animatedly, "the gentleman you allude to is Mr. Vincent Dowling, well known in the Sporting World, and who is likewise the Editor of Bell's Life in London. In him the *Fancy* have found a most sincere friend, and who are much indebted to his exertions, his independence, and his fair and manly support towards the men of the Ring; and I wish I could say as much for many other persons connected with the press!" "Well done, Tom," said an old Ring-goer, who was 'blowing a cloud' in one corner of the room. I am glad you have done justice to that gentleman; and it is really no more than he deserves from the Sporting World. I have known him for several years, and no man, in his literary capacity, has afforded greater amusement to the public, than Mr. Dowling. I believe it was through the exertions of Mr. D., in the *Observer*, who first gave the public a taste for Police Reports; and I have been told that Mr. Dowling first appeared in the P. R. as a reporter of fights, on Jack Randall's contest with the late Ned Turner. I am also anxious to observe that his experience as a public writer has taught him to 'temper justice with mercy,' and, in acting up to the admirable advice of our immortal bard, 'nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice,' he has generally reflected credit on himself by the independent manner with which he has treated those subjects which called forth remarks from his pen. The Editor of a Sporting Newspaper is no 'bed of roses' for the *mind* of any man; and he has only one course to direct him through his very arduous undertaking—namely, the "straight forward one." He is a most excellent companion; cheerful, witty, and satirical at all times; but, in the latter display of his talents, the *feather* appears more than the razor—he tickles his adversaries, rather than wounds their feelings. In his recital of an 'Irish tale' he is quite at home; and the late Andrew Cherry, with all his peculiar excellence in that line of humour, could not produce more fun, or create louder roars of laughter than the Editor of Bell's Life in London. Mr. Dowling possesses immense *tact* as a caterer for the public, backed by *industry* which never *tires;* and if information can be procured by *looking* after it from one end of the kingdom to the other, why then he may be compared to the wary general at his post, who sleeps with one eye *open*, in order to give the other *rest*. In a word—Mr. D. must be viewed as a 'great card' towards the support of the Fancy.

For myself, I must acknowledge that I have spent many evenings in my life, during my connexion with the sporting world, with great delight and satisfaction at the Castle Tavern; and the succeeding days I have reviewed them with equal pleasure, and felt perfectly satisfied that I had derived considerable information from the various classes of society I had mixed with, teaching me that

> The proper study of mankind is man.

In truth, for many years since the recollection of them has not caused me the slightest regret; but, on the contrary, they have *told* with increased pleasure on my feelings, that otherwise I might have remained in my *garret*—

> Hail, towering spot! sublime retreat!
> Full six good stories from the street,
> From whence I view luxuriant crops,
> Of lead, and tile, and chimney tops,
> Where I the immortal NINE invoke,
> 'Midst amorous sparrows, cats, and smoke!

*poking* the ashes out of my scanty grate, finding fault with the follies of society, and brooding over the *anticipated* miseries of mankind. But, no! I have seen the tear of sorrow steal down the cheeks of some of the roughest sons of Nature; I have felt the strong grasp of friendship from the most uncouth looking beings—a forbidden outside, with a melting heart within: 'Such things as passeth show!' and I have witnessed again and again, CHARITY bestowed, where the bestower of the mite had scarcely *blunt* enough left in his pocket to purchase a breakfast the next morning. Such are some of the advantages of mixing with society.

But then it has often been "flung in my teeth," that the *fancy* has very bad members belonging to it: too many bad members, I must admit, it has attached to its pursuits; but, by comparison to the 'MOUNTAIN OF GOOD ONES,' who still remain in the sporting world, they must be viewed as a mere *speck*. But might I not retort with severity, if it suited my purpose, upon some of the best educated parts of society, to observe—that a Bishop has been compelled to quit his country for an abominable crime; a Reverend Divine been executed for murder; and a Banker hung for forgery; and so on to the end of the chapter? But, after all the arguments that might be produced for and against the sports of society—it comes to the old conclusion—there are BAD and GOOD of all *grades;* and that the members of the sporting world are not *worse* than their neighbours.

In conclusion, I have only to observe that the Castle Tavern is open at all times to the visitor, either to confute my representation of it, or to verify the truth of my assertion—but of this circumstance I feel strongly assured that an evening spent at the above sporting house will never prove a source of regret to the stranger who is anxious to witness some of the peculiarities of Life, or cause him to assert—"*I was sorry that I was last night at* TOM SPRING'S!"

### ROYAL ANECDOTE.

It is a point of etiquette in the Royal hunts, that no one be permitted to ride before his majesty, for which purpose the prickers are appointed to prevent a too near approach to the person of the king. It happened, however, during one of the chases in the New Forest, that a young sportsman, unable to govern his horse, rode past the late king, George III., and the heels of his horse threw some dirt into that monarch's face; the prickers were on the alert to resent this affront, but his majesty exclaimed, in the most good-natured manner, "Stop, stop!—never punish a man for what he cannot help."

### AN EPITAPH ON A SPORTSMAN.

Beneath this turf, pent in a narrow grave,
Lies a true sportsman, generous, great, and brave;
It was his principal, and greatest pride,
To have a fowling-bag slung by his side;
Thro' woods and fields to labour, toil, and run,
In quest of game, with pointer, scrip, and gun.
His random shot was seldom known to spare,
The woodcock, pheasant, or the tim'rous hare:
Till death (that sable lurcher) lay conceal'd,
Surpris'd, and shot our hero in the field;
Then in this covert may he safely rest,
Till rous'd to join with covies of the blest!

### GREAT TROTTING MATCH BETWEEN MISS TURNER AND RATTLER.

The above match, which excited so much interest in the Sporting World, between Rattler, (the American horse,) and Miss Turner, (the Welsh mare,) for 200 sovereigns, was decided on Saturday, April 25th, 1829, over ten miles of ground, between Cambridge and Godmanchester, commencing at the second mile-stone from Cambridge, and terminating at the twelfth. This was the first occasion on which the merits of Rattler were brought into action in this country, although he had won all his matches in America. Miss Turner had been in training at Smitham-bottom, Surrey, for two months, and was completely up to the mark. Both were in Cambridge on Friday—Rattler at the Greyhound, and Miss Turner at the Eagle and Child; and, the Newmarket Meeting having closed, several of the turfites came over to witness the match. A meeting between the proprietors of each horse took place at the Hoop, in Cambridge, on Friday evening, when the time, place of trotting, and some other necessary preliminaries were adjusted; but betting was still shy, and two to one on Rattler would be accepted only to a very trifling amount. Some small bets were made on time, the American being backed to do the ten miles in thirty-two minutes.

Shortly before twelve, both the animals and their proprietors were at the starting stone. Rattler was ridden by William Haggerty, the American groom, dressed in a light flannel jacket, blue silk cap, olive-green velveteen trowsers, and boots without spurs, and a small whip in his hand; his stirrups were wrapped round with list, to prevent his feet from slipping; he rode with a common snaffle bit and martingale. The mare was ridden by little Davy, in a jockey silk cap and jacket, boots and spurs. According to the terms of the match, the American groom was to weigh ten stone, while the mare was not confined to weight, and Davy, saddle and all, did not weigh more than seven stone. The colour of the horse was dark bay, and the mare a chesnut; both were about the same size, fifteen hands two inches, and in age we believe they were pretty much on a par—between eight and nine years. The coat of the American was rough, while that of the mare was sleek, and indicative of fine training. Previous to the start, the American was trotted up and down several times; and at last the groom, whose appearance was any thing but of the dandy-cut, exclaimed to his master, that he was full ready for his jump; and, indeed, the fire and vigour which the animal displayed confirmed this assertion. The mare was also full of spirit and activity, and excited general admiration. The umpires were now chosen—Mr. Morton, jun., of Epsom, for the proprietor of the American, and Mr. Angles for the proprietor of the mare. The former, of course, rode with the mare, and the latter with the horse, with the understanding, according to the terms of the articles, that should either break from the trot into a gallop, he or she should be turned round, according to the usual laws of trotting.

Shortly after twelve o'clock, all being in readiness, the road was cleared, and at a given signal the mare was started at a spanking pace of at least twenty miles an hour. A clear minute having elapsed, Rattler was let go, and almost instantaneously laid himself down to his work, with extraordinary speed. It was soon seen that he was gaining on the mare, and he was urged, we think rather unwisely, to increase his pace, and improve his advantage. Both soon broke out in a profuse perspiration, and by the conclusion of the third mile Rattler was fast closing on the mare, and in about half a mile futher he was alongside of her. The mare was now urged to increased swiftness, and in consequence broke, and was turned twice. This accident gave Rattler, who kept on steadily to his work, an additional advantage, and by the fourth mile he headed her in grand style. Still the mare proceeded with unabated vigour, while Rattler continued to stretch farther a-head. Shortly before she reached the fifth mile the mare again broke twice, and was turned, while Rattler, in passing the fifth mile-stone, was full sixty yards in advance, and his proprietor, as well as Harry England, called to the groom to keep steady—an order which he obeyed, and kept pulling his horse with all his strength. Both horse and man were in a complete bath of sweat; and in the course of the sixth mile, in which there was a slight descent, the mare broke, and was turned no less than four times—a circumstance, in our opinion, attributable to one of her friends riding too close to her quarters, and urging her to increased exertion. In passing through the village of Fenny Stanton, the horse was full two hundred yards in front, when a sharp trotter was laid alongside of him, and produced such a degree of irritation, that it required all the physical strength of the groom to hold him in so as to prevent his breaking. The interference of and remonstrance of Harry England at last prevented the continuance of this unfair conduct: but the effect of it was, that the mare, who had been going in admirable style, although she broke four times afterwards, was fast gaining on the horse, and had approached within ninety yards of him at the commencement of the ninth mile. From the short distance which was yet to be completed, and from the difficulty of checking the progress of the horse, itwas now clear that the mare had not a chance: and in fact, at the close of the tenth mile, the horse was full sixty yards in front, having completed the distance in thirty minutes and forty seconds; a feat unparalleled in the history of horse-flesh in this country. The time of the mare was thirty-one minutes, forty-two seconds, and, making allowances for breaking and turning, the credit due to her was scarcely inferior to that given to the horse. In speed, the latter, however, had a decided advantage; and we have no hesitation in saying, that had he been in better trim, or had he been urged, certainly without occasion, to greater exertion, that he would have done his work in shorter time. Giving to Rattler all due praise, and he certainly must be pronouned a phenomenon, we must still say, that the mare has proved herself the fastest trotter which has yet been bred in this country; and as a brood mare, for which her master intends her, must be highly valuable. On being pulled up, both were somewhat distressed; and we need not say, that the horses of umpires and followers, which were kept at the top of their galloping speed the whole distance, were not a little blown at the conclusion of their labours. The horse and mare were then walked gently back to Fenny Stanton, a distance of two miles and a half, where the American groom dismounted, and went to scale; his weight being then found, including the saddle, and without the bridle, upwards of 10st. 5lbs. With this the umpire of the mare expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and thus ended this extraordinary match, in a manner highly honorable to all parties, and without the most distant approach to wrangle on either side. There was some talk of a fresh match for a longer distance, but this was met by the owner of Rattler offering to back him against any thing living, for any distance, in or out of harness, from any sum from 200*l*. to 5000*l*.

### THE DECAPITATED FIGHTING COCK!

> The Cock that fights and runs away
> May live to fight another day;
> But he that is in battle slain
> Will never rise to fight again.

The following pathetic and heart-rending account of an old lady and her cock occurred a short time since at Union Hall: an elderly female, in widow's weeds, approached the magistrates' table with tears trickling fast down her cheeks. She stood for some time, and appeared so absorbed in grief as to be unable to give utterance to her feelings. The magistrates, perceiving she was in great trouble and anxiety of mind, desired her not to agitate herself, and a chair was placed for her to sit down upon until she became more composed. In the interim a trivial case of assault was disposed of, upon which Mr. Chambers, observing that she had recovered in some measure from her agitation, inquired the nature of her application. The question was scarcely asked, when the applicant drew forth from under her silk cloak the headless body of a *cock*, and holding it up in her hands by the legs, while the blood fell in drops from the lacerated neck, 'There,' said she, uttering a convulsive sob, 'there, your worship, you see *my cock without a head.*'

The display of the dead cock, and the emotion exhibited by the poor widow for the loss of her darling bantam, caused great laughter, instead of the sympathy it was evident she expected from all who heard her complaint. 'Well madam,' inquired Mr. Chambers, '*how came your cock in that condition, with its head cut off*?' Applicant, still weeping, 'Your worship, the poor thing's head was struck off by Mr. *Glasscock*, my next door neighbour, with a sabre, while *his cock* and *my cock* were fighting together; and I want to know if I cannot obtain redress for so diabolical an act, for I can call it nothing else.' Mr. Chambers inquired how the *cocks* came to engage with one another; whether they had been *matched* to fight by the applicant? The applicant said that *her cock* got over the wall into Mr. *Glasscock's* yard, and then the two *cocks* began at one another, when, in the midst of the fight, Mr. *Glasscock* ran out with a drawn sword in his hand, and with one blow severed the head off *her cock*. A voice here from amongst the crowd listening to the case called out, 'Well, old lady, you can have *cock broth* now as soon as you please.' The applicant, hearing the words, said, 'Me eat this poor *cock*—no, not for a thousand pounds. My poor mother, who died at ninety-six years of age, reared the poor bird, and out of respect for her memory—for I know she was fond of it—I was anxious to keep it as long as I lived, had it not been for my cruel neighbour, Mr. *Glasscock*, who deserved to have his head cut off for serving out the poor bird in this manner. (The applicant here gazed at the *dead cock*, and, smoothing down the feathers on its back, said, 'Well, it had as pretty a plumage as any *cock* in the kingdom, and could fight well, too, but I did all in my power to prevent any thing of the kind.') Mr. Chambers, 'Well, madam, I have listened very patiently to all you have had to say relative to the *dead cock*, and now must inform you that I can afford you no redress. You can summon Mr. *Glasscock* to the Court of Requests for the value you set upon *your cock*, and that is all the advice I can give you.' The applicant here dropped a low curtsey, and while engaged in tying up the body of her *cock* in a pocket handkerchief, she shook her head over it, and exclaimed aloud, on leaving the office, 'I shall never, never more, see its like again.'"

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### *Singular Battle at Tattersall's between*

### A COCK SPARROW AND A MOUSE.

At the above highly famed Sporting Establishment, the visitors, some time since, were interested upon the following accidental turn-up, which occurred near the Subscription Room:—

A SPARROW, who was in the daily habit of picking up the crumbs of bread which were thrown out from one of the rooms (and which, it appears, he viewed as his exclusive right), was suddenly interrupted in his pursuit by a little hungry MOUSE, who, with tears in his eyes, had been some time without food; he attacked the SPARROW, seized upon the crumb of bread, and endeavoured to run off with his prize. The SPARROW immediately *showed fight*; and *nobbed* the MOUSE so successfully with his beak, that MOUSEY *bolted*, and made for a hole in the wall, to escape from the fury of his antagonist; but the hole being too small, POOR MOUSEY stuck fast for a little time, when the SPARROW *punished* him severely. Five and six to four on the *Feathers*. The MOUSE, in his own defence, was compelled to return to the charge; and was again so *milled* that he ran a little way up the wall, but falling down, from weakness, the SPARROW once more had the *best of him*. Two to one was offered by the surrounding spectators (who were now so much interested upon the event, that Randall and Martin could not, for the instant, have proved more attractive to their feelings) that the *gay* bird won it. MOUSEY, who was not destitute of *pluck*, determined to have another *shy* for the *crumb*, and made a desperate effort to bear it off; but the *little* cock bird *served* him out so *hard* and *fast*, that MOUSEY left the ground with the speed of a *Priam*, and got out of the clutches of his opponent by falling down an area. The SPARROW now followed the MOUSE till he lost sight of him, cocking his little *ogles* down the area after his antagonist, and strutting with all the pride of a first-rate *miller*, as if *chaffing* to himself, "I have *given it you*, my MOUSEY, for your temerity;" then, returning to the spot, he finished the crumbs at his ease and leisure, amidst the laughter of the surrounding spectators. The *cock sparrow* is well known to be a very *game* bird; indeed both of these little creatures seemed as if they were inspired by the sporting ardour which breathes throughout every department of this splendid establishment.

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### NEWMARKET IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

A gentleman who made a very extensive tour in the eastern parts of this island, in the reign of queen Anne, and published his remarks in that of George I., speaking of Newmarket, says—"Being there in October, I had the opportunity to see the horse-races, and a great concourse of the nobility and gentry, as well from London as from all parts of England; but they were all so intent, so eager, so busy upon the sharping part of the sport, their wagers and bets, that to me they seemed just so many horse-coursers in Smithfield, descending, the greatest of them, from their high dignity and quality, to the picking one another's pockets, and biting one another as much as possible; and that with so much eagerness, as it might be said they acted without respect to faith, honor, or good manners.

"There was Mr. Frampton, the oldest, and, as some say, the cunningest jockey in England; one day he lost 1000 guineas, the next he won 2000; and so alternately. He made as light of throwing away £500 or £1000 at a time, as other men do of their pocket money; and was as perfectly calm, cheerful, and unconcerned, when he had lost £1000 as when he had won it. On the other side there was sir R. Fagg, of Sussex, of whom Fame says he has the most in him, and the least to show for it, relating to jockeyship, of any man there; yet he often carried the prize. His horses, they said, were all cheats, how honest soever their master was; for he scarcely ever produced a horse but he looked like what he was not, and was what nobody could expect him to be. If he was as light as the wind, and could fly like a meteor, he was sure to look as clumsy as a cart-horse, as all the cunning of his master and grooms could make him; and just in this manner he bit some of the greatest gamesters in the field.

"I was so sick of the jockeying part, that I left the crowd about the posts, and pleased myself with observing the horses; how the creatures yielded to all the arts and management of their masters; how they took their airings in sport, and played with the daily heats which they ran over the course before the grand day; but how, as not knowing the difference equally with their riders, they would then exert their utmost strength, as much as at the time of the race itself, and that to such an extremity, that one or two of them died in the stable, when they came to be rubbed after the first heat.

"Here I fancied myself in the *Circus Maximus* at Rome, seeing the ancient games, and, under this deception, was more pleased than I possibly could have been among the crowds of gentlemen at the weighing and starting posts; or at their meetings at the coffee-houses and gaming-tables, after the races were over. Pray take it with you as you go, that you see no ladies at Newmarket, excepting a few of the neighbouring gentlemen's families, who come in their carriages to see a race, and then go home again."

### CURIOUS BOND.

The following Bond, given for breaking of a *setter*, shows the price of such labour upwards of a *century* ago, and the nature of the contract to perform it.

*Ribbesford*, *Oct.* 7, 1685.

"I, JOHN HARRIS, of Wildore, in the parish of Hartlebury, in the county of Worcester, yeoman, for and in consideration of ten shillings of lawful English money, this day received of Henry Hurbert, of Ribbesford, in the said county, Esq., and of thirty shillings more of the like money by him promised to be hereafter paid me, do hereby covenant and promise to and with the said Henry Hurbert, his executors and administrators, that I will, from the day of the date hereof, until the first day of March next, well and sufficiently maintain and keep a Spanish bitch, named *Quand*, this day delivered into my custody by the said Henry Hurbert, and will, before the first day of March next, fully and effectually train up and teach the said bitch to set partridges, pheasants, and other game, as well and exactly as the best setting dogs usually set the same. And the said bitch, so trained and taught, I shall and will deliver to the said Henry Hurbert, or, to whom he shall appoint to receive her, at his house in Ribbesford, aforesaid, on the first day of March next. And if at any time after the said bitch shall, for want of use or practice, forget to get game as aforesaid, I will, at my costs and charges, maintain her for a month, or longer, as often as need shall require, to train up and teach her to set game, as aforesaid, and shall and will fully and effectually teach her to set game, as well and exactly as is above mentioned.

"Witness my hand and seal, the day and year first above written.

"JOHN HARRIS. ⋈ his mark

"Sealed and delivered in the presence of

"H. PAYNE. ⋈ his mark."

### DR. FRANKLIN'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG SPORTSMAN.

A gentleman of this description, from a too eager pursuit of the follies of high fashion, had spent the last guinea of his patrimony. At length, after receiving insults from those whom he had protected, and being denied a meal by those whom he had once fed, fortune, in one of her vagaries, presented him with another estate, more valuable than the first. Upon the possession of it, young Nimrod waited upon the late celebrated Dr. Franklin, who had been the friend of his father, to beg his advice. "What were the causes of your late misfortunes?" enquired the doctor. "Lawyers, quacks, gamesters, and footmen," replied the applicant. "The four greatest pests of your metropolis," rejoined Franklin. "But poisons (continued the doctor) in the political, as well as medical world, may, when judiciously applied, become antidotes to each other; my advice, therefore, is, that you remember the past conduct of the lawyers; this remembrance will teach you not to go to law, and by this you will preserve your new-acquired property from chicanery; the practice of the quacks should teach you to live temperately, and by this you will escape the miseries created by those mercenary monsters; the gamester may show you the necessity of forbearance, and remind you of the old proverb, that 'only knaves and fools are adventurers;' and by this your vigilance will be excited to take care of your ready money: as to the idleness and insolence of footmen, these will teach you the pleasures of waiting upon yourself, in which you will be sure to escape the mortification of paying for torment in your own house. Go, son of my friend, ponder these antidotes, and be happy."

Printed for Thomas Tegg, Cheapside, by John Haddon, Castle Street, Finsbury.

# PIERCE EGAN'S
# BOOK OF SPORTS.

No. VI.] [*Price Three Pence.*

## *The* "FINISH" *of* TOM MOODY—*the crack Huntsman !*

## "Gone to Earth!"

One favor bestow—'tis the last I shall crave,
Give a rattling view halloo, thrice over my grave !

Nature makes us poor, only when we want necessaries, observed the late Dr. Johnson, but custom gives the name of *Poverty* to the want of superfluities. The biography of huntsmen, in general, independant of their feats in the chase, might almost be contained in the space of a few nut shells. From the best information that we could obtain from a very old Shropshire huntsman, respecting the late TOM MOODY, we understand that for upwards of thirty years he had been the '*whipper-in*' to Squire Forrester's pack of hounds in Shropshire ; and also that he died in the service of that gentleman.

It is said of the late *Tom Moody*, that he was one of the happiest fellows in the kingdom ; and likewise that he had not a spark of envy in his whole composition ; indeed, generally speaking, he was happier than his monarch, or the whole race of kings, if the statement of the Poet be any thing like correct, that

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown !

It is true that *Tom Moody* now and then went to bed with rather a '*funny nob*,' but it was not distracted with the cares of the world ; in truth, he had nothing to *rifle* his thoughts ; to *plague* his mind ; or to put him on the *fret* respecting his finances. Day light opened upon Tom with pleasure, and the evening brought him mirth and harmony; indeed his life was one complete steady course: he had his regular employment for the Summer; and the sports of the field occupied his time throughout the Winter. *Tom Moody* was completely provided for—as the term goes—he had no *taxes* to pay, his master made that sort of troublesome affair to most folks 'all right' to him; and the idea of getting over a tailor's bill never alarmed the '*crack* huntsman:' all that he cared about Mr. *Snip* was, that the latter gave to his *toggery* a regular sporting *cut*; well knowing that the Squire made the ninth part of a man 'all happiness' at Christmas, on the cash account. *Tom Moody* was generally called by his acquaintances 'a *deep* one;' but he was quite out of the hunt as to anything like a *politician*, and he had, individually, as much respect for the *Outs* as the *Inns*; but, nevertheless, as if by instinct, he had a very great respect for the high-sounding character of a *Parliament* man; and *Tom* always appeared to stand in great awe when in the presence of such a person; indeed, he had been taught from his cradle to have a most inviolable respect for his "BETTERS!" *Tom Moody* never soared in society above the idea of a '*serving man*,' and he felt contented and happy in his situation; but he was very anxious to be called a good 'whipper-in;' and also to have the character of being an excellent huntsman. He was a jolly companion, and quite 'a feature' in the village contiguous to the 'Squire's Estate'—'and the name of TOM MOODY the whipper-in,' was well known for miles round the country.

It was whispered that, in his early days, *Tom* was very fond of the company of the fair sex; but, nevertheless, he always had the reputation of being too *sound* a sportsman to attempt anything like *poaching* on the manors of other persons; yet a present now and then of a partridge, pheasant, or any other little article of game, always rendered *Tom Moody* a welcome visitor at the house of his friends; indeed, whenever he could spare any time from the sports of the field, he used frequently to declare to his brother sportsmen, that he never felt happier than when engaged in a little '*small talk*' with the fair daughters of the creation. The actions of *Tom Moody* were *simplicity* itself: and if he did not feel the expressions of Anacreon, Moore's celebrated song in praise of 'Lovely Woman,' or he could not give so elegant a turn to the verses contained in the ballad as some of the high-bred swells, yet Tom was equally alive to the 'milk of human kindness' possessed by the softer sex, and entered into all the spirit of the words with as much gallantry:—

Dear creatures we can't do without 'em,
They are *all* so sweet and seducing to man!

But, at the village ale-house, *Tom* was quite 'at home!' and if, perchance, he let his *score* run to a greater length from accident or other circumstances, making rapid progress towards *Chalk Farm*,* it operated considerably more upon his feelings until the *sponge* had performed its useful office, than the accumulation of the National Debt did on the minds of our alarming financiers. Tom, it should seem, had made up his mind to live all the 'days of his life;' and although not addicted to drinking, and very far from the character of a *Sot*, yet he was by no means viewed as an abstemious man; indeed, on the contrary, he was fond of a glass of grog; and as to choice, Tom preferred it being made *stiff*-ish than otherwise; and he could also take off a pint or two of '*humming* October,' without moving a muscle or winking his eye. The constitution of *Tom Moody* was as sound as a roach—"a pleasant, cheerful glass or two," said Tom to his friends, "will never hurt any body, provided they do as I do—to get up early in the morning and snuff the fragrant gale—take plenty of exercise in the open air; and a day's hunting is sure to put any little excess over night to rights, without the aid of *Old Drench'em*, the apothecary."

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than *fee* the doctor for his *nauseous* draught.

*Tom* never troubled his friends that he was out of sorts, or that he was labouring under the complaint of the head-ache! He was always happy to meet his acquaintances in the evening to recount over the sports of the day; and it was quite a treat to hear *Tom Moody* give the 'view halloo!' He was a merry fellow and fond of hearing a good *chaunt* at all times, but he preferred those songs which related to sporting; neither was *Tom* in the least degree backwards when called upon to add to the harmony of the evening. The following ballad was a great favorite with him, and the spirit and character which he infused into it, rendered the above song not only a *crack* affair in its way, but it frequently produced for *Tom* a very loud *encore*; so much satisfaction did this *chaunt* give to the members of the club:—

### THE PLEASURE OF THE CHASE.

A southerly wind, and a cloudy sky,
  Proclaim a hunting morning.
Before the sun rises we nimbly fly,
  Dull sleep and a downy bed scorning.
    To horse, my boys, to horse away,
    The chase admits of no delay:
On horseback we've got, together we'll trot!
On horseback, &c.
Leave off your chat, see the cover appear
The hound that strikes first, cheer him without fear;
Drag on him! ah, wind him, my steady good hounds;
Drag on him! ah, wind him, the cover resounds.

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* "Chalk Farm." A cant phrase for *credit* at a public-house: showing the extent of a customer's orders by the number of *chalks* scored against his name behind the door inside the bar, or upon a slate; it likewise points out the good *faith* possessed by the landlord towards his debtor.

How complete the cover and furze they draw !
  Who talks of Barry or Meynell?
Young *Lasher* he flourishes now thro' the shaw,
  And *Sauce-box* roars out in his kennel.
    Away we fly, as quick as thought;
    The new-sown ground soon makes them fault;
Cast round the sheep's train, cast round, cast round,
Try back the deep lane, try back, try back,
Hark! I hear some hound challenge in yonder spring sedge;
Comfort bitch hits it there, in that old thick hedge.
Hark forward ! hark forward ! have at him, my boys,
Hark forward ! hark forward ! Zounds, don't make a noise.

A stormy sky, o'ercharg'd with rain,
  Both hounds and hunstsmen opposes;
In vain on your mettle you try, boys, in vain,
  But down, you must, to your noses.
    Each moment now the sky grows worse,
    Enough to make a parson curse:
Pick through the plow'd ground, pick through, pick through,
Well hunted, good hounds, well hunted, well hunted,
If we can but get on we shall soon make him quake;
Hark! I hear some hounds challenge in the midst of the brake,
Tallio ! tallio, there ! across the green plain;
Tallio ! tallio, boys ! have at him again!

Thus we ride, whip, and spur, for a two hours' chase,
  Our horses go panting and sobbing,
Young *Madcap* and *Riot* begin now to race,
  Ride on Sir, and give him some mobbing.
    But, hold—alas ! you'll spoil our sport,
    For, though the hound, you'll head him short,
    Clap round him, dear Jack, clap round, clap round,
    Hark *Drummer*, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark, back.
He's jumping and dangling in every bush;
Little Riot has fastened his teeth in his brush;
Who-hoop, who-hoop, he's fairly run down !
Who-hoop, &c.

*Tom Moody* used frequently to go to the *Stag's Head* to have a look at the *Shropshire News* paper, but he scarcely ever glanced his eyes towards the price of stocks; the majority in the House of Commons; or the advertisements of "Sales by Candle!" "Aye," said *Tom*, "Here is what I want to see, who won the last great main at cocks at York! The winner of the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster races! and how the odds are upon the high bred cattle entered for the Derby—these are the subjects that I like to inquire into!" Any thing concerning a *steeple chase* he would peruse every line of it with the most rapturous delight! But for a Fox HUNT! it was worth any thing to behold his ecstacy and view his actions—his whole frame was at work! he would not only read the account of it with the most unbounded glee, but he felt such an animated enthusiastic interest in any thing respecting the chase, that on his concluding the paragraph he would give the "Who-hoop!" so loud as nearly to crack the ears of the by standers, and almost strong enough to endanger the safety of old dame *Bungard's* china cups and saucers in the bar, which had been handed down from father to son for upwards of a century! Upon one memorable occasion, when *Tom* was in better trim than usual, the old lady observed, "La! *Mr. Moody*, you have given the 'who-who-hoop' as you call it, so very loud and strong to day, that you have absolutely set all my tea cups and saucers dancing!" "I am not at all surprised at that circumstance," said a gentleman from London who was present—"his voice is *music* itself: I am astonished, delighted, and scarcely know how to praise it enough, I never heard any thing half so so attractive and inspiring before, in the whole course of my life; and the tones of it are as fine, deep, and mellow as a French horn!" Indeed, *Tom Moody* well deserved the title of a '*crack* HUNTSMAN;' and a better one, it is said, could not have been met with all over England; he was nothing else but a huntsman—it was meat, washing, and lodging to him; nay, breakfast, dinner, and supper to Tom the whole year round. He was a very high-couraged rider: and he performed such extraordinary leaps at times, as to have intimidated the boldest horsemen in the field; but *Tom Moody* had been reared and trained to the duties attached to the character of a huntsman from a mere boy; and he was fond of it to excess; in his cups he often swore, that other persons might say what they thought proper about enjoyment or pleasure, but to him "*there was nothing like hunting!*" *Tom* would not suffer a pack of hounds to hunt through a field of sheep; neither would he have them taken off their *noses;* and he also possessed one of the first requisites towards constituting a good huntsman, a never-tiring *activity*. *Tom Moody* was neither conceited nor obstinate; but he improved his knowledge by experience, and turned it to good account upon all occasions. Another most important feature in his conduct was, that he always kept his hounds *healthy* and *steady*, and he likewise made them love and fear him. In fact, no huntsman ever knew how to make the most of a pack of hounds better than the late *Tom Moody* did; or, to bring them into the field with greater vigour. As a judge of the *constitution* of his hounds, he was truly eminent; and whenever they were at *fault* he always made his *cast* with judgment; he was likewise patient and persevering at all times, and never gave up a fox whilst there remained a chance of killing him. Such were the qualities possessed by the late *Tom Moody* towards establishing his character as a "*crack* HUNTSMAN."

Amongst the *oddities*, who visited the club at the Stag's Head, was "Old *Amen*," the parish clerk, one of the Caleb Quotem sort of folks in society:

Geography is my delight,
  Ballads, Epitaphs, I write,
Almanacks I can indite,
  Graves I dig, compact and tight,
      Steeple sound,
      Corpse to the ground,
      Chymery,
      Rhymery,
      Songs inditing,
      Epitaphs writing, &c.

who would undertake every thing, but who did nothing well; yet one of the corner-pins of the club, and who was very much attached to *Tom Moody*. He was a prime wet soul;

but, nevertheless, a complete man of business; and it used to be his boast, when checked now and then by some of the sober members of the club, on account of his being too much addicted to drinking. "Never mind," retorted Old *Amen*, "I can give you Scripture proof for every thing that I do; therefore listen, ye Pharisees, ye reprobates, ye sinners, and learn, that there is a *time* for every thing in this probationary life—there is a *time* to dance, a *time* to sing, and a *time* to drink; and, if these three things do not make a man dry, why then you may say, that Old *Amen* is no conjurer." The parish-clerk was a sort of *butt* for the club to crack their jokes upon; but he, nevertheless, took it all in good part; observing, at the same time, that he would much sooner put up with a *skit* upon him, than lose a good customer; besides, said he, I shall have my time when I will be *one* with them.

*Tom Moody*, who was very fond of having a bit of fun with Old *Amen* whenever the opportunity offered, '*would blow out his jacket;* or, as they say in the country, would give him a '*skin full*' of the prime old brewing at the squire's, which had been in the cellar for a great number of years, and in point of quality was more like brandy than ale. This Tom did on purpose to hear the clerk *chant* with rather more than an audible voice above all the congregation at church—which made the parson *stare*—all the folks to stare; but no person was in the secret, except Tom, that it was owing to the potency of the squire's ale, such sonorous sounds were produced from the lips of the clerk.

Old Amen, in order to be grateful to *Tom Moody*, for his attention and good nature towards him, one evening, when the former was at the club, and rather '*fresh*,' he mustered up courage, and thus addressed the '*crack* HUNTSMAN':—"My dear Tom, you know we are all liable to die once in our life time; and, perhaps, it may come to my turn first—you know we are here to-day, gone to-morrow; put under the sod next; and perhaps forgotten altogether in a little month; but, for the friendship I bear towards you, if I live the longest, I will write your epitaph; and may I be d—d if I will suffer you to be '*earthed*' without leaving some remembrance behind you. Tom Moody, the prime 'whipper-in' shall not be forgotten by his friends!" "I am much obliged to you, Old Amen," replied *Tom*, "I want no epitaph; I have done nothing in life to deserve an epitaph." "Stop, stop a bit," said the clerk, with a loud hiccough, "but you are a good fellow, and all good fellows deserve an epitaph. Besides, it encourages trade, and that is a substantial reason why you should have an epitaph; only ask the stone-mason if I am not right." "No, no, my Old Boy," replied *Tom Moody*, "I thank you all the same, but I will not trouble you to write an epitaph on my account. I have been often and often in at the death, and repeatedly joined in the loud huzzas; therefore, I should not like exactly to steal off, as it were, to my *cover*, without some of my friends saying, there goes poor Tom Moody, we will see the last of him. And as I do not think it would be proper or decent for you, Old Amen, as one of the persons belonging to the church, to join in what I am now going to request of the club to do for me, I take the will for the deed. But if the members of the club will give A RATTLING VIEW-HALLOO OVER MY GRAVE, when I am called by the Master of all things to give up the chase, I shall die contented." The members of the club at the Stag's Head assured *Tom*, that the persons who might chance to survive him, would almost split their windpipes in his service, not only out of respect to him as a prime member of the club, but to do him that justice he deserved as a 'crack Huntsman.' "And," said the Old Clerk, "why certainly, Tom, my occupation is a *grave* one; and my office requires propriety of demeanour (*hiccoughing*), if I must not join in the halloo, I can *wink* at it, and that will be all the same. But come, Tom," said he, "don't be down-hearted, because we have been talking of 'giving up the Ghost,' you are worth a thousand 'dead ones' yet; therefore, give us a toast, and one more song, when we shall finish the evening like jovial souls: (*singing*).

'Tis my will, when I die, not a tear should be shed,
No *hic jacet* engraved on my stone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say that my drinking is done.

"You are a jolly Old Cock," replied Tom, "and I cannot refuse you any thing; and now for the huntsman's toast: "Here's horses strong, dogs healthy, earth's stopped, and foxes plenty!" "Bravo!" said Old Amen, "you see my glass is empty! Silence, Gentlemen, for Mr. Moody's song:"—

Tom Moody was my father, and Tom Moody's son am I,
And down in these parts I were born,
When but a saucy urchin, scarce half a handful high,
I followed the fox and merry horn;
Both dad and mammy prais'd me, I was their only joy—
And they call'd me their very merry, sporting-headed boy!
To be with horses, dogs, and sporting men, it ever was my joy,
Which so pleas'd the merry, little, sporting-headed boy.

But soon I shot up taller, ill weeds they grow apace,
No boy was more fond of life and fun,
The ruddy glow of healthfulness stood laughing in my face,
And I brought down the birds with my gun.
So I shot the game, kiss'd the girls, my life was full of joy,
See there goes the merry, funny, sporting-headed boy.
For hunting, shooting, fishing—indeed, sporting was my joy,
And with the hounds all alive was the sporting headed boy!

Now dad and mam are dead and gone, and I'm crack whipper-in,
The view halloo is my great delight!
Then I rise with the Sun, and to kill the fox think no sin,
To me what a glorious sight!

Then to be a prime huntsman, that will only crown my joy,
'Twill make me dance and sing, like a sporting-headed boy.
I like my lass, take my glass—for friendship is my true joy—
And 'O the days when I were young'—a sporting-headed boy.

The drinking of the above toast produced another, and another sentiment; the song also gave a greater zest to the evening's amusement; and after the glasses were emptied, as a matter of course, 'Old Amen' and *Tom Moody* could not part without having something more to drink: thus glass succeeded glass, the parish clerk, according to the members of the club, got gloriously pious;* nay, quite troublesome, and Tom Moody was compelled to get off the Old Parish Clerk as well as he could; but the former quitted the club-room, reeling and singing:—

Mat Mudge, the sexton of our town,
Though oft a little heady,
The drink not so his wits could drown,
But some excuse was ready:
Mat said the Parson lov'd a sup,
And eke also the clerk;
But then it kept his *spirits* up,
'Mongst spirits in the dark!
Swore 'twas his predecessor's fault,
A cursed drunken fellow,
The very bells to ring he taught,
As if they all were mellow;
Hark! hark! cried he, in tipsy peal,
Like roaring topers as they reel—
Hark! what a drunken pother:
Another cup and then—What then?—
Why another!

"Another cup and then," said Mr. *Roundpaunch*, the Churchwarden, that old Amen, I verily believe, would empty the largest butt in the cellar, with a *cup* at a time, and never leave it till he was carried home; and then he would not be satisfied without *another!*" But, if I am not mistaken, it is the same with most of the parish clerks in the kingdom; they eat and drink so much at other people's expense, that they never know when to leave off." If there is a *wedding* "Old *Amen*" comes in for his fee, and perhaps for something to whet his whistle; if it is a *christening*, of course the parish clerk must drink the health of the young Christian; and if it is a *funeral*, sorrow becomes dry—and he *wets* both eyes, in order to keep up his maxim, that "there is a *time* to drink"—and *grieving's* a folly!"

The above Club at the Stag's Head was well attended once a-week by the "*topping*" tradesmen of the town, who, after the fatigues of the day were over, used to *unbend* a little, by hob-nobbing together, as it is called, in order to attend to business the next morning with more vigour. The '*stags*,' as they were called, were generally a bit 'sporting-like;' and as the squire was a great feature in the neighbourhood—his splendid establishment—his *crack* pack of hounds, and his fine stud of horses, and the numerous gentlemen and visitors from London, who attended the HUNTS, gave a decided tone and feeling to the conversation contiguous to the mansion of the esquire. The *blacksmith* was *interested* in it; the *farrier* obtained work through the hunts, and the *tailor* found employment, either to repair or to make garments for the dashing fellows, who appeared in the field. The *butcher*, of course, could not be done without, after the sports of the day were over; the *saddler* was a personage in very great request, connected with the hunting establishment; and the *stationer* also came in for his share of business, as to pens, ink, and paper: in short, a variety of other trades felt the importance of the HUNTS—it gave a spur to business—and the cash circulated merrily through a variety of other hands, which otherwise might have wanted business, and the tradesmen become as flat as pancakes. It, therefore, will not excite any surprise, that the leading toasts amongst the '*stags*' was "SUCCESS to HUNTING;" and the club never separated without drinking the health of the squire as one of their standing toasts.

Indeed, during the hunting season the people were all as merry as grigs; satisfaction appeared on all their faces, and it was esteemed by them—"LIFE IN THE COUNTRY." Such are the good results from the circulation of money in different parts of England where such establishments are kept, and patronized by noblemen and gentlemen. On those nights when TOM MOODY was the president—the chair being taken by the members in rotation—out of compliment to the '*crack* whipper-in,' the chair and room were decorated with trophies connected with Sporting. But while

Thus the Nightingale Club nightly kept up their clamour,
And were nightly knock'd down by the president's hammer:

TOM held in his hand the 'brush of Reynard,' and, waving it over his head, cried out,—'swiftly, swiftly!' in allusion to the fleetness of the Fox, and that "Time flies,"—also accompanied by the 'who hoop,' to signify the 'game was in view;' or, in other words, that attention was required to be paid to the harmony of the evening. Mr. *Wellbound*, the stationer to the club, who always looked upon himself as the best-informed man belonging to the '*Stags*,' or rather *one* of the best of the members, from his immediate acquaintance with books—when called upon for a *chant*, with a great deal of importance prefaced his song with the following observations:—"Mr. President, I like to be in *character* with my brother members: and I am fond of hunting to a certain extent; but, nevertheless, I like to display something like good sense and learning in every thing that I undertake; therefore, I will sing you a *classical* Sporting song, written by one of our greatest poets of the old times:—

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* "Pious!" A cant phrase for a person being very much intoxicated; but it is rather a *perversion* of the word we must confess, without it is ironically used against the cloth!"

### HUNTING THE HARE.

Songs and sonnets, and rustical roundelays,
Forms of fancies are whistled on reeds,
Songs to solace young nymphs upon holidays
Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds;
Phœbus ingenious
With witty Silenus,
His haughty genius taught to declare;
In words nicely coin'd,
And verse better join'd,
How stars divine lov'd hunting the hare.

Stars enamour'd with pastimes Olympical,
Stars and planets that beautifully shone,
Would no longer endure that mortal man only
Should swim in pleasure, while they but look on;
Round about horned
Lucina they swarmed,
And her informed how minded they were,
Each god and goddess,
To take human bodies,
As lords, and ladies, to follow the hare.

Chaste Diana applauded the motion,
And pale Proserpina sate in her place,
Which guides the Welkin and governs the ocean,
While she conducted her nephews in chase;
Till by her example
Their father to trample
The earth old and ample leave they the air;
Neptune the water,
And wine Liber Pater,
And Mars the slaughter to follow the hare.

Young god Cupid mounted on Pegasus,
Beloved by nymphs, with kisses and praise,
Strong Alcides upon cloudy Caucasus,
Mounted a Centaur, which proudly him bare;
Postilion of the sky,
Swift-footed Mercury,
Makes his courser fly, fleet as the air;
Tuneful Apollo
The kennel doth follow,
With whip and hollow after the hare.

Young Amintas thought the gods came to breathe,
After their battle, themselves on the ground,
Thirsis did think the gods came here to dwell beneath,
And that hereafter the world would go round.
Corydon aged,
With Phillis engaged,
Was much enraged with jealous despair,
But fury was faded,
And he was persuaded,
When he found they applauded hunting the hare.

Stars but shadows were, joys were but sorrows,
They without motion, these wanting delight;
Joys are jovial, delights are the marrows
Of life and motion, the axle of might.
Pleasure depends
Upon no other friends,
But still freely lends to each virtue a share;
Alone is pleasure
The measure of treasure,
Of pleasure the treasure is hunting the hare.

Drowned Narcissus from his metamorphosis,
Roused by Echo new manhood did take;
And snoring Somnus up-started from Cimmeris,
The which this thousand year was not awake.
To see club-footed
Old Mulcibes booted,
And Pan too promoted on Corydon's mare,
Proud Pallas Pouted,
And Æolus shouted,
And Momus flouted, yet followed the hare.

Hymen ushers the Lady Astrea,
The jest takes hold of Minerva the bold
Ceres the brown, with bright Cytherea,
With Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold.
Shame-faced Aurora,
With witty Pandora,
And Maia with Flora did company bear;
But Juno was stated
Too high to be mated,
Although she hated not hunting the hare.

Three broad bowls to the olympical rector,
The Troy-born boy presents on his knee,
Jove to Phœbus carouses his nectar,
And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me;
Wherewith infused
I piped and mused,
In language unused, their sports to declare,
Till the house of Jove,
Like the spheres round do move,
Health to all those that love hunting the hare.

It should seem that the late *Tom Moody* was so much attached to the life of a huntsman, that he had every thing nearest his person which could continually put him in mind of it; and the walls of his bed-room were covered with Sporting pictures—of race-horses, favorite hounds, game cocks, &c. Over his mantle-piece also were displayed the trophies of fox hunting—the brush of sly Reynard; his cap, boots, spurs, &c. Indeed, every article connected with the Sports of the Chase were exhibited to give a *character* to the resting place of the 'crack huntsman.'—

His conversation had no other course
Than that presented to his simple view;
Of what concern'd his saddle, groom, or horse,
Beyond this theme he little car'd or knew:
Tell him of beauty, and harmonious sounds,
He'd show his *mare*, and talk about his HOUNDS.

*Tom Moody*, according to the account of some of his old and intimate acquaintances, was extremely happy in his description of a FOX CHASE: indeed, it was said to be a fine piece of acting altogether. However, as we never had the felicity of hearing *Tom* give the '*view halloo!*' in order to render our sketch complete, nay, more, to give a regular *climax* to the '*crack* HUNTSMAN,' we are induced to quote Peter Beckford's, Esq., characteristic account of a Fox hunt.—"A fox-chase is not easy to be described—yet, as even a faint description of it may serve, to a certain degree, as an answer to the various questions you are pleased to make concerning that diversion, I shall prosecute my attempt in such a manner as I think may suit your purpose best. The hour in the morning most favorable to the diversion is certainly an early one, nor do I think I can fix it better than to say the hounds should be at the cover at sun-rising. Let us suppose we are arrived at the cover side.

"——— Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs;
And in each in smiling countenance appears,
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy."

Now let your huntsman throw in his hounds as quietly as he can, and let the two whippers-in keep wide of him on either hand, so that a single hound may not escape them; let them be attentive to his halloo, and be ready to encourage or rate, as that directs: he will, of course, draw up the wind, for reasons which I shall give in another place. Now, if you can keep your brother sportsmen in order, and put any discretion into them, you are in luck; they more frequently do harm than good: if it be possible, persuade those who wish to halloo the fox off, to stand quiet under the cover side, and on no account to halloo him too soon; if they do, he most certainly will turn back again; could you entice them all into the cover, your sport, in all probability, would not be the worse for it.

How well the hounds spread the cover!—the huntsman, you see, is quite deserted, and his horse, which so lately had a crowd at his heels, has not now one attendant left. How steadily they draw!—you hear not a single hound, yet none are idle. Is not this better than to be subject to continual disappointment from the eternal babbling of unsteady hounds?

'——— See! how they range
Dispersed, how busily this way and that
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth.'

How musical their tongues!—Now, as they get nearer to him, how the chorus fills! Hark! he is found.—Now, where are all your sorrows, and your cares, ye gloomy souls? Or where your pains and aches, ye complaining ones? One halloo has dispelled them all. —What a crash they make! and Echo seemingly takes pleasure to repeat the sound. The astonished traveller forsakes his road, lured by its melody: the listening ploughman now stops his plough; and every distant shepherd neglects his flock, and runs to see him break. What joy! what eagerness in every face!

"How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no more
Thyself! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
Yield a short interval and ease from pain!"

Mark how he runs the cover's utmost limits, yet dares not venture forth! the hounds are still too near.—That check is lucky:—now, if our friends head him not, he will soon be off—hark! they halloo: by G—d he's gone.

'———Hark! what loud shouts
Re-echo through the groves! he breaks away;
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
'Tis triumph all, and joy.'

Now, huntsman, get on with the head hounds the whippers-in will bring on the others after you: keep an attentive eye on the leading hounds, that, should the scent fail them, you may know at least how far they brought it.

Mind *Galloper*, how he leads them! It is difficult to distinguish which is first, they run in such a style: yet *he* is the foremost hound. The goodness of his nose is not less excellent than his speed. How he carries the scent! and when he loses it, see how eagerly he flings to recover it again. There—now he's at head again—see how they top the hedge! Now how they mount the hill! Observe what a head they carry; and show me, if you can, one shuffler or skirter amongst them all: are they not like a parcel of brave fellows, who, when they undertake a thing, determine to share its fatigue and its dangers equally amongst them?

'———Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our course; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the stream
In foaming eddies whirls, in vain the ditch
Wide gaping threatens death. The craggy steep,
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain;
But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up th'opponent hill,
By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft:
So ships, in winter seas, now sliding sink
Adown the steepy wave, then toss'd on high,
Ride on the billows, and defy the storm.'

It *was* then the fox I saw as we came down the hill: those crows directed me which way to look, and the sheep ran from him as he passed along. The hounds are now on the very spot; yet the sheep stop them not, for they dash beyond them. Now see with what eagerness they cross the plain! *Galloper* no longer keeps his place. *Brusher* takes it: see how he flings for the scent, and how impetuously he runs! How eagerly he took the lead, and how he strives to keep it! yet *Victor* comes up apace. He reaches him! See what an excellent race it is between them! It is doubtful which will reach the cover first. How equally they run! how eagerly they strain!—now Victor, Victor! Ah! Brusher, you are beat: Victor first tops the hedge. See there! see how they all take it in their strokes! The hedge cracks with their weight, so many jump at once.

Now hastes the whipper-in to the other side the cover: he is right, unless he heads the fox.

Heav'ns! what melodious strains! how beat our hearts
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony; and as the tempest drives
From wood to wood, through ev'ry dark recess
The forest thunders, and the mountains shake.'

Listen!—the hounds have turned. They are now in two parts. The fox has been headed back, and we have changed at last.

Now, my lad, mind the huntsman's halloo, and stop to those hounds which he encourages. He is right!—that, doubtless, is the hunted fox. Now they are off again.

'What lengths we pass! where will the wand'ring chase
Lead us bewilder'd! Smooth as swallows skim
The new shorn mead, and far more swift, we fly.
See my brave pack! how to the head they press,
Jostling in close array, then more diffuse
Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths
The vollied thunder breaks.
———Look back and view
The strange confusion of the vale below,
Where sore vexation reigns;———
———Old age laments
His vigour spent: the tall, plump, brawny youth
Curses his cumbrous bulk; and envies now
The short pygmean race, he whilom kenn'd
With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleasing toils.'

Ha! a check. Now for a moment's patience. We press too close upon the hounds!—Huntsman, stand still: as yet they want you not. How admirably they spread! how wide they cast! Is there a single hound that does not try? If such a one there be he ne'er shall hunt again. There, *Trueman* is on the scent: he feathers, yet still is doubtful; 'tis right! how readily they join him! See those wide-casting hounds, how they fly forward to recover the ground they have lost! Mind *Lightning*, how she dashes; and *Mungo*, how he works! Old *Frantic*, too, now pushes forward: she knows, as well as we, the fox is sinking.

'————Ha! yet he flies, nor yields
To black despair. But one loose more, and all
His wiles are vain. Hark! through yon village now
The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafless elms return the joyous sounds.
Through ev'ry homestall, and through ev'ry yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies:
————————Th'unerring hounds
With peels of echoing vengeance close pursue.'

Huntsman! at fault at last? How far did you bring the scent?—Have the hounds made their own cast?—Now make yours. You see that a sheep-dog has been coursing the fox: get forward with your hounds, and make a wide cast.

Hark! that halloo is indeed a lucky one. If we can hold him on, we may yet recover him; for a fox so much distressed must stop at last. We now shall see if they will hunt as well as run; for there is but little scent, and the impending cloud still makes that little less. How they enjoy the scent! See how busy they all are, and how each in his turn prevails!

Huntsman, be quiet! Whilst the scent was good, you pressed on your hounds: it was well done. Your hounds were afterwards at fault; you made your cast with judgment, and lost no time. You now must let them hunt: with such a cold scent as this you can do no good.—They must do it all themselves.—Lift them now, and not a hound will stoop again.—Ha! a high road, at such a time as this, when the tenderest-nosed hound can hardly own the scent!—Another fault! That man at work, then, has headed back the fox.—Huntsman! cast not your hounds now; you see they have over-run the scent; have a little patience, and let them, for once, try back.

We now must give them time.—See where they bend towards yonder furze brake! I wish he may have stopped there! Mind that old hound, how he dashes over the furze; I think he winds him!—Now for a fresh *en-tapis!*—Hark! they halloo!—Ay, there he goes!

It is nearly over with him: had the hounds caught view he must have died. He will hardly reach the cover. See how they gain upon him at every stroke! It is an admirable race! yet the cover saves him.

Now be quiet, and he cannot escape us: we have the wind of the hounds, and he cannot be better placed.—How short he runs!—he is now in the very strongest part of the cover.—What a crash! every hound is in and every hound is running for him. That was a quick turn! again another! he's put to his last shifts. Now *Mischief* is at his heels, and death is not far off.—Ha! they all stop at once; all silent, and yet no earth is open. Listen!—now they are at him again! Did you hear that hound catch view? They had over-run the scent, and the fox had lain down behind them. Now, Reynard, look to yourself! How quick they all give their tongues!—Little *Dreadnought*, how he works him! the terriers, too, they now are squeaking at him. How close *Vengeance* pursues! how terribly she presses! It is just up with him!—Gods! what a crash they make! the whole wood resounds! That turn was very short!—There!—now—ay, now they have him!—Who-hoop!"

Old *Amen* and *Tom Moody* spent many pleasant evenings at the club together after the memorable *Epitaph* night; nay, many years rolled over their heads with pleasure and delight—the song, and the story often repeated, and the 'view halloo,' &c., given again and again to the great danger of dame Bungard's china cups and saucers; but according to the old parish clerk's version of things, 'there was a *time* for every thing,' and so it appeared: Tom Moody's TIME arrived, and like other men the lease of his premises was out, and he received 'notice to quit:' to the immense regret of his numerous acquaintances and friends! and none more than 'Old AMEN,' who dropped a sincere tear over the grave of his old companion!

Hark! the fierce halloo through the forest resounds!
As full in sight the wild stag bounds;
Then darts away like a beam of light,
While the hunters pursue like a thunder cloud at
night.
Caps high are waved to cheer the glad rout,
While the valleys re-echo with their hoarse savage
shout.
But here is one of that motley crew,
On a shadowy steed of ghastly hue,
'Tis DEATH on his pale horse who follows the throng,
But joins not the laugh, the shout, or the song.
Ha! who is there with blood-streaming wound?
The young hunter his courser hath dash'd to the
ground!
With that sad groan fled his last breath,
Thy human game is won—O DEATH!

We are rather apprehensive, without wishing at all to detract from the poetic talents of 'Old Amen,' or his warmth of friendship into the bargain towards the '*crack huntsman*,' that provided he had penned an epitaph for him, whether it would ever have had half the effect of the following song, written after his death, and which was delightfully sung by the late Mr. Charles Incledon, at the Theatres Royal; it just suited his melodious expressive voice, and he gave it such a superior style of manly excellence that we do not expect to hear any thing like the execution of it again. THE DEATH OF TOM MOODY has likewise been a great favorite at all sporting and convivial meetings—it is full of character, and a fine portrait of a thorough-bred huntsman:—

## DEATH OF TOM MOODY.

*The noted whipper-in; well known to the Sportsmen of Shropshire.*

You all know Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well;
The bell just done tolling was honest Tom's knell:
A more able sportsman ne'er followed a hound,
Thro' a country well-known to him fifty miles round;
No hound ever open'd with Tom in the wood,
But he'd challenge the tone, and could tell if 'twas good—
And all, with attention, would eagerly mark,
When he cheer'd up the pack—"Hark;
To Rockwood, hark! hark!
High!—Wind him! and cross him!
Now Rattler, boy!—hark!"

Six crafty earth-stoppers, in hunter's green drest,
Supported poor Tom to an "earth" made for rest:
His horse, which he styl'd his "Old Soul," next appear'd
On whose forehead the brush of his last fox was rear'd;
Whip, cap, boots, and spurs, in a trophy were bound,
And here and there follow'd an old straggling hound.
Ah! no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace!
Nor the Wrekin* resound his first burst in the chase!
"With high over!—Now press him!
Tally ho! tally ho!"

Thus Tom spoke his friends, e'er he gave up his breath—
"Since I see you're resolv'd to be in at the death,
One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave—
Give a rattling view-halloo thrice over my grave:
And unless at that warning I lift up my head,
My boys, you may fairly conclude I am dead!"
Honest Tom was obey'd, and the shout rent the sky,
For ev'ry voice join'd in the Tally-ho cry.
"Tally-ho!—Hark forwards!
Tally-ho!—Tally-ho!"

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## Description of a Fox Chase by a French Gentleman.

I voud me much relate von great chasse to you, Monsieur Editor, I have just vitnessed avec de chiens de Monsieur Craving, at the chateau of mi Lor Chichester, von league from this ville.

"I vas me sitting at mine dejeune cematin ven I view von Gentlemans ride past upon a vite cheval, vit him a coleure de rouge coat on, and von long vip in him hand. Vat for dis Gentleman coat? I demande of de vater; shall it be de King? 'No, sare,' said he, 'it be Monsieur Jacque Bunce going a hunting.'—'Vot him hunt?' said I.—'De fox,' said he. 'Ah de renard! I have me much heard of this hont de renard in Angleterre; I most me certainly go. I vill me get my pistolets tout suite.'—'You must have an orse,' said the vaiter. 'Certainement!' said I; 'a vite orse same as Monsieur Bunce;' but the stoopid vellow got me one black, at vich I vas much enrage, as I thought I vood be ridicule, for I did me see another gentlemans on a vite orse same as Monsieur Bunce; and de stoopid vellow brought von saddle sans chose pour les pistolets, and so being in moch hurry I did me pot them in mine surtout poche.

"A great fracas vas at my behind, and ven I look me round I shall find von fine English lady attired in rouge and blue gallop along de street in moch haste, and anoder gentlemans on anoder vite cheval, same as Monsieur Bunce, gallop vit her, and him had rouge on also.

"At de chateau vare many peoples had come, and a large flock of dogs, and two gentlemens in rouge habits and black bonnets, who vere grand chasseurs under Monsieur Craving, de grand maitre de chiens.—'Ou est votre mousquet? vere is your musquet?' said I to von of these gentlemens, but he touch him bonnet and said noting. Then com Monsieur Craving, and they both did de same to him. 'How be de vind, George?' said he to the grossest von; 'shall ve have moch scent to-day?' 'De vind be in the East,' said George, 'but I think de scent may do.'—'Vill you accept some scent from me?' said I to George, offering him von flacon. 'Be it gin?' said he. 'No, not gin, but bouquet du Roi, vare fine scent, trois franc cinque sous per bouteile.' By my vord the stoopid dem vellow he did him drink de perfume, and then he spit it out.

"'Ve shall go,' said Monsieur Craving; an avay ve all vent in moch speed. 'Vere de renard? vere de renard?' I demanded. 'Hold your jaw!' said von gentlemans in de bonnet; 'You vill make him steal away.' 'Ah, him steal moch poulet, moch Turque, n'est-ce-pas?' de same in France, de same in France; him vare great voleur; I shall him shoot, I, shall him shoot!'

"'De Gentleman be mad,' said Monsieur Craving, ven I produced my pistolet. 'Hav a care, George, he vill himself shoot.' 'Pas de tout! pas de tout! I vill me shoot de renard sans doute, but not non myself.' Just den dere vas great scream—Oh dear! him poor gentlemans be moch hurt I fear. 'Gone avay! gone avay! forvard! forvard! hoop! hoop! tallivo! tallivo!' shouted Monsieur Craving and all de other gentlemans: some blew a trumpet, and de flock of dogs came up howling and barking. 'Old hard!' said Monsieur Craving, 'old hard! Pray, sare, do you think you can catch de fox yourself?' said he. 'I vill me try,' said I, 'but vere him be?'—'Dere him go, said Monsieur Bunce, as de dogs began to howl vonce more, and all de gentlemens gallop after them. 'I vill be first,' I said. So I charge de whole flock of dogs, and knocked over three of them. Oh how dem swore because I beat dem all! Then ve got to end of vood, and I thought de renard should him come back again; but Monsieur Bunce he jumped a gate, and then look back at me, and said, 'Now, you Tinker, catch dem if you can.' De gate was open, and I gallop along in vare great haste, for ve vare all in moch hurry; but I arrive at von large fosse, and de lady in rouge demande voud I take it? 'Si vous plait, Madame;' and I spur mine orse, but de stoopid nete tombled into it; and voud you believe it, but de lady jomp over it and me and my orse?

"'Pick up de pieces,' said von gentlemans as he passed by. 'Vot, old poy, are you floored already?' said anoder. 'Com to me, and I vill help you up,' said a third, as him gallop along. Indeed, they all make some compliment as they pass; but my orse him manage to get up, and I found I should not be much damage; so I gallop again over de soft grass for great distance, mine orse blowing vare much.

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* The famous mountain in Shropshire.

"'This dem fox will never stop,' I said: by my vord it is quite ridicule riding after him in this stoopid manner; he will surely never dare find his vay back to mi Lor Chichester's poulets; so vy should ve fatigue us to hont him any further?'

"'Shov along, ye skrew,' said a gentlemans, vondering at vot I vos stop; 'de fox is sinking.'—'Vot him no svim? but vere de vater?'—'Dere he go, up de hill,' said he: but how de fox could sink up de hill I could me not discover; but Monsieur George made moch noise, as did Monsieur Craving, and all de other gentlemens; and at last I saw de dogs overtake de renard near von vood. He vas kill, but Monsieur George took him up and vip de dogs avay, and all de gentlemens got off orse and valk about; and Monsieur Craving come to me and said, Sare, you vare near kill my best hound, but make me de pleasure to accept de broosh.' 'Thank you, Sare!" said I, 'but I should prefere von comb,' parceque mine hair vas moch disorder; and Monsieur Craving laugh and say, 'It be de fox's broosh I offer you Sare: you have rode vare vell, and I am moch think you will make von vare fine sportsman.' But I say to him, 'I thank you, Monsieur Craving, for dis compliment; but, by my vord, your English hont de renard is moch ridicule: you have now com trois league after dis dem animal, tired your orse, dirty your breeches, tore your habit, throw mod in my face, and ven you catch de creature you give him to de dog. If you desire a renard, set von trap, and catch him by de leg, or let Monsieur George shoot him vit de mousquet as him com out of de vood, but never give yourself de trouble of honting him in this fashion.'

"But Monsieur Craving him laugh moch, and say,—' Sare, I tink you shall not comprehend our sport.' 'Perhaps not,' I say, 'because I shall not tink it sport:' derefore, I vill you vish, Monsieur Editor, bon jour."

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## Extirpation of Beasts and Birds.

In a most delightful and interesting work, recently published by Charles Lyall, F. R. S., "being an attempt to explain the former changes of the earth's surface, by reference to causes now in operation," he observes:—

"Let us make some inquiries into the extent of the influence which the progress of society has exerted, during the last seven or eight centuries, in altering the distribution of our indigenous British animals. Dr. Fleming has prosecuted this inquiry with his usual zeal and ability, and in a memoir on the subject has enumerated the best authenticated examples of the decrease or extirpation of certain species during a period when our population has made the most rapid advances. We shall offer a brief outline of his results.

"The stag, as well as the fallow-deer and the roe, were formerly so abundant, that, according to Lesley, from five-hundred to a thousand were sometimes slain at a hunting match; but the native races would already have been extinguished, had they not been carefully preserved in certain forests. The otter, the marten, and the polecat, were also in sufficient numbers to be pursued for the sake of their fur; but they have now been reduced within very narrow bounds. The wild cat and fox have also been sacrificed throughout the greater part of the country, for the security of the poultry-yard or the fold. Badgers have been expelled from nearly every district which at former periods they inhabited.

"Besides these, which have been driven out from some haunts, and every where reduced in number, there are some which have been wholly extirpated; such as the ancient breed of indigenous horses, the wild boar and the wild oxen, of which last, however, a few remains are still preserved in the parks of some of our nobility. The beaver, which was eagerly sought after for its fur, had become scarce at the close of the ninth century, and by the twelfth century was only to be met with, according to Giraldus de Barri, in one river in Wales, and another in Scotland. The wolf, once so much dreaded by our ancestors, is said to have maintained its ground in Ireland so late as the beginning of the eighteenth century (1710), though it had been extirpated in Scotland thirty years before, and in England at a much earlier period. The bear, which in Wales was regarded as a beast of the chase equal to the hare or the boar, only perished as a native of Scotland in the year 1057.

"Many native birds of prey have also been the subjects of unremitting persecution. The eagles, larger hawks, and ravens, have disappeared from the more cultivated districts. The haunts of the mallard, the snipe, the redshank, and the bittern, have been drained equally with the summer dwellings of the lapwing and the curlew. But these species still linger in some portion of the British isles; whereas the large capercailzies, or wood grouse, formerly natives of the pine forests of Ireland and Scotland, have been destroyed within the last fifty years. The egret and the crane, which appear to have been formerly very common in Scotland, are now only occasional visitants.

"The bustard (*Otis tarda*), observes Graves, in his 'British Ornithology,' 'was formerly seen in the downs and heaths of various parts of our island, in flocks of forty or fifty birds; whereas it is now a circumstance of rare occurrence to meet with a single individual.' Bewick also remarks, 'that they were formerly more common in this island than at present; they are now found only in the open countries of the south and east, in the plains of Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and some parts of Yorkshire.' In the few years that have elapsed since Bewick wrote, this bird has entirely disappeared from Wiltshire and Dorsetshire.

"These changes, we may observe, are derived from very imperfect memorials, and relate only to the larger and more conspicuous animals inhabiting a small spot on the globe; but they cannot fail to exalt our conception of the enormous revolutions which, in the course of several thousand years, the whole human species must have effected.

"The kangaroo and the emu are retreating rapidly before the progress of colonization in Australia; and it scarcely admits of doubt that the general cultivation of that country must lead to the extirpation of both. The most striking example of the loss, even within the last two centuries, of a remarkable species, is that of the dodo—a bird first seen by the Dutch when they landed on the Isle of France, at that time uninhabited, immediately after the discovery of the passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. It was of a large size and singular form; its wings short, like those of an ostrich, and wholly incapable of sustaining its heavy body even for a short flight. In its general appearance it differed from the ostrich, cassowary, or any known bird.

"Many naturalists gave figures of the dodo after the commencement of the seventeenth century; and there is a painting of it in the British Museum, which is said to have been taken from a living individual. Beneath the painting is a leg, in a fine state of preservation, which ornithologists are agreed cannot belong to any other known bird. In the museum at Oxford, also, there is a foot and a head, in an imperfect state, but M. Cuvier doubts the identity of this species with that of which the painting is preserved in London.

"In spite of the most active search, during the last century, no information respecting the dodo was obtained, and some authors have gone so far as to pretend that it never existed; but amongst a great mass of satisfactory evidence in favor of the recent existence of this species, we may mention that an assemblage of fossil bones were recently discovered, under a bed of lava, in the Isle of France, and sent to the Paris museum by M. Desjardins. They almost all belonged to a large living species of land-tortoise, called *Testudo Indica*, but amongst them were the head, sternum, and humerus of the dodo. M. Cuvier showed me these valuable remains in Paris, and assured me that they left no doubt in his mind that the huge bird was one of the gallinaceous tribe."

### SAGACITY OF THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

The following well-authenticated anecdotes and curious history of the dog are to be met with in Mr. Hogg's "Shepherd's Calendar." We extract two of the most striking instances: the first relates to an affecting anecdote of a dog which belonged to Mr. Steel, "flesher, in Peebles."

"Mr. Steel had such an implicit dependence on the attention of this animal to his orders, that whenever he put a lot of sheep before her, he took a pride in leaving it to herself, and either remained to take a glass with the farmer of whom he had made the purchase, or took another road, to look after bargains or other business. But one time he chanced to commit a drove to her charge at a place called Willenslee, without attending to her condition as he ought to have done. This farm is five miles from Peebles, over wild hills, and there is no regularly defined path to it. Whether Mr. Steel remained behind or took another road I know not; but, on coming home late in the evening, he was astonished at hearing that his faithful animal had never made her appearance with the drove. He and his son, or servant, instantly prepared to set out by different paths in search of her; but, on their going out to the street, there was she coming with the drove, no one missing; and, marvellous to relate, she was carrying a young pup in her mouth! she had been taken in travail on the hills; and how the poor beast had contrived to manage her drove in her state of suffering is beyond human calculation; for her road lay through sheep the whole way. Her master's heart smote him when he saw what she had suffered and effected; but she was nothing daunted; and, having deposited her young one in a place of safety, she again set out full speed to the hills, and brought another, and another, till she brought her whole litter, one by one, but the last one was dead." The other remarkable instance of the niceness of canine instinct or sagacity is related to have been displayed after a snow storm. It is wonderful. "When (says the author) we came after the storm to the ground where the sheep should have been, there was not one of them above the snow. Here and there, at a great distance from each other, we could perceive the heads or horns of stragglers appearing; and these were easily got out, but, when we had collected these few, we could find no more. They had been lying all abroad in a scattered state when the storm came on, and were covered over just as they had been lying. It was on a kind of sloping ground, that lay half beneath the wind, and the snow was uniformly from six to eight feet deep. Under this the animals were lying scattered over at least one hundred acres of heathery ground. It was a very ill-looking concern. We went about boring with our long poles, and often did not find one sheep in a quarter of an hour. But at length a white shaggy colly, named Sparkie, that belonged to the cowherd boy, seem to have comprehended something of our perplexity; for we observed him plying and scraping in the snow with great violence, and always looking over his shoulder to us. *On going to the spot, we found that he had marked straight above a sheep.* From that he flew to another, and so on to another, as fast as we could dig them out, and ten times faster, for he sometimes had twenty or thirty holes marked beforehand.

"We got out three hundred of that division before night, and about half as many on the other parts of the farm, in addition to those we had rescued the day before; and the greatest part of these would have been lost had it not been for the voluntary exertions of Sparkie. Before the snow went away (which lay only eight days) we had got out every sheep on the farm, either dead or alive, except four; and that these were not found was not Sparkie's blame, *for though they were buried below a mountain of snow at least fifty feet deep, he had again and again marked on the top of it above them.* The sheep were all living when we found them; but those that were buried in the snow to a certain depth, being, I suppose, in a warm, half-suffocated state, though on being taken out they bounded away like roes, were instantly after paralyzed by the sudden change of atmosphere, and fell down, deprived of all power in their limbs. We did not, however, lose above sixty in all; but I am certain Sparkie saved us at least two hundred."

## THE ANGLER'S PROGRESS.

When I was a mere school-boy,
(ere yet I'd learn'd my book),
I felt an itch for Angling
in every little brook;
An osier rod, some thread for line,
A crooked pin for hook,
And thus equipp'd, I angled
In every little brook;
Where Prickle-backs and Minnows,
each day I caught in store,
With Stone-loaches and Millers'-thumbs—
those brooks afford no more:
And thus the little Angler,
with crooked pin for hook,
Would shun each noisy wrangler,
to fish the murm'ring brook.

Then next I bought some farthing hooks,
and eke a horse-hair line;
An hazle rod, with whale-bone top,
my play-mates to outshine;
With which I soon aspired
to angle with a float,
And where I could not fish from shore,
I angled from a boat;
Then Roach and Dace and Bleak I took,
and Gudgeons without end,
And now and then a Perch I'd hook,
which made my rod to bend;
And thus the little Angler,
pleas'd with his line and hook,
Would shun each noisy wrangler,
to fish the murm'ring brook.

Bream, Chub, and Barbel, next I sought,
their various haunts I try'd,
With scower'd worms, greaves, cheese and paste,
and various baits beside;
With hooks of *Kirby-bent* well chose,
and gut that's round and fine,
So by gradation thus I rose
to fish with running line;
A multiplying winch I bought,
wherewith my skill to try,
And so expert myself I thought,
few with me now could vie:
And thus the little Angler,
with rod, and line, and hook,
Would shun each noisy wrangler,
to fish the murm'ring brook.

My mind on trolling now intent,
with live and dead snap-hook;
I seldom to the rivers went,
but Pike or Jack I took;
Near banks of bull-rush, sedge, and reed;
(a dark and windy day:)
And if the Pike were on the feed,
I rarely miss'd my prey.
If baits are fresh, and proper size,
no matter what's the sort;
At Gudgeons, Roach, or Dace, they'll rise:
with all by turns I've sport.
So now a dext'rous Angler,
with rod, and line, and hook,
I shunn'd each noisy wrangler,
to fish the murm'ring brook.

And now to cast a fly-line well,
became my chiefest wish;
I strove each sportsman to excel,
and cheat the nimble fish;
Now Trout and Grayling I could kill,
if gloomy was the day,
And Salmon also, at my will,
became an easy prey;
Now flies and palmers I could dress,
aquatic insects too,
And all their various seasons guess,
their uses well I knew:
So now a dext'rous Angler,
with line and rod and hook,
I shunn'd each noisy wrangler,
to fish the murm'ring brook.

So now to close this charming scene,
which none but sportsmen feel,
Be sure you keep the Golden Mean,
nor arm your hearts with steel:
The fish with moderation take,
and to the Fair be kind;
And ne'er with them your promise break,
but virtue keep in mind:
So Wives and Sweethearts now let's drink,
let each man fill his glass,
And may we never speak or think,
to disconcert our Lass!—
Then, when our lines are all worn out,
and feeble grows the hook,
They'll ne'er forget the Angler,
that angled in the brook.

### The English Horse.

The earliest record of the horse in Great Britain (according to the Editor of the Library of Useful Knowledge) is contained in the history given by Julius Cæsar of his invasion of our island. The British army was accompanied by numerous war-chariots, drawn by horses. Short scythes were fastened to the ends of the axletrees, sweeping down every thing before them, and carrying terror and devastation into the ranks of their enemies. The conqueror gives a most animated description of the dexterity with which the horses were managed.

What kind of horse the Britons then possessed, it would be useless to inquire; but from the cumbrous structure of the car, and the fury with which it was driven, and from the badness or nonexistence of the roads, they must have been both active and powerful to an extraordinary degree. Cæsar deemed them so valuable, that he carried many of them to Rome; and the British horses were, for a considerable period afterwards, in great request in various parts of the Roman empire.

Horses must at that time have been exceedingly numerous in Britain; for we are told that when the British king, Cassibellanus, dismissed the main body of his army, he retained four thousand of his war-chariots for the purpose of harassing the Romans, when they attempted to forage.

The British horse now received its first cross; but whether the breed was thereby improved cannot be ascertained. The Romans, having established themselves in Britain, found it necessary to send over a numerous body of cavalry to maintain a chain of posts and check the frequent insurrections of the natives. The Roman horses would breed with those of the country, and to a greater or less extent change their character; and, from this time, the English horse would consist of a compound of the native and those from Gaul, Italy, Spain, and every province from which the Roman cavalry was supplied.

It would appear probable, however, that Athelstan, the natural son of Alfred the Great, and the second in succession to him, paid some attention to the improvement of the horse; for, having subdued all the rebellious portions of the Heptarchy, he was congratulated on his success by some of the continental princes, and received from Hugh Capet of France, who solicited his sister in marriage, various presents, doubtless of a nature that would be thought most acceptable to him; and among them several German *running horses*. Hence our breed received another cross, and probably an improvement.

Athelstan seems to have seriously devoted himself to this important object; for he soon afterwards decreed (A. D. 930) that no horses should be sent abroad for sale, or on any account, except as royal presents. This proves his anxiety to preserve the breed, and likewise renders it probable that that breed was beginning to be esteemed by our neighbours. In a document bearing date A. D. 1000 we have an interesting account of the relative value of the horse. If a horse was destroyed, or negligently lost, the compensation to be demanded was thirty shillings; a mare or colt, twenty shillings; a mule or young ass, twelve shillings; an ox, thirty pence; a cow, twenty-four pence; a pig, eightpence; and it strangely follows, a man, one pound.*

In the laws of Howell the Good, Prince of Wales, and passed a little before this time, there are some curious particulars respecting the value and sale of horses. The value of a foal not fourteen days old is fixed at fourpence; at one year and a day it is estimated at forty-eight pence; and at three years sixty pence. It was then to be tamed with the bridle, and brought up either as a *palfrey* or a *serving horse;* when its value became one hundred and twenty pence; and that of a *wild* or unbroken mare sixty pence.

Even in those early days, the frauds of dealers were too notorious, and the following singular regulations were established: The buyer was allowed time to ascertain whether the horse were free from three diseases. He had three nights to prove him for the staggers; three months to prove the soundness of his lungs; and one year to ascertain whether he was infected with glanders. For every blemish discovered after the purchase, one-third of the money was to be returned, except it should be a blemish of the ears or tail.

The practice of letting horses for hire was then known, and then, as now, the services of the poor hack were too brutally exacted. The benevolent Howell disdains not to legislate for the protection of this abused and valuable servant. "Whoever shall borrow a horse, and rub the hair so as to gall the back, shall pay fourpence; if the skin is forced into the flesh, eightpence; if the flesh be forced to the bone, sixteen pence."

One circumstance deserves to be remarked, that in none of the earliest historical records of the Anglo-Saxons or the Welsh is there any allusion to the use of the horse for the plough. Until a comparatively recent period, oxen alone were used in England, as in other countries, for this purpose; but about this time, (the latter part of the tenth century) some innovation on this point was creeping in, and therefore, a Welsh law forbids the farmer to plough with horses, mares, or cows, but with oxen alone. On one of the pieces of tapestry woven at Bayonne in the time of William the Conqueror, (A. D 1066) there is the figure of a man driving a horse attached to a harrow. This is the earliest notice we have of the use of the horse in field labour.

With William the Conqueror came a marked improvement in the British horse. To his superiority in cavalry this prince was chiefly indebted for the victory of Hastings. The favorite charger of William was a Spaniard. His followers, both the barons and the common soldiers, came principally from a country in which agriculture had made more rapid progress than in England. A very considerable portion of the kingdom was divided among these men; and it cannot be doubted that, however unjust was the usurpation of the Norman, England benefited in its husbandry, and particularly in its horses, by the change of masters. Some of the barons, and particularly Roger de Boulogne, earl of Shrewsbury, introduced the Spanish horse, on their newly-acquired estates. The historians of these times however, principally monks, knowing nothing about horses, give us very little information on the subject.

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* According to the Anglo-Saxon computation, forty-eight shillings made a pound, equal in silver to about three pounds of our present money, in value to fifteen or sixteen pounds, and five pence made one shilling.

In the reign of Henry I. (A. D. 1121) the first Arabian horse, or, at least, the first on record, was introduced. Alexander I., king of Scotland, presented to the church of St. Andrew's an Arabian horse, with costly furniture, Turkish armour, many valuable trinkets, and a considerable estate.

Forty years afterwards, in the reign of Henry II., Smithfield was celebrated as a horse-market. Fitz-Stephen, who lived at that time, gives the following animated account of the manner in which the *hackneys*, and *charging-steeds* were tried there, by racing against one another. "When a race is to be run by this sort of horses, and perhaps by others, which also in their kind are strong and fleet, a shout is immediately raised and the common horses are ordered to withdraw out of the way. Three jockeys, or, sometimes only two, as the match is made, prepare themselves for the contest. The horses on their part are not without emulation: they tremble and are impatient, and are continually in motion. At last, the signal once given, they start, devour the course, and hurry along with unremitting swiftness. The jockeys inspired with the thought of applause, and the hope of victory, clap spurs to their willing horses, brandish their whips, and cheer them with their cries." This description reminds us of the more lengthened races of the present day, and proves the blood of the English horse, even before the Eastern breed was tried.

Close on this followed the Crusades. The champions of the cross certainly had it in their power to enrich their native country with some of the choicest specimens of Eastern horses, but they were completely under the influence of superstition and fanaticism, and common sense and usefulness were forgotten.

An old metrical romance, however, records the excellence of two horses belonging to Richard Cœur de Lion, which he purchased at Cyprus, and which were therefore, probably, of Eastern origin.

> Yn this worlde they hadde no pere[*],
> Dromedary nor destrere[†],
> Stede, Rabyte[‡], ne Cammele,
> Goeth none so swifte, without fayle:
> For a thousand pownd of gold,
> Ne should the one be solde.

The war-steed was defended by mail or plate, much on the plan of the harness of the knight himself. His head was ornamented with a crest. The head, chest, and flanks, were wholly or partially protected; and sometimes he was clad in complete steel, with the arms of his master engraved or embossed on his *bardings*. The bridle of the horse was always as splendid as the circumstances of the knight allowed, and thus a horse was often called Brigliadore, from *briglia d'oro*, a bridle of gold. Bells were a very favorite addition to the equipment of the horse. The old Troubadour, Arnold of Marson, says, that "nothing is so proper to inspire confidence in a knight, and terror in an enemy."

The price of horses at this period was singularly uncertain. In 1185, fifteen breeding mares sold for two pounds twelve shillings and sixpence. They were purchased by the monarch, and distributed among his tenants, and, in order to get something by the bargain, he charged the great sum of four shillings each. Twenty years afterwards, ten capital horses brought no less than twenty pounds each; and, twelve years later, a pair of horses were imported from Lombardy, for which the extravagant price of thirty-eight pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence was given. The usual price of good handsome horses was ten pounds, and the hire of a car or cart, with two horses, was tenpence a-day.

To King John, hateful as he was in all other respects, we are yet much indebted for the attention which he paid to agriculture generally, and particularly to improving the breed of horses. He imported one hundred chosen stallions of the Flanders kind.

John accumulated a very numerous and valuable stud. He was eager to possess himself of every horse of more than usual power; and, at all times, gladly received, from the tenants of the crown, horses of a superior quality, instead of money, for the renewal of grants, or the payment of forfeitures belonging to the crown. It was his pride to render his cavalry, and the horses for the tournament and for pleasure, as perfect as possible. It could not be expected that so haughty a tyrant would concern himself much with the inferior kinds; yet, while the superior was becoming rapidly more valuable, the others would, in an indirect manner, partake of the improvement.

One hundred years afterwards, Edward II. purchased thirty Lombardy *war-horses*, and twelve heavy draught-horses. Lombardy, Italy, and Spain were the countries whence the greater part of Europe was then supplied with the most valuable cavalry or parade horses. Horses for agricultural purposes were chiefly procured from Flanders.

Edward III. devoted one thousand marks to the purchase of fifty Spanish horses; and of such importance did he conceive this addition to the English, or rather mingled blood, then existing, that formal application was made to the kings of France and Spain to grant safe conduct to the troop. When they had arrived at the royal stud, it was computed that they had cost the monarch no less than thirteen pounds six shillings and eightpence per horse, equal in value to one hundred and sixty pounds of our present money.

This monarch had many *running-horses*. The precise meaning of the term is not, however, clear. It might be light and speedy horses, in opposition to the war-horse: or those that were literally used for the purpose of racing. The average price of these running-horses was twenty marks, or three pounds six shillings and eightpence. Edward was devoted to the sports of the turf or the field, or he began to see the propriety of crossing our stately and heavy breed with those of a lighter structure and greater speed.

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[*] Peer, equal. [†] War horse. [‡] Arabian.

There was, however, one impediment to this, which was not for a very long period removed. The soldier was cased in heavy armour. The knight, with all his accoutrements, often rode more than twenty-five stone. No little bulk and strength were required in the animal to carry this back-breaking weight. When the musket was substituted for the cross-bow and battle-axe, and this iron defence, cumbrous to the wearer and destructive to the horse, was useless, and laid aside, the improvement of the British horse in reality commenced.

While Edward was thus eager to avail himself of foreign blood, with the too frequent selfishness of the sportsman, he would let no neighbour share in the advantage. The exportation of horses was forbidden under very heavy penalties. Nay, so jealous were these sister-kingdoms of each other's prosperity, that so late as the time of Elizabeth, it was felony to export horses from England to Scotland.

The English horse was advancing, although slowly, to an equality with, or even superiority over those of neighbouring countries. His value began to be more generally and highly estimated, and his price rapidly increased—so much so, that breeders and the dealer, then, as now, skilful in imposing on the inexperienced, obtained from many of our young grandees enormous prices for them. This evil magnified to such an extent that Richard II. (1386) interfered to regulate and determine the price. The proclamation which he issued is interesting not only as proving the increased value of the horse, but showing what were, four hundred and fifty years ago, what are, still, the chief breeding districts. It was ordered to be published, in the counties of Lincoln and Cambridge, and the East and North Ridings of Yorkshire; and the price of the horse was restricted to that which had been determined by former sovereigns.

We can now collect but little of the history of the horse until the reign of Henry VII., at the close of the fifteenth century. He continued to prohibit the exportation of stallions, but allowed that of mares when more than two years old, and under the value of six shillings and eightpence. This regulation was, however, easily evaded, for if a mare could be found worth more than six shillings and eightpence, she might be freely exported on the payment of that sum.

Henry VIII., a tyrannical and cruel prince, but fond of show and splendour, was very anxious to produce a valuable breed of horses; and the means which he adopted were both perfectly in unison with his arbitrary disposition, and very little calculated to effect his object. He affixed a certain standard, below which no horse should be kept. The lowest height for the stallion was fifteen hands, and for the mare thirteen hands; and even before they had arrived at their full growth, no stallion above two years old, and under fourteen hands and a half, was permitted to run on any forest, moor, or common, where there were mares. At "Michaelmas-tide" the neighbouring magistrates were ordered to "drive" all forests and commons, and not only destroy such stallions, but all "unlikely tits," whether 'mares or geldings, or foals,' which they might deem not calculated to produce a valuable breed. He likewise ordained, that in every deer-park a certain number of mares, in proportion to its size, and each at least thirteen hands high, should be kept; and that all his prelates and nobles, and all those whose "wives wore velvets," should keep stallions for the saddle at least fifteen hands high. These ordinances perished with the tyrant by whom they were promulgated.

The reign of Henry VIII. produced the earliest English treatise on agriculture, and the management of horses and cattle. It was written by Sir A. Fitzherbert, Judge of the Common Pleas, and contains much useful information. It is entitled, "Boke of Husbandry;" and, being now exceedingly rare, an extract from it may not be unacceptable. It would seem that the mare had been but lately employed in husbandry, for he says, "A husbande may not be without horses and mares, and specially if he goe with a horse-plough he must have both his horses to draive; his mares to brynge colts to uphold his stocke, and yet at many times they may draive well if they be well handled." The learned judge shared the common fate of those who have to do with the horse. "Thou grasyer, that mayst fortune to be of myne opinion or condytion to love horses, and young coltes and foles to go among thy cattle, take hede that thou be not beguiled as I have been a hundred tymes and more. And first thou shalt knowe that a good horse has 54 properties, that is to say, 2 of a man, 2 of a badger, 4 of a lion, 9 of an oxe, 9 of a hare, 9 of a foxe, 9 of an asse, and 10 of a woman." *

The tyrannical edicts of Henry VIII. had the effect which common sense would have

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* Later writers have pirated from Sir A., but have not improved upon him. The following description of the horse is well known. "A good horse should have three qualities of a woman,—a broad breast, round hips, and a long mane;—three of a lion,—countenance, courage, and fire;—three of a bullock,—the eye, the nostril, and joints,—three of a sheep,—the nose, gentleness, and patience;—three of a mule,—strength, constancy, and foot; three of a deer,—head, legs, and short hair;—three of a wolf;—throat, neck, and hearing; three of a fox,—ear, tail, and trot;—three of a serpent,—memory, sight, and cunning;—and three of a hare or cat,—running, walking, and suppleness."

anticipated,—the breed of horses was not materially improved; and their numbers were sadly diminished. When the bigot, Philip of Spain, threatened England, in the reign of Elizabeth, with his Invincible Armada, that princess could muster in her whole kingdom only three thousand cavalry to oppose him; and Blundeville, who wrote at this time a very pleasant and excellent book on the art of riding, speaks contemptuously of the qualities of these horses.

Blundeville describes the majority of our horses as consisting of strong, sturdy beasts, fit only for slow draught, and the few of a lighter structure being weak and without bottom.

An account has been given of the racing trial of the horses in Smithfield market. Regular races were now established in various parts of England. Meetings of this kind were first held at Chester and Stamford; but there was no acknowledged system as now; and no breed of racing horses. Hunters and hackneys mingled together, and no description of horse was excluded.

There was at first no course marked out for the race, but the contest generally consisted in the running of *train-scent* across the country, and sometimes the most difficult and dangerous part of the country was selected for the exhibition. Occasionally our present steeple chase was adopted with all its dangers, and more than its present barbarity; for persons were appointed cruelly to flog along the jaded and exhausted horses.

The prize was usually a wooden bell adorned with flowers. This was afterwards exchanged for a silver bell, and "given to him who should run the best and farthest on horseback on Shrove Tuesday." Hence the common phrase of "bearing away the bell."

Horse-racing became gradually more cultivated; but it was not until the last year of the reign of James I., that rules were promulgated and generally subscribed to for their regulation. That prince was fond of field sports. He had encouraged, if he did not establish, horse-racing in Scotland, and he brought with him to England his predilection for it; but his races were more often matches against time, or trials of speed and bottom.

Although the Turkish and Barbary horses had been freely used to produce with the English mare the breed which was best suited to this exercise, little improvement had been effected. James, with great judgment, determined to try the Arab breed. Probably, he had not forgotten the story of the Arabian, which had been presented to one of his Scottish churches five centuries before. He purchased, from a merchant named Markham, a celebrated Arabian horse, for which he gave the extravagant sum of five hundred pounds. Kings, however, like their subjects, are often thwarted and governed by their servants, and the Duke of Newcastle took a dislike to this foreign animal. He wrote a book, and a very good one, on horsemanship, and described this Arabian as a little bony horse, of ordinary shape, setting him down as good for nothing, because, after being regularly trained, he could not race.

A south-eastern horse was afterwards brought into England, and purchased by James, of Mr. Place, who was afterwards stud-master, or groom to Oliver Cromwell. This beautiful animal was called the White Turk, and his name and that of his keeper will long be remembered. Shortly afterwards appeared the Helmsley Turk, introduced by Villiers, the first duke of Buckingham. He was followed by Fairfax's Morocco Barb. These horses speedily effected a considerable change in the character of our breed.

Charles I. ardently pursued this favorite object of English gentlemen, and a little before his rupture with the parliament, established races in Hyde Park, and at Newmarket. The civil wars somewhat suspended the improvement of the breed; yet the advantage which was derived by both parties from a light and active cavalry, sufficient proved the importance of the change which had been effected; and Cromwell perceiving, with his wonted sagacity, how much these pursuits were connected with the prosperity of the country, had his stud of race-horses.

At the Restoration a new impulse was given to the cultivation of the horse by the inclination of tbe court to patronise gaiety and dissipation. The races at Newmarket were restored, and as an additional spur to emulation, royal plates were now given at each of the principal courses. Charles II. sent his master of the horse to the Levant, to purchase brood mares and stallions. These were principally Barbs and Turks.

From that period to the middle of the last century, the system of improvement was zealously pursued; every variety of Eastern blood was occasionally engrafted on ours, and the superiority of the engrafted, above the very best of the original stock, began to be evident.

Man is rarely satisfied with any degree of perfection in the object on which he has set his heart. The sportsman had now beauty of form, and speed and stoutness, scarcely an approach to which had been observed in the original breed. Still some imagined that this speed and stoutness might possibly be increased; and Mr. Darley, in the latter part of the reign of Queen Anne, had recourse to the discarded and despised Arabian.

This last improvement now furnishes all that can be desired; nor is this true only of the thorough-bred or turf-horse; it is to a very material degree the case with every description of horse. By a judicious admixture and proportion of blood, we have rendered our hunters, our hackneys, our coach, nay even our cart horses, much stronger, more active, and more enduring, than they were before the introduction of the race-horse.

Printed for Thomas Tegg, Cheapside, by John Haddon, Castle Street, Finsbury.

# PIERCE EGAN'S
# BOOK OF SPORTS.

No. VII.] [*Price Three Pence.*

*The late* JOHN HOWELL, *Esq. (the Sporting Tailor!)*

Enjoying the "*otium cum dignitate*" *at Margate.*

(A "PATTERN-CARD" of *Industry* and *Independence).*

"WIN GOLD AND WEAR IT."

THE above adage, we believe, is generally admitted throughout most of the *commercial* circles of society to be completely in unison with the feelings of the people of England: but there are so many instances, in the Metropolis, of persons from the lowest *grade*, in the various walks of life, who have by their own industry, perseverance, and talents, raised themselves to eminence in the state, that, we are happy to observe, volumes might be filled with an account of their exertions, and quoted as praise-worthy examples for other folks "*to go and do likewise.*"*

> Where has commerce such a mart;
> So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supply'd
> As London, opulent, enlarg'd, and still
> Increasing LONDON. Babylon of old,
> Not more the glory of the earth than she,
> A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.

It might also be remarked, that many persons have realized large fortunes in the Metropolis, with little more ability than by mere *plodding*, when any thing like a chance has offered itself, and only been backed with care, economy, and integrity. It does not appear that the hero of this memoir ever possessed *brains* enough to have made him a Chancellor of the Exchequer; neither did he display talents enough to have 'cut a figure' upon the stock exchange; but, nevertheless, he was aware, that 'two and two' made *four*. To 'live within his income' was the first great point he had to master; and that when *prosperity* shone upon his humble roof, his mind still remained steady to his purpose; namely, to increase his store; thus step by step, did the late *John Howell* move forwards in society until he obtained a competency, which enabled him altogether to *cut* trade. He then appeared before the world in a new *character*—when he endeavoured to *act* like a gentleman, if he had never been '*studied*' in the part; he, therefore, selected *Margate* as a place of retirement well calculated to suit his purpose, where he might 'spin out his thread" and 'measure' his way the remainder of his life with ease and pleasure—'*unbend*' in any way that he thought proper—either to be familiar or distant in his mixture with society—to *shy* an acquaintance, or to meet an old friend with the warmth and rapture of a man of the world.

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* The acquirement of that immense brewery, which belonged to the late Mr. THRALE, the former husband

Mr. Howell was well known for many years in London, to borrow the phrase of Tattersall's, as the "prime fit" of his day. He was of that class of character peculiar to England: having earned a fortune by industry, he held up his head and pursued the bent of his inclination with bold independence, though stamped with considerable eccentricity.

His customers were of the best class; he lived in the happy days when the cash was forthcoming for his work; and although a few of his customers, to use his own words, were rather "long-winded," and he considered it ungenteel to ask a gentleman for money, yet most of the names in his books were as good as the bank directors. If any customer of property owed him £100, he would not take £99 19*s.* 11¾*d.* for the debt. "Some difference, now-a-days!" he would lately say, laughing over his pipe: "the unthinking dashing sparks whitewash their long accounts for twist, tape, and buckram." Mr. Howell did business for a number of gentlemen connected with the turf; and the present sir Henry Goodriche was one of his greatest patrons. He was of a facetious turn of mind, and the above connection first gave him a taste for the sports of the field. He would often slily get a day's sporting—cut the shop-board, give the steel-bar rest, put his measures on the shelf, secure his shears, give his goose repose, and leave his pattern-card with his foreman.

Mr. Howell himself never neglected his toilet; his clothes were always of the first quality and workmanship. He was aware that a "good appearance" in life had its weight with every class of society. He therefore, in his relaxations, dressed himself for the part—left the tradesman at home—assumed the gay, lively, sporting character, and entered into the spirit of the scene with as much importance as if he had been a great landed proprietor. He boasted of being a good shot, and of the armies of birds he had bagged in his time; his description of a coursing match was dramatic, and his ecstasy in relating his enjoyment on witnessing the hounds in full cry was almost without bounds.

He was a tradesman of the "old school" in his shop; his cut was generally considered tasteful, and he was successful at pleasing his customers. During the time his hands were employed in measuring the bust of a nobleman, or the back of a tradesman, his tongue kept pace with his movements. He retailed a good stock of anecdotes of living persons, put forwards with the usual preface, "it is said," "they do say," "I have heard," "but the story did not originate with me," &c. He was not wanting in that confidence in his own acquirements, vulgarly called bronze; he ingratiated himself with most of his customers by that quality, and he obtained the appellation generally of an eccentric fellow.

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of the present Mrs. PIOZZI (a lady highly distinguished for her literary talents), as related by Dr. Johnson, is an anecdote well worthy the perusal of every person who feels any sort of anxiety to raise himself in society. Mr. Thrale, to his great praise be it remembered, had but a salary of twelve shillings a week in the above large establishment, for many years after he had arrived at a state of manhood. His talents, however, enabled him to purchase that immense brewery. He also had a family of twelve children, which were brought up in the first style of elegance, and to whom, at his death, he left very large fortunes. Another instance of an enterprising mind is to be discovered in the person of the present Mr. ROTHSCHILD, who, from being a clerk in a mercantile house in Manchester, has, in the course of a few fleeting years, risen so rapidly in point of wealth, as to have been enabled to take the whole of a Government loan of five millions without assistance from any other house: a circumstance never before accomplished by an individual. It is said Mr. Rothschild is worth three millions of money. He has, likewise, most extensive establishments in France, Holland, Germany, and Spain. Indeed, he may be considered the first monied man in the world. It ought not to be forgotten that Mr. Rothschild is one of the *first*, also, in support of all public charities. It is likewise worthy of remark, that the present LUKE HANSARD, Esq., Printer to the House of Commons, treading in the steps of Mr. Thrale, has equally distinguished himself. This immense literary establishment has been realized by Mr. Luke Hansard, from his never-tiring industry ALONE! He arrived in London without a patron,—nay, more, without a friend. With the world only before him as a guide to his future exertions, he has performed an Herculean attempt. Mr. H. has also brought up a large family. His talents, as an expeditious printer, are so great, as to be without a rival. The House of Commons, for the last twenty-five years, have acknowledged the accuracy and expedition he has displayed, with the highest encomiums on his exertions. The above facts are introduced merely to show *what* HAS and *what* MAY be done with perseverance. Indeed, the Metropolis points out many *great men* in this respect—and surely such conduct is entitled to the term of *great*: volumes would not suffice to detail *how* many vast fortunes in London have been originated.—*Life in London*, 1821.

He used to insist upon it that if a coat were made to fit a man, according to the shape which nature had given him, he never despaired of giving satisfaction to the wearer; but if a coxcomb, whose limbs did not seem to belong to the same body, but looked as if they were picked up in a field of battle, wanted to be fitted with a fashionable coat, then arose the difficulty of his profession—his noblest intellectual exertion, to please his people who never could be pleased. The difficulty rested in the persons of such, but he never could convince them of it; and those sort of creatures whom he designated dandies, were mostly ill-formed fellows, padded into shape. We recommend the ladies to mind this hint.

For the first time of his life, though he had reached sixty years' experience in London, he found out that the metropolis was unhealthy: but, luckily for Mr. Howell, he had "measured" his way so well through life, and played his cards with so much success, that he could retire to enjoy the "otium cum dignitate" attached to a property in the island of Thanet, where, among the vulgar, he soon acquired the appellation of "the old London buck." To the title he had not the slightest objection, except that he quarrelled with the word "old!" Sixty-one years had rolled over his brow, yet he was what might be termed a green old man. He never used the words of Goldfinch, "D—n trade!" lest he might be thought ungrateful to the source which gave him his fortune; but to the latter part of the exclamation, "I am for life and a curricle!" he clung with delight. And why not? He was an Englishman, a native of the country where he won his gold: he felt the words of the poet, and showed he felt them:—

> Honor and shame from no condition rise:
> Act well your part—there all the honor lies!

Independence was his boast, though won by his thimble. Honest Howell! Most high-minded of tailors! thou wert greater than the autocrat of Russia—happier than a king! Thou wert thine own master, and an independent country gentleman, acquired without the pride of birth or the insolence of office, by honest industry.—

Howell determined to live all the days of his life at Margate—

**It is a pleasant place, that Margate, still,**
**Where pleasure only hath her gentle sway,**
**And each may walk, or ride, or drive, at will,**
**With horse, or donkey, through the public way,**
**Of gay diversion taking thus their fill.**
**I like that kind of freedom, I must say,**
**Where each may please himself, nor fear the whispers**
**Of some half score of puppies, hardly his peers.**

**One loves to see a place all recreation,**
**Sojourn of joy, and pastime's sweet abode,**
**Where revels, frolic, fun have their vacation,**
**And sport, and smiles, and laughter are the mode;**
**And schemes of pleasure are in agitation,**
**And happy faces meet you on the road,**
**And you're not bound by what the world calls "Fashion"—**
**A word that always puts me in a passion.**

**Besides, I like the customs of the town:**
**I like to rise at seven, and stroll away**
In some sweet morning walk; perhaps go down
Unto the sands, and saunter through the bay,
Watching the tides; or, on the high beach thrown,
Look out upon the waters, as the day
First glances o'er them from the land, and lightens
The foam that o'er the distant billows whitens.

I like, too, after breakfast, to look in
At Hughes, read the papers; if agree
The tide, and whim to bathe, take a machine,
Or look from the balcony o'er the sea,
Where yet Reculver's sister spires are seen;
Or listen to some thrilling harmony—
Mozart's or Handel's—with the tones and swells
Of a grand piano, such as Broadwood sells.

I like their little parties and excursions,
Their trips to some sweet spot, by land or sea;
I like their sailing-boats and their diversions,
The laugh, the jest, the song—upon the way:
I like the cars, well sheltered from the aspersions
Of envious skies upon a rainy day;
And well remember their white curtain too,
And glancing eyes, like Houris', peeping through.

I like to dine at early hours, at home,
Or in the fields, perchance, in some green spot;
I like, in the still evening, forth to roam
To sweet St. Peter's, or to Draper's cot,
And there take tea with the old folks; then come
Back to the libraries, though they are not
Quite to my mind, there's too much show and dress,
And nonsense; but I like them ne'ertheless.

I like the neighbourhood too,—the ancient places
That bring back the past ages to the eye,
Filling the gap of centuries—the traces
Of seventeen hundred years, at least, that lie
Mouldering beneath your tread!—for such the case is
With man and man's achievements—they must die!—
There's Richborough, Stonar, Monkton, Minster here,
And the long track where ran Domnona's deer.

I like to spend a night at the Queen's Arms;
Or take a walk, but stroll not too far;
View Nature's beauties—contemplate her charms,
Return and raffle at the French Bazaar:
Or hie to *Tivoli*, grand illuminated scene,
To hear delightful song, and join the throng
Which at lively Margate, occupying every hour,
Where Time doth fly, a kind of magic pow'r.

I like to meet with old friends from London gaily,
Their wives and children—quite a family party;
I like to view the steamers from the Pier, daily—
To hear the band, and see the folks so hearty:
I like to have a boat, and enjoy a sail,
Upon old ocean, with the delightful breezes
Which give fresh vigour to the sick and ailing,
A change of scene, while others are regaling.

I like to see Margate full, and "nothing shy"
Of Company—happy, lively, gay, and free,
I like to catch the "knowing ones" on the sly,
Who think themselves secure upon "the spree!"
I like to see a play, and to support the stage,
Great March of Intellect to the mind.
I like the bustle, and to meet the busy throng,
And in the evening, my glass, cigar, and song!

I like the trip by steam, I must confess,
To view Greenwich, and those pleasing features
Tilbury Fort, Gravesend, which on the mind doth press
With chit-chat and smiles with the "dear creatures."
Then the Promenade—the music—enchanting deck,
All full of life and spirits with the voyage;
To please and be pleas'd, the steamer moves in state,
Till the windmills, three, are 'spied at Margate.

Of Mr. Howell it might now be said that if bodily activity and jollity of disposition, had any tendency towards keeping "the fleshly tenement" in repair, no man ever exerted himself more than the "old buck" to realise the above character. It was his custom, during winter and summer, to rise every morning at four o'clock; and his early habits in life having taught him to wait upon himself, he made his own fire, prepared his coffee, and afterwards saddled his horse. He then occupied his time until nine in riding through the villages in the isle of Thanet; and frequently before breakfast he reached Canterbury, and back again to Margate, a distance of thirty-four miles. He would then take what he termed his "second breakfast," and make a most hearty one. Immediately afterwards he changed his dress, saddled another of his horses, and rode again over the country for four hours. On his return home he dressed himself for dinner. This meal, like the great Napoleon, he quickly despatched; and afterwards, by way of attention to his two daughters, he generally took either one or the other of them out with him, in his chaise, until the dusk of the evening. He thus tired two horses daily, and frequently took an extra excursion with a favorite donkey in the evening, as a make-weight to his day's exercise! He had a fine horse called Blucher, that he had taught to follow him every where like a dog, and it was as completely under his command as the best trained animal in Ducrow's wonderful stud. Howell's day's work was almost as diversified as Caleb Quotem's. He was never idle, and the reproach of "a stupid, sleepy fellow" never attached to his character. For several years he was perpetual chairman of an evening club at the Queen's Arms Tavern, Margate, the great resort of the cockney visitors during the season. The president's chair he furnished at his own expense; the candlestick which stood before him, and his own tobacco-pipes, were purchased by him. There he sat —alas! poor Yorick!—the liveliest companion at all times. He sang his song, enjoyed his glass, cracked his joke, and was a capital finger-post to a landlord who wanted the glass to be pushed about, and his company kept together. The following was the "Old Sporting Swell's favorite *chant*:—

### FAL DE RAL TIT.

(G. Colman, sen.)

'Twas I learnt a pretty song in France,
And brought it o'er the sea by chance,
And when in Wapping I did dance,
Oh! the like was never seen.
For I made the music loud for to play,
And when I had nothing left for to say,
Then I sung fal de ral tit, tit fal de ral,
Then I sung fal de ral tit.

As I was walking down Thames street,
A shipmate of mine I chanced for to meet,
And I was resolved him to treat
With a can of grog gillio.
A can of grog they brought us straight,
All for to pleasure my ship-mate,
And satisfaction give him straight,
Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

The Maccaronies then came in,
All drest so neat and look'd so trim,
Thinking to strike me dumb;
Some was short and some was tall,
But its very well known I banged them all,
For I dous'd their heads against the wall,
Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

The landlord then aloud did say,
As how he wished I'd go away,
And if I 'tempted for to stay,
As how he'd take the law.
D—n me, says I, you may do your worst,
For I've not scarcely quenched my thirst,
All this I said and nothing worse,
Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

And when I've crossed the raging main,
And be come back to old England again,
Of grog I'll drink galore;
With a pretty girl to sit by my side,
And for her costly robes I will provide,
So that she shall be satisfied,
And I'll sing fal de ral tit, &c.

The Queen's Arms Tavern has been a '*crack* house' of an evening for 'blowing a cloud—whiffing a cigar—taking a glass of ale—or a tumbler of grog, for upwards of the last twenty-five years, by the visitors at Margate, under its venerable and respected host, Mr. Hayes; and it still remains under the same firm, but conducted, with equal spirit and attention to business, by Mr. Goodwin, son-in-law to the worthy landlord. It is in the above coffee-room, and at this club, which is termed "Free and Easy," where the frequenters of the above gay watering-place assemble to meet each other in the evening from town, to hear a good song, to make themselves happy, and to improve their health.* Most of the '*Lions*' from the Metropolis, or persons well known on the *pavé*, 'look in' at the Queen's Arms Tavern to '*unbend*,' and to give pride a holiday for the time being; likewise to exhibit 'a taste of their quality' and to 'show that the right end of life is to be jolly!' In truth, the above room might be termed, "A PICTURE OF REAL LIFE AT MARGATE!" Every body is welcome, first come, first served—there is no distinction of persons, it is all 'hail fellow, well met;' and the only acknowledged great man amongst them is the chairman, whose hammer is omnipotent. The songs, although of various descriptions, are in general excellent; and mirth and harmony are the leading features of the assembly. A concert-room cannot afford any thing like such a treat; nor half so much spirit and humour: the variety is so great, and every person being anxious to do his best, or to excel, in order to amuse the company. The lovers of *sentiment* come in for their share of delight—"For the love of Alice Gray." The admirers of comic singing are equally well pleased with "Okey Pokey, King of the Sandwich Islands;" and the captains of the various steamers, and other vessels, who 'drop in' occasionally some time during the evening, are highly amused with—

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* To be *jolly;* to leave business behind them for a few days; to enjoy the saline breezes on the Pier and Jetty; and to be pleased with the delightful walks which the Isle of Thanet offers to the pedestrians, perhaps might be the right sort of *character* of the thing: but for the improvement of their health is another matter. Most of the 'gay fellows' all benefit their constitutions in the morning by bathing and sharp exercise; but the potent glass in the evening, and late hours, bring it much upon a *par* with the *routine* nights in the Metropolis. Be it so—but then what odds does it make to the writer of this article—as the man in the play observes—"*that* is their business, and not *mine*."

The wind that blows,
And the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor

Here the *bon vivant*, next in turn, whose very soul exists in the charms of the bottle, sings forth its praises:—

Would you be for ever gay,
Mortals, learn of me the way;
'Tis not beauty, 'tis not love,
Will alone sufficient prove;
If you'd raise and charm the soul,
Deeply drain the spicy bowl.

We have heard, in the above coffee-room, old Squire *Hoare* (enjoying a fine green old age), but as young as a boy in life's gay scene, entertain the visitors with a spirited touch of the olden times—giving light and shade to the picture:

'Twas on Easter-Monday, spring-time of the year,
When rolling Tom, the drover, to Smithfield did repair,
His *togs* were tight and clever, his dogs were staunch and free,
With a *blue bird's* eye about his *squeeze*, and his garters below his knee.
Ri fol di lid dol.

It was also at the Queen's Arms Tavern (until the last season) that the late gay, delightful companion, *Bill Desborough*, used every evening to entertain the company with Dibdin's sea-songs.

*Desborough* many years since was complimented, by the above celebrated naval song writer, for the peculiarity of his expression, and the fine feelings which *Bill* displayed in all the songs of that Author; indeed, to particularize any song might be considered out of place: he sung them all so well as to be repeatedly *encored*; but, if there was one song more than another entitled to a repetition, it was universally allowed that the late worthy *Bill Desborough* had no equal in the following:—

## OLD CUNWELL, THE PILOT;

### OR, THE LOOK OUT.

(C. Dibdin.)

Old Cunwell, the pilot, for many a year,
Had plenty of vessels in charge,
And knew of each sand-bank and shoal to steer clear,
Whether sailing close haul'd or at large;
At last safely moor'd with a well-timber'd purse,
Heart and house open'd wide to his friend;
With old Poll, once a dasher, now turn'd to a nurse,
He had bought a snug birth at Gravesend.

From a kind of poop lantern, plac'd over the Thames,
Where he took with his messmates his prog,
Bound outward, or homeward, the ships and their names,
They'd spy, as they guzzled their grog.
Now cocking the spy-glass, and clearing the Nore,
Why, Jack, there they come without end;
There's the Neptune, the Glory, and, further in shore,
Fame and Liberty making Gravesend.

And see, where the river in branches divides,
Cut in two all the same as a fork;
How proudly the Commeree with Industry rides,
Then the Blarney—Oh! she's bound to Cork.
There's the home-ward bound fleets from the Downs only see,
So storted their top-gallant masts bend;
There's the Silkworm, the Beaver, the Ant, and the Bee,
And all standing on for Gravesend.

There's the Fortitude yonder, at danger that mocks,
The Nimble, that swims like a tench;
The bold Resolution, that steers clear of rocks,
The Britannia, that laughs at the French.
Thus a magnet old Thames firmly holds in his mouth,
To which all sorts of merchandize tend;
And the trade of all nations, West, North, East, and South,
Like the needle, points right to Gravesend.

It is here, too, that *Jem Gibbons*, once the delightful singer of "Sweet Woodland Maid," at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane; and who often 'pops in' of an evening to take his glass and 'keep the game alive.' Jem has been *rusticating*, as it were, for several seasons past at Margate; and who still continues, regardless of '*time*,' to warble forth his notes with undiminished vigour and sweetness: he is the same *Jem Gibbons* still, good-natured to the echo, and never requires to be asked *twice* for a song, if it is in his power to oblige the company. In truth, Jem is one of the most pleasant and amusing features in Margate. To enumerate half his attractive songs would be out of character; but we cannot pass over a song of BURNS, in which he is allowed to excel, by all his brethren in the musical profession, either in town or country:—

### OH WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO THEE MY LAD.

Oh, whistle, and I'll come to thee, my lad,
Though father, and mither, and a' should go mad,
Only whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.—
But warily tent when you come to court me,
Nor come na unless the back get be a-gee,
Syne up the back style, and let nae body see,
An come as ye war nae comin to me.
Oh, whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, where'er you meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye car'd na a flea,
But steal me a blink o' your bonny black ee,
Yet look as ye were na a looking at me.
Oh, whistle, &c.

Ay, vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a-wee;
But court nae anither, though joking ye be,
For fear that she wiles your fancy frae me.
Oh, whistle, &c.

It is at the Queen's Arms Tavern also, of an evening, that Mr. *Shew** exhibits his CATALOGUE of good things, under the superintendance of his "LITTLE TOMMY;" and although his 'tiny foreman' has neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear, and without a tongue to utter a single sentence, yet, nevertheless, his *jokes* are full of point—highly relished by the company—not a '*bad lot*' amongst them, and always '*knocked down*' as 'good goods.'

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* A well-known auctioneer at Margate; a gentleman of considerable information and talent; a lively companion and a capital *Ventriloquist*. Upon most occasions he is very capable of "*Shew*-ing cause" for any business that he may undertake to accomplish. Through the means of '*Little Tommy*,' he has an opportunity of *satirizing* the follies of several of his acquaintances; but then it is done with so much good humour, that it is next to an impossibility that any offence can be taken at the remarks thus *jocularly* offered.

The l'improvisateur Anglais (the English extemporaneous poet), often exhibits his wonderful talents here, by bringing in the whole of the company in a song: his rapidity at verse-making, and singing it at the same time, produces roars of laughter, and renders Mr. Charles Sloman, at all times, a most pleasing and interesting companion.

Here, likewise, clever little Knight, who is always "*at home*" during the season at Margate, and quite enough to occupy his time with his performances at the Libraries and Rooms; yet he frequently calls in at the Queen's Arms during the evening, to obtain the smiles of an old acquaintance; and, with a liberality of disposition that reflects credit on his exertions, he never fails to contribute his mite to add to the amusements of the club.

The '*Comedians*,' the singers, and musicians, from *Tivoli* and St. Peter's, now and then put in an appearance; which not only produces a change of scene, but generally turns out to the advantage of the company; indeed, our limits will not permit us to enumerate half the men of talent, and likewise the numerous 'pleasant fellows,' who nightly visit the Queen's Arms Tavern during the season at Margate. No man enjoyed the company of this room, or kept the visitors together with more spirit, than the late sporting old buck, Mr. Howell.

The wearing apparel of Mr. Howell was costly; his extravagance in this way had no bounds, and his ambition prompted him to keep the best wardrobe in the isle of Thanet. His wardrobe would have furnished twenty gentlemen with complete suits of clothes. On Mr. Howell's presiding at a dinner at the Garrick's Head, and on some compliment being paid to him for the peculiar taste and neatness of his dress, he remarked that his present wardrobe was arranged five years ago, consisting of *twenty* hats, *twenty* coats, *twenty* waistcoats, and *twenty* pair of breeches; and that he had varied his dress ever since, and could do so each day of his life without altering his wardrobe. "True," replied Johnston, "and so you might if you had begun on the day that SHAKSPEARE was born." "I will bet you a pound of that," said a gentleman, which was taken; when another observed he would wager a dinner that the whole of the amount of the national debt of England, and of every other country in the world besides, including the nominal capitals of all the new and old companies in the kingdom, would not be sufficient to pay the interest alone on the single pound betted, computing it at five per cent., during the time required for all the variations of dress in the worthy chairman's wardrobe, so that no *precise suit and hat* should be used twice during the whole term. The gentleman could vary his dress each day for 438 years and twenty days; and the amount of the interest alone on a single pound, during the term, will exceed EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FOUR MILLIONS OF POUNDS!!!

He was highly pleased on being told that his person resembled George III.; in consequence of which he had several wigs made, after the pattern of the late venerable monarch, called by the tonsors "brown Georges."

During the races at Margate he always took great pains to make himself conspicuous. His tandem was attractive, and his horses would bear the nicest inspection. His postilion, called "young Watercress," was a poor ragged little urchin at other times, who procured his livelihood by the sale of the above vegetable: upon these occasions he was elevated to perform and look the part of a first-rate servant. He was dressed in a handsome scarlet jacket, covered with silver lace; leather brogues, white waistcoat, and a black velvet cap with a gold tassel of huge size upon it. He himself was a grandee of the first rank, decked out in purple velvet and gold lace, the brown "George" wig, and a white broad-brimmed hat. At a country-race such a turn-out could not fail of producing an effect on the crowd. The country-folks were astonished, and could not keep their eyes off the tandem; the gentry quizzed and smiled at the old man's vanity; and the town's-people and sporting characters enjoyed the scene. Howell looked gravely and loftily, unmoved, enjoying the scene, and treating all the remarks upon himself with the most sovereign contempt. He drove up and down the course as much at his ease as at other times, nodding to one, chatting to another, laughing with a third person, and receiving the fulsome praises of the jokers at his person with all the *nonchalence* of the best-bred man. In this respect he was bronze itself—a perfect gentleman.

His disposition was rather amorous, and the gay, green old man was not destitute of gallantry. Charity teaches us to "tread lightly o'er the ashes of the dead." At the age of sixty-five he received a hint by the beadle of the parish, conveyed almost in a whisper to him from the overseers of the poor, that the character of his "maid"-servant had been impeached by somebody, and that he alone could set the matter at rest. "Let it rest where it does," he replied with a smile, "and tell the troublesome fellows, whenever my maid calls upon them, to find her a resting-place; I will pay for it. They may depend upon it, Master Beadle, that I shall be under no obligation to them for their kindness to me. So now you have got your answer, Mr. Beadle. But, however, '*Old Gold-laced hat*,'" said Howell, laughing, "as I know you to be a civil, merry sort of fellow, although you always are *a crying*, and you have only done your duty in your capacity as 'Beadle of the Parish,' more especially as you say it is nothing to you or any body else, why you may come in, and I will give you a glass of prime ale, when you will hear my opinion about the 'busy bodies' of this place, in a bit of a comic song, that I have heard my friend Tom Hudson sing, when I was last in London:

### I Never says Nothing to Nobody.

What a shocking world this is for scandal!
The people get worse every day;
Every thing serves for a handle
To take folks' good name away.
In backbiting vile each so labours,
The sad faults of others to show body;
I could tell enough of my neighbours,
But I never says nothing to nobody.

'Tis a snug little house I reside in,
And the people who're living next door
Are smother'd completely such pride in
As I never met with before:
But outside the door they don't roam,
A large sum of money they owe body;
Folks call, but can't find them at home,—
I never says nothing to nobody.

The butcher, so greasy and fat,
When out he does nothing but boast;
He struts, as he cocks on his hat,
As if he supreme rul'd the roast:
Talks of his wealth and his riches,
Consequence always does show body;
His ugly old wife wears the breeches,
But I never says nothing to nobody.

The baker lives quite in great style,
His wife is, oh! Lord, such a fright;
New dresses she's got a great pile,
They sleep out of town every night.
Country cottage, completely in state,
Determin'd not to be a low body;
He's been pull'd up three times for short weight,
But I never says nothing to nobody.

The publican, thriving in trade,
With sorrow is now looking down;
His sweet little pretty bar-maid
Has a little one just brought to town.
He's not to be seen much about,
His wife is a deuce of a shrew body;
The beadles are on the look out,
But I never says nothing to nobody.

A methodist parson of fame,
I see very often go by;
His heart is fill'd full of love's flame,
He visits a girl on the sly.
Altho' this daily I see,
And surely he's but a so so body;
Of course, as 'tis nothing to me,
I never says nothing to nobody.

The new married couple, so happy,
Seem both the quintessence of love;
He calls her, before every sappy,
My darling, my duck, and my dove.
In private there's nothing but strife,
Quarrelling, fighting o'erflow body;
In short, quite a cat and dog life,
But I never says nothing to nobody.

I could tell, if I lik'd, such a state
Of neighbours all round, great and small;
That surely I think, at *Margate*,
Would really astonish you all.
But here now my short ditty ends,
I don't want to hurt high or low body;
I wish to keep in with my friends,
So I never says nothing to nobody!

Although Howell was vulgarly called the ninth part of a man, he possessed proper notions of honor, and he would not be insulted with impunity. He was once grossly insulted by a powerful athletic person, nearly thirty years younger than himself. The aggressor wanted Howell to settle it on the spot, *a la Cribb.* The old man observed that, having some years since injured one of his arms, his skull having also been trepanned, and his right leg seriously hurt when hunting, he did not consider himself a match for the aggressor at fisty cuffs; he therefore called him out to meet him on the Fort the next morning at five o'clock. Howell attended precisely at the appointed time; but his antagonist overslept himself, and Howard retired from the field covered with glory.

During the winter months he would take a trip to London for a day or two, to see some of his old acquaintances. At one of the well-known theatrical dinners at the Garrick's Head, Bow-street, he appeared like a veteran military officer, his breast almost covered with badges; or, to use the words of a great amatory poet, like a house over-insured. On being recognized by one of his friends, who asked him (Howell) the meaning of his appearing adorned with so many "orders"—"Orders!" replied he, bursting out into a loud laugh, "these are not orders. Don't you see they are medals? they have been voted to me for the service I have seen. This is my Noble Grand's medal, belonging to the order of Odd Fellows; the second is the gift from the Noble Druids; the third is a present from the Bucks' Lodge, &c., &c. I am also a Loyal Briton, a Knight of the Cauliflower, an Old Codger, an Eccentric, an Independent John, and a Philanthropic. I belong to these societies; and have I not a right to put on all my medals to pay respect to this company? And have I not a right to sing my song if I like? I have been an Odd Fellow all my life; and so I shall always remain, until I get fastened up in my *Cupboard*[*] at home; and then I shall remain an Odd Fellow:—

Air—"LIBERTY HALL!"

This world for Odd Fellows, was ever renown'd,
And *Adam* the first was an Odd fellow found:
For if with *Eve* he'd not kept to his tether,
We never had met here—Odd Fellows together.
Tol de rol, &c.

What numbers of different Brothers we see,
Brother Bucks, Brother Gauls, Brother Masons, so free,
But the Brother that all other Brothers exceed,
Is an Odd Fellow, who—is a Brother indeed.

There's some kind of Brothers will lie, cheat, and curse,
And other *bad* Brothers that often do worse;
O may all such fellows 'mongst us ne'er be seen,
And Brothers—against 'em pray drop a *Black bean*.

Let good humour reign—animosity vanish,
Revenge from our hearts let us joyfully banish;
For as it is Odd to assist one another,
They Odd Fellows *are* that relieve a poor Brother.

To our wives and our sweethearts let's ever be true,
And strive for to *please* them—as they may *please* you;
Be gentle and kind—agreeable and mellow—
*To* all men on earth, they'll prefer an Odd Fellow.

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[*] His *Coffin*;—or, his odd piece of furniture, as he jocularly termed it to all his friends and acquaintances.

Let us touch not on politics, party, or cause,
Nor trouble ourselves with the nation and laws;
But *do* to each Brother as you'd be *done* by,
And Odd Fellows you'll be—tho' you live till you die.
Tol de rol, &c.

For the last ten years of his existence he was as well known to the annual visitors of Margate as the lighthouse itself. Take a walk on the pier, a stroll on the jetty, promenade the libraries, or view the steamers start for London or return to Margate—if you did not run against old Howell it would be considered a rarity indeed! In his house and gardens at Dane Hill, he displayed great eccentricity by the manner in which they were furnished and laid out. Even his weathercock was a sporting character, and each of the vanes exhibited subjects connected with the field.

The loss of his wife and daughters affected him considerably: but the death of his last daughter, a short time before his own, shook him fearfully. He told the writer of this sketch, in Sept. 1830, on the jetty at Margate, "That his health was excellent, but his spirits were fast leaving him, and, in spite of his fortitude, at times he had great difficulty in rallying them; yet," said he, "I will not meet troubles half-way, and I will endeavour to prove myself game to the end of the chapter." What philosopher of antiquity ever said more to the purpose?

Five years ago, so little did he fear the approaches of death, that he sent for Mr. Merrall, carpenter, opposite the theatre at Margate, to measure him for his coffin; or, to use his own words, to provide him with his last surtout. It was made of mahogany, extremely handsome, with hinges to the lid, and a lock and key. A square plate of glass was also fixed in the lid; but over which was placed, at his death, a solid plate of brass; and the following inscription was engraved upon it when the coffin was made:—

JOHN HOWELL,
Died 18 ,
Aged Years.

The blanks, of course, were filled up with "Died May 31, 1831, aged 70 years." Numerous curious visitors at Margate took a peep at the coffin during the different seasons, no application being refused by the maker of it while it was with him. Howell's eccentricities never deserted him; and within two days of his death he sent the following serio-comic message to the above architect of his coffin:—"Mr. Merrall, I have sent a *bob* for your man to get my house ready for me: let him dust it well, and also clean the handles." Talk of sir Thomas Moore on ascending the scaffold, after this!

"An' if it be the last bottle," observes the *Editor of Death's Doings*, "Death is quite welcome; for this life hath run to the very dregs and lees, and there is nothing more in it which can be called enjoyment:"—

Death comes but *once*, the philosophers say,
And 'tis true, my brave boys, but that once is a clencher:
It takes us from *Drinking* and *loving* away,
And spoils at a blow the best tippler and wencher!

And Death comes to all, so they tell us again,
Which also I fear, my brave boys, *is no* fable!
Yet the moral it teaches to me is quite plain,
'Tis to love all we can and to drink all we are able!

He was buried in the old church-yard on the 7th of June. The hearse was followed by two mourning coaches, containing neighbours. A vast number of the inhabitants collected round his grave, to pay him the last tribute. If Howell did not obtain so high a character at Margate as the late Beau Nash did at Bath, he nevertheless was as important a personage in his way; and Napoleon is not more connected with the history of the world, than Howell with that of the town of Margate: Peace to his manes!—*Metropolitan Mag. with several additions by the Editor.*

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## Field Sports for March.

"Blow, ye brave March winds—bellow in the gale—
Bend the tall mast—distend the seaman's sail—
Whistle through crumbling turrets: shake the rest
Of the fond flutterer in her ivied nest—
Fan up the dusty whirlwind with thy wing—
(In gossip, parley ransom for a king)—
Crack your puff'd cheeks!—the Hunter will not yield
His seat at feast-board, or his place in field:
'Hark-forward!'—'Tally-ho!'—must still resound,
In union jovial, with the horn and hound;—
And still your breeze but serves more strong to brace
Our joyous spirit for the jocund chase!"

"March winds," instead of blustering, like a bully, fox-hunters out of the field, are rather, like a welcome guest, contributors to the pleasures of the entertainment. March is a glorious month for the red-coats—(thank our fortunes we are not at war, and therefore *soldiers* are not meant)—it is the "maddening moment" of their delight—their triumph—their victory! The cry every where—"Broke cover!"—"Tally-ho!"—"Hark forward!"—"Hey! wind him, and cross him!"—"Dead beat!"—Who-hoop!"

Yet, whilst March is a month in which the operation of the chase (as regards the noblest of all Field Sports, Fox-hunting) may be prosecuted with ardour and spirit, it also places an interdiction upon other popular pastimes. The Courser has no business, if he be a *real* Courser, to slip his dogs; nor a keeper of Harriers to cheer his hounds upon a hare, after February has finished his little day, and ended his shortened reign. The hares, especially in such a mild unfrosted season as the winter of 1831-2 has been, will be very forward in gestation; nay, we have it from authority, as potential as any duke's, that leverets have already been dropped; and we ask, therefore, if it be consistent with sporting, and having our eyes to the future, that animals heavy with young, or weak from dropping, should be run down an inglorious prey? No, no—that "killing a March hare" might once have done; but we live in more liberal times —sporting as well as political. The Test laws are gone—the Game laws must follow.

The **Shooter** has not a very wide field for his skill remaining; but *le bon tems viendra*, the good time will come again; in the mean while, wild-fowl will give him some employment, and plenty of exercise.

The **Angler** (we speak now of a pleasant and unobtrusive pastime, not of a *field* sport) must put his "braw brass wheels" and his tackle together. He may take the waters. Let him, however, equally avoid the misty morn and the "dewy eve"—they will be his friends, his allies, when the "May flowers" come; but not till then. The "glorious noon, lit up by spring-tide sun," must be his hour; and then the bag may be animated, and the basket moistened, by many a silver-sided dace, a carp (consuming Port wine in the cookery), the variegated perch (prickle-backed, and armed against the pike), and other smaller fry: but leave, my good "Piscator," my gentle "Scholar," the golden-spotted trout—

> "Till April's genial, honey'd shower
> Fills up the bud, and paints the flower."

## SONG.—T. Y. C.

Written for the Thames Yacht Club, by Ben Backstay, one of its Members.

Tune.—*There's nae luck about the house.*

When duty on a sailor calls, he scorns to tarry long,
And I am call'd by duty now to sing my friends a song;
Tho' not a "*Man of Letters,*" still I own I'm fond of three,
So, for the subject of my song, I've chosen T. Y. C.
And these letters shall foremost be
Where melody's the rub;
And harmony the order be
Of this—the Thames Yacht Club.

I will not strive in others' coats a hole or flaw to pick,
But, tho' our *motto's T. Y. C.*, we never go on *tic*;
And calumny's detracting wave shall ne'er our bark o'erwhelm,
Whilst *honesty* our coxwain is, and *honour* takes the helm.
For the T. Y. C. shall foremost be
When virtue is the rub;
And probity the beacon be
Of this—the Thames Yacht Club.

The gods their attributes have given to aid us in distress;
They *Friendship*[*] have sent down from heaven the Thames Yacht Club to bless:
Another gift as great and good, should Fortune's winds blow rude,
To safely ride the tempest through, they've giv'n us *Fortitude.*[*]
And the T. Y. C. shall foremost be
When friendship is the rub;
And amity the maxim be
Of this—the Thames Yacht Club.

As sage Ulysses' son possess'd Minerva by his side,
In Mentor's form his course to steer o'er life's tempestuous tide,
So we are favour'd, too, with aid celestial in its source;
The goddess still, in *Mentor's* form, is here to guide our course.
And the T. Y. C. shall foremost be
Where wisdom is the rub;
And honesty the coxwain be
Of this—the Thames Yacht Club.

The solace of a sailor's life, and equal to his glass,
Is that, when all his labour's o'er, he may *enjoy his lass*;
And Heav'n, e'er mindful of our wants, commission'd from above,
And sent down *Venus*[*] to our fleet, who reigns the Queen of Love.
And the T. Y. C. shall foremost be
When beauty is the rub;
And gallantry the north star be
Of this—the Thames Yacht Club.

We correspond with other worlds, and orbs beyond our sphere;
For in the system of our fleet a *Comet*[*] does appear:
And if from earth we'd soar on high, to view celestial things,
'Tis done—for we can go aloft on *Royal Eagles'*[*] wings.
And the T. Y. C. shall foremost be,
Where honor is the rub;
And honesty the coxwain be
Of this—the Thames Yacht Club.

Should e'er Old England's fabled foe, the Dragon, reappear,
To *spit fire* at our gallant fleet, we've nothing still to fear;
For harmless would be all his rage, his reign a transient hour,
For England's Champion, brave *St. George,*[*] would re-display his power:
For the T. Y. C. shall foremost be
Where courage is the rub;
And bravery the watch-word be
Of this—the Thames Yacht Club.

If lassitude o'ertake us here, and rest should be desir'd,
Each T. Y. C. can ride in turn the *Seahorse*[*] when he's tir'd;
The very passions of the mind are chang'd when in our fleet,
For, tho' *Deception's* one of us, we never use *deceit.*
And the T. Y. C. shall formost be
Where courage is the rub;
And probity the maxim be
Of this—the Thames Yacht Club.

Now toast the *Don Giovanni's* crew, who bear the prize away,
And may they always sail as well as they have sail'd to-day!
Then fill each glass with sparkling wine, and bumpers let them be,
And drink to Captain Davey's health—his health with 3 times 3:
For the cup is won, the match is done,
And settl'd is the rub;
Let mirth abound, and glee go round,
In this—the Thames Yacht Club.

## The Corporal and his Cat.

"Every one to their *fancy,*" said the Old Woman when she kissed *her* cat; and it is urged that "a *cat* may look at a king." Be it so. We have heard of the great *Cat*-ter-fel to and his wonderful black *cat*, and we have also been told of a tortoise-shell Tom *cat* being knocked down by an auctioneer, to a great connoisseur in *cats*, an elderly maiden lady, for £300. Whether Mr. Bulwer, the fashionable novelist, took his ideas from the above sources, we cannot state, but, in his recently published novel of *Eugene Aram*, he has argued in a *cat*-e-gorical manner on the feline species: although he has not produced a *cat*-a-strophe on the subject, yet he has *scratched* out a *cat*-a-logue of the *cat*-like *talons* of the old Corporal's favorite pussey *cat*. "The cat of Jack Bunting," says Mr. Bulwer, "was once more feared than respected throughout the village." The Corporal was a cunning teacher of all animals: he could learn goldfinches the use of the musket; dogs the art of the broadsword; horses to dance hornpipes and pick pockets; and he had relieved the *ennui* of his solitary moments by imparting sundry accomplishments to the ductile genius of his cat. Under his tuttion puss had learned to fetch and carry; to turn over head and tail, like a tumbler; to run up your shoulder when you least expected it; to fly as if she were mad at any one upon whom the Corporal thought fit to set her; and, above all, to rob larders, shelves, and tables, and bring the produce to the Corporal, who never failed to consider such stray waifs lawful manorial acquisitions. These little feline cultivations of talent, however delightful to the Corporal, and creditable to his powers of teaching the young idea how to shoot, had nevertheless, since the truth must be told, rendered the Corporal's cat a proverb and by word throughout the neighbourhood. Never was cat in such bad odour; and the dislike in which it was held was wonderfully increased by terror; for the creature was singularly large and robust, and withal of so courageous a temper, that if you attempted to resist its invasion of your property, it forthwith set up its back, put down its ears, opened its mouth, and bade you fully comprehend that what it feloniously seized it would gallantly defend. More than one gossip in the village had this notable cat hurried into premature parturition, as, on descending at day-break into her kitchen, the dame would descry the animal perched on the dresser, having entered, God knows how, and gleaming upon her with its great green eyes, and a malignant, *brownie* expression of countenance.

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[*] Names of the different yachts.

Various deputations had indeed, from time to time, arrived at the Corporal's cottage, requesting the death, expulsion, or perpetual imprisonment of the favorite. But the stout Corporal received them grimly, and dismissed them gruffly; and the cat still went on, waxing in size and wickedness, and baffling, as if inspired by the Devil, the various gins and traps set for its destruction. But never, perhaps, was there a greater disturbance and perturbation in the little hamlet, than when, some three weeks since, the Corporal's cat was known to be brought to bed, and safely delivered of a numerous offspring. The village saw itself overrun with a race, and a perpetuity of Corporal's cats! Perhaps, too, their teacher growing more expert by practice, the descendants might attain to even greater accomplishment than their nefarious progenitor. No longer did the faint hope of being delivered from their tormentor by an untimely or even natural death, occur to the harassed Grassdalians. Death was an incident natural to one cat, however vivacious, but here was a dynasty of cats! *Principes mortales, respublica eterna!*

### BOB RULLOCK *the fancy waterman's* LAMENT.

By TOM TUGG, Jun.

Bob Rullock was a rower stout,
 And in his cap he wore
A *feather*, on which he *plum'd* himself—
 The *feather of his oar*.

No scientific wight was he,
 Of knowledge over full;
But understood phrenology,
 And *handled well a skull*.

In rowing he took more delight
 Than if it were his trade;
A cutter 'twas, in which he row'd,
 For each oar had a *blade*.

On shore he was both staunch and stiff
 Nor bent to tyrant's sway;
But, when he was on board a boat,
 He always did "*give way*."

The sprightly hornpipe he could dance,
 With grace and skill I vow,
But never put out all his strength,
 Till he got to the *bow*.

A kinder youth than he did ne'er
 To please a maiden learn;
When walking he would sweetly smile;
 When rowing looked a-*stern*.

A widow fair he chanc'd to meet,
 And ardent love he pleads;
His heart was (like his oar sometimes)
 Entangled in the *weeds*.

Whilst rowing once, he thought of her
 For whom his bosom burn'd;
He *turn'd* his *oar* within the stream,
 And so he got *o'er-turn'd*.

When presently the coxwain cries,
 "No crabs must here be caught;
Said Rob, "I did not think of them—
 I *thought* upon my *thwart*."

"Pray do you angle?" ask'd a friend,
 "When up the Thames you go?"
Said he, "We care not for the *fish*,
 We only want the *row*."

To Gravesend with the crew he went
 (They often made such trips),
And when they got below bridge, all
 Were rowing in *'mid ships*.

Their boat's way oft was stopt perforce
 When vessels came athwart her;
Although, when *rowing against time*,
 They lik'd not to "*back water*."

"What craft is that moor'd off the Tower?
 The Ark it is I see,
Now, if this *Ark* were at the *Nore*,
 *Nore's Ark* it sure would be."

"A race upon our larboard bow!
 They're fouling—let's give way!
There seems some *foul work* going on,
 We'll go and see *fair play*."

"Push off!—Why, where's the boat-hook gone?
 Will no one for it look?
The bow-man he should always have
 An *eye* upon the *hook*."

"We must put in and bale the boat
 Although we cannot stay,
For she makes *water* quite as fast
 As ever she makes *way*."

"The tide is turning: if we stop
 'Twill be hard work for each:"
"We can't *reach Blackwall* 'gainst the tide,
 Though we may *Blackwall-reach*."

"Those gibbets are remov'd, whose sight
 Did make beholders cough:
There's no longer any *carrion*
 For crows to *carry off*."

"There's the *beginning of Gravesend*!"
"Ah! what is that you say?"
"He *speaketh* truth and *feeleth* it,
For he *seeth Erith* Bay."

So now my Ballads and Gravesend,
I've reached, but have not stated
How Robert Rullock *got a wife*,
And ever since *got rated*.

Alas! his lady play'd him false,
So when he went ashore,
He dashed his *skull* against a wall,
And thus his life *gave o'er*.

## CURIOUS CASE AT FOUR-HANDED CRIBBAGE.

Wherein not any of the four parties can hold a single first point in hand, and yet the dealers shall win the game the first show. —PASQUIN.— *Example.*—Let A and B deal against C and D, each person to hold a three, four, and six, seven, with any tenth card, and each to lay out their tenth card for the crib; D then cuts the card for the turn up, which proving to be a knave, A and B mark two points. It being C's first play, he leads with pitching his four, which B pairs, and marks two points; D then plays his four, and marks six points for a pair royal; A then plays his four, making a double pair royal, for which he scores twelve points; C then plays again with his three, which is paired by B, who marks two points more; D plays his three, and marks six for a pair royal; and A comes in with his three likewise, which making a double pair royal, and the end hole, he marks for such thirteen points; C then plays off again with his seven, and marks six points; and A, playing his seven, makes a double pair royal, for which, and the end hole, he marks thirteen points more; here again C plays his six, which is paired by B, who scores two points; D plays his six, and marks six points; and A, who is the last player, makes a double pair royal with his six, for which and the end hole, he marks thirteen points, which, with the various other points played by A and B, complete the game, or sixty-one points; while C and D have only been able to play twenty-four points. Thus the game is won by A and B without holding a single point.

## ATTACHMENT OF ANIMALS.

The attachment formed by animals, from living together, have produced some remarkable facts. Feeling has been evinced by those reckoned most insensible, and even the strongest laws of nature have been set aside. The cobra di capello and the canary bird, who for years, inhabited the same cage at Mr. Cross's, Exeter Change, are strong instances of the latter; but my communication more particularly alludes to the former. When I lived in Paris, they were two remarkably fine ostriches, male and female, kept in the Rotunda of the Jardin du Roi. The skylight over their heads having been broken, the glaziers proceeded to repair it, and, in the course of their work, let fall a triangular piece of glass. Not long after this, the female ostrich was taken ill, and died after an hour or two of great agony. The body was opened and the throat and stomach were found to have been dreadfully lacerated by the sharp corners of the glass which she had swallowed. From the moment his companion was taken from him, the male bird had no rest: he appeared to be incessantly searching for something, and daily wasted away. He was moved from the spot, in the hope that he would forget his grief; he was even allowed more liberty, but nought availed, and he literally pined himself to death. I heard of a curious expedient the other day, which prevented a similar catastrophe, and which has led me to address you:—A gentleman, residing in this country, had for some years been possessed of two brown cranes *(Ardea pavonia.)*; one of them at length died, and the survivor became disconsolate. He was apparently following his companion, when his master introduced a large looking-glass into the aviary. The bird no sooner beheld his reflected image than he fancied she for whom he mourned had returned to him; he placed himself close to the mirror, plumed his feathers, and showed every sign of happiness. The scheme answered completely, the crane recovered his health and spirits, passed almost all his time before the looking-glass, and lived many years after, at length dying from an accidental injury.

## *The* FALCONER *and (soi-disant)* CHAPLAIN.

"There wns a pleasant story of old lord Cottington (observes Mr. Leigh Hunt, in his novel of Sir Ralph Esher), which Hyde has been heard to relate, and the particulars of which were told me by a gentleman who was on the spot. The king, during his stay abroad, was going to make Mr. Wyndham secretary of state, for no better reason than that his mother had been the royal nurse. Cottington went to his majesty, and begged his attention for a few moments to the merits of a worthy person of his acquaintance, for whom he had to solicit a favor—'Let us have 'em my lord,' said the king, 'and you know if I can oblige the man I will. It is not money, I hope?'—'Nay, sir, had it been money,' answered the lord treasurer,' 'I should have begged a little for myself, to give some colour to my title; not to mention other reasons, which (God be praised) occasionally make every body merry but the baker. It is a much lighter matter on which I come to your majesty, though of great importance to the poor man.' 'Who is he, Cottington?' returned the king; 'a poor man not wanting money, is a marvel I would fain be acquainted with. He is the only wild fowl of his species, and must partake of the nature of the bird of paradise, which, they say, lives upon air. Pray let him take me along with him.' —'Your majesty,' resumed Cottington, 'has hit wonderfully upon two points in the man's fortune; one that concerns his present estate; and one that touches, it is to be hoped, upon his future. Sir, it is of Mr. Wood, an old falconer of his late majesty, whose humble petition I have now to make known to you. He is a man extremely well versed in his art, having followed it from his youth upwards, to the great content of his late blessed majesty; and, I believe I may add, of his majesty's successor.'—'Old Wood,' said the king, 'I know him well, and a good brisk old fellow he was. He would toss up a lure in a second, that one might have taken for a partridge oneself.'—'Well, sir, he can do as much now. I do not believe there is a man of his art breathing who is better acquainted with the quality and mettle of his hawks, or more thoroughly experienced in all which they affect, or whatsoever suits their individual natures. He seems to know what sort of relish to give their food, by the very feel of their beaks under his finger.'—'He must be a proper falconer indeed,' said the king.'—'Truly is he, sir; and as his knowledge, so is his care. No man waters or bathes his hawks with more —I had almost said—fatherly attention; nor feeds and looks to their cleaning with a more happy result.'—'Nay, he's something like the son of a hawk, if you come to that,' said Charles. 'His own beak, I suppose, by one of sir Kenelm's sympathies, helps him to a knowledge and consideration of all other beaks.'—'A shrewd quip, i'faith,' said Cottington, laughing; 'and a pity it is that sir Kenelm, with his stately discourses, heard it not. But, sir, to be serious with regard to this poor man: money is not his most pressing want; if it were, he would forego the mention of it, like a good subject; but he is mightily desirous of being serviceable to your majesty in another way; and, therefore, in pursuance of what I have partly stated, I must add, that there is not a better caterer or coper of his birds 'twixt this and the land's end; none that can cut a pounce with a more masterly nicety, or better provide against dulness and overgrowth in the beak. He is, furthermore, one of those who scorn to have too many fowls on hand, being as active as a youth in taking them in due season; and, for reclaiming and keeping his hawks on the fist, I never met, not only with his equal, but with any man who could stand by him.'—'Well, my lord,' said the king, 'I know your love of the sport, and fully credit your zeal in behalf of the fowler; and now what is it I am to do? for you know these are not the times or places for adding to the list of our servants; nine-tenths of whom, as it is, have nothing to do.' —'Tis true, sir,' replied Cottington, 'but, if your majesty will pardon my zeal in behalf of an old brother sportsman, to whom I have been indebted for many a day's jollity, I may take the freedom of reminding you that there is a vacancy in the list of your majesty's chaplains, the filling up of which with the name of my honest friend, would make the poor man happy for life.'—'The list of chaplains, my lord treasurer!' exclaimed the king; 'surely—I would not stand upon niceties—but a chaplain and a falconer—'—'Forgive me, my dear liege,' interrupted Cottington, with imperturbable gravity, 'but knowing your liberality in such matters, and hearing from persons of good credit that your majesty was about to confer the secretaryship of state on worthy Mr. Wyndham, I thought I would make a bold face and lose no time in endeavouring at some preferment for the no less deserving Mr. Wood. He will soon learn to read, if, in truth, he does not possess that accomplishment already, for I think I have seen him perusing an almanac; and, in the progress of a few days, I doubt not he will be quite as able to further your majesty's interests in the way I speak of, as Mr. Wyndham in his more exalted station.' The king, at this discourse, is said to have looked more disconcerted than he had shown himself on more trying occasions. He blushed, then laughed, then blushed again; and finally settled the pretensions of both Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Wood, by observing, 'Odsfish! my lord, you have dealt me a hard knock; but I suppose it was out of love, seeing that I was going to do a foolish thing; and so I'll not be so foolish as to persist in it.'"

## THE CANARY BIRD.

The history of our various singing birds is wonderful and amusing; and none less so than that of the Canary. This little bird, so highly esteemed for its song; reared with so much care, particularly by the fair sex; and which affords such innocent amusement to those who are fond of the wild notes of nature, is a native of those islands from which it takes its name. It was not known in England till the fifteenth century; consequently, no account of it is to be met with in any of the works of the old ornithologists. Bellon, who about the year 1555 described all birds then known, does not so much as mention it. At that period the breed was brought from the Canary islands. It was so dear that it could only be purchased by people of fortune, and these were often imposed upon. It was originally called the sugar bird, because it was so fond of the sugar cane, which circumstance has caused some surprise among naturalists—sugar being poison to many fowls. Experiments have shown that a pigeon, to which four drachms of sugar were given, died in four hours; and that a duck, which had swallowed five drachms, did not live seven hours after.

It was only in the middle of the sixteenth century that these birds began to be bred in

Europe; and the following circumstance, related by Olina, seems to have been the occasion of it:—A vessel which, among other commodities, was carrying a quantity of Canary birds to Leghorn, was wrecked on the coast of Italy; and these birds, being thus set at liberty, flew to the nearest land, which was the Island of Elba, where they found the climate so favorable that they multiplied, and would have become domesticated, had they not been caught in snares, and divers other ways, for sale; and the breed of them there has long since been extinct.

The breeding of these birds was at first attended with great difficulty, as the treatment they required was not known; but vast numbers are now bred in England of the pure breed, as well as a great quantity of handsome mule birds, chiefly from the cross of the green linnet, whose original note surpasses that of all the linnet variety. It was at one time supposed that those birds bred on the Canary Islands were much better singers than those reared in England, but this does not appear to be the case.* As the male parrot is much superior in his colour and plumage to the female, so is the cock Canary bird. The hen birds sometimes sing, but they are much inferior in the strength of their notes to the males; neither is their plumage so gay. The form of them, however, is singularly symmetrical and elegant.

In former times various treatises were published, in various languages, on the mode of rearing Canary birds; and many persons made it a trade, acquiring considerable fortunes by it. In the Tyrol there is a company, who, after the breeding season is over, send out persons to different parts of Germany and Switzerland to purchase birds from those who breed them. Great numbers of these are sent to England, where, considering the distance they are brought from, they are sold at a cheap rate.

The principal food of these birds is a plant called Canary seed, first supposed to have been brought for this purpose from the Canary Islands to Spain, and from thence dispersed all over Europe. In some botanical works this plant is laid down as Phalaris Canariensis, and is supposed to be the phalaris mentioned by Pliny. A great quantity of it is now sown in England, particularly in the Island of Thanet, and is sold in the London market at from 50s. to 70s. per quarter.

### The Frenchman and the Clerical Horse-Dealer.

A complaint, which caused a great deal of conversation in Bath, was made by a French gentleman, named Lafu, against a clergyman who resides in the neighbourhood of that city, and who is remarkable for dealing very profitably in horses. The magistrates applied to on the occasion recommended that the circumstances should be stated in a court of law, after having the following account from the lips of the Frenchman. "I go to buy a horse from him, and he ask me forty guinea. I say no, by Gar, I no give that. Well, say the clergyman, I tell you what; you shall have him for thirty-five guinea; but, d—n my eye, you shall no have him less."

Magistrate. You could not think of dealing with a clergyman who was so ready to swear. —Frenchman. *Oui*, I did: I thought a clergyman would not swear any thing but true; so I paid him the money. Well, I got upon him, and he go beautiful. Then I put him up in the Bell's stables, and I ride him next day, but he go upon three leg; so I put him up again, but he still go upon three leg, and then I gave him a doctor; but, by Gar, he walk upon his knee, and so I say, if you walk upon your knee, I do not walk upon your back.—Magistrate. You mean that the horse was unsound?—Frenchman. *Oui*, he got the gout.—Magistrate. The gout! horses don't get the gout.—Frenchman. But he was a clergyman's horse, and they both have the gout. The horse's leg was swelled, and so was the master's.—Magistrate. Well, I suppose you sent back the horse?—Frenchman. No; the clergyman said, d—n his eye, he'd no have him; but I ask Mr. Bell to buy him for thirty-five guinea; but he said no, I not give you more than five pound; so I keep him in the stable twelve week, and then I send him to be sold; and what do you think I got?—Magistrate. Why, perhaps five pounds.—Frenchman. No, by Gar, I got fifteen pound.—Magistrate. Well, I think you received more than you had a right to expect, in your transactions with this worthy clergyman.—Frenchman. Receive! Why, I receive nothing. I got the fifteen pound to pay for the dinner.—Magistrate. For dinner?—Frenchman. *Oui*. For my horse's dinner for the twelve week in Mr. Bell's stable. The unfortunate Frenchman thus lost, by his dealing with the reverend horse-jockey, no less than fifty pounds.

### The Miser Sportsman "served out!"

A gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of Taunton, who is notorious for the strictness with which he guards his preserves, was visiting at the house of a friend, where he was introduced to a third gentleman, an utter stranger to him. In the course of conversation this latter personage, who affected considerable effeminacy and dandyism, intimated that he was very desirous of enjoying a day's shooting, at which sport, however, he was a mere tyro. The man of preserves looked at the querist, and, in an unusual fit of generosity, promised a day's pleasure. Accordingly, it was agreed that on the next morning he should breakfast with him at his seat, and thence he would accompany him to his covers. Morning came, and with it our sportsman, dressed, not in the usual shooting gear, but in a full ball dress, with dancing shoes instead of boots. His host stared, though rejoicing that nothing more formidable was about to be introduced into his preserves. The meal concluded, he takes him to the window. "There is the cover; I regret that I cannot accompany you." (Had he been an evident sportsman, he would have followed him like one of his own pointers.) The dandy went, and, lo! proved to be an unfailing marksman. The birds rose, and fell as quickly, until the keeper spied him—demanded his name—rushed to his master. "He has my permission, John; the pumps and silk stockings will only frighten the birds a little, aha!" "Why, Lord bless me, sir, he's knocking 'em down right and left—he's killed a bushel." Away runs the astonished owner—the stranger had already killed five hares, twenty pheasants, and two cocks. Enraged, the owner eyes his martyred friends—an explanation ensues—the never-missing shot is warned off the manor—pumps, silk stockings, and all. It was Captain M—, a celebrated sporting character.

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* See Barrington's Paper in Philos. Trans., Vol. LXIII. p. 249

## A Sportsman of the Old School.

Mr. Harry Smith, who died in Heather's Buildings, in the East Pallant, Chichester, at the age of eighty-four. The above veteran was well known by the appellation of "The 'Squire." He was a complete sportsman of the Old School—skilful in the use of the cross and long bows, and at all athletic exercises—an adept at the single stick and quarter-staff, which last he would, till lately, turn with astonishing celerity. A well known fact of his prowess in the last-named exercise we subjoin:—In the year 1779, a serjeant of Elliot's Light Horse being then in Chichester, and who was reputed one of the best swordsmen of the day, challenged his sword against "the 'squire's" staff, to draw the first blood; many are living who saw the encounter; when at the expiration of four minutes, "the 'squire" gave his adversary the end of his staff in his forehead, which laid him flat on his back, and gained the victory. The staff, which is seven feet ten inches in length, is now preserved, and has thirteen cuts of the sword in it.

## The Otter.

It is well known that he is now become, in Great Britain, very scarce; so much so, indeed, that one is rarely met with, and scarcely any establishment for hunting him at present exists in England. The otter may be followed occasionally with harriers, but the otter hound, of which mention is made in several old publications on the subject of field-sports, is no where to be met with. Yet though these antiquated tomes speak at some length on the subject of otter hunting, they are, nevertheless, silent as to the peculiar characteristics of the dogs in question: hence, we might reasonably conclude that, at a period not very remote, these hounds were very well known, though the mode of producing them now appears to be wrapped in the scarf of oblivion. Though the chase of the otter is not likely to become prevalent in England, yet information relative to field-sports must always be interesting to the true sportsman; and, perhaps, some one among the number of your numerous and intelligent readers may be induced to favour us with a description of the dog formerly used for this purpose. The following is an account of the mode of catching sea-otters on the north-east coast of America.

In the first place, it may not be amiss to observe that the Russians have, for some years, carried on a very considerable trade in furs procured from that coast, which principally consist of the skins of the sea-otter. For taking these animals, the Russians retain in their service many of the native inhabitants of the coast just mentioned, a number of whom proceed together in separate bidarkas;* and, as any of the party perceives an otter, he throws his arrow (or small harpoon) at it, and pulls to the place where it plunges. He here stations his boat, and then lifts up his oar. The rest of the hunters, on observing the signal, form a circle round it: and, the moment the animal shows its head above water, he that is nearest throws his arrow, and then hastens to the spot where the otter again disappeared; while the hunter, by raising his oar, again exhibits the signal for a second circle to form. In this manner the chase continues, till the animal, exhausted by fatigue, as well as loss of blood, which incessantly flows from repeated wounds, is, at length, taken. If, at the commencement of the chase, the prey happens to receive a serious wound, he is quickly captured; but it sometimes occurs that twenty bidarkas are employed half a day in taking a single otter. This animal will sometimes tear the arrow from its body with its teeth, for the purpose of effecting its escape, which, however, seldom happens, and is almost impossible, as the Cadiack people, exercised from childhood to this species of the chase, are not only very expert at it, but are able to ascertain the course of the otter under-water. In fine weather, this is known by the bubbles which appear on the surface; while, in rough weather, the otter always directs his course against the wind.

When a female otter happens to be attacked, in company with her young one, the mother immediately clasps the young one with her fore feet, and plunges beneath the surface. However, as the cub is not able to remain long under water, she is under the necessity of rising again very soon, and of thus exposing herself to the darts of her pursuers. It sometimes happens, that the hunters come upon the female by surprise, and separate her from her young one, in which case the cub is sure to be taken immediately; but the mother no sooner hears its cries than she swims to the very bidarka from which they proceed, and, regardless of all danger, shares the fate of her little complaining captive. If the female has two cubs, which is sometimes the case, she will destroy one herself, in order that she may be able to devote her whole attention to the protection of the other.

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* A kind of small boat, peculiar to that part of the world.

When a sea-otter is killed, the hunters express their triumph by a general shout.

The first plunge, or dive, of that animal exceeds a quarter of an hour; the second is of shorter duration, the third still shorter; and thus the intervals gradually diminish till, at last, it can plunge no more. These creatures sometimes swim on their sides, at other times on their backs, or in an upright position. When attacked, they make no resistance, but endeavour to save themselves by flight; where, however, they see no means of escape, they will scold and grin like an angry cat. On receiving a blow from a club, they turn on their side, draw up their hind legs, cover their eyes with their fore-paws, and thus seem to prepare themselves for death.

The sea-otter is much larger than the common otter. It is about four feet in length, of which the tail occupies about thirteen inches; and the largest weigh from seventy to eighty pounds.

## SPORTING ANECDOTE OF THE LATE LORD NELSON.

Lord Nelson had been shooting one day near Palermo, and on his return he and Captain Hood came down to a small creek, where only one boat lay, in which was a boy. Nelson enquired if the boy could shove them on board the flag-ship, for which he would pay him well. The lad did not know him in his shooting-jacket, and said he was waiting for his master, who belonged to a merchant brig, and he had orders not to stir from the beach, so he could not do it. "Let us take the boat by force," said Hood, "the owner will not dare to grumble." "For that very reason I won't allow it. I have *marked* the boy down for a good one," was Nelson's answer; "I would rather swim on board, at the risk of being drowned, than do an unjust and tyrannical act to one who dare not resent it. Here, boy, is a dollar for so well obeying your master's orders." The master came down at the time, and the *sportsmen* were accommodated with a *shove* alongside; and when the boatswain's whistle, four sidesmen, and marines under arms, announced it was the admiral, both master and boy were alarmed; and the former was still more astonished at his great condescension when Nelson sang out "tumble up, messmate.—You shall partake of our *sport* to-day, be it bad or good; and a glass of grog into the bargain!"

## SHARK FIGHT. BY AN EYE-WITNESS, A NATIVE OF CALCUTTA.

In the month of May, an instance of intrepidity and dexterity, on the part of an up-country native, well worthy of being recorded, occurred lately in this neighbourhood. I was walking on the bank of the river at the time when some up-country boats were delivering their cargoes. A considerable number of Coolies were employed on shore in the work, all of which I observed running away in apparent trepidation from the edge of the water—returning again, as if eager, yet afraid, to approach some object, and again returning as before. I found, on inquiry, that the cause of all this perturbation was the appearance of a large and strange-looking fish, swimming close to the bank, and almost in the midst of the boats. I hastened to the spot to ascertain the matter, when I perceived a huge monster of a shark sailing along—now near the surface of the water, and now sinking down apparently in pursuit of his prey. At this moment, a native on the Choppah roofs of one of the boats, with a rope in his hand, which he was slowly coiling up, surveyed the shark's motions with a look that evidently indicated he had a serious intention of encountering him in his own element. Holding the rope, on which he made a sort of running knot, in one hand, and stretching out the other arm, as if already in the act of swimming, he stood in an attitude truly picturesque, waiting the re-appearance of the shark. At about six or eight yards from the boat, the animal rose near the surface, when the native instantly plunged into the water, a short distance from the very jaws of the monster. The shark immediately turned round, and swam slowly towards the man, who, in his turn, nothing daunted, struck out the arm that was at liberty, and approached his foe. When within a foot or two of the shark, the native dived beneath him, the animal going down almost at the same instant. The bold assailant in this most frightful contest soon re-appeared on the opposite side of the shark, swimming fearlessly with the hand he had at liberty, and holding the rope behind his back with the other. The shark, which had also by this time made his appearance, again immediately swam towards him; and while the animal was apparently in the act of lifting himself over the lower part of the native's body that he might seize upon his prey, the man, making a strong effort, threw himself up perpendicularly, and went down with his feet foremost, the shark following him so simultaneously, that I was fully impressed with the idea that they had gone down grappling together. As far as I could judge, they remained nearly twenty seconds out of sight, while I stood in breathless anxiety, and I may add, horror, waiting the result of this fearful encounter. Suddenly the native made his appearance, holding up both his hands over his head, and calling out with a voice that proclaimed the victory he had won while underneath the wave, 'Tan—tan!' The people in the boat were all prepared; the rope was instantly drawn tight, and the struggling victim, lashing the water in his wrath, was dragged to the shore and dispatched. When measured, his length was found to be six feet nine inches; his girth at the greatest three feet seven inches. The native who achieved this intrepid and dexterous exploit bore no other marks of his finny enemy than a cut on the left arm, evidently received from coming in contact with the tail or some one of the fins of the animal.

## Epitome of the points at whist.

A game consists of two points, five each; a rubber, of two games out of three; and this may be five points—two for each game, and the rubber game; consequently, a bumper (that is, two consecutive games, in which the adversaries do not score five in either of them) is five points. In other cases, where each party scores a game, single or double, the points, after the deciding game, are set off against what has been scored by the opponents. In close games, as in the bumper (five points), the points are as made—viz. a double and single score four points; two singles, three points (that is, two in the first instance for the points, and one for the rubber); a double to double, and a double the deciding game, as three points; a double on one side against a single on the other, with a double the last game, is four points; double and single against a double, two points; double and single against a single, three points; two singles and rubber three points; two singles against a double, one point; single and single, and a double the last, three points; single and single, and a single the last, two points; and so on, in all the varieties of the game—the points of the losers being set off against those of the winners, and the rubber game (no matter whether consecutive or not) carrying one point, and, consequently, the winner of the rubber must gain one point (as above), even though, in winning two singles, his adversaries score a double (even points) against them.

## Races at St. Helena.

In all parts of the world it appears that a little bit of sporting is very acceptable to the inhabitants, to put them in good spirits; and the following account of the "*Knowing ones taken in*" we have no doubt will be well received by our readers.

The St. Helena Races, which took place in September last, presented the sporting amateurs with a novelty, such perhaps as is not to be found recorded in the annals of horse-racing. An officer of Lowther undertook to trot one of those immense dray horses which are made use of in London, and which had been brought out in that ship for the purpose of drawing the stores up the beach, against an ambling nag of the island, whose favorite pace was a canter. The match was made for twenty guineas, and the distance to be trotted was one mile. At the appointed time the gentleman who rode the *daisy cutter* was upon the ground, waiting for his opponent, the knight of the dray horse, who soon made his appearance over the top of the last hill, which he had to surmount on his way from town to Deadwood, for he rode all the way up, nothing fearful of fatiguing his colossal beast, of whom it was truly observed, "the trembling earth resounded to his tread." He was accoutred, if not in *Dandy*, yet something like *Dandie Dinmont's* style, with a large white frock coat; white hat, the slouching brim of which had "ample room and verge enough" to shield the wearer from both sun and rain, large top boots, and his dexter hand flourishing a long whip. They started, and bets ran high against poor *Dobbin*, but his opponent perhaps scorning such a competition, or finding a trot uneasy to his rigidity of limb, soon broke off into his accustomed two up and two down, and was consequently obliged to return and start anew. He did so, but with no better success. yet still bets were in his favor. A third time he started, but, "still beginning, never ending," was a third time obliged to return. The tide now turned in Dobbin's favor, who all this while kept on the even tenor of his trot,

> "And backward and forward he switched his long tail.
> As a gentleman switches his cane"

Finally, by his plodding perseverance, as is often the case in more important competitions, men as well as horses, Dobbin carried off the prize from his fleet but unsteady rival, and came in the winner of the race, amid the loud laughter and acclamations of nearly all the population of the island, assembled to witness the race.

## FANCY PARODY.

Air—"The Minstrel Boy to the War is gone."

The *leary cove* to the mill is gone,
In the P. C. ring you'll find him,
His blue bird's eye he has girded on,
And has left his *flame* behind him.
Fancy sport, cried the *leary cove*,
Though every *Beak* betrays thee,
One soul at least thy *Sprees* shall love,
One faithful *chaunt* shall praise thee.

The cove was *floor'd*, but he show'd high game,
Nor like a cur knocked under.
His *chaunt* will ne'er be *clear* again,
For his nose was split asunder.
Leary cove, said his *flame* in a pet,
Thou *pink* of love and bravery,
Since thou art *floor'd*, I'll a service get,
And spend my days in slavery.

Printed for Thomas Tegg, Cheapside, by John Haddon, Castle Street, Finsbury.

# PIERCE EGAN'S

# BOOK OF SPORTS.

No. VIII.] [*Price Three Pence.*

## BIRMINGHAM:

### *The Winner of the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster in* 1830,

### *(the Property of* MR. BEARDSWORTH.*)*

THE town of Birmingham, to the lovers of Sporting, is most certainly distinguished at the present moment for the possession of a celebrated Race Horse; and also for a native pugilistic Champion;* two thorough-bred articles in their line; and who have done the "Sporting World" some service, and they know it. But the town of Birmingham has rendered itself much more eminent in the eyes of society, by its love and support of the FINE ARTS; likewise for its attachment to Literature; and for its devotedness to the cause of liberty: but respecting a knowledge of Mechanics it stands unrivalled. The town of Birmingham, within the last few years, has made rapid strides towards *importance* in a political point of view—and the "March of Intellect" has given it more real power in society than all the guns, swords, and pistols, that were ever manufactured in it from the first minute it obtained the name of Birmingham, up to the present hour. The above town is also distinguished as the residence of several men of superior talents, calculated to adorn any situation in life.*

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* The brave, unconquered little Arthur Matthewson—the *Nonpareil* of Birmingham, who not only triumphed over all his antagonists in his native county, but he also disputed the palm of excellence as a Pugilist in the London Ring.

The races at Warwick stand rather prominent in a sporting point of view; and are generally well attended by numerous parties from Birmingham; and they are also visited by numbers of Sporting men from all parts of the kingdom.

*Birmingham, 3d March*, 1832.

Dear Sir,

According to your wish, I have sent you a print † of *Birmingham*, and I am sorry I have not a drawing of my establishment; I have sent you a copy of a song which was written on *Birmingham* winning the St. Leger. I have also sent you a copy of a letter I received on the same occasion, both of which I think you may like, and make use of. The most extraordinary circumstance relative to my horse *Birmingham* is, that when he was a foal, and soon after I purchased him, he was taken ill, and was so much reduced that he could not stand to feed. In this state I left him (on a Friday), and was from home ten days; on my return, I was surprised to find him alive, and as I have a great dislike to see a sick horse, I ordered that he should be destroyed before I went to the stables. Mrs. Beardsworth, who was present, begged of me not to have him destroyed, and that, if I would have him brought into a private box near the house, she would attend to him, and nurse him. He was carried by four men from the box he was then in, to the other, where he remained for a month, or more, without any visible improvement, during the whole of which time Mrs. Beardsworth was incessant in her attendance upon him, seeing him always the last thing before she went to bed, and frequently getting up in the night to him. I several times requested he might be destroyed, but Mrs. B. always opposed it, and said, she had a presentiment that he would recover and win the Leger. It is a singular circumstance, that this is the only horse Mrs. Beardsworth ever noticed: although my house is so nearly connected with my establishment, I never knew her enter a stable except to see *Birmingham.*

*Birmingham* was bought by Mr. Dickinson, by auction, (at Mr. Mytton's Sale, which took place at my establishment the 25th of Nov., 1827,) at forty-five guineas, and I gave him ten guineas for the buying. He was bred by Mr. Lacy, of Colwick, near Nottingham: his pedigree and performance up to the winning the Leger, accompany the print—since which I send it you in writing with the other.

The description you gave of the Repository in your paper, I think you cannot improve. I am particularly obliged by your kind offer, and shall certainly make a point of communicating any intelligence I may think will be worth your notice.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours most respectfully,
John Beardsworth.

Pierce Egan, Esq.

P. S.—I am sorry I have to communicate to you the melancholy intelligence of the decease of Mrs. Beardsworth, which took place on the 12th of Dec. last, after a short illness.

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*Birmingham, 6th March*, 1832.

Dear Sir,

It may be worth your knowing, that on the day I purchased *Birmingham*, Mr. Lockley purchased *Independence*, at the same sale; there were sixty-four horses sold, and these were the only two that have proved of any value: in fact, not one of the others have won at all. It is singular, also, that these two horses should be the best in England, *Independence* having won oftener than any other horse; and *Birmingham* travelled to more places, and won at each; and even only the week before he won the Leger, he won the Guy Stakes, and Avon Stakes, at Warwick.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours truly,
John Beardsworth.

Pierce Egan, Esq.

The following is the *pedigree* of Birmingham; and also an account of the different races in which the above favorite racer has proved successful:

BIRMINGHAM.

By Filho da Puta; dam Miss Craigie, by Orville; grandam Marchioness, by Lurcher; great grandam Miss Cogden, by Phænomenon; great great grandam (Laborie and Baron Nile's dam) by Young Marske—Silvio—Daphne, by Regulus—Brandy Nan, by Sedbury—Starling—dam of Hutton's Spot, by a son of his Grey Barb—Coneyskins—Hautboy. **Filho da Puta**, by Haphazard; dam Mrs. Barnet, by Waxy; grandam by Woodpecker; great grandam Hienel, by Squirrel; great great grandam Principessa, by Blank—Cullen Arabian—Grisewood's Lady Thigh, by Partner—Greyhound—Sophonisba's dam, by the Curwen Bay Barb.

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* The opportunity which presents itself is too inviting for us to pass over with neglect; therefore, amongst the numerous men of ability resident in Birmingham, we trust we shall be pardoned (as there is nothing invidious in the selection) for referring to an old and much respected friend of ours, Joseph Parkes, Esq., a gentleman of great literary research, united with talents as a writer; a worthy member of society; a man of the world; an excellent lawyer; and a philanthropist. His "Vindication of the Drama, the Stage, and Public morals, in answer to the Rev. John Angel James," minister of Carr's-lane Chapel, Birmingham,"—a work replete with learning, sound argument, and an excellent knowledge of society, *alone*, is a sufficient testimony of the superior mind possessed by Mr. Parkes. The present lord chancellor, when Henry Brougham, Esq., in the House of Commons, we are happy to assert, gave the meed due to the above gentleman for his various literary labours and other exertions calculated to benefit mankind; and in humbly seconding that great *legal* opinion, independent of our own feelings on the subject, it cannot be denied to us that we have acted upon "good advice."

† Our spirited sketch of *Birmingham* is taken from a most beautifully coloured plate, after nature, published by Messrs. Fuller and Co., drawn by Mr. Herring, the celebrated Horse Painter, at Doncaster, and is one of a most splendid collection of the winners of the Doncaster St. Leger Stakes; indeed, the whole of the Plates are got up with so much spirit, life, and taste, that those gentlemen who are fond of decorating their apartments with subjects of the above description, ought not to be without them if they feel any desire to render their cabinets complete.

## 1830.

### LUDLOW, 1829.—SWEEPSTAKES.

*Of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added, for two-year old colts 8st. 4lb. fillies 8st. 2lb. Half a mile. (6 subscribers.)*

Mr. Yate's ch. c. Jonathan, by Tiresias, out of Zora, by Selim—J. Spring . 1
Mr. Pickernell's b. c. Henwick, by Spectre, dam by Shuttle . . . . 2
Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie, by Orville 0
Col. Yates's b. f. Blanche, by Filho da Puta, out of Lady of the Lake, by Sorcerer . . . . . . . . 0
Mr. L. Charlton's ch. f. Clementina, by Manfred, dam by Poulton . . . . 0

Blanche the favorite. A good race.

### WOLVERHAMPTON, 1829.—THE CHILLINGTON STAKES.

*Of 25 sovs. each, for two-year old colts 8st. 3lb. fillies 8st. New Course, straight half mile. (5 subscribers.)*

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Birmingham, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie—S. Templeman . . . . . . 1
Mr. Giffard's b. c. by Banker, out of Nerissa, by Woful . . . . . 2
Mr. Pickernell's b. c. Henwick, by Spectre, dam by Shuttle . . . . 0
Mr. J. Robinson's b. f. by St. Patrick, dam by Smolensko . . . . . 0

Won easy.

### BURTON-ON-TRENT, 1829.—SWEEPSTAKES.

*Of 25 sovs. each, for two-year old colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies 8st. 3lb. Half a mile.*

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Birmingham, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie—W. Jones . . . . . . 1
Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Sprig, by Whisker, out of Springe, by Scud . . . . 2
Col. Yates's b. f. Blanche, by Filho da Puta, out of Lady of the Lake, by Sorcerer . . . . . . . . 3
Mr. Yates's ch. c. Jonathan, by Tiresias, out of Zora, by Selim . . . . 4

### WARWICK, 1829,—SWEEPSTAKES.

*Of 25 sovs. each, for two-year old colts, 8st 2lb. fillies 8st. T. Y. C. (6 subscribers.)*

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Birmingham, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie—S. Darling . . . . . . . . 1
Mr. Yates's ch. c. Jonathan, by Tiresias, out of Zora, by Selim . . . . 2
Mr. Sadler's ch. f. by Tramp, out of Defiance, by Rubens . . . . . 3
Mr. Day's b. f. by Spectre, out of Zuleika, by Gohanna . . . . . 4

4 to 1 against Jonathan. Won easy.

### LITCHFIELD, 1829.—SWEEPSTAKES.

*Of 25 sovs. each, for two year old colts 8st. 3lb. fillies 8st. T. Y. C. (3 subscribers.)*

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Birmingham, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie—S. Darling . . . . . . . . 1
Mr. Yates's b. ro. f. Nantz, by Mr. Lowe, out of Gin, by Whiskey . . . 2

5 to 2 on Birmingham.

### CHESTER, 1830.—PRODUCE STAKES.

*Of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year old colts 8st. 4lb. fillies 8st. (3lb. allowed, &c.) Two miles. (14 subscribers.)*

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Lawrie Todd, by Whisker, out of Maid of Lorn, by Castrel—T. Lye. . . . . . . 1
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Beagle, by Whalebone, out of Auburn, by Blacklock (3lb) . . . . . . . . 2
Mr. Yates's b. c. Edgar, by Paulowitz, out of Emmeline, by Waxy, (3lb.) . 3
Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Birmingham, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie. 0
Sir W. Wynne's bl. f. Georgiana, by Welbeck, out of Banshee, by Young Sorcerer . . . . . . . 0
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Barometer, by Whisker, out of Boadicea, by Alexander . . . . . . . . 0
Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Regina, by Teniers, out of Queen of Diamonds, by Diamond 0

5 to 4 against Birmingham, 2 to 1 against Lawrie Todd, and 3 to 1 against Beagle. A beautiful race, and won by a full neck.

### CHESTER, 1830.—THE DEE STAKES.

*Of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year old colts 8st. 7lb. fillies 8st. 2lb. The second received 100 sovs.—Once round and a distance. (14 subscribers.)*

Mr. Clifton's ch. f. Moss Rose, sister to Velocipede, by Blacklock, dam by Juniper—G. Nelson . . . . . 1
Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Birmingham, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie . 2
Major O. Gore's b. c. Old Port, by Whisker, dam by Dick Andrews 0
Mr. Pickernell's b. c. Henwick, by Spectre, dam by Shuttle . . . . 0
Mr. Yates's ch. c. Jonathan, by Tiresias, out of Zora, by Selim. . . . 0
Sir T. Mostyns b. f. Regina, by Teniers, out of Queen of Diamonds, by Diamond 0

5 to 4 on Moss Rose. Won very easy.

### CHESTER, 1830.—THE PALATINE STAKES.

*Of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year old colts 8st. 7lb. fillies 8st. 2lb. (3lb. allowed, &c.) The second saved his stake. From the Castle Pole, and once round. (9 subscribers.)*

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Birmingham, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie S. Templeman . . . . . . 1

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Beagle, by Whalebone, out of Auburn, by Blacklock (3lb.) . . . . . . . 2

Mr. Bower's b. f. Tartarina, by Tramp, dam by Waxy . . . . . . 0

Mr. Clifton's b. c. by Antonio, out of Infant Lyra, by Walton (3lb.) . . 0

Even on Beagle, 5 to 2 against Mr. Clifton's colt, and 3 to 1 against Birmingham. Won cleverly by a length.

### LUDLOW, 1830.—THE LUDLOW STAKES.

*Of* 10 *sovs. each, with* 10 *added, for horses of all ages.—Once round and a distance.* (10 *subscribers.*)

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Birmingham, by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 7lb.—J Gray . . . . . . . 1

Mr Giffard's ch. g. Chester Billy, by Whisker, out of Sunflower, 5 yrs. old, 5 st. 6lb. . . . . . . . 2

Mr. Day's b. g. Listen, by Ambo, out of Olivia Jordan, aged, 8st. 11lb. . . 3

Col. Yates's gr. f. Cicely, by Paulowitz, dam by Paynator, 4 yrs. old, 7st 11lb. 0

Maj. O. Gore's ch. f. Tib, by Langar, out of Wilful, by Waxy, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 9lb. . . . . . . . 0

Mr. Pickernell's b. c. Henwick, by Spectre, dam by Shuttle, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 7lb. 0

Mr. Yates's ch. c. Jonathan, by Tiresias, out of Zora, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 7lb. . . 0

### LUDLOW, 1830.—PRODUCE STAKES.

*Of* 50 *sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year old colts* 8*st.* 7*lb. fillies* 8*st.* 4*lb.* (3*lb. allowed, &c.*) *Once round and a distance.* (9 *subscribers.*)

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Birmingham, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie—S. Darling . . . . . . . 1

Mr. Yates's b. c. Edgar, by Paulowitz, out of Emmeline, by Waxy . . 2

### WOLVERHAMPTON, 1830.—PRODUCE STAKES.

*Of* 50 *sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year old colts* 8*st.* 5*lb. fillies* 8*st.* 2*lb.* (2*lb. allowed, &c.*) *One mile.* (9 *subscribers.*)

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Birmingham, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie—S. Darling . . . . . . . 1

Mr. Giffard's ch. c. by Tramp, out of Active, by Partisan . . . . . 2

Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Thermometer, by Whisker, out of Michaelmas . . 3

Won easy.

### WARWICK, 1830.—THE GUY STAKES.

*Of* 50 *sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year old colts* 8*st.* 7*lb. fillies* 8*st.* 4*lb.* (3*lb. allowed, &c.*) *One mile.* (31 *subscribers.*)

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Birmingham, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie—S. Darling . . . . . . . 1

Sir M. Wood's b. c. Cetus, by Whalebone, out of Lamia, by Gohanna . . 2

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Lawrie Todd, by Whisker, out of Maid of Lorn, by Castrel . . . . . . . . . 3

Mr. Tomes's b. c. Port by Paulowitz, out of Miss Hap, by Shuttle . . . 0

Mr. West's b. c. brother to Claude Lorraine, by Rubens, dam by Cesario . 0

Mr. Griffith's b. c. Thorngrove, by Smolensko, out of Fanny Leigh, by Castrel . . . . . . . . . 0

Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. Augustina, by Tramp, dam by Ditto . . . . 0

Mr. Yates's b. c. Edgar, by Paulowitz, out of Emmeline, by Waxy (3lb) . 0

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Design, by Tramp, out of Defiance, by Rubens . . . 0

2 to 1 against Birmingham, 2 to 1 against Lawrie Todd, and 5 to 1 against Cetus. Won easy. The Jockey Club have decided that Sir Mark Wood is entitled to the stakes, in consequence of Mr. Mytton, who named Birmingham, not having paid up his arrears. Bets are not affected by this decision.

### WARWICK, 1830.—THE AVON STAKES.

*Of* 50 *sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year olds.—Two miles.* (10 *subscribers.*)

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Birmingham, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie, 8st. 3lb. . . . . . Walked over.

### DONCASTER, 1830.—THE ST. LEGER STAKES.

*Of* 25 *sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year old colts* 8*st.* 6*lb. fillies* 8*st.* 3*lb. St. Leger Course.* (68 *subscribers.*)

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Birmingham, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie—P. Connelly . . . . . . 1

Mr. W. Chifney's b. c. Priam, by Emilius, out of Cressida, by Whiskey—S. Chifney . . . . . . . 2

Mr. Riddell's b. c. Emancipator, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan—R. Johnson . . . . . . . . . 3

Mr. B. Eddison's b. c. Pedestrian, by Tramp, dam by Prime Minister—J. Garbutt . . . . . . . . 0

Mr. Petre's b. c. Brunswicker, by Figaro, out of Maniac, by Shuttle—W. Scott 0

Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Chancellor, by Catton, out of Henrietta, by Sir. Solomon—G. Nelson . . . . . 0

Mr. Metcalfe's b. c. Mimic, by Wanton, dam by Sir Andrew—T. Lye . . 0

Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. f. Lady Emmeline, by Young Phantom, dam by Orville—Bilton . . . . . . 0

Mr. Grant's ch. f. The Balkan, by Blacklock, dam by Walton—F. Buckle, jun. 0

Lord Queensberry's br. c. Hassan, by Whisker, out of Panthea, by Blacklock or Comus—W. Arnull . . . . 0

Lord Queensberry's b. f. Maria, by Whisker, out of Gibside Fairy, by Hermes—J. Day . . . . . 0

Mr. Walker's ch. c. Splendour, by Sovereign, dam by Deceiver—J. Holmes . 0

Duke of Leeds's ch. c. Redstart, by Whisker, out of Rhodacantha, by Comus—G. Edwards . . . . . 0

Duke of Leeds's ch. f. Lady Mowbray, by Blacklock, out of Lady of the Vale—J. Robinson . . . . . 0

Mr. R. Shepherd's b. c. The Cardinal, by

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|---|---|
| Waxy Pope, out of Medora, by Swordsman—T. Nicholson | 0 |
| Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Lawrie Todd, by Whisker, out of Maid of Lorn, by Castrel—S. Templeman. | 0 |
| Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Woful, out of Emilia, by Abjer—G. Dockeray | 0 |
| Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Beagle, by Whalebone, out of Auburn, by Blacklock—T. Cowley | 0 |
| Mr. T. Shepherd's ch. c. Revolution, by Oiseau, dam by Don Cossack—T. Shepherd | 0 |
| Mr. F. Richardson's b. c. St. Nicholas, by Emilius, out of Seamew, by Scud—H. Edwards | 0 |
| Mr. F. Richardson's b. f. Landrail, by Bustard, out of Erin Lass, by Hollyhock—Yates | 0 |
| Mr. F. Richardson's b. f. Jay, by Shuffler, out of sister to Shuttle Pope—Wright | 0 |
| Mr. Clifton's ch. f. Moss Rose, by Blacklock, dam by Juniper—S. Darling | 0 |
| Sir J. Beresford's ch. c. by St. Patrick, out of Lisette, by Hambletonian—J. Gray | 0 |
| Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. by Blacklock, out of Cora, by Waxy—Hodgson | 0 |
| Mr. Wright's gr. c. Idas, by Figaro or Senator, dam by Hambletonian—Weatherill | 0 |
| Mr. Nowell's b. f. by Ivanhoe, out of Rantipole, by Selim—Greethear | 0 |
| Mr. Arnold's b. f. Dolly, by Figaro, dam by Filho da Puta—J. Dodgson | 0 |

The Judge placed three only.

Betting at starting:—11 to 10 against Priam, 13 to 2 against Hassan, 12 to 1 against Brunswicker, 12 to 1 against Moss Rose, 12 to 1 against The Cardinal, 15 to 1 against Birmingham, 17 to 1 against Maria, 25 to 1 against Lady Mowbray, 25 to 1 against St. Nicholas, 50 to 1 against Revolution, 1000 to 15 against Mimic, 200 to 3 against Beagle, 1000 to 8 against Chancellor, 1000 to 8 against Redstart, and 1000 to 4 against Splendour.

A more equal start could not have occurred, all the horses getting well off at the first word. If there was any advantage, it was gained by Emancipator, who took a decided lead at a very middling pace, Maria having the second place, and behind her, Splendour, The Cardinal, Birmingham, Brunswicker, Pedestrian, Hassan, Moss Rose, and Mimic, Priam lying in the centre of the lot. In this order they ran as far as the hill; and at this early part of the race, Revolution, and two or three more of the same grade, found that they had got enough of it. No other change of importance took place till they got to the Red-House, where symptoms of being tired were evinced by Hassan, Moss Rose, and Chancellor. (At this point of the contest, Lady Emmeline, in turning the corner, came in contact with Hassan and Brunswicker, who were in consequence disappointed.) All this time Priam had remained in the situation he had occupied at the commencement; he now drew a little upon his horses, at the same time occasioning a considerable amendment in the speed, which directly afterwards became severe. Emancipator continued the lead, Maria, Pedestrian, and The Cardinal lying close behind, while Birmingham and Mimic were nearly abreast of Priam. Half way between the end of the rails and the distance, another change occurred, the Cardinal, Pedestrian, Maria, and Lawrie Todd giving up further contest. At the distance, Connelly called upon Birmingham—Chifney, at the same time, making a strong effort with Priam, At the Stand, Birmingham headed Emancipator, and instantly after Priam did the same. Chifney then began whipping and spurring, Connelly working his horse, but without using whip, and winning cleverly by half a length. Pedestrian was fourth, and Brunswicker fifth.

Subsequent to the race, some gentleman, who, either from principle, or some less commendable feeling, waited upon Mr. Beardsworth expressly to entreat him not to make Connelly more than a moderate present for winning. "No!" replied Mr. B. "I consider myself quite as much indebted to his honest and skilful riding as I do to the goodness of the horse and his training; and I cannot better show my sense of his conduct than by presenting him with a five hundred pound note!" which he did. Col. Peel gave him 50*l.*, Mr. Robinson 100*l.*, Mr. Beardworth's son and son-in-law 50*l.* each, besides several other large gifts. It is said that the Birmingham party had guaranteed him 1,300*l.* if he won, and, from what we have heard, he netted about 1,500*l.* by his ride. He is a very straight-forward promising jockey, and cannot fail of becoming one of the most popular riders of the day. It would be unjust to omit noticing the admirable manner in which the start was managed by Mr. Joseph Lockwood—it was one of the best arranged we ever witnessed, and elicited strong marks of admiration from several of the Nobility; indeed, the general arrangements of the course were highly creditable to Mr. L. Value of the Stakes—1,700*l.*

On the Friday following the Leger he won the three year old Stakes, amounting to 270*l.* Giving 7lbs.

On the 19th October, he won the Produce Stakes at Holywell, amounting to 425*l.*

At CHESTER, the 2d May, 1831, he won the Grosvenor Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 7 subscribers, with 50 added. On Wednesday, the 4th, he won the Stand Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 13 subscribers, amounting to 230*l.*

At KNUTSFORD, 26th July, he won the Gold Cup, 14 subscribers, 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, amounting to 190*l.*; and walked over for the Pengwern Stakes at HOLYWELL, of 30 sovs. each. 10 forfeits. 7 subscribers.

## THE HORSE BIRMINGHAM.

Mr. Beardsworth, the owner of this celebrated Racer, received the following Letter of congratulation, on occasion of his winning the Great Doncaster St. Leger.

Sir,

I sincerely congratulate you on the success of your Horse Birmingham, at the late Doncaster meeting; may he live long and increase in speed and stamina; and (as an old sporting friend of mine, when speaking of any thing prospectively, would say) may we live to see it. Yet, if you fairly consider the qualities of his competitors in the great St. Leger, his triumph must certainly not be estimated too highly. That a *Pedestrian* was no match for him, all must allow; and if he turned his back upon *Emancipation*, why hundreds have done so before him. I confess it a little puzzles me to account for his running away before *Lady Mowbray* and *Maria*, and that circumstance will, I fear, cast a stigma upon his gallantry; but that he should disdain to be seen in company with a *Cardinal*, or even *St. Nicholas* himself, I can well conceive. That he is too high-bred to associate with any thing so plebeian as *Dolly* we may readily imagine, when he could unceremoniously turn his tail on *Lady Emmeline* and the gay *Lisette*. He is from principle no *Brunswicker*, neither is he friendly to *Revolution*, if we may judge of the distance he keeps from both. All agree that he showed profound wisdom by keeping aloof from the *Chancellor*, for with him there is little chance of winning; and it is also taken as a proof of his great modesty and good sense, that he is above the allurements of *Splendour*. He scorns a *Mimic* as he does a *Jay*; and after having passed such ranges as the *Balkan* and the *Ida*, it is not to be supposed that he could be stayed by such trifles as a *Moss Rose* or a *Redstart*: on such heroes as *Hassan* and *Lawrie Todd*, he looked down with contempt, and pronounced, or rather proved, them of the same class as another of his competitors, *Woful*. It is true that old *Priam* was looked upon with respect by him, but, like Cæsar, "He came, he saw, he conquered"—and his fame has gone forth to the North and to the South, and the effects thereof are long faces and light purses, to counterbalance which, I am told, it has added considerable weight to many cash accounts in the West.—I shall now conclude, and wishing you all the success your spirit and enterprise deserve,

I remain, Sir,
Your humble and unknown admirer,
Pat Pry.

[The names in Italic are the names of the horses that started against him in the Race.]

## *SONG on the celebrated Horse Birmingham winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger Race, in 1830 for which twenty-eight started. Written and adapted, and most respectfully Dedicated to* *J. BEARDSWORTH, ESQ.*

Air,—*Anacreon in Heaven*, or *Old Bibo.*

The course is well throng'd 'ere the sports are begun;
Ten thousand all eager to witness the fun;
But who stands the fav'rite amongst all the stud?
Why Priam, five hundred I bet on his blood!!
They tell me this Birmingham stands a poor chance;
Why, zounds, sir, you need not doubt that at a glance;
For of all the inanimate things I e'er saw,
He's the worst—only fit in a waggon to draw.

Pray govern your spleen, nor thus rate him so low,
I've heard tho' he's tame, he's a devil to go!
Nay more, I am told, even tho' so high bred,
An infant may lead him about with a thread!
For instance, it is not the man who brags most,
That's found at the push to be first at his post:
And if jockey'd by *Connelly*—mark what I say,
This dull Birmingham takes your St. Leger away.

Behold now, each jockey has mounted his steed,
And soon 'twill be seen who can make the best speed;
See Priam, how gay, how he frets to be off—
Yes, yes, I perceive you at Birmingham scoff:
But be not too sanguine, tho' Priam's your boast,
The horse you despise, Sir, may first smell the post!
And should such be the case, as it soon will I ween,
What a mass of grimaces may shortly be seen.

See now, they're all waiting the signal to start,
Each better on Priam still keeps up his heart;
The bell rings! they've started, now, now, for the fun!
Here's odds against Brummagem, fifteen to one!
I'll take you—and twenty times so if you please,
For shortly I think that your pockets 'twill ease:
Only witness his speed, and you'll soon drop your jaw,
For instead of a waggon, your purses he'll draw.

The contest decided, all silent as death!
Save groans from great losers, you'd scarce hear a breath,
Fleet Birmingham struck them all dumb with surprise,
For he conquered Priam, and won the great prize!
What think ye, sirs, now, of your fifteen to one?
You see that the knowing ones are to be done!
For tho' Priam's a good one, by thousands confess'd,
Still you see he was forc'd to yield Birmingham best.

Bold Beardswerth, thy conquests I need not relate,
For here stands a proof, in a part of thy plate:[*]
And long mayest thou live in good health to enjoy
Those blessings which nothing but Fate can destroy:
And Birmingham's mistress I here beg to name,
Who nurs'd him in sickness, and rear'd him to fame:
In a bumper we'll pledge them all three with three cheers,
May their efforts gain prizes for many long years.

## GREAT ORNAMENT TO THE TOWN OF BIRMINGHAM. MR. BEARDSWORTH'S REPOSITORY AND CARRIAGE MART.

The above splendid establishment may very properly be termed the Tattersalls of Birmingham; in truth, it is 7 to 4 in every point of view (without making any invidious comparisons), Beardsworth's against Tattersall's of Hyde Park-corner, London; and we recommend all travellers, but more especially the *Sporting Folks*, to go a little way out of their road to enjoy a treat, namely, a visit to this most extensive carriage mart and repository. It is unquestionably the best conducted establishment of the kind in the United Kingdom, and consequently in the world. The effect upon a stranger, on entering it, is of the most pleasing description: he is at once delighted and surprised; and cannot but applaud the exertions of its spirited proprietor, Mr. Beardsworth, who, in the erection of this building, has expended upwards of twenty thousand pounds.

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[*] Several pieces of elegant and massive Prize Plate, belonging to Mr. Beardsworth, were placed on the table, at Mr. H. Cattell's St. Leger Dinner, at which Mr. B. presided, and on which occasion the above was written and sung by the Author.

The front *open ride* is 324 feet long, and 150 feet wide, which is now walled in, and has a pair of large gates opening to the south; and, although this establishment is near the centre of the town, there is an uninterrupted view from it of a beautiful country for many miles. The *covered ride* is also 324 feet long, and 150 feet broad, supported by handsome pillars, which form regular avenues, with one roof 40 feet high; and which contains upwards of 300 windows and sky-lights, so as to render the covered ride as light as the open air. The carriage galleries extend all round the establishment, and will contain *five hundred* vehicles. The fronts of these galleries are secured by light iron rail-work, so that all they contain are exposed to the view of the public. Under the galleries are stall-stabling for 140 horses, and twelve boxes. The back square contains twelve larger boxes, with two stories of store rooms over them. There is seldom less than 400 vehicles on sale, comprising every variety from the most elegant and fashionable barouche down to those of the most accommodating description; indeed, all classes of society in Birmingham can suit themselves with carriages without the least difficulty. There are also capacious rooms appropriated for saddlery and harness; a most extensive assortment of which is always on hand. Sales by auction, for horses and carriages, take place every Thursday, commencing at eleven o'clock, which generally are well attended; and on several occasions more than two thousand persons have been present. Numerous sales take place by private contract daily; in fact, the business done altogether at the Repository is very considerable. We are thus glad to find that the exertions of Mr. Beardsworth are duly appreciated by the public. But when we look at the situation of this Repository, which is in the centre of the kingdom, in an exceedingly populous district, and amidst numerous flourishing and important towns, the inhabitants of which are continually having occasion to purchase or dispose of property for which this establishment is so peculiarly eligible; we must repeat, that when we take these points into consideration and also the excellent accommodation afforded on the premises: the neatness, the order, and the regularity with which every thing is kept, and the superior advantages of dealing with responsible parties, we congratulate the town of Birmingham on having an establishment so useful and ornamental.

So far the REPOSITORY; but the interior of the residence of Mr. Beardsworth is furnished in the most elegant and tasteful manner: the drawing-room is magnificent indeed, and looks more like the levee-room of an ambassador or a Prince of the Blood, than the apartment of a private gentleman. The chairs are costly in the extreme; the curtains to correspond; and four large splendid looking glasses placed opposite to each other, produce an effect almost magical. Yet *comfort* has equally been the object of the proprietor; and sixteen spare beds are kept for the use of his friends; and it is seldom but most of them are engaged by persons connected with the Sporting World, who are no strangers to the pleasures of a good fire-side, a convenient apartment, and a *downy pillow*. In short, the Repository rather loses by an attempt at description than otherwise: but the visitor, in traversing through its various departments, will be amply gratified with the old adage, that "*seeing is believing*."

We are also happy to state that the disposition of Mr. Beardsworth is extremely liberal, upon all occasions, to his townsmen. consisting of a population of 140,000 persons, by affording them an accommodation in the loan of his premises for public meetings, no other place in Birmingham being large enough. The FANCY are also very much indebted to the worthy proprietor of this establishment, who, having made a good *hit* in life himself, is forward in promoting the *hits* of others, by granting the use of the Repository for the Sparring Benefits of the Pugilists.

Mr. Beardsworth is a jolly, facetious companion; he also keeps a most excellent table; and he is fond of being surrounded by his friends, to partake of good cheer, and extremely liberal with the keys of his cellar. Mr. B. has mixed a great deal with the various *grades* of society, connected with the departments of his extensive concern; and no man is more entitled to the enjoyment of the "good things" of this life, than the worthy proprietor of the splendid Repository of Birmingham. He has 'worked his way' with industry, honor, and integrity, to his present eminence in the world; and Mr. Beardsworth, having "won the gold," thinks he is entitled to "wear it." He can now sit down comfortably and happy over his glass, and enter into all the spirit and feeling of the following ballad, which has been often *chanted* at his festive board:—

My friend is the man I would copy through life,
He harbours no envy, he causes no strife;
No murmurs escape him, he plays well his card,
Content is his portion, and peace his reward:
Still happy in his station,
He minds his occupation,
Nor heeds the snares,
Nor knows the cares
Which vice and folly bring;
Daily working wearily,
And nightly singing cheerily,
Dear to him his home, his country, and his king.

His heart is enlarged, and is free from all taunt,
With pleasure he lessens it for others that want;
Though his dear children's claims on his industry
press,
He has something to spare for the child of distress;

He seeks no idle squabble,
He joins no thoughtless rabble.
To clear his way
From day to day,
His honest views extend;
When he speaks it's verily,
When he smiles it's merrily,
Dear to him his sport, his toil, his honor and his friend.

How charming to find, in his pleasant retreat,
That bliss so much sought, so unknown to the great;
The child only anxious her fondness to prove,
The playful endearments of infantine love,
Relaxing from his labours,
Amid his welcome neighbours,
With plain regale,
With jest and tale,
The happy hero see;
No vain schemes confound him,
All his joys surround him,
Dear he holds his native land, its laws and liberty.

We cannot conclude our remarks without observing, as we have been informed, that Mr. Beardsworth has been the architect of his own fortune; and that, by unremitting industry, perseverance, and enterprise, he has been enabled to raise the above splendid establishment, not only viewed by the inhabitants, but by most travellers, as one of the greatest ornaments to the town of Birmingham.

## ON FIGHTING. BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF THE FANCY.

Fighting may be divided into—but, before we begin, we earnestly recommend this article to the notice of our *fair readers.* Fighting is a fine thing, and should be maintained stoutly: reconciliation, to be sure, is pleasant enough at times, but it has much less of *esprit* in it. The ladies of this country know nothing of contests beyond what they collect at a general election. From the figure which they make there, however, occasionally, we have no doubt but that they would enjoy a legitimate fight. Why not, as much as a tournament? We protest that we see no reason to the contrary.

The females of foreign countries have arrived at a higher point in these matters than the ladies of England. A Paris mob is nothing without women: an *auto da fé* in Portugal would be even gloomy without them: and a Spanish bull-fight, a bye-word—a positive bait—a mere Moulsey matter, and no more. We hope for improvement here at home, and live accordingly. With what an air would our boxers strike, did they know that bright eyes were looking on them! How delicately would they "*peel!*" and with what an elegant indifference would they come to "*the scratch!*" The consciousness in question would generate the finest feelings amongst them: honour would ever be uppermost in their thoughts, even in a fall. They would no more hit a doubtful blow, than reject a challenge from a man under weight. Pity towards a prostrate foe would temper the exultation of conquest; and a white feather (except in a bonnet) would never be seen.

How heart-stirring is it to speculate on all this! We could almost fancy that the thing was accomplished! The candidates for fame are before us—they look round the arena, and shake hands with a smile—the handkerchiefs (blue, yellow, or spotted-green) are tightened round their loins—the drawers, of the finest flannel, are pulled cleverly up, and they begin. It is quite overpowering to think of it—the awful pause—the steadfast eye—the advance—the retreat—the increased motion of the hands—the beautiful play of the muscles about the shoulders—the feint—the preparation to parry—the FIRST BLOW! It is, indeed, a grand sight: it is ever grand and awful;—but, with thousands of fair ones for spectators, how charming might it become! The ladies must really condescend to it at last. Let them be assured that there is not often much that is frightful in it. They would get accustomed to it in a shorter time than to port-wine, or olives. The first drop—the *least* drop of "claret" in the world, and all apprehension would be over. Should they anticipate a dull hour between the appointed fights, they may take "Old Mortality," or "Tom Cribb's Memorial" in their pockets, and their amusement for the day would be secure. There is one thing more—(though we scarcely think it necessary to talk of it)—be it known, then, that refreshments of all sorts are distributed on the ground at a moderate price: there is gingerbread for the young ladies—sandwiches and stout for the grown up—and liquors of potent and indubitable quality for the more advanced in life. We are sure that we need say no more. There are topics, indeed, which it is as well not to dilate upon.

Our brethren of the North would fain monopolize the "ring" for their own use! This must not be. Ours is a civilized age, in which the fine arts are common topics for all. We, too, are "slaves of the ring," as well as of "the lamp." We do not particularly purpose following our contemporaries in any way, but we may both touch, now and then, upon ground debateable; and should we chance to meet them anywhere, we will spar with them good-humouredly, be the demesne supposed theirs or our own. We have no objection to our smart brethren availing themselves of what is peculiarly Edinburgh-*ish.* We would as soon shoot a fox on our neighbour's grounds as disturb them in this: we would hunt rabbits rather in the dearth of other occupation. They may also, if they like, appropriate to themselves the claymore and the target: and to these they may add the tomahawk, if it so please them; but be the muffles ours, the arrow, the pistol, and the sword!—Time has spared us a few distinctions: we must take leave to preserve them. *Tempus edax rerum* is a famous motto, and has been often quoted, yet the pudding and the roast-beef remain our own still. Time spares them in his voracious course, as Alexander spared the house of Pindar; and we remain still boxers, by prescription and repeated proof. No name of eminence has arisen north of the Tweed to give a colour to usurpation. The fame is ours: be ours the task of maintaining it.

There are certain names in history which a nation treasures as its wealth. It is not in the present only that the living live. The reputation of their fathers has ever stimulated men in science and in fight: it has been the breath which has blown their honorable vanity into a flame, and has kept it bright so long as there was an ember to be moved. What would the Scotch say, were we to seize upon the names of Wallace and Bruce, and insist upon recording exclusively their misfortunes and their feats? Can we leave, then, the fame of Tom Johnson and Jem Belcher in the hands of strangers? Forbid it courage, and the honour of nations! We should be *doubled-up* for ever, were we to suffer such a cold-hearted policy to prevail. What would be said in the Bristol "nursery" of such a dereliction! What could we ourselves say to our children, while *training* them up in the way they should go, in excuse for so pusillanimous an act? We vow that we should blush through the gloves. No; we disdain the thought. We are "*championed* on to the utterance," and obey the voice that leads us to our duty.

It is not our intention to indite a mere eulogy on boxing: by no means. We would record it, however, as one of the honorable methods of annoyance and defence; and mentioning it, in its turn, with other hostile plans, leave it to take its chance with the candid. No doubt but that there are various methods of fighting, all equally inimical. People who are well disposed are not nice in the choice of their weapons. Arrow, or bullet, or fist, to them, as General Bombastes philosophically says, " 'tis all the same." "Short cut or long," the thread of life must be severed, and whether by scissors or knife—

(For scissors cut as well as knives)

by Atropos, or one of her sisters, 'tis no such mighty matter in the end.

Almost all sorts of fighting have been celebrated. The sword has found Homer for its friend; and Milton has said something in the way of artillery. Ballads out of number have touched upon the arrows of Robin Hood and his merry men; and boxing, in Mr. Cribb's ingenious memorial, has not wanted an historian. Perhaps, however, Mr. Anstey, the author of that clever work called "The Pleader's Guide," has treated the matter in the most enticing way. Fighting, as he finely says—but let him speak for himself—

Now fighting's in itself an action
That gives both parties satisfaction:
A secret joy the bruiser knows
In giving and receiving blows;
A nameless pleasure—only tasted
By those who've thoroughly been basted.

With what an amateur feeling is this given! It has all the air of a person whose mind has not been lightly made up on the matter: it seems the word of one whom "long experience has rendered sage;" and may no more be controverted than a proverb or an oracle.

We had originally intended to have discussed the various methods used in different countries of deciding disputes: but this, we find, would occupy greater space than we can devote even to the present seducing subject. We must content ourselves with a few passing allusions to the exploits of our neighbours and strangers; and we may, perhaps, even indulge ourselves with a sneer or two where their customs happen to differ from our own. This privilege has always been ceded to travellers (or taken by them), and also to men of science and historians; and, as we claim to be enrolled amongst the two latter classes, we shall assume the rights that belong to them all, and take our measures accordingly.

Before we begin upon fighting, we may as well say a few words about quarrelling. The word should precede the blow at all times. Quarrelling, then, has always been a subject of no trifling importance to nations, as well as to individuals. Whether indulged in by thousands or units, it has always been a serious matter, at least to the parties concerned: blood, and noise, and foul words have generally been found its associates. Now, as quarrelling has always been a thing of consequence, it follows, of course, that the method of putting an end to it must have partaken of its importance. Blows and the shaking of hands are the alpha and omega:—the life and death, as it may be said, of dispute. The hand in one case is clenched, and in the other it is open. It is strange that such a trifling alteration should be the distinction between peace and war; but so it is. Formerly there was no other emblematic difference between rhetoric and logic; now those two great figures of speech are confounded with each other. There has not been a coalition that we know of, but the respective qualities of each have become merged and lost in a something to which it may be difficult to afford a name. In parliament we, at times, have debate without either persuasion or argument. In the courts of law we have speeches without much argument, but full of flourish and pleasant perplexities. Conviction, to be sure, follows in the latter case; but it is *of* the luckless culprit instead of *in* the mind of the judge. In Ireland, we understand, an instance or two may still be found of pure unadulterated rhetoric, flourishing and flighty, without an ounce of argument to weigh it down. We certainly should like to hear a specimen. In Scotland, a few of the higher advocates are men of wit and letters (we hear) as well as lawyers. With us there are *some* of that stamp, but not many. To return, however, for we are getting a little *abroad*, as the phrase goes, which frequently happens after making play for some time, either with your subject or an adversary. We do not propose to push our inquiries too far back amongst our ancestors. It is enough to know that the Druids wore clubs as well as beards; that the Picts, and Scots, and ancient Britons, used certain warlike instruments, which almost amounted to swords and spears; and which, in fact, by courtesy, passed even under those names. The infancy of our country, however, is a thing too tender to meddle with; and the clubs and beards of the Druids are, like their old groves, "holy ground," and shall not be invaded by us. We leave the Picts and Scots to their naked majesty—to their forests and their heaths, and descend at once to the doublets and corslets of later times, when the arrow and the lance made their appearance in tourney and fight. ARCHERY was first introduced to the English in rather an unpleasant manner at the battle of Hastings. William the Conqueror brought the arrow into fashion, and kept it in high repute. His bow, which no one else could bend, is as notorious as himself. William gave his kingdom to his son; unluckily the fashion followed, and an arrow put an end to the hunting of William Rufus. Had a man called *Dart* or *Arrow* been then in existence, we suppose he would have applied to parliament to have had his name changed at once;—the assassination of the Duke de Berri was, we know, too much for the loyalty of a country gentleman of the name of *Louvel.* He prayed that he might be allowed to cast off his paternal title, and take up with the one which his mother had abandoned. But, we believe, there are but few instances of this uneasy delicacy; nay, we hope not—for otherwise it would be a hard thing upon the Smiths, and Thompsons, and Jacksons, of town and country. The most celebrated of our archers was Robin Hood: he is supposed by many to have been a nobleman; but all allow that he took a purse with infinite grace. He could split ye a wand at the distance of we know not how many yards; and he was successful and happy in love. Sherwood forest,—"merrie Sherwood," is no more in fact, but it flourishes greenly in song, and Robin Hood and his archers strong still live in the immortality which, we have no doubt, they hardly earned. As, however, the bow and arrow do not strictly belong to the art of self-defence, which term is understood to mean a closer method of discussing quarrels, we leave them to enjoy their old fame undisturbed.

A TOURNAMENT is the next thing that occurs to us. A tournament was an amicable representation, as every one knows, of a single combat. It was the sparring of those days, not so graceful or so manly indeed, but more ostentatious and imposing. The spectators at the Fives Court would soon be disgusted, were they to witness so barbarous a proceeding. What would they say to see two men mounted and armed with spits, each in a sort of cupboard of steel, gallopping towards each other, for the sole purpose of the one pushing the other off his horse! The thing is really ridiculous. With the exception of the assemblage of young and old who came to witness these awkward exhibitions, a bull bait is beyond them. A Spanish bull fight in truth, where the ladies are pleased to applaud and dip their handkerchiefs occasionally in blood ('tis but a bull's blood), is a much more magnificent spectacle. Sometimes these tournaments took a serious turn, and ended in broken crowns, or perhaps something worse: and at times there were meetings of this sort, by no means jocose, where the lance was not blunted, as in sports. Then the parties went to work in a *boná fide* manner, and, if their lances did not answer their purpose, they took to their swords without ceremony or loss of time. When two persons were at issue with each other, as to a matter of fact, our ancestors deemed that the best way of getting at the truth was to turn the parties into a ring together, and let them fight it out. It sometimes happened that one of the combatants was six, and the other about four or five feet high; under these circumstances it was easily suspected on which side the truth would be found to lie. The small man was always in fault, and the larger acquired a privilege of lying again. Such "ruffianing" now would not be tolerated for a moment. We have indeed improved to some purpose. Can it be thought that young Brown would be allowed to go into a ring with Tom Cribb or Shelton? Certainly not. It would be like thrusting the whelp into the lion's den (as was done at the Tower), or feeding the Boa Constrictor with a live goat (as is recorded by Mr. Macleod, of the Alceste), or any other act equally authentic and abominable. Oh! pugilism is an honorable thing. Let it not be trodden down by the ignorant, and never be ventured upon by the unskilful. It is not the sparrer of yesterday who is to be allowed a voice on a subject so important: and let not the man who has discussed only knuckles of beef, hazard a syllable disrespectful. When Tullus Aufidius railed at mighty Rome, the conqueror of Corioli stopped his presumptuous folly in a moment. For ourselves, though we nauseate it, we would speak of *smoking* even with respect. The love of smoking has in it a mystery which we never could detect; we treat it, therefore, with attention. It has been too much the fashion to decry the noble science of boxing. Young gentlemen of white hands and pale hearts cannot abide it, and the ladies vow that it is shocking. For the former we care not; we leave them "to their own aversion," as Don Juan says—but for the fair and beautiful we still have a word or two in reserve. We cannot give *them* up without a blow. The male simpleton is an absolute nought on either side of the question, but the gentle infidel must be ours before we cease.

FENCING.—The duelling of the *Vieille Cour* is a delicate matter. We would fain avoid it were it possible, but our duty is imperative, and we must say a few words on the subject. We have really the utmost respect for the age of Queen Anne and George II.: indeed, what can be more imposing than the ruffles and flaps of that stately period—the forbidding stomachers of the women, or the overwhelming curls of the men! We would not move a muscle against them. Those were not days when things were hurried over without due consideration: a courtship was then a serious thing, and a duel no joke. Each demanded time and thought; and a lady was not plunged into matrimony or widowhood, without proper arrangements having been made for her comfort. Things then took their course, and a gentleman was killed to the satisfaction of all parties. Those were really respectable times, and we are afraid that even the present must suffer in the comparison. Our style of fighting, however, is decidedly superior, and with that we must rest contented.

Should any of our readers wish to know how to handle a sword or a rapier, we commend unto them M. Angelo's book upon fencing. There may be seen the English fashion, the Spanish fashion, the Italian fashion, and others. A gentleman may be put out of his misery, in the most scientific way, according to any fashion that may please him. Should he wish to die genteelly, he may have the small sword: if effectually, let him select the long Spanish, and he shall be spitted like a lark:—if he have any notion that the brain retain its sensitiveness after the body dies, the sabre may be resorted to with success. We have heard that some heads have stood proof against this formidable weapon; but, with the exception of honest Sancho's, there is no one on record that can be relied on. Sancho, thou flower of squires errant, thou hadst a head indeed! It was no more to be overcome than thine appetite: it had a tongue, and a face attached to it, that have made the reputation of La Mancha. Thou didst immortalize thy master, honest Sancho, and thyself: thou hast pleased the people of other times, and delighted those of the present, and the fame of thy stomach and thy jokes will not be lost upon posterity. Peace to thy bones, which had but small peace on earth, thou pleasant model of Iberean squires!

It was no easy thing to please a master of fence in former days. The system was *too* artificial. The position, like that of a spread eagle, was altogether inferior to that of the pugilist. You had to balance yourself like a rope-dancer, and hold out your "cold iron" offensively; but you were sure to be weary before your adversary was finished. Hear one of the masters speak, and marvel not, gentle reader, that the fashion has gone out. It is Capt. Bobadil who talks, and it is Ben Jonson (old Ben) who supplies him with discourse. "Come on: oh! twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentlemanlike guard. So, indifferent: hollow your body more, Sir, thus: now stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time! Oh! you disorder your point most irregularly." Disorder! Is it to be endured that a man must submit to these distortions, and have them called grace? Had Fencing been worthy of its reputation it would have lived. But it is gone. The "immortal passado" is forgotten: we scarcely know the meaning of it ourselves. The most elegant fencers that we know of were *Eustace* (in Fletcher's comedy of the *Elder Brother*), and the gay and gallant *Sir Harry Wildair*. They were, indeed, ethereal spirits; yet we should have liked them as well whether they had fenced, or split bullets on the edge of a knife. Had they been handlers of the *gloves* indeed—but it was in vain to lament: perfection is not for the earth.

The Pistol is a dangerous weapon. It should be used cautiously as a friend, and avoided altogether as an enemy. It is, indeed, an imperative weapon, and may no more be disputed than an invitation to Court. It is a convincing weapon. It comes upon one, not in the shape of an argument fine-spun or wire-drawn, but like the breath of an oracle. It has more of the proverb, in short, than the syllogism about it. It is the *ipse dixit* of death, which there is no refuting. The pistol has done its work in England and France; but it is chiefly in the sister country that it has found friends. It may be said to be a denizen of the Emerald Isle. *Coffee and pistols for two* was an order to which the waiters of Dublin were accustomed to attend without either hesitation or surprise. There were no unnecessary questions asked, but gentlemen were left to amuse themselves as they might. This was really a fine period: the Irish are a fine people. There was the fairest play in the world at their duels. The ground was measured, and the pistols primed, in the presence of hundreds: if the parties escaped it was well: if they did not escape, why it was well still. Their courage and their virtues were the theme of many a jovial party; and their names survived for weeks beyond their deaths—a serious period in the Irish calendar.

When the Shillelah came into fashion we cannot learn: but, as it may be considered as almost a foreign weapon, we shall not treat of it. Its virtues have been principally *felt* in Ireland—be there the record made. It is, we apprehend, an unadorned stick, not unlike the common cudgel, and used in a similar manner. It has been the subject of song, and the arbiter of many a dispute.

Boxing.—So many names—so many battles—so many arguments, press upon us now, that we suspect we shall fail from very excess. We shall shear our article of its honors from the mere apprehension of awarding too much. We have a sense of plethora upon us, that may perhaps scare us into dullness of speech, or eventually reduce us to meagreness of detail. How shall we break cover? Shall we begin with the Greeks? No: they were not true boxers. They cased their hands in steel, and pelted away at each other's heads, but it was with perseverance rather than science, We will commence our remarks on English ground. Our course may be rambling, but we will make our stand there, till the battle be done.

How pleasant are our associations with boxing! Its name, "the Fancy!" *(the Fancy!)* How delicate! how distinguishing! how free from vulgarity! what an air it has! It breathes of Moulsey. The muffles seem to dance before our eyes; the ropes are near us, and the handkerchiefs fly flaunting in the wind.

Historians and poets have been mighty fond of scribbling at large about soldiers, as if there were half the merit in annoying your adversary, or defending yourself, *with* weapons as without them. It is really idle to waste a doubt on the subject. There is none. We hear talk of heroes and laurels, and so forth, at a great rate, but we must confess that we never thought much of any of the feats of antiquity, until we read that Milo had knocked down a bull with his fist, and eaten him up afterwards. That really is a serious fact, and should astonish us accordingly. But let us see how the matter stands. The ancients had heroes, and so have we: but was Ajax braver than Gregson?—was he bigger than Perrins? —No. Was Achilles to be compared to the Game Chicken? Pshaw! Hen would have threshed Mars himself with very little trouble. Then Jem Belcher and Tom—they may surely be placed by the side of Castor and Pollux; and Dutch Sam might have been seen near Agis, or even Alexander, with advantage. Molineux, bating his colour, would have been a match for Hercules; and Cribb gives one no unfavorable idea of the great god Pan. Cy. Davis is the beau ideal of fighters—the Apollo of the ring. Spring is an absolute Greek in lineament. Readers, gentle readers, weigh these men in the fair scales of your opinion, before ye prefer other heroes to the fighters of your native country.—*More anon.*

## THE SPORTS, PASTIMES, AND HABITS OF OUR FOREFATHERS CONTRASTED WITH MODERN MANNERS.

In an account of London, written about 1174 (Richard Cœur de Lion), we have a description of the impenetrable forests (the present Mary-le-bone) to the north of London, and of "a pleasant place called Smythefields, without one of the citie gates, and even in the very suburbs. Here there is a celebrated rendezvous of fine horses to be sold. Thither come earls, barons, knights, and a swarm of citizens. 'Tis a pleasing sight to behold the ambling nags so smoothly moving by raising and putting down alternately the two side feet together." From this it is evident that our ancestors broke in their horses to that unnatural pacing now witnessed only in America. We find that in former times great complaints were made that the dealers in Smithfield, among other tricks, contrived to make the horses swallow live eels or snakes, their action in the belly of the horses making them appear lively and frisky. The horse-races in Smithfield are then described (1174). But "on Shrove Tuesday the boys of all the schools (of London) bring to their masters each one his fighting-cock, and they are indulged all the morning with seeing their cocks fight in the school-room. After this all the boys go into Smithfield or Moorfield, in the suburbs, and address themselves to the famous game of foot-ball. The scholars of each school have their peculiar ball, and the particular trades have most of them theirs. The elders of the city, and the fathers, and the rich and the wealthy, do come on horseback to see the exercise of the youth. Every Sunday in Lent a nobler train of young men take the field after dinner, well mounted. The lay sons of the citizens rush out of the gates in shoals, armed with lances and shields; the younger sort with javelins pointed, but disarmed of their steel: they ape the feats of war, and act the sham fight. If the king happens to be near the city, many courtiers honor them with their presence, together with the juvenile parts of the household of the earls, barons, and bishops. At Easter the diversion is on the water. A target is strongly fastened to a mast fixed in the middle of the river; and a youngster, standing upright in the stern of a boat made to move as strong as the oars and current can carry it, is to strike the target with his lance; and if, in hitting it, he break his lance, and keep his place in the boat, he gains his point; but if it happen that the lance is not shivered by the force of the blow, he is, of course, tumbled into the water, and away goes his vessel without him. However, a couple of boats, full of young men, are placed on each side of the target, ready to pick him up the moment he comes to the surface. The bridge and the balconies on the banks are filled with spectators, whose business it is to laugh. On holidays the pastime of the youth is to exercise themselves in archery, running, leaping, wrestling, casting of stones, flinging to certain distances, and, lastly, with bucklers. The maidens, as soon as the moon rises, dance to the guitar. In the winter holidays the youth are entertained with boars fighting to the last gasp, and likewise with hogs, full tusked, or game bulls, and bears of large bulk are baited with dogs. And when that vast lake which waters London to the north, Fens-bury (Finsbury), is hard frozen, the youth, in great numbers, go to divert themselves on the ice. Some will make a large cake of ice, and, seating one of their companions upon it, they take hold of one another's hands, and draw him along: sometimes they do all fall down headlong. Others place the leg-bones of animals under their feet, by tying them round their ancles, and then, taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they push themselves forward, and are carried with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird, or a bolt discharged from a cross-bow. Sometimes two of them start opposite to each other, at a great distance. They meet, elevate their poles, attack, and strike each other, when one or both of them fall; and even after their fall they shall be carried a good distance from each other by the rapidity of the motion. Many of the citizens take great delight in fowling with merlins, hawks, and such like; and likewise in hunting, and they have a right and privilege of hunting in Middlesex, Hertfordshire, and all the Chiltern country, and in Kent as far as the river Cray." Such were the sports of our stout ancestors in London, in the days of Cœur de Lion, nearly seven hundred years ago. Our ancestors, however, were a sad set of savages; for, shortly after, we find a mob rushing into the tower, and dragging out the archbishop of Canterbury, and murdering him on Tower Hill. "There lay his body unburied all that Friday, and the morrow till afternoone, none daring to deliver his body to the sepulture. His head these wicked tooke, and nayling thereon his hoode, they fix it on a pole, and set it on London bridge." So poor also were our ancestors about this period, that we find Henry III. commanding the sheriffs to pay him fourpence a day for the keep of a Norway bear, which he had received as a present; "and he also commanded them to provide a muzzle for the said bear, and an iron chain to hold him out of the water, and likewise a long and stout cord to hold him whilst fishing in the river Thames. Two years after he ordered the sheriffs to erect a house forty feet long by twenty feet wide, for the reception of an elephant which had been sent to him by Lewis, king of France." Of this huge beast, the first seen in England, great complaints were made by our simple ancestors, the sheriffs representing that "verily this monstrous beast from Ind does consume marvelously the provisions, eating up the substance of many worshipful gentlemen, and it does sorely distress his majesty's loyal servants. We do humbly wish we were well rid of it, so please Providence, and be it his majesty's pleasure." The bear supported itself by fishing in the Thames, which, at that period, was redundant of large fish, and particularly of salmon. The practice of "carting" in the city, of which so much has recently been said, we trace to the year 1383, the seventh of Richard II. "The citizens of London first imprisoned such women as were taken in fornication or adultery, in the Tunn prison, in Cornhill, and after caused them to be brought forth in the sight of the world. They caused their heads to be shaven after the manner of thieves, and so to be led about the city, with trumpets and pipes sounding before them, that their persons might be more largely known. Neither did they spare the men." In November, 1552 [Elizabeth],' we find, by the records of the Court of Aldermen, "It was this day orderyred and agryed that sir Thomas Sowdeley, who did not deny, but playnly confess, this day, in full Corte, that he hathe kept, and viciously and carnally used, an harlot in his house a long tyme, namynge her to be his wyfe, shall to-morrow be carried about the citie in a carte, with a ray hode on his head, a whyte rode in his hande, and basonnes and pannes ringinge before hym, according to the laur and anciente customs of this gode cytie, in such case made, provyded, and used." So strong was the antipathy against acting, as to women, that, in 1632, Prynne denounced all female actors, under the words, "women actors notorious w—es." But shortly *after* the queen acted in a private Pastoral, and the passage being thought applicable to her majesty, the author was severely punished. But while these "cartings" were practised for sexual guilt, ladies and gentlemen deemed it no great disgrace to be drunk. James I. gave a most splendid entertainment to Christian IV. of Denmark, his wife's brother. Sir J. Harrington says, "we had women, and wine too, of such plenty as would have astonished a sober beholder. Our toasts were magnificent, and our two royal guests did most lovingly embrace each other at table. I think the Dane has wrought on our good English nobles, for they do wallow in beastly delight. The ladies do abandon their sobriety, and do roll about in intoxication. A great feast was held, and after dinner was represented the queen of Sheba. The lady (Salisbury) who did play the queen did carry most precious gifts to both their majesties, but overset her caskets into his Danish majesty's lap, and fell in his face. Much was the confusion, but napkins were at hand to make all clean. His majesty then got up, and would dance with the queen of Sheba; but he fell down, and was carried to an inner chamber, and laid on a bed of state, which was not a little defiled. The show went forward, and most of the presenters went backward, or fell down, wine did so occupy their upper chambers." Such was a court entertainment of those days; and the king and queen rolling on the floor tipsy was no uncommon sight. Of the two most remarkable duels in our chronicles, that of Branden, duke of Suffolk, and the German Champion, and that of Jeffery Hudson with the brother of lord Crofts, are the most conspicuous. Branden was "the most courteous knight—tall, muscular, active, of portly carriage, marvellouslie skilful at all weapons, and brave of heart." This English champion had beaten almost all the knights of Europe, and, at last, challenged the flower of German chivalry. Here a most unfair trick was played upon him; for, when he went into the list, his opponent had substituted a hired champion, a giant, almost the largest that has ever appeared in

Europe. The English duke, however, bravely engaged him; and, after a very long and doubtful conflict, cleft his head, and left him on the lists, to the great triumph of Henry (VIII.), and to the sore disgrace of the German princes. Jeffery Hudson's father "kept the baiting bulls for the duke of Buckingham, and was a proper man, broad shouldered and chested. He was of lusty stature, as well as all his children, except Jeffery." We do not mean to asperse the character of Mrs. Hudson; but, amidst his lusty brothers, Jeffery, "when seven years of age, was scarcely eighteen inches in height, yet without any deformity, and wholly proportionable. Shortly after, he was served up in a cold pie to Charles I., and his consort, Henrietta Maria. At a masque the king's gigantic porter drew him out of his pocket, to the surprise of all beholders. This favor of royalty "made that he did not know himself and would not know his father. In the civil wars Jeffery became a captain of horse, and accompanied the queen to France. In that country he had the misfortune to engage in a dispute with Mr. Crofts, who, accounting him an object, not of his anger, but contempt, accepted the challenge to fight a duel; yet, coming armed only with a squirt, the little creature was so enraged that a real duel ensued, and the appointment being on horseback, with pistols, Jeffery, with his first fire, shot his antagonist dead." He died in 1632, aged 63, and only three feet nine inches high; but he grew greatly after his duel. London bridge was often the scene of desperate duels. In the reign of Richard II. we find that "a grand passage of arms took place on London bridge between David Lindsey, earl of Crawfort, a Scotch knight, and lord John de Wells, of England. At the third course with spears lord Wells was borne out of his saddle. The challenge had been given by lord Wells, in Scotland, and a safe conduct was thrice renewed for Lindsey and his retinue, including twelve other knights, by Richard himself." We do not find that the Irish knights were famous in duels, but we have frequent mention that their common soldiers were of immense stature, and threw the spear with such a force that it often passed through the body of a foe, notwithstanding the best armour. We may, perhaps, be allowed to digress to two modern duellists of a neighbouring kingdom. About the period of the revolution, captain, afterwards marshal, Junot, was the terror of Paris as a duellist. He was the best broad-swordsman in Europe, and had killed all whom he had fought with, and which were not a few. At length he quarrelled with a young man, who, in spite of his fame, and the dissuasion of his friends, resolved to meet him. They accordingly met, and Junot received a desperate wound in the abdomen. His antagonist proved to be marshal Lannes, whose courage at the head of the grenadier regiments was afterwards so celebrated.

### THE REJECTED VATERMAN.

*A favorite chant 'by the Fancy' on the Thames.*

O! love has robb'd my heart of ease,
I've got no *scull* for *rowing;*
Vith Chelsea Nan I've had a *breeze,*
And all about a *Blowen.*
You rogue, says she, says Chelsea Nan,
Von *fare* 's enough for any man.

Vy Nan, says I, *you pull too hard,*
Vith me there's nought to fear;
I always *steer* for your regard,
Then do not be *austere.*
'Tis *wherry* cruel Chelsea Nan,
So to *upset* a Vaterman.

Plung'd in a *tide* of grief, I mourn—
My spirits *ebb* and *flow;*
Von who so long a *badge* has worn
She shouldn't badger so;
Or she may vitness vith a tear,
A *Vaterman* upon his *bier.*

Tho' it is sad in early prime
To lie upon the shelf,
I've *shot* the bridge, many a time,
And now I'll *shoot* myself.
My ogles see in salt tears *swimming,*
Because she giv'd me such a *trimming.*

I vish'd the matter to explain,
Of vat she'd took a note of;
But all my efforts vas in vain,
She bid me *shove my boat off;*
And then she sing'd out, *o'er* and *o'er,*
Your *moorings* shan't be here no *more.*

Young Vatermen now varning take,
If you for comfort vish;
Your lawful sweetheart don't forsake,
Nor angle for loose fish.
Or you will find, though strong your sinew,
That *vind* and *tide* are both agin you.

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### HANOVERIAN BOAR HUNT.

As early as five o'clock in the morning, in the month of October, all the people of Hanover were in motion, and every horse and vehicle that could be procured at any price were put into requisition. The ground where the slaughter was to take place lay at the distance of twenty English miles from town, and thither did the whole population of the country repair with impatient curiosity. The scenery along the way was wild and romantic. Segregated hills, covered with trees of a stunted growth, rose on all sides, and at length we came to a thick forest of vast extent, where poles with dark green flags affixed to them served as so many guides through a region of mud, over which none but Germans would have the temerity to venture a carriage. At occasional intervals, booths and sheds were constructed as places of entertainment, and the wretched cheer they supplied was eagerly purchased. You might see a dashing Colonel drinking *schaps* (spirits) out of a glass that saluted the lips of some hundreds of squalid citizens; having at the same time a piece of black bread in one side of his mouth, and a cigar in the other, while a wedge of German sausage, surmounted by a piece of raw bacon, gave employment to the thumb of his right hand. After penetrating about a mile and a half into the forest, we came to a place enclosed by canvas and net work, within which the stags and wild boars had for some time before been collected. At the extremity of the enclosure a sort of pavilion was placed for the accommodation of the King, had his Majesty attended. It was in his absence occupied by the Royal sportsmen, with the Duke of Cambridge at their head. None were allowed to use fire arms but his Royal Highness, with the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, and the Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz. At eleven o'clock the work of destruction commenced, and a herd of boors came down the extremity of the enclosure, where the sportsmen, if so they could be called, stood ready to attack them, the peasantry at the same time raising loud yells through the woods, and keeping up a kind of wild concert with the sound of the bugle as they closed in upon their prey. Thirty-five victims fell in the fatal attack, and they were literally butchered. The poor animals did not attempt any resistance; and it was shocking to see the torture in which they were kept from their assailants not being adroit enough in the use of the spear to put them properly out of existence. I saw a boar running about the ground with his entrails hanging out, and one of the young Dukes of Brunswick thought it a proud exploit to place his spear in the very part where a mortal wound had already been inflicted. With the exception of Lord Clanwilliam, who acquitted himself like a true sportsman, there was scarcely an individual that attacked the prey in a fair manner. Sir Edmund Nagle, after having laid four boars dead at his feet, exclaimed in the language of his profession as a tar, "——me, see what I've done; I have stove in the gun-rooms of four pigs by——" There were ninety boars killed in all; but the number of stags that fell were not considerable. The day was very wet, and it served to give a deeper shade of horror to a scene which no Englishman would ever again desire to witness.

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### The Hippopotami, or Water Elephant.

In "Lander's Travels," recently published, we extract the following interesting nocturnal passage down the river Niger.—"We passed several beautiful islands in the course of the day, all cultivated and inhabited, but low and flat. The width of the river appeared to vary considerably, sometimes it seemed to be two or three miles across, and at others double that width. The current drifted us along very rapidly, and we guessed it to be running at the rate of three or four miles an hour. The direction of the stream continued nearly east. The day had been excessively warm, and the sun set in beauty and grandeur, shooting forth rays tinged with the most heavenly hues, which extended to the zenith. Nevertheless, the appearance of the firmament, all glorious as it was, betokened a coming storm; the wind whistled through the tall rushes, and darkness soon covered the earth like a veil. This rendered us more anxious than ever to land somewhere, we cared not where, and to endeavour to procure shelter for the night; if not in a village, at least under a tree. Accordingly, rallying the drooping spirits of our men, we encouraged them to renew their exertions by setting them the example, and our canoe darted silently and swiftly down the current. We were enabled to steer her rightly by the vividness of the lightning, which flashed across the water continually, and by this means also we could distinguish any danger before us, and avoid the numerous small islands with which the river is interspersed, and which otherwise might have embarrassed us very seriously.

"But here a fresh evil arose, which we were unprepared to meet. An incredible number of hippopotami arose very near us, and came plashing, snorting, and plunging all round the canoe, and placed us in imminent danger. Thinking to frighten them off, we fired a shot or two at them, but the noise only called up from the water and out of the fens, about as many more of their unwieldy companions, and we were more closely beset than before. Our people who had never in all their lives been exposed in a canoe to such huge and formidable beasts, trembled with fear and apprehension, and absolutely wept aloud; and their terror was not a little increased by the dreadful peals of thunder which rattled over their heads, and by the awful darkness which prevailed, broken at intervals by flashes of lightning, whose powerful glare was truly awful. Our people tell us that these formidable animals frequently upset canoes in the river, when every one in them is sure to perish. These came so close to us that we could reach them with the butt-end of a gun. When I fired at the first, which I must have hit, every one of them came to the surface of the water, and pursued us so fast over to the north bank, that it was with the greatest difficulty imaginable that we could keep before them. Having fired a second time, the report of my gun was followed by a loud roaring noise, and we seemed to increase our distance from them. There were two Bornou men among our crew who were not so frightened as the rest, having seen some of these creatures before on Lake Tchad, where, they say, there are plenty of them. However, the terrible hippopotami did us no kind of mischief whatever; they were only sporting and wallowing in the river, for their own amusement, no doubt, at first when we interrupted them; but, had they upset our canoe, we should have paid dearly for it.

"We observed a bank on the north side of the river shortly after this, and I proposed halting on it for the night, for I wished much to put my foot on firm land again. This, however, not one of the crew would consent to, saying, that if the gewo roua, or water elephant, did not kill them, the crocodiles certainly would do so before the morning, and I thought afterwards that we might have been carried off like the Cumbrie people on the islands near Yaoorie, if we had tried the experiment.

"The wind kept blowing hard from the eastward till midnight, when it became calm. The rain then descended in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning of the most awful description. We lay in our canoe drenched with water, and our little vessel was filling so fast, that two people were obliged to be constantly baling out the water to keep her afloat. The water elephants, as the natives term the hippopotami, frequently came snorting near us, but fortunately did not touch our canoe.

### A Sketch of Newmarket Races by a German Prince.

The above titled personage, in his tour through England, in 1828, but recently published—thus remarks :—" These races begin pretty punctually at twelve o'clock. An interminable grassy plain, covered with a thick short turf, is the ground, where various distances, from a full German mile as a maximum, to an eighth or a tenth as a minimum, are marked for the course in a perfectly straight line. Near the end, this course is enclosed between ropes, on the outside of which rows of carriages, three and four deep, are drawn up, generally without horses, and covered within and without, from top to bottom, with spectators. At the goal itself is a wooden house on wheels, very like those the shepherds have in many parts of Germany, so that it can be moved about in case the course is lengthened or shortened : in this sits the judge. Just opposite to him is a post fixed in the ground, by means of which he determines which horse's nose first appears exactly on a line with it; for an inch often decides the race; and it is a very skilful piece of policy and jockyship of the riders here, to betray the real speed of their horses as little as possible, and to display only as much of it as is necessary to win the race. If they see they have no chance, they immediately give up; so that those who contend for victory to the last, are always very nearly together at the goal. The grotesque spectacle of a rider a mile in the rear, belabouring his horse with whip and spur, like a steam-engine, is exhibited only in France and Germany. If two horses reach the post exactly at the same moment,(which frequently happens,) they must run again. The judge is upon oath, and there is no appeal from his decision. The English jockeys, (who are not, as foreigners think, little boys, but often dwarfish men of sixty,) form a perfectly distinct class, and are the best practical riders I know of. You remember that I kept race-horses myself, and had a Newmarket jockey for a time in my service, who won a considerable bet for me at Vienna.

It amused me greatly to see this fellow 'training' himself. After dosing himself severely, he would go out in the greatest heat, dressed in three or four great coats, ride a certain distance at a hard trot, till the sweat streamed off him in torrents, and he almost sank from exhaustion; 'mais tell étoit son plaiser,' and the more completely good-for-nothing he felt, the better he was pleased. "But there are bounds to this: for the man, by excessive training, may reduce himself below the weight which the horse is bound to carry, and thus subject himself to the inconvenien tnecessity of carrying lead in the girths. At a certain distance from the goal, about a hundred paces to the side, stands another white post, called the betting-post. Here the bettors assemble, after they have seen the horses saddled in the stables at the beginning of the course, thoroughly examined into all the circumstances of the impending race, or perhaps given a wink to some devoted jockey. The scene which ensues would to many appear the most strange that ever was exhibited. In noise, uproar, and clamour, it resembles a Jew's synagogue, with a greater display of passion. The persons of the drama are the first peers of England, livery servants, the 'lowest sharpers,' and 'black-legs ;'—in short all who have money to bet here claim equal rights; nor is there any marked difference in their external appearance. Most of them have pocket-books in their hands, each calls alloud his bet, and, when it is taken, each party immediately notes it in his book. Dukes, lords, grooms and rogues, shout, scream and halloo together, and bet together, with a volubility, and in a technical language, out of which a foreigner is puzzled to make any thing; till suddenly the cry is heard, 'the horses have started!' In a minute the crowd disperses, but the bettors soon meet again at the ropes which enclose the course. You see a multitude of telescopes, opera-glasses, and eye-glasses, levelled from the carriages, and by the horsemen, in the direction whence the jockeys are coming. With the speed of the wind they are seen approaching; and for a few moments a deep and anxious silence pervades the motley crowd; while a manager on horse-back keeps the course clear, and applies his whip without ceremony to the shoulders of any intruder. The calm endures but a moment;—then once more rises the wildest uproar; shouts and lamentations, curses and cheers re-echo on every side, from lords and ladies, far and wide, 'Ten to four upon the Admiral!' 'A hundred to one upon Madam Vestris! 'Small beer against the field!' &c. are heard from the almost frantic bettors: and scarcely do you hear a 'done!' here and there, when the noble animals are before you—past you—in the twinkling of an eye; the next moment at the goal, and luck, or skill, or knavery, have decided the victory. The great losers look blank for a moment; the winners triumph aloud, many make 'bonne mine à mauvais jeu,' and dart to the spot where the horses are unsaddled, and the jockeys weighed, to see if some irregularity may not yet give them a chance. In a quarter of an hour the same scene begins anew with other horses, and is repeated six or seven times. 'Voilà les courses de Newmarket!'"

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# PIERCE EGAN'S
# BOOK OF SPORTS.

No. IX.] [*Price Three Pence.*

*The Gallant and Spirited Race, at Knavesmire, in Yorkshire,*

For 500gs. and 1000gs. bye—4 miles—between

THE LATE COL. THORNTON'S LADY AND MR. FLINT.

**See the Course throng'd with gazers and lots of "*Old Rakes*"—**
**To view the 'beautiful Heroine' start for the stakes,**
**With handkerchiefs waving, the spectators all clap,**
**Half dressed like a jockey, with her whip and her cap,**
**With spirits like fire, behold her mount the gay *prad*,**
**And the cheers and the smiles make her heart light and glad;**
**And Mrs. Thornton's 'the favorite' through thick and through thin,**
**And the SWELLS and the *Jockeys* all bet that she'll win!**

**THE Annals of the Turf do not contain such another extraordinary circumstance as the above match; indeed, it stands *alone* in the Sporting World, not only as a most singular contest, but as a lasting monument of FEMALE INTREPIDITY. Mrs. Thornton, it should seem, was as much attached to the Sports of the Field, as her husband, the late Colonel Thornton; she had also a great passion for horse exercise, and, like Miss *Pond*, of former celebrity, she would try her skill and nerve in racing. The families of the Colonel and Mr. Flint lived upon terms of the greatest intimacy, the two ladies being sisters.—During one of their equestrian excursions in Thornville park, a conversation took place**

respecting the speed of their respective horses between Mr. Flint and Mrs. Thornton, when some difference of opinion having occurred upon the subject, the horses were occasionally put at full speed for the purpose of ascertaining the point in question, when Old *Vingarillo*, aided by the skill of the fair rider, distanced his antagonist every time, which so discomfited Mr. Flint, that he was at length induced to challenge the lady to ride on a future day. His challenge was readily accepted (on the part of the lady) by Colonel Thornton, and it was agreed that the race should take place on the last day of the York August Meeting, 1804. This singular match was thus announced to the public:—"A match for 500 guineas, and 1000 guineas bye—four miles—between Colonel Thornton's Vingarillo, and Mr. Hunt's br. h. Thornville, by Volunteer. Mrs. Thornton to ride her weight against Mr. Flint."

On Saturday, August 25, the above match was decided in the presence of upwards of 100,000 persons; indeed, expectation was raised to the highest pitch from the novelty of the match: thousands from every part of the surrounding country thronged to the ground. In order to keep the course as clear as possible, several additional persons were employed; and, much to the credit of the 6th Light Dragoons, a party of them also were on the ground on horseback for the like purpose, and which, unquestionably, saved the lives of many persons. About four o'clock, Mrs. Thornton appeared on the ground in high spirits, *Old Vingarillo* led by Colonel Thornton, followed by Mr. Baker and Mr. H. Baynton, and soon afterwards Mr. Flint. Every thing being in readiness, Mrs. Thornton started amidst the loudest cheers ever heard upon a race course; and the betting all over the ground created a great deal of mirth and witty remarks* from the spectators. She mounted her horse in the true spirit of a cavalier; and there was a great deal of the gallant-bearing attached to the character of it; the most experienced jockey could not have been more at his ease, or have acted his part in better style than Mrs. Thornton.

When first I strove to win the prize,
I felt my youthful spirits rise,—
Hope's crimson flush illum'd my face;
And all my soul was in the race;
When dress'd and mounted 'twas my pride,
Before the starting-post to ride;
My rival dress'd in pearly white,
The crowded Course to me delight.

In stands around fair ladies swarm,
And mark with smiles my slender form;
Their lovely looks new ardour raise,
For beauty's smile is merit's praise.
The flag is dropp'd—the sign to start,
Away more fleet than winds we dart;
And though the odds against me lay,
The PETTICOAT shall win the day.

Though now no more we seek the race,
I trust the Jockey keeps his place:
For still to win the prize I feel
An equal wish, an equal zeal;
And still can friendship's smile impart
Delightful tremors through this heart;
Indeed, I feel it flutter now—
Yes, while I look, and while I bow.

My tender years must vouch my truth,
For Candour ever dwells with youth;
Then sure the Sage might well believe
A face like mine could ne'er deceive;
If here you e'er a match should make,
My life upon my luck I'll stake:
And, 'gainst all odds, I think you'll say,
The PETTICOAT shall win the day.

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* The *Cads*, and fellows with the Race Lists, were thus *hawking* their bills and cards over the race ground to obtain purchasers, "Come my worthy sporting gentlemen from all parts of the kingdom—now's your time to open your eyes and look about you, when you will see to-day what you never saw before in your life; and, perhaps, you may never see again, if you live as long as Old Methuselah. Come, I say, who's for a list—the whole list, and nothing else but a true list—besides, you will have a correct and particular account of the terrible, terrible, terrible high-bred female (the lady of Colonel Thornton): there is nothing like her in the world. Old Astley's troop are mere *patches* upon her as to managing a horse, she will this day ride a match like a lady, over the four mile course for 500 guineas, and 1000 guineas bye; and some hundreds of thousands are likewise depending upon this most extraordinary match between the "*Jockey in petticoats*" against that well-known sporting character Mr. Flint, in his "*doe skins* and *top boots*; and looked upon as one of the best gentleman riders in the nation. You have also the names of the horses, and the colours of the riders, with every other particular that can enlighten your minds, and make you gentlemen sportsmen acquainted with this lively race. You have now the opportunity to lay out your money according to your inclination. The gentleman allows the lady to ride what weight she likes, there being a mutual understanding between them upon the subject: therefore, she will not, like commoners, go '*to scale*,' as she will not be *handled* by any body before she starts for the prize; indeed, the Female Jockey is not considered any *weight* at all. Her importance and self-possession are the only objects for consideration. What does spirit, fire, blood, and gaiety weigh, I should like to ask? I answer nothing,—my masters! Such high bred qualities are as light as air—brisk as the wind—and 2 to 1 towards winning. You have also, at the same price, the plain and simple pedigree of the female jockey. Her *sire* was a capital 'good un;' her *dam*, a prime fleet 'un,' an Eclipse in character; her *brother*, all that could be wished upon the turf, for getting over the ground like a sky rocket; her *sister*, a Nonpareil at all points, and above any price; but her owner, her out-and-out owner, the Colonel, from his 'upper crust' down to his 'walker,' is a match for all England against any thing—for every thing alive—either on the turf or turnpike—from a mouse to an elephant: and nothing else but winning belongs to his stable. And lastly, though not the least in the above Catalogue of Excellence,—every *point* of the Female Jockey is tip-top; her agility is captivating; and she mounts her *prad* like the most accomplished horseman in the world. Her movements defy expression; her nods to the females, as she rides over the Course, delightful! but her smiles to the applauding gentlemen, in answer to the winks, bows, and other marks of politeness towards her, as compliments for her daring exploit, are fascinating, elegant, and nothing else but winning. She is seated upon her high-bred animal with all the firmness of a *Nimrod*; she holds her reins with the most perfect ease and style; and Chifney, in the best of his days, never displayed a better knowledge of horsemanship than the Female Jockey, and she flourishes her whip with all the good taste of the leader of a band at a concert. In fact, she is a *None such!* a PARAGON!! a PHENOMENON!!! *Old Vingarillo* too, her prad, is also a picture of *goodness*, from his *peepers* down to his *fetlocks*! Therefore, my worthy sportsmen, do not lose this opportunity—be not too late—but purchase this great curiosity—this *list* of *lists*—nothing like it having occurred in Yorkshire, or in any other part of the globe since Noah's flood—either before or since that wet season of the year: and it is *York Minster* to a *brass furden* that nothing like it can occur again till we have a new generation of the human race? *That's your sort!!!*

*Old Vingarillo*, the horse, also seemed proud of the 'fair charge' entrusted to his care. The ladies, in general, were interested in the success of one of their own sex, except a few old maids, who appeared rather *squeamish* on the subject, and who observed one to another, behind their fans, that it was a very *bold* undertaking for a female to contest a race upon a public race course; and that the Colonel, out of respect to propriety, ought to have prevented such an exhibition taking place. "Yes ladies," observed an old sporting gentleman, "but you are aware, sometimes, that the grey mare is the better horse." It is impossible to describe the intense interest which this match excited during the race; and the shouts of the "PETTICOAT FOR EVER," resounded from one end of the course to the other. On starting, it was 5 and 6 to 4 on the PETTICOAT; and, in running the first three miles, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Mrs. Thornton's winning; indeed, success seemed to be so certain on her part, that the oldest sportsman in the stand betted in her favor. In running the last mile she lost ground, in consequence of her saddle-girths having slackened, and the saddle turning round. Her opponent, taking advantage of this circumstance, pushed forward, and passed her; the lady after using every exertion:

Push on, my dear lady—pray don't the whip stint,
To beat such as you, must have the *heart* of a FLINT!

but, finding it impossible to win, she pulled up at two distances from home, when Mr. Flint won the match.

It was difficult to say, whether her *horsemanship*, her dress, or her beauty, were most admired, the *tout ensemble* was unique. Never, surely, did a woman ride in better style. The race was run in *nine minutes* and *fifty-nine* seconds. The dress of Mrs. Thornton was a leopard-coloured body with blue sleeves, the vest buff, and blue cap. Mr. Flint rode in white. Thus ended the most interesting race ever run upon Knavesmire. The following *jeu d'esprit* was handed about on the occasion:—

"The *beau monde* will condemn what I write, beyond doubt,
And some simpering young misses will giggle and pout;
But the odds that I bet shall be TWENTY to *one*,
That such an exploit ne'er by WOMAN was done."

Not at all dispirited by defeat, Mrs. Thornton publicly challenged her antagonist to ride the same match in the following year, his horse *Thornville* against any one of three she would bring, and he might select, and which should be hunted by her through the season. The challenge, however, was refused by Mr. Flint. No words can express the disappointment felt at the defeat of Mrs. Thornton. The spirit she displayed, and the good humour with which she had borne her loss, greatly diminished the joy of many of the winners. From the very superior style in which she performed her exercising gallop of four miles on the preceding Wednesday, betting was greatly in her favor; her saddle turning round was not attended with the slightest injury to her person, nor did it in the least damp her courage, while her *horsemanship* and *close-seated* riding astonished the beholders, and inspired a general confidence in her success. Not less than 200,000*l.* were pending on this extraordinary match, perhaps more, if we include the bets in every part of the country: and there is no part, we believe, in which there were not some. It is but common justice to observe, that if the lady had been better mounted she could not, possibly, have failed of success. Indeed, she laboured under every possible disadvantage; notwithstanding which, and the *ungallant*[*] conduct of Mr. Flint, she flew along the course with an astonishing swiftness, conscious of her own superior skill, and would, ultimately, have out-stripped her adversary, but for the accident which took place.

## A Sketch of the late Colonel Thornton.

The late Colonel Thornton was one of the *gayest* of the gay members of the turf; and during his life-time he was considered one of the most practical sportsmen of the age. Indeed, his whole life was devoted to the Sports of the Field. His family had been established for some centuries in the county of York, where they have enjoyed the most valuable and extensive possessions. The most ancient bears the family name, being called Thornton *cum Bucksby*, of which mention is made prior to the period of William the Conqueror. Colonel Thomas Thornton was born in St. James's, and received the early part of his education at the Charter House: from thence he went to the University of Glasgow: at this seat of learning he attended to his studies with the most indefatigable assiduity, and acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of his instructors, and much to his own credit. During the vacations he was accustomed to pursue the sports of the field with the most lively ardour, but not to the injury of his studies. At nineteen years of age his father, Colonel William Thornton, died, and left him sole possessor of his great estates; but such was his good sense, that he remained at the University for three years afterwards, deputing his mother to superintend his affairs. The Colonel had very early in life imbibed a strong partiality for the pastime of *hawking*; being determined to bring that sport to the height of perfection; and also to lay the foundation of that celebrity which he afterwards acquired for his breed of horses, and every species of dog calculated for the diversions of the field. On leaving Glasgow, Colonel Thornton repaired with his hawks, dogs, &c., to his estate at Old Thornville, where he remained but a short time; after which he went to the Metropolis, and became a member of the *Savoir Vivre* club, which had been recently instituted: the leading plan of which was intended to patronize men of genius and talent; the late lord Lyttleton, and the right honorable Charles James Fox, were then members of that club, as well as many other celebrated characters of the day: although *gambling* constituted one of the predominant features of the *Savoir Vivre*, the Colonel was never led to share that diversion; indeed, he was always averse to cards and dice, and, to show his marked disapprobation of gambling, over the chimney piece of the Library of Thornville Royal was a marble slab, whereon was graven the following words,—

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[*] We cannot for a moment entertain an opinion, that the ladies meant any thing *unfair* in the conduct pursued by Mr. Flint during the race towards Mrs. Thornton; neither did they assert that any thing like *crossing*, or *jostling*, occurred in the four miles; but that as a man of *gallantry*, he ought to have permitted his fair opponent to have won the race. But, perhaps, Mr. Flint would have felt rather chagrined to have had the *laugh* against him; and also averse to the observation that he had been "beaten against his will, on horseback, by a woman;" which, most undoubtedly, would have been the fact, if the saddle of Mrs. Thornton had kept its situation.

"Utinam hanc veris amicis impleam."

"By the established rule of this house, all bets are considered to be off, if either of the parties, by letter or otherwise, pay into the hands of the landlord one guinea, by five the next day."

After following every diversion which Yorkshire offered to him for several years, he became desirous of witnessing the sports of the Highlands of Scotland, whither he repaired, and passed the best part of seventeen years in succession, wholly occupied in the several pastimes which were gratifying to his mind. In Scotland he kept a regular diary of his sporting pursuits, &c., and employed an artist to execute drawings of the antiquities and picturesque scenery of the country, from which he selected a few, and caused them to be engraved in a very finished style, and published in a work, under the title of "*A Sporting Tour through the Highlands of Scotland, by Colonel Thornton.*"

To the great astonishment of his friends, he purchased of his late royal highness, the duke of York, Allerton Mauleverer, in Yorkshire, for *one hundred and ten thousand pounds;* but obstacles to other men were soon overcome by the enterprising disposition of the late Colonel Thornton; and, however the country gentlemen in the neighbourhood thought it totally impossible for him to accomplish such a heavy purchase, he paid for it by instalments, according to agreement, in the short space of twelve months. The Colonel immediately gave the above estate a new designation; and it was afterwards known by the title of *Thornville Royal.* An erroneous opinion having previously gone abroad that Colonel Thornton had won Allerton Mauleverer at a gaming table, from the duke of York. But, in order to render his sporting pursuits more complete, he purchased the estate of Boythorpe in the Wolds, for the purpose of coursing and hawking, where he erected the present mansion, known by the name of *Falconer's Hall.*

Thornville Royal was always the scene of festive hospitality; and no gentleman was calculated to do the honors of the table better than the late Colonel Thornton. His diversified talents, his quickness of *repartee*, his facetious stories on all topics, and his good-natured acquiescence with the request of his guests, rendered the table of the Colonel the great resort of the neighbouring noblemen and gentlemen: his wines were always of the first quality; and the Colonel was no *flincher* from his glass; indeed, he had obtained the character of being a '*six-bottle man.*' He was a convivial subject, and all his songs were to the following effect:—

### Let Philosophers prate about Reason and Rules.

Let Philosophers prate about Reason and Rules,
And preach musty maxims design'd but for fools;
From a brisk sparkling bowl brighter sentiments flow,
And I find myself wiser the deeper I go:
We can teach them to live, and by practice explain
What in theory only they never could gain,
Draw the cloud from their eyes that o'ershadows the soul,
And enlighten their heads with a sip from my bowl.

May the pedant be lost in his phantom pursuit,
While I revel in wine and with bumpers recruit;
Since the wisest can never perfection attain,
Why should life proffer sweets and enjoyments in vain?
Let not man, then, his time in such foppery waste,
Or refuse mingled sweets with the bitters to taste;
But thus let him waft to Elysium his soul,
In an ocean of liquor,—his vessel my bowl.

Relaxed from the cares of the world let me live,
'Gainst the rude stream of life that I never may strive;
With a friend to partake, and a girl to adore,
O what mortal more happy? what man could wish more?
Dull, mechanical mortals here look and repine,
That their hearts ne'er can glow with such feelings as mine;
But such feelings, such joys, receive birth in the soul,
When thus mellow'd, thus rear'd, and refined in my bowl.

The Colonel was very much attached to works of art; and few houses had to boast of a more diversified and choice collection of paintings than Thornville Royal. With respect to Sporting subjects, the most celebrated pictures of Gilpin and Reinagle, painted under the immediate direction of the Colonel, adorned the walls of the above mansion. The celebrated picture of the Death of the Fox, by Gilpin, afterwards engraved by Scott, was much admired in the Sporting World. Amongst the Thornville Collection were to be recognized several of the Italian and Flemish masters—Guido, Caracci, Teniers, Wonwerman, Rubens, Vandyke, &c.

As a breeder of Sporting animals, the following list sufficiently prove the acknowledged excellence of the late Colonel Thornton.

Horses.—*Icelander.* A noted racer, bred by Colonel Thornton, which won twenty-six matches, and was the first foal bred by the Colonel. The sire of this horse was *Grey-coat* and his grandsire *Dismal*.—*Jupiter*. This celebrated blood-horse was of a chesnut colour, he was got by *Eclipse*, dam by Tartar, grandam by Mogul, Sweepstakes, &c.: in 1777 he won one thousand pounds at Lewes, two hundred at Abingdon, and one thousand at Newmarket; and, in 1771, two hundred and forty at Newmarket.—*Truth*. A remarkably steady hunter. —*Stoic*. A famous race-horse, which won a match at Newmarket for one thousand guineas. —*St. Thomas*. A race-horse which beat Mr. Hare's *Tu Quoque*, the bet being five hundred guineas, each gentleman riding his own horse. —*Thornville*. A celebrated hunter.—*Esterhazy*. A most remarkable blood-horse, being master of any weight, and active in all his paces; of which animal a very beautiful engraving has been executed by Ward, from a picture of Chalon.

DOGS. *Fox hounds*.—*Merlin*. A well-known fox-hound, bred by Colonel Thornton.—*Lucifer*. A most remarkable fox-hound, the sire of *Lounger* and *Mad Cap*, of equal celebrity.—*Old Conqueror*. A matchless fox-hound, sire of many well-known dogs in the annals of fox-hunting.—POINTERS. *Dash*. An acknowledged fine pointer, which sold for two hundred and fifty guineas.—*Pluto*. A celebrated pointer.—*Juno*. A remarkable bitch, which was matched with a pointer of lord Grantley's for ten thousand guineas, who paid forfeit.—*Modish*. A bitch of acknowledged excellence. —*Lilly*. A most remarkable steady bitch.—*Nan*. It is only necessary to state that seventy-five guineas were refused for this bitch.

GREYHOUNDS. *Major*. A dog of very great celebrity, and the father of Colonel Thornton's breed of greyhounds. Of this animal a very beautiful engraving, from the masterly hand of Scott, has been published.—*Czarina*. a bitch of equal celebrity.—*Skyagraphina*. A matchless hound. N. B. For each of these hounds the most extravagant sums were offered, but rejected.

SPANIELS. *Dash*. This animal is esteemed the *ne plus ultra* of this species of sporting dog; the Colonel having used his utmost endeavours to bring the spaniel to perfection.

BEAGLES. *Merryman*. This celebrated dog is sire of a pack, which exceeds all others for symmetry, bottom, and pace. The beagles of Colonel Thornton would tire the strongest hunters, and return to kennel comparatively fresh.

TERRIERS.—It would be necessary to notice Colonel Thornton's terriers, if it were only on account of his justly celebrated *Pitch*, from whom are descended most of the white terriers in the kingdom.

HAWKS.—*Sans Quartier*, *Death*, and the *Devil*, were three of the most celebrated birds ever reared by Colonel Thornton during his pursuit of hawking, and were allowed to distance any birds of the kind which had ever been flown at the game.

In speaking of the bodily activity of Colonel Thornton, few men, perhaps, have ever given proofs of such extraordinary powers. Among various other matches of a similar nature, the following, it is conceived, will be amply sufficient to substantiate this fact:—In a *walking match* which the Colonel engaged to perform, he went four miles in thirty-two minutes and half a second. In *leaping*, Colonel Thornton cleared his own height, being five feet nine inches, the bet being considerable. In another match it is stated that he leaped over six five-barred gates in six minutes, and then repeated the same on horseback. At Newmarket the Colonel, on horseback, ran down a hare, which he picked up in the presence of an immense concourse of people assembled to witness this extraordinary match.

With respect to shooting, either with the fowling-piece, rifle, or air-gun, Colonel Thornton has given the most incontestible proofs of the steadiness of his hand, and the wonderful correctness of his sight, not only in bringing down the game, when pursuing the pastimes of the field, but also at a mark, in which his precision has never been surpassed.

Notwithstanding the numerous pursuits of a sporting nature which occupied the Colonel's mind, he seldom lost sight of those refinements which characterize the man of literature and taste. His valuable collection of pictures, at Thornville Royal, sufficiently indicate his taste for the fine arts; and the correct journals which he invariably kept during all his excursions to Scotland, &c., are sufficient testimonies of his diversified talents and classic pursuits.

During the short interval of peace with France, in 1802, the Colonel repaired to Paris, for the purpose of viewing that capital; after which he travelled through the southern provinces, and part of the conquered territory, where he pursued with avidity the sports which characterize that kingdom. On this occasion the Colonel had an artist to accompany him, and he kept a journal of the events that transpired. From this diary, a very entertaining tour was produced, intituled, "Colonel Thornton's Sporting Tour through France," &c. In the course of this tour appears a very entertaining and comparative view of the sports of the two countries, which the Colonel's acknowledged excellence as an English sportsman has rendered not only entertaining, but scientific and useful.

This gentleman was not only devoted to the pursuits of Actæon and the pleasures of Bacchus, but Venus and Cupid were likewise his idols, having, in the autumn of 1806, led to the hymeneal altar Miss Corston, of Essex, an accomplished young lady of some fortune.

Upon the Colonel's giving up his commission as Lieutenant-colonel of the West York Militia, he was drawn into York by the soldiery, who, as a testimony of their gratitude and love, presented him with a beautiful medallion and splendid sword.

With respect to the corporeal pains incidental to human nature, Colonel Thornton appeared perfectly unacquainted with them: he experienced the most trying accidents, but the hand of Fate seems always to have been extended to preserve him. Rest is generally esteemed the balm of human life; yet the colonel copiously drank of the juice of the grape and remained with his friends till the return of dawn; he was awake at the usual hour, and, while the world was buried in sleep, he frequently occupied an hour or two free from head-ach, with a mind calm and collected. It was evident the Colonel had imbibed one opinion, viz.—"Time is precious: life is but a span; we should therefore make the best use of it." In fine, the greatest persecution that could have been entailed on Colonel Thornton, would have been for him to have passed a week in idleness.

Nature had favored the late Colonel Thornton with an iron-like constitution; and few men could compete with him over the bottle. His spirits, to the last moments of his existence, were buoyant in the extreme; and it might be said of him that he was determined to live all the days of his life, something after the manner of the pleasing and well-known duet,—

Begone, dull Care, I prithee begone from me:
Begone, dull Care, you and I shall never agree.
Long time thou hast been tarrying here,
And fain thou would'st me kill;
But, i'faith, dull Care,
Thou never shalt have thy will.

Towards the latter part of his life the Colonel became rather embarrassed in his circumstances, owing to a variety of causes; and his fine collection of paintings was brought to the hammer in June, 1819, at Hickman's Gallery, St. James's-street. His last residence in England was in Edgeware-road, but his house was more like a garrison than the dwelling of a private gentleman; and it was totally impossible to obtain an entrance without previously being put in possession of the counter-sign. The Colonel was so closely besieged, to use his own words, by the 'Harpies of the law,' that the above precaution was absolutely necessary to prevent being taken, "Body and bones," without a moment's warning. But nevertheless he kept a good table; always in good spirits, and prepared for the worst, 'come what might,' and where he carried on the war with the most perfect indifference. But not being able to settle his affairs to his perfect satisfaction, he left England for Paris, at which gay city he made himself quite at home. He took up his residence in a very large, but dilapidated mansion, once belonging to a distinguished French Marquis. Sporting was the theme of his delight, and if the same opportunities did not present themselves whereby he might enter into all the spirit of Chase, as when in England, he used to amuse his visitors with a description of the various hunts, and other species of sporting with which he had been engaged in his native country.

The Colonel had not been in France but a few months when the following paragraph made its appearance, in the year 1821, in most of the London Newspapers:—"Lately, at Paris, after a few days illness, died the celebrated Colonel Thornton, late of Thornville Royal, in the county of York. He was not only of great sporting celebrity, but was also conspicuous in the field of literature, having written and published a highly esteemed '*Sporting Tour through France and Germany*,' and another also, '*Through the North of England and the Highlands of Scotland*.' Many years ago this gentleman was in the gayest circles in the metropolis both of England and France, and was accounted one of the most polished gentlemen of the day; no man ever possessed more abundant wit, raillery, and presence of mind. The mirth of the table was peculiarly subject to his will, attracting the eyes and ears of the party—where he sat being always the centre of hilarity and attention. He was the original promoter, a great many years ago, of the old 'Savoir Vivre' and other clubs."

Upon the above paragraph meeting the eyes of the gay Colonel he laughed heartily at the statement, and replied to it in the following good-natured, humorous style:—

"Extract of a letter written by Colonel Thornton to his friend, George Hawkins, Esq., in answer to a letter of condolence, addressed to Mrs. Thornton, on the supposed death of her husband:—

Paris, Rue de la Paix,
Dec. 25, 1821.

"My honest Brother Sportsman,

"This is Christmas-day, dedicated by me, from my youth, to gaiety and reasonable hospitality, endeavouring to make all happy according to the situation in which providence has placed me.

"In health no man can be more hearty, but not quite stout in my knees and feet; stomach invincible; always an appetite; eat three times a day:—tea, muffins, and grated hung-beef at nine—at two, roasted game, or cocks' combs, and about a pint of the finest white Burgundy—dinner at five, and then a bottle of wine—about three or four glasses of spirits and water, rather weak—then to bed: sleep *better* than ever I did in my life.—Pretty well, you'll say, for a dead man. Rise at eight, breakfast at nine; so we go on. Every night the finest dreams. I expect some wild boar; if it comes our friend B. may be sure of a part.

"P.S. Dec. 26.—I find by the papers that I died, after a short illness, much lamented, &c., &c., at Paris. However that may be, I gave a dinner yesterday to a dozen Sportsmen; we had roast beef, plum-pudding, Yorkshire goose-pie, and sat up singing most gaily till two this morning. At twelve we had two broiled fowls, gizzards, &c., and finished a bottle of old rum in punch. No intoxication; for I went to bed well, and never rose better.

"THORNTON, *Marquess de Pont.*"

But, notwithstanding the Colonel had laughed heartily at the above *ruse de guerre*, to kill him before his time; yet Death came in right earnest at last; and before the high-spirited, never-drooping Hero was aware of it, he laid him flat on his back, never more to rise. But then he could not complain, as the Sporting folks observe, the Colonel had had a "long *innings*," enjoyed every moment of his life—and lived to a fine old age:

Alexander and Cæsar have vanished away,
And Plato and Cicero now are but clay;
The brave and the learned, the good and the wise,
All come to the same simple close of "HERE LIES."

The late Colonel Thornton was one of those *Choice spirits* that nothing on this side of the grave could subdue; and it is equally true that he sometimes dealt a 'tiny bit' in the *marvellous;* but it has been urged by those persons who were best acquainted with the real '*bent*' of his mind, that it was done more with a view to produce fun, and excite laughter, than to impose on the credulity of his friends. In one of Mr. Matthews' entertainments the character of *Major Longbow* was introduced, accompanied with the phrase of "'pon my soul it an't a lie, I'll bet a thousand;" and the critics of the day attribute the above sketch as a *hit* against the late COLONEL THORNTON.

Absent or dead, still let our friends be dear:
A sigh the *absent* claim—the DEAD a *tear!*

"You ask of me," said a well known sporting gentleman, "what I knew of old Thornton, upon whom I was sorry to observe a very wanton attack, by a man with a d— long name; who, I doubt not, would, during the Colonel's life-time, have been but too proud to have buckled on his spurs. I first became acquainted with Colonel Thornton at Paris, in October, 1822, having been admitted a member of a club (of which he was the head) of English, who dined together at '*The Shakspeare,*' a tavern kept by an old servant of Col. T—s—, one Tillbrook, every Wednesday; where we had a plain English dinner, veritable *roast beef and plum pudding*, to say nothing of a good *sea-coal* fire, in an *iron grate*. Two of the most constant attendants were, the gallant Sir Sidney Smith, and the great (in every sense of the word) traveller Belzoni.

"But to return to Col. Thornton. Though no longer a master of fox-hounds, he always dined in a scarlet straight-cut coat of the whipper-in style, and his first toast was, invariably, "Success to fox-hunting!' Then came 'Merkin,* and the blood of old Conqueror; and then, in honor of a pursuit of which he was passionately fond, 'Lord *Orford* (the late) and *Falconry*.' Towards the close of the evening he would give us, in a style to be envied by many a man of *half* his age, some hunting songs that transported his listeners into Leicestershire at once.

"Among the many canting prejudices of the present day, there is none which I believe less founded in fact, than the idea, that the sportsmen of the old school were little better than *'Squire Westerns*, either in habits, manners, or conversation. Every old *real* sportsman I have happened to meet—and I could instance several—were *finished gentlemen*.—I only wish some of our modern gents did not resemble so much that agreeable *blackguard*, the *'Squire's* son-in-law, *Tom Jones*. The manners of Thornton were highly polished, and even if elevated by wine were always so, more particularly in his own house, in the *Rue de la Paix*, where I had frequently the pleasure of dining, after his increasing infirmities prevented his going out. It was the fashion to accuse him of gross and palpable exaggeration; and I think on very slender foundation—a great deal was only *harmless mirth*. I recollect once his relating to me some deeds of high name, of some of his own horses and their produce. My next neighbour at the club asked me afterwards, how I could listen so gravely to the *damned lies* of the Colonel?—'Lies!' I exclaimed: if they *are lies*, why the *Stud Book* and *Racing Calendar lie too!*' He had several very capital pictures on shooting subjects, in his house at Paris, and among them three beautiful ones of some favorite hawks, which almost made me wish myself born in olden times, and a falconer. But whoo-hoop! He is gone, and I only speak to rescue the name of my friend from the voice of the accursed slanderer of the dead."

It is said that he left a large trunk full of MS. papers behind him; the Colonel having rather a touch of the *cacoethes scribendi* attached to his character; and no doubt if the above MSS. had been properly arranged, a great deal of amusement as well as information might have been afforded to the Sporting World. But the task appeared of so Herculean a nature to the bookseller who had the possession of them to sift the *chaff* from the wheat, that the idea of presenting the world with a Memoir of the late Colonel Thornton, from his own papers, was given up.

## TIGER AND ELEPHANT FIGHT.

Mr. Crawford's work on Cochin China gives the following account of an elephant and tiger fight, and in which it will be seen the poor tiger had any thing but fair play:—

"After tea was served to us, we were invited to be present at an elephant and tiger fight; and for this purpose mounted our elephant, and repaired to the glacis of the fort, where the combat was to take place. The governor went out at another gate, and arrived at the place before us in his palanquin. When the hall broke up, a herald or crier announced the event. With the exception of this ceremony, great propriety and decorum were observed throughout the audience. The exhibition made by the herald, however, was truly barbarous. He threw himself backward, projecting his abdomen, and putting his hands to his sides, and in this absurd attitude uttered several loud and long yells. The tiger had been exhibited in front of the hall, and was driven to the spot on a hurdle. A great concourse of people had assembled to witness the exhibition. The tiger was secured to a stake by a rope tied round his loins, about thirty yards long. The mouth of the unfortunate animal was sewn up, and his nails pulled out. He was of large size, and extremely active. No less than forty-six elephants, all males of great size, were seen drawn out in line. One at a time was brought to attack the tiger. The first elephant advanced, to all appearance with a great show of courage, and we thought, from his determined look, that he would certainly have dispatched his antagonist in an instant. At the first effort he raised the tiger upon his tusks to a considerable height, and threw him to the distance of at least twenty feet. Notwithstanding this, the tiger rallied,and sprang upon the elephant's trunk and head, up to the very keeper who was upon his neck. The elephant took alarm, wheeled about, and ran off, pursued by the tiger as far as the rope would allow him. The fugitive, although not hurt, roared most piteously, and no effort could bring him back to the charge. A little after this we saw a man brought up to the governor, bound with cords, and dragged into his presence by two officers. This was the conductor of the recreant elephant. A hundred strokes of the bamboo was ordered to be inflicted on him upon the spot. For this purpose he was thrown on his face upon the ground, and secured by one man sitting astride upon his neck and shoulders, and by another sitting upon his feet, a succession of executioners inflicting the punishment. When it was over, two men carried off the sufferer by the head and heels, apparently quite insensible. While this outrage was perpetrating, the governor coolly viewed the combat of the tiger and the elephant, as if nothing else particular had been going forward. Ten or twelve elephants were brought up in succession to attack the tiger, which was killed at last, merely by the astonishing falls he received when tossed off the tusks of the elephants. The prodigious strength of these animals was far beyond any thing I could have supposed. Some of them tossed the tiger to a distance of at least thirty feet, after he was nearly lifeless, and could offer no resistance. We could not reflect without horror, that these very individual animals were the same that have for years executed the sentence of the law upon the many malefactors condemned to death. Upon these occasions a single toss, such as I have described, is always, I am told, sufficient to destroy life.

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* Two celebrated fox-hounds of the Colonel's.

After the tiger-fight, we had a mock battle, the intention of which was to represent elephants charging an entrenchment. A sort of *chevaux de friese* was erected to the extent of forty or fifty yards, made of very frail materials. Upon this was placed a quantity of dry grass, whilst a show was made of defending it by a number of spearmen placed behind. As soon as the grass was set on fire, a number of squibs and crackers were let off; the flags were waved in great numbers; drums beat, and a single piece of artillery began to play. The elephants were now encouraged to charge; but theydisplayed their usual timidity, and it was not until the fire was nearly extinguished, and the materials of the *chevaux de friese* almost consumed, that a few of the boldest could be forced to pass through."

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### A Chinese Gamestress.

### Young Hoo v. Old Fat.

It should seem, according to the "*Canton Register*," that the Chinese have their "*Hells*," as well as the English folks; and we have no doubt but they have their "Finish" too, if we could find it out: but no matter—Madame Fei-chung-po, *i. e.* Old Lady Fat, now in her sixty-seventh year, in her youth was the wife of a tea-merchant, and who, after her husband's death, lived in the most distressing poverty for some years, inasmuch as she often attempted to make an end of herself. Having come into possession of a small house, she sold it and commenced gamestress. She was successful, and became famous among all the Chinese gentlemen black-legs. She gamed either with ladies or with gentlemen, and was liberal to the police, and daily increased in fortune, till she reckoned her property, not by hundreds and thousands, but by hundreds of thousands. However, Lady Fat is now in limbo. The notable Magistrate of Pwang-yu district has a prodigal son, who lost one night one thousand dollars in playing with Lady Fat. He was chagrined, raised the wind, and went to play again. Her Ladyship was afraid of the Magisterial gamester, and refused. Young Hoo became angry—laid a plot to entrap LadyFat—had her seized—tried to extort—failed—and was forced to show her up to his father. The plot thickened—the father was enraged at his son's turpitude—resolved to punish all parties to the utmost rigour of the law—reported it to his superiors—imprisoned Lady Fat, whose official friends stood aloof in the day of need—and there, in prison, according to the last accounts, where she is likely to remain, until death frees her from bondage.

### Animal Kindness.

In the Menagerie at Brussels, in a cell where a lion called Danco was kept, and which was in want of some repairs; his keeper desired a carpenter to set about them; but when the workman came, and saw the lion, he drew back with terror. The keeper entered the animal's cell, and led him to the upper part of it, while the other part was refitting. He there amused himself some time playing with the lion, and, being wearied, he soon fell asleep. The carpenter, fully relying upon the vigilance of the keeper, pursued his work, anxious, it may be supposed, to have done with it as soon as possible. When he had finished, he called William, the keeper, to see what he had done, but William made no answer. Having repeatedly called in vain, he began to feel alarmed at his silence, and he determined to go to the upper part of the cell, where, looking through the railing, he saw the lion and the keeper, sleeping, side by side, and immediately he uttered a loud cry. The lion awaked by the noise, started up, and stared at the carpenter with an eye of fury, and then, placing his paw on the breast of his keeper, he lay down to sleep again. The poor carpenter was dreadfully frightened, and not knowing how he could rouse up William, he ran out and related what he saw. Some of the attendants of the house came and opened the door, which the carpenter had secured with several bars, and contrived to awaken the keeper, who, upon opening his eyes did not appear in the least apprehensive on account of the situation in which he found himself. He took the paw of the lion, and shook it gently in token of regard, and the animal quietly returned with him to its former residence.

### The Finish of the Sporting Kill Bull at Cripplegate.

There is not seen (I'd hold a crown)
In beauty's fairest clubs,
A better match than Billy Brown
And little Sally Snubbs.

In beauty none could them surpass,
In mansion nor in villa;
For Sal was quite a killing lass,
And Bill was quite a *killer*.

Bill was a Butcher bold, by trade,
Knock knee'd and hugely rumped;
And Sal a *habit maker's* maid,
Whom *habit* had made humped.

No wonder why they were not straight
(When causes we explain),
For Bill was born in Cripple-gate,
And Sal in Crooked-lane.

Now Bill was vastly fond of gin,
And Brandy too, they say;
And when he did the game begin,
It made him *rum* all day.

The night arriv'd, and Bill with axe
Had clos'd his work of slaughter,
And needs must have a drop of max
With Mr. Snubbs's daughter.

'Twas on this very luckless night,
When Bill was growing mussey,
Sal lent her lips to one Tom Wright,
But Bill observ'd the hussey.

And said, "O Sal, for me I find
You do not care a button,
Which makes me wish (you're so unkind)
That I was dead as *mutton*.

"I'd stake my life, 'tis not (I feel)
The first time o'er their drops,
Nor yet the last that Tom will steal
A kiss from Sally's *chops*.

"I never thought such lips you'd smack,
Nor that you'd serve me so;
If thus you pay Bill's kindness back,
Pray pay your bill and go.

"'Tis cutting work," said he distress'd,
"Who ne'er felt sorrow 'till it;
Sal, if I take you to my breast,
I'm sure with grief you'll *fill it*.

"Tho' true a wife's a sterling friend,
When she's dispos'd to show it;
Because, if you your jacket rend,
You know a wife can *sew it*.

"But Sal, the truth I must re-*veal*,
You're not the rib I thought you;
'Tis awful—and it meant a deal,
When I together caught you."

"Come, come," quoth Sal, "forsake your glass,
You're much too fond of liquor;"
"You know," said Bill, "my faithless lass,
I always was a *sticker*."

"O Tom, O Tom! the worst of men,
Your tricks have made me ill;
Full well do I remember when
'Twas nothing but the Bill.'"

Thus saying, home with grief oppress'd,
He reel'd, his bed requir'd;
And by the time he was undress'd,
With sadness was *a-tir'd*.

"O Sally dear—neat-footed duck,
This night, before we part,
I'll let you see I've got the *pluck*
To give you up my *heart*.

"But, oh, as here in bed I lie,
I'm sure I'm now a dying;
So let me lie in peace, now I
Am really not a *lying*."

Sal by the candle wept to-rights,
When she beheld time's quiver;
"Oh Sally, take away your lights,"
Said Bill, "for I'm no *liver*.

"One wish dear Sal before I'm gone,
And death's cold dew anoints;
Let no one my poor carcase *bone*,
Nor yet take up my *joints*."

Bill groan'd, "Good bye," tho' loth to leave her,
With eyes then half shut up;
And when he said, "I feel death's *cleaver*,"
Poor Sal was quite *cut up*.

T. W. R.

### A Conference betwixt an Angler, a Hunter, and a Falconer; each commending his Recreation.

*Pisc.* I am right glad to hear your answers, and, in confidence you speak the truth, I shall put on a boldness to ask you, sir, whether business or pleasure caused you to be so early up, and walk so fast: for this other gentleman hath declared he is going to see a hawk, that a friend mews for him.

*Ven.* Sir, mine is a mixture of both, a little business, and more pleasure; for I intend this day to do all my business, and then bestow another day or two in hunting the otter, which a friend that I go to meet tells me is much pleasanter than any other chase whatsoever; howsoever I mean to try it; for to-morrow morning we shall meet a pack of Otter-dogs of noble Mr. *Sadler's*, upon *Amwell-hill*, who will be there so early, that they intend to prevent the sun-rising.

*Pisc.* Sir, my fortune has answered my desires, and my purpose is to bestow a day or two in helping to destroy some of those villainous vermin, for I hate them perfectly, because they love fish so well, or rather because they destroy so much; indeed, so much, that in my judgment all men that keep otter-dogs ought to have pensions from the king to encourage them to destroy the very breed of those base otters, they do so much mischief.

*Ven.* But what say you to the foxes of the nation; would you not as willingly have them destroyed? for doubtless they do as much mischief as otters do.

*Pisc.* Oh, sir, if they do, it is not so much to me and my fraternity as those base vermin the otters do.

*Auc.* Why, sir, I pray, of what fraternity are you, that you are so angry with the poor otters?

*Pisc.* I am, sir, a brother of the angle, and therefore an enemy to the otter: for you are to note that we anglers all love one another, and therefore do I hate the otter, both for my own and for their sakes who are of my brotherhood.

*Ven.* And I am a lover of hounds; I have followed many a pack of dogs many a mile, and heard many merry huntsmen make sport, and scoff at anglers.

*Auc.* And I profess myself a falconer, and have heard many grave, serious men, pity them, 'tis such a heavy, contemptible, dull recreation.

*Pisc.* You know, gentlemen, 'tis an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit, mixed with ill-nature, confidence, and malice, will do it; but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught, even in their own trap, according to that of *Lucian*, the father of the family of scoffers.

*Lucian*, well skill'd in scoffing, this hath writ,
Friend, that's your folly which you think your wit:
This you vent oft, void both of wit and fear,
Meaning another, when yourself you jeer.

If to this you add what *Solomon* says of scoffers, that they are an abomination to mankind, let him that thinks fit scoff on, and be a scoffer still; but I account them enemies to me, and to all that love virtue and angling.

And for you that have heard many grave, serious men, pity anglers—let me tell you, sir, there be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men, which we contemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion; money-getting men; men that spend all their time, first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented: for these poor-rich-men, we pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves so happy. No, no, sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositons, and, as the learned and ingenuous *Montaigne* says, like himself, freely,—"When my cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse to play, as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language (for, doubtless, cats talk and reason with one another) that we agree no better? and who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser than to play with her, and laughs, and censures my folly for making sport for her when we two play together?"

Thus freely speaks *Montaigne* concerning cats, and I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame any man, and laugh at him too, let him be never so grave, that hath not heard what anglers can say in the justification of their art and recreation; which I may again tell you is so full of pleasure, that we need not borrow their thoughts to think ourselves happy.

*Ven.* Sir, you have almost amazed me, for, though I am no scoffer, yet I have (I pray let me speak it without offence) always looked upon anglers as more patient, and more simple men, than I fear I shall find you to be.

*Pisc.* Sir, I hope you will not judge my earnestness to be impatience: and, for my simplicity, if by that you mean a harmlessness, or that simplicity which was usually found in the primitive Christians, who were, as most anglers are, quiet men, and followers of peace; men that were so simply-wise, as not to sell their consciences to buy riches, and with them vexation and a fear to die; if you mean such simple men as lived in those times when there were fewer lawyers; when men might have had a lordship safely conveyed to them in a piece of parchment no bigger than your hand, though several sheets will not do it safely in this wiser age, I say, sir, if you take us anglers to be such simple men as I have spoken of, then myself and those of my profession will be glad to be so understood: but if by simplicity you mean to express a general defect in those that profess and practise the excellent art of angling, I hope in time to disabuse you, and make the contrary appear so evidently, that if you will but have patience to hear me, I shall remove all the anticipations that discourse, or time, or prejudice have possessed you with against that laudable and ancient art; for I know it is worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

But, gentlemen, though I be able to do this I am not so unmannerly as to engross all the discourse to myself; and, therefore, you two having declared yourselves, the one to be a lover of hawks, the other of hounds, I shall be most glad to hear what you can say in the commendation of that recreation which each of you love and practise; and, having heard what you can say, I shall be glad to exercise your attention with what I can say concerning my own recreation and art of angling, and by this means we shall make the way to seem the shorter; and, if you like my motion, I would have Mr. *Falconer* to begin.

*Auc.* Your motion is consented to with all my heart, and, to testify it, I will begin as you have desired me.

And, first, for the element that I use to trade in, which is the air, an element of more worth than weight, an element that doubtless exceeds both the earth and water, for though I sometimes deal in both, yet the air is most properly mine; I and my hawks use that, and it yields us most recreation; it stops not the high soaring of my noble, generous falcon; in it she ascends to such an height, as the dull eyes of beasts and fish are not able to reach to; their bodies are too gross for such high elevations: in the air my troops of hawks soar upon high, and when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the gods; therefore I think my eagle is so justly styled Jove's servant in ordinary; and that very falcon that I am now going to see, deserves no meaner a title, for she usually in her flight endangers herself, like the son of *Dædalus*, to have her wings scorched by the sun's heat, she flies so near it, but her mettle makes her careless of danger; for she then heeds nothing, but makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and in her glorious career looks with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at; from which height I can make her to descend by a word from my mouth (which she both knows and obeys), to accept of meat from my hand, to own me for her master, to go home with me, and be willing the next day to afford me the like recreation.

And more; this element of air, which I profess to trade in, the worth of it is such, and it is of such necessity, that no creature whatsoever, not only those numerous creatures that feed on the face of the earth, but those various creatures that have their dwelling within the waters, every creature that hath life in its nostrils stands in need of my element. The waters cannot preserve the fish without air, witness the not breaking of ice in an extreme frost; the reason is, for that if the inspiring and expiring organ of any animal be stopped, it suddenly yields to nature, and dies. Thus necessary is air to the existence both of fish and beasts, nay, even to man himself; that air, or breath of life, with which God at first inspired mankind, he, if he wants it, dies presently, becomes a sad object to all that loved and beheld him, and in an instant turns to putrefaction.

Nay, more, the very birds of the air, those that be not hawks, are both so many, and so useful and pleasant to mankind, that I must not let them pass without some observations: they both feed and refresh him; feed him with their choice bodies, and refresh him with their heavenly voices. I will not undertake to mention the several kinds of fowl by which this is done; and his curious palate pleased by day, and which, with their very excrements afford him a soft lodging at night. These I will pass by, but not those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art.

At first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her; she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and, having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute, and sad to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

How do the blackbird and thrassel, with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and, in their fixed months, warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to?

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as namely, the levercock, the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say; Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth.

And this makes me the less to wonder at the many Aviaries in Italy, or at the great charge of *Varro* his Aviary, the ruins of which are yet to be seen in Rome, and is still so famous there, that it is reckoned for one of those notables which men of foreign nations either record, or lay up in their memories when they return from travel.

This for the birds of pleasure, of which very much more might be said. My next shall be of birds of political use: I think 'tis not to be doubted that swallows have been taught to carry letters between two armies. But 'tis certain that when the Turks besieged *Malta* or *Rhodes*, I now remember not which 'twas, pigeons are then related to carry and recarry letters. And Mr. *G. Sandys*, in his travels, relates it to be done betwixt *Aleppo* and *Babylon*. But if that be disbelieved, 'tis not to be doubted that the dove was sent out of the Ark by *Noah*, to give him notice of land, when to him all appeared to be sea, and the dove proved a faithful and comfortable messenger. And for the sacrifices of the law, a pair of turtle-doves, or young pigeons, were as well accepted as costly bulls and rams. And when God would feed the prophet *Elijah* (1 *Kings*, xvii.), after a kind of miraculous manner, he did it by ravens, who brought him meat morning and evening. Lastly, the Holy Ghost, when he descended visibly upon our Saviour, did it by assuming the shape of a dove. And to conclude this part of my discourse, pray remember these wonders were done by birds of the air, the element in which they and I take so much pleasure.

There is also a little contemptible winged creature, an inhabitant of my aërial element, namely, the laborious bee, of whose prudence, policy, and regular government of their own commonwealth, I might say much, as also of their several kinds, and how useful their honey and wax is, both for meat and medicines to mankind; but I will leave them to their sweet labour, without the least disturbance, believing them to be all very busy at this very time amongst the herbs and flowers that we see nature put forth this *May* morning.

And now to return to my hawks, from whom I have made too long a digression; you are to note that they are usually distinguished into two kinds; namely, the long-winged, and the short-winged hawk; of the first kind, there be chiefly in use amongst us in this nation,

The Gerfalcon and Jerkin.
The Falcon and Tassel-gentle.
The Laner and Laneret.
The Bokerel and Bokeret.
The Saker and Sacaret.
The Merlin and Jack Merlin.
The Hobby and Jack.
There is the Stiletto, of *Spain*.
The Blood-red Rook, from *Turkey*.
The Waskite, from *Virginia*.

And there is of short-winged hawks,

The Eagle and Iron.
The Goshawk and Tarcel.
The Sparhawk and Musket.
The *French* Pye, of two sorts.

These are reckoned hawks of note and worth, but we have also, of an inferior rank,

The Stanyel, the Ringtail,
The Raven, the Buzzard,
The Forked Kite, the Bald Buzzard.
The Hen-driver, and others that I forbear to name.

Gentlemen, if I should enlarge my discourse to the observation of the eires, the brancher, the ramish-hawk, the haggard, and the two sorts of lentners, and then treat of their several ayries, their mewings, rare order of casting, and the renovation of their feathers; their reclaiming, dieting, and then come to their rare stories of practice; I say, if I should enter into these, and many other observations that I could make, it would be much, very much pleasure to me: but, lest I should break the rules of civility with you, by taking up more than the proportion of time allotted to me, I will here break off, and entreat you, Mr. *Venator*, to say what you are able in the commendation of hunting, to which you are so much affected; and if time will serve, I will beg your favor for a further enlargement of some of those several heads of which I have spoken. But no more at present.

*Ven.* Well, sir, and I will now take my turn, and will first begin with a commendation of the earth, as you have done most excellently of the air; the earth being that element upon which I drive my pleasant, wholesome, hungry trade. The earth is a solid, settled element; an element most universally beneficial, both to man and beast: to men, who have their several recreations upon it, as horse-races, hunting, sweet smells, pleasant walks: the earth feeds man, and all those several beasts that both feed him and afford him recreation. What pleasure doth man take in hunting the stately stag, the generous buck, the wild-boar, the cunning otter, the crafty fox, and the fearful hare! And, if I may descend to a lower game, what pleasure is it sometimes with gins to betray the very vermin of the earth; as namely, the fichat, the fulimart, the ferret, the pole-cat, the mouldwarp, and the like creatures that live upon the face, and within the bowels of the earth! How doth the earth bring forth herbs, flowers, and fruits, both for physic and the pleasure of mankind! and above all, to me at least, the fruitful vine, of which, when I drink moderately, it clears my brain, cheers my heart, and sharpens my wit. How could *Cleopatra* have feasted *Mark Antony* with eight wild boars roasted whole at one supper, and other meat suitable, if the earth had not been a bountiful mother? But, to pass by the mighty elephant, which the earth breeds and nourisheth, and descend to the least of creatures, how doth the earth afford us a doctrinal example in the little pismire, who in the summer provides and lays up her winter provision, and teaches man to do the like! The earth feeds and carries those horses that carry us. If I would be prodigal of my time and your patience, what might not I say in commendation of the earth? that puts limits to the proud and raging sea, and by that means preserves both man and beast, that it destroys them not, as we see it daily doth those that venture upon the sea, and are there shipwrecked, drowned, and left to feed haddocks; when we that are so wise as to keep ourselves on earth, walk and talk, and live, and eat, and drink, and go a hunting; of which recreation I will say a little, and then leave Mr. *Piscator* to the commendation of angling.

Hunting is a game for princes and noble persons; it hath been highly prized in all ages; it was one of the qualifications that *Xenophon* bestowed on his *Cyrus*, that he was a hunter of wild beasts. Hunting trains up the younger nobility to the use of manly exercises in their riper age. What more manly exercise than hunting the wild boor, the stag, the buck, the fox, or the hare? How doth it preserve health, and increase strength and activity?

And for the dogs that we use, who can commend their excellency to the height which they deserve? how perfect is the hound at smelling, who never leaves nor forsakes his first scent, but follows it through so many changes and varieties of other scents, even over, and in the water, and into the earth? What music doth a pack of dogs then make to any man, whose heart and ears are so happy as to be set to the tune of such instruments? How will a right greyhound fix his eye on the best buck in a herd, single him out, and follow him, and him only, through a whole herd of rascal game, and still know, and then kill him? For my hounds, I know the language of them, and they know the language and meaning of one another, as perfectly as we know the voices of those with whom we discourse daily.

I might enlarge myself in the commendation of hunting, and of the noble hound especially, as also of the docibleness of dogs in general; and I might make many observations of land-creatures, that for composition, order, figure, and constitution, approach nearest to the completeness and understanding of man; especially of those creatures which *Moses* in the law permitted to the Jews, which have cloven hoofs and chew the cud, which I shall forbear to name, because I will not be so uncivil to Mr. *Piscator*, as not to allow him a time for the commendation of angling, which he calls an art; but, doubtless, tis an easy one; and, Mr. *Auceps*, I doubt we shall hear a watery discourse of it, but I hope 'twill not be a long one.

*Auc.* And I hope so too, though I fear it will.

*Pisc.* Gentlemen, let not prejudice prepossess you. I confess my discourse is like to prove suitable to my recreation, calm and quiet; we seldom take the name of God into our mouths, but it is either to praise him or pray to him; if others use it vainly in the midst of their recreations, so vainly as if they meant to conjure, I must tell you it is neither our fault nor our custom; we protest against it. But, pray remember, I accuse nobody; for, as I would not make a watery discourse, so I would not put too much vinegar into it; nor would I raise the reputation of my own art by the diminution or ruin of another's. And so much for the prologue to what I mean to say.

And now for the water, the element that I trade in. The water is the eldest daughter of the creation, the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move—the element which God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly; and without which, those that inhabit the land, even all creatures that have breath in their nostrils, must suddenly return to putrefaction. Moses, the great lawgiver and chief philosopher, skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, who was called the friend of God, and knew the mind of the Almighty, names this element the first in the creation; this is the element upon which theS Spirit of God did first move, and is the chief ingredient in the creation; many philosophers have made it to comprehend all the other elements, and most allow it the chiefest in the mixtion of all living creatures.

There be that profess to believe that all bodies are made of water, and may be reduced back again to water only: they endeavour to demonstrate it thus.

Take a willow, or any like speedy growing plant, newly rooted in a box or barrel full of earth, weigh them all together exactly when the trees begin to grow, and then weigh all together after the tree is increased from its first rooting, to weigh a hundred pound weight more than when it was first rooted and weighed; and you shall find this augment of the tree to be without the diminution of one drachm weight of the earth. Hence they infer this increase of wood to be from water of rain, or from dew, and not to be from any other element. And they affirm they can reduce this wood back again to water; and they affirm also the same may be done in any animal or vegetable. And this I take to be a fair testimony of the excellency of my element of water.

The water is more productive than the earth. Nay, the earth hath no fruitfulness without showers or dews; for all the herbs and flowers and fruit are produced and thrive by the water; and the very minerals are fed by streams that run under ground, whose natural course carries them to the tops of many high mountains, as we see by the several springs breaking forth on the tops of the highest hills; and this is also witnessed by the daily trial and testimony of several miners.

Nay, the increase of those creatures that are bred and fed in the water is not only more and more miraculous, but more advantageous to man, not only for the lengthening of his life, but for the preventing of sickness; for it is observed by the most learned physicians, that the casting off of Lent, and other fish days, which hath not only given the lie to so many learned, pious, wise founders of colleges, for which we should be ashamed, hath doubtless been the chief cause of those many putrid, shaking, intermitting agues, unto which this nation of ours is now more subject than those wiser countries that feed on herbs, salads, and plenty of fish; of which it is observed in story, that the greatest part of the world now do. And it may be fit to remember that Moses, *Lev.* xi. 9, *Deut.* xiv. 9, appointed fish to be the chief diet for the best commonwealth that ever yet was.

And it is observable, not only that there are fish, as namely, the Whale, three times as big as the mighty Elephant, that is so fierce in battle, but that the mightiest feasts have been of fish. The Romans, in the height of their glory, have made fish the mistress of all their entertainments; they have made music to usher in their Sturgeons, Lampreys, and Mullets, which they would purchase at rates rather to be wondered at than believed. He that shall view the writings of Macrobius, or Varro, may be confirmed and informed of this, and of the incredible value of their fish and fish ponds.

But, gentlemen, I have almost lost myself, which I confess I may easily do in this philosophical discourse; I met with most of it very lately, and I hope happily, in a conference with a most learned physician, Dr. Wharton, a dear friend, that loves both me and my art of angling. But, however, I will wade no deeper in these mysterious arguments, but pass to such observations as I can manage with more pleasure, and less fear of running into error. But I must not yet forsake the waters, by whose help we have so many known advantages.

And first to pass by the miraculous cures of our known baths, how advantageous is the sea for our daily traffic, without which we could not now subsist! How does it not only furnish us with food and physic for the bodies, but with such observations for the mind as ingenious persons would not want!

How ignorant had we been of the beauty of Florence, of the monuments, urns, and rarities that yet remain in and near unto old and new Rome, so many as it is said will take up a year's time to view, and afford to each of them but a convenient consideration! And therefore it is not to be wondered at, that so learned and devout a father as St. Jerome, after his wish to have seen *Christ in the flesh*, and to have heard *St. Paul preach*, makes his third wish to *have seen Rome in her glory;* and that glory is not yet all lost, for what pleasure is it to see the monuments of Livy, the choicest of the historians; of Tully, the best of orators; and to see the bay trees that now grow out of the very tomb of Virgil! These, to any that love learning, must be pleasing. But what pleasure is it to a devout Christian to see there the humble house in which St. Paul was content to dwell, and to view the many rich statues that are there made in honor of his memory! nay, to see the very place in which St. Peter and he lie buried together! These are in and near to Rome. And how much more doth it please the pious curiosity of a Christian, to see that place on which the blessed Saviour of the world was pleased to humble himself, and to take our nature upon him, and to converse with men; to see Mount Sion, Jerusalem, and the very Sepulchre of our Lord Jesus! How may it beget and heighten the zeal of a christian, to see the devotions that are daily paid to him at that place! Gentlemen, lest I forget myself, I will stop here, and remember you, that but for my element of water, the inhabitants of this poor island must remain ignorant that such things ever were, or that any of them have yet a being.

Gentlemen, I might both enlarge and lose myself in such like arguments; I might tell you that Almighty God is said to have spoken to a fish, but never to a beast; that he hath made a whale a ship, to carry and set his prophet Jonah safe on the appointed shore. Of these I might speak, but I must in manners break off, for I see *Theobald's House*. I cry you mercy for being so long, and thank you for your patience.

*Auc.* Sir, my pardon is easily granted you: I except against nothing that you have said: nevertheless, I must part with you at this park-wall, for which I am very sorry; but I assure you, Mr. *Piscator*, I now part with you full of good thoughts, not only of yourself, but your recreation. And so, Gentlemen, God keep you both.

*Pisc.* Well, now, Mr. *Venator*, you shall neither want time, nor my attention to hear you enlarge your discourse concerning hunting.

*Ven.* Not I, Sir; I remember you said that angling itself was of great antiquity, and a perfect art, and an art not easily attained to; and you have so won upon me in your former discourse, that I am very desirous to hear what you can say further concerning those particulars.

*Pisc.* Sir, I did say so: and I doubt not but if you and I did converse together but a few hours, to leave you possessed with the same high and happy thoughts that now possess me of it; not only of the antiquity of angling, but that it deserves commendations; and that it is an art, and an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

*Ven.* Pray, Sir, speak of them what you think fit, for we have yet five miles to the Thatch'd House; during which walk, I dare promise you my patience and diligent attention shall not be wanting. And if you shall make that to appear which you have undertaken, first, that it is an art, and an art worth the learning, I shall beg that I may attend you a day or two a fishing, and that I may become your scholar, and be instructed in the art itself which you so much magnify.

*Pisc.* O, Sir, doubt not but that angling is an art. Is it not an art to deceive a trout with an artificial fly? a trout! that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled Merlin is bold; and yet I doubt not to catch a brace or two to-morrow, for a friend's breakfast; doubt not, therefore, Sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning. The question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it; for angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so: I mean with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice; but he that hopes to be a good angler, must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself.

*Ven.* Sir, I am now become so full of expectation, that I long much to have you proceed, and in the order that you propose.—*More anon.*

### The Worn-out Boxer.

Air, "Erin go bragh."

There came to the tap a disciple of *milling*,
And threadbare and patch'd were the garments he wore;
He said, with an oath, he had spent his last shilling,
And that days of fair fighting, alas! were no more.
But a gin cask attracted his eyes' sad devotion,
And he asked for a dram of his favorite potion;
Bnt the landlord, refusing to second his motion,
Requested him first to pay off his old score.

Ah! he exclaimed, in the days of my glory,
Ere the clouds of mishap had obscur'd my bright star;
You told me at all times a different story,
'Twas "welcome, my cock, to the best in the bar."
Then I sported new *togs*, and I sported a *ticker*;
But the storms cf distress gathered thicker and thicker;
And now, when I beg for a mouthful of liquor,
You refuse, like a niggardly *cove*, as you are.

Few of my pals of past days now will know me,
They eye me askance, with a cold-hearted shrug,
And seeing me down on my luck they cry "blow me,
We never again wish to look at his mug."
Shame be your portion for conduct so hateful,
Fair weather fellows, both base and ungrateful!
Of *grub* may you soon know the want of a plate full,
And the lean arms of Poverty give you a *hug*.

### How to Catch, Cook, and Eat a Lion.

Wonders will never cease! On approaching pretty near to the marsh, we discovered, to our infinite delight, a considerable quantity of rain water, among the rushes, and were on the point of dismounting, to partake of it, when suddenly a large Puma, or South American lion, sprung from a rushy lair where he had been couched, and instantly fled across the plain. This somewhat startling appearance dispersed our thirst, or the sense of it, for the moment, and we all turned our horses in pursuit of the fugitive. I have elsewhere described the extraordinary skill of the Gauchos with their lazo. On this occasion I had to witness a new instance of it in the Cordovese scout, who, presently coming up with the lion, cast his lazo over its head in an instant, and brought it to the ground, almost choked by the running noose. On recovering himself a little the lion seemed disposed to turn on his assailants and defend himself; but, before he could rise, the lazo of the capataz was dexterously cast round his hinder legs, and, the holder of it riding on, the lion was stretched on the plain, by the tightened cords, without the power of moving! With the rapidity of lightning the Cordovese now dismounted, and the blood of the animal was the next instant gushing from beneath his knife. After satisfying our thirst, by returning to the marshy pool, the carcase of the lion was dragged to the carts, where the skin was taken off, and the flesh cut into small pieces, roasted, and eaten within an hour of our first sight of the living animal. The flesh, which I tasted, was very white, and resembling veal, but of a fishy flavour; but certainly it was much preferable to that of a newly-slain buck, which was roasted at the same time. The flesh of the lion is esteemed a great delicacy by the Gauchos, and consequently a feast on one is looked upon as a treat of no ordinary kind. The next day we arrived at Melinquecito, where a lioness with two cubs was taken—the mother was killed and eaten, and the two cubs were put into one of the carts, with the intention of conveying them alive to Buenos Ayres; but for want of proper food they soon died.

### Singular Affection displayed by a Greyhound.

Some time since, Mr. Smith's men, of Rose Cottage, near Ashbourne, turned up a rabbit's nest with the plough, containing four young ones. Being too young to stand the least chance of surviving, in their exposed situation, they took them home as a treat for a greyhound bitch that was suckling a litter of six puppies. To their surprise, instead of greedily devouring the rabbits, as they expected, she carried them tenderly and carefully in her mouth to her nest, and seemed to consider them a most welcome addition to her family, bestowing upon them the same fondling caresses, and offering them a share of the same support which nature had furnished for her own offspring. This the poor rabbits did not refuse, and there appeared to be no doubt of their doing well. Unfortunately, however, they were doomed to suffer death from their young companions, though not exactly in the manner that greyhounds generally kill rabbits. One after another got overlaid by its rude and robust foster-brother and sister, and the poor mother, with evident reluctance and regret, saw them carried away, and did not part them, even when dead, without remonstrating against it as much as she durst.

### Account of a Mermaid.

There appears in a late number of the *Edinburgh Magazine* a curious communication on this subject, from Mr. Lawrence Edmonstone, surgeon, Zetland. He says, that an animal answering to the following description, so far as the account of the six fishermen who captured it can be depended on, was actually in their possession for three hours, but unluckily, from some superstitious dread of injuring it, they returned it to its native element, and thus prevented the scientific identifications of an animal which appears to have very nearly resembled what has been generally regarded as a merely fabulous creation. Length of the animal, three feet; body without scales or hair; silver grey above, whitish below like the human skin; no gills were observed, no fins on the back or belly; tail like that of a dog-fish; body very thick over the breast; by the eye the girth might be between two and three feet; the neck short, very distinct from the head and shoulders; the body rather depressed; the anterior extremities very like the human hand, about the length of a seal's paw, webbed to about an inch of the ends of the fingers; mammæ as large as those of a woman; mouth and lips very distinct, and resembling the human.

### French Sporting Duke in England.

The late duke de Berri, who was devoted to field sports, and an excellent shot, while upon a visit to a distinguished commoner in England, was accompanied to the field by his own *maitre de chasse*, and an old grey-headed game-keeper of his host's. The latter had resided many years upon the estate, and could scarcely repress his dissatisfaction at the number of victims to the Duke's skill. Repeatedly in the course of the day, upon springing a pheasant, the *maitre de chasse*, as is usual with the French, would call out *Poule!* (hen) and the Duke, as a fair sportsman, of course restrained his fire. On the return of the party, the worthy host inquired of "Old John" what kind of shot his illustrious visitor was; to which the following reply was grumbled out: "By the Lord he never misses, and, if he had *pulled* half as often as *t'other* Monsieur wanted him to do, your honor would have hardly had a bird next year."

### Appearance of the late Queen of France, (Marie Antoinette) at a Boar Hunt.

"It was in the forest of St. Germain en Laye, that I first saw Marie Antoinette d'Autriche. This splendid sovereign was indeed an Imperial model of female beauty: rich and royal were her charms, despotic and commanding her lovely form and imposing figure. If a man had but one drop of chivalrous blood in his veins, it would swell in his heart and mantle at the sight of this great and unfortunate woman. She at once struck, captivated, and interested you. Her stately demeanour was all the queen—her soft large blue eye was all the woman. Respect was inspired by the former, zealous devotion was enkindled by the latter, with a kind of a feeling as if a man wished to have peril to brave for such a princess, and arduous enterprise to undertake for the reward of her smile.

"If Agamemnon ever deserved the title of *Anax Andron* (the King of Men), or Ney merited the *nom de guerre* of *un brave parmi les braves*, Marie Antoinette of Austria was entitled to the epithet of the Queen of Women, and *une belle parmi les belles*.

"My reader must pardon me for this long digression from the subject of sporting; a true sportsman is always a man of gallantry: and he who boldly risks his neck at a desperate fence, or a blind leap, will be very likely to brave every danger for the Lady of his Love, and to stick at nothing in following the Blind God's chase in pursuit of beauty. To such a one his flame may fairly address the words of the Italian Bard, '*Deh! non seguir damna fugace*,' *etc.*

'Follow a nobler chase, and spare the deer,
Hunted by cruelty, run down by fear:
I am thy captive, Sylvio, follow me—
Already ta'en and bound by love to thee.'

"But to the Boar-hunt.—The field was numerous and brilliant. The hounds and whole turn-out belonged to the present Charles the Tenth, Ex-King of France, then second brother to Louis the Sixteenth. It was what was called *l'equipage de Monseigneur le Comte d'Artois*—carriages, horses, *et cetera*. By the way, there were then in France a number of what was termed *voitures de chasse*, hunting carriages, very fancifully constructed, resembling our caravans, and having sometimes a stag's head and fore quarters in front; over which a coachman, all gold or silver lace, and his hair highly dressed, used to take his seat, driving either four-in-hand, the horses all too far from their work, the leaders with very long traces, seldom tight (for these dressy coachmen did not know how to keep *the tits up to their traces*), or with four horses, the leaders having a postilion with cocked hat and jack boots. Sometimes also the *voitures de chasse* had three horses abreast; and once I saw one with four, which was very like the engravings of the Roman cars. The nobility mostly went to covert in close carriages, the horses being led, as those of the Royal Hunt of Louis the Sixteenth were, each led-horse being covered with a rich cloth, corresponding with the livery of the owner, and with the family arms, or cipher and coronet, at each corner. The Comte d'Artois's was dark-green with splendid gold lace; the livery being that colour and crimson, laced richly with gold. It had a fine effect in the field, although an unsporting appearance, being more military-looking than any thing else. The Prince of Conde's trappings were buff and crimson velvet, with silk embroidery of the latter colour, in portraiture of the Knights in leathern doublets with the crimson favors.

"The Queen of France wore the uniform of the Hunt, with a profusion of gold lace, and as great a profusion of fine white ostrich feathers in her riding-hat. She was in one of these *voitures de chasse*, drawn by eight fine English bay horses, driven by a giant of a charioteer of most uncoachman-like appearance—a desperate driver, but a bad whip. The animals went at a furious rate, and her Most Christian Majesty had much the appearance of a Sovereign of ancient times, making a triumphal entry into some conquered state."

### Excellence of Yankee Rifle Shooting.

It appears, in the *United States Gazette*, that Major G. W. Collamer, of Barre, on the 14th of August, 1828, shot an apple from the bare head of Mr. H. Ingram, at the distance of twenty-seven yards, with a rifle. Mr. Collamer then took his turn, and Ingram, at the distance, shot an apple from his head. It was done in the presence of a number of respectable gentlemen, who, after fruitless attempts to stop the parties, had the satisfaction to see them come off in safety. The apples were so handsomely cut by the ball, that the juice and pomace remained in considerable quantities on the hair of their heads.

# PIERCE EGAN'S

# BOOK OF SPORTS.

No. X.] [*Price Three Pence.*

## THE COCKPIT.

No sooner were the doubtful people set,
The match made up, and all that would had *bet*,
But strait the skilful judges of the play
Brought forth their sharp-heel'd warriors, and they
Were both in linen bags, as if 'twere meet
Before they died to have their *winding* sheet!
Into the Pit they're brought, and being there
Upon the stage, the Norfolk Chanticleer
Looks stoutly at his ne'er before seen foe,
And like a *challenger* began to crow!

### THE ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY OF COCKING.

THIS is so evidently of Grecian original, that the inhabitants of Delos and Tanagra were lovers of this sport at a very early period, when several cities of Greece were eminent for their magnanimous breed of chickens. It was adopted by the Romans about 471 years before the christian era; or, according to some authors, immediately after the Peloponnesian war. They had likewise a breed of hens at Alexandria in Egypt, which produced the best fighting cocks; but though it is certain that these fowls, at first, fought full feathered, it was not long before feeders were made use of, as in the modern mode. But, at Athens, COCK-FIGHTING was partly a *political*, and partly a *religious* institution, and was there continued for the purpose of improving the valour of their youth, and by degrees became a common pastime, as well as in all other parts of Greece.

On the other hand, the Romans paired quails, as well as cocks; and, according to Herodian, the first quarrel between Bassianus and Geta arose about the fighting of their quails and cocks; notwithstanding this, the Romans did not match the latter till the commencement of the decline of the empire.

It is not positively known when the pitched battle was first introduced into England; we have no notice of cock-fighting earlier than the reign of Henry II. William Fitz-Stephen describes it then as the sport of school boys on Shrove Tuesday: the theatre was the school; and the school-master, it seems, was the comptroller and director of the sport. The practice was prohibited in the 39th of Edward III.; but became general under Henry VIII., who was personally attached to it, and established the cock-pit at Whitehall, to bring it more into credit. James the First was so remarkably fond of it, that, according to Monsieur de la Bodenie, who was the ambassador from Henry IV. to this king, he constantly amused himself with it twice a week. Under Elizabeth, it was not less in vogue; and the learned Roger Ascham then favored the world with a treatise on the subject. There was then a pit in Drury and Gray's Inn lanes, and another in Jewin-street; but the practice was a second time prohibited by an act under the Protectorship in 1654.

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That Cocking———

Such were the words of the late Lord Byron; therefore, the inference to be drawn from them perhaps is, that the *fancy* of his lordship was not attached to Cock Fighting; but, nevertheless, as the saying is, Lord Byron (it was well known to his most intimate friends) was "fond of seeing every thing that was to be met with in life." His lordship, it is presumed, did not wish to plead *ignorance* upon any subject as a man of the world; neither that such a feature had escaped his notice as a person of observation. This, in some degree, may account for his lordship's "dropping in," as Paul Pry would observe, into a cockpit — rather to be a '*looker-on*,' as a matter of curiosity, than to partake of it as a diversion. However, be that as it may, we are well assured that sports of all kinds are mere matters of taste, and "one man's meat is another man's poison." The subject of Cock-fighting has been too long before the public to require any defence of it from our hands, we shall, therefore, merely use his lordship's words as the best answer we can give to those persons who are inclined to be a little too *fastidious* respecting the above sport:

Some talk of an appeal unto some passion;
Some to men's feelings, others to their reason;
The last of these was never much the fashion,
For Reason thinks all *reasoning* out of season.

A Cockpit, like a race course, in a sporting point of view, is free for every person; and selection of company is entirely out of the question. The noble lord, and the *needy* commoner, are both at home, after they have paid their *tip* for admission; and persons who enter the pit to sport a *crown*, bet a *sovereign*, or to put down their pounds, are too much interested upon the *Main*, to consider who they may chance to '*rub against*' for the time being. Etiquette has nothing to do with a Cockpit; and a master of the ceremonies would have a troublesome time of it—to keep any thing like order; yet, nevertheless, persons of the first rank in society are to be met with in a cockpit. During the intervals, which occur between the battles, the M. P. may be seen conversing with his friend respecting the success of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords on the preceding evening; and, on the other side of the pit, the *commoner* may be viewed equally as happy, amusing his pals with a bit of a flash chant just to fill up the leisure time:

A saucy rolling blade am I,
I keep a *donkee* Dick;
Through London streets my wares I cry,
Up *peck* and *booze* to pick.

In Black-boy alley I've a *ken*,
A *tyke* and *fighting cock;*
A saucy, tip-slang, moon-eyed, hen,
Who oft' *mills doll* at block.

I'm known by all the deep ones well,
About Salt-petre Bank,
And always ready, *prigs* can tell,
To *gig* a Smithfield *hank*.

I'll race my Jack, or bait a bull,
Or fight my *doodle-doo;*
I'll flash a *quid* with any cull;
And *fly* a *pigeon-blue.*

I'll back my *ginger* to make a hit,
My fine—my true Game Cock:
The *Swells* can't *do* me in the pit;
I'm *down* to ev'ry *lock!*

I'm up to all your knowing *rigs*,
Ye biddies queer and flash;
I'm company for *scamps* and *prigs*,
Sometimes for men of cash.

My moll oft' tips the knowing *dive*
When *sea-crabs* gang the stroll;
Unless she did how could we thrive,
And in warm *flannel* roll?

Cocking, at the present period, is kept up with great spirit at Newcastle, and the recent meeting of Cockers at the above place, in point of extent, exceeds every thing of the kind ever known in this country. Upwards of 200 cocks were fought, and the fighting generally good, particularly the cocks at Baglin Hill, and Lockey, who all won great majorities. A remarkable circumstance occurred on the Saturday before fighting. A match was made for 20 sovs. between Parker and Reed, feeders, and won by the latter, after a hard contest. Parker's cock, however, came round so much soon after, that his party made a second match, to come off on the following Monday, for a like sum, which was again won by Reed, after a severe battle—a circumstance perhaps altogether unknown in the annals of cocking. It is also calculated that at the termination of the races, which will finish the COCKING for the present season, upwards of 1000 cocks will have met with their deaths. Newcastle may, therefore, challenge all the world for COCKING.

We need not be told that many persons view *Cockfighting* as a most cruel sport, and would feel highly disgusted with such an exhibition; while, on the contrary, thousands of characters are interested on a battle between two game cocks, beyond the power of description—lose hundreds of pounds upon a Main without a murmur, and prefer the amusement of a cockpit to the Opera, theatre, ball-room, or any other amusement that can be mentioned :—

What is it that impels mankind
To *stretch* the procreative mind,
By this, or that thing, joy to find?
MY FANCY!

In the *Racing Calendar* for the year, it will be perceived, that COCKING generally accompanies the diversion of the Course; and also accounts of the Mains of cocks fought at Cheltenham, Chester, Gloucester, Norwich, Newcastle, Lancaster, Preston, Stamford, &c., and that amongst its patrons will be found the venerable Earl of Derby, Sir William Wynne, Ralph Benson, Esq., — Bellyse, Esq., and numerous other gentlemen cockers in different parts of the kingdom. In the Metropolis and environs there are several cockpits, but the head quarters of the sport is the pit in Horse Ferry Road, Westminster. The cocking, in London, generally commences soon after Shrove tide.

We shall now give a description of a London cockpit and its frequenters, with some *touches* at character by an amateur :—

"I was sitting, some evenings ago, in my room, at the first coming of the twilight, which in our Albany rooms is fond of paying early visits—my head was indolently hung back upon the red morocco top of my easy chair, and my hands were hung like two dangling bell ropes over each arm of my seat—and in this position I was ruminating on many things of little moment. I had thus leaned back in my chair, and resigned myself to the most luxurious idleness,—a kind of reading made easy,—when a knuckle, knocking at my door, intimated the arrival of some impatient visitor—and before I could muster voice enough to give Tate Wilkinson's direction of "Come in!" the tooth of my door-lock was wrenched, and Tom Owen, with a newspaper in his hand, dashed in—and at once stood astounded, with his white hat elevated on his forehead,—admiring my amazing stupor.

"Why Edward! Edward Herbert! Asleep, by all that's sublime! There he sits, deaf to time! Edward, I say! Come bolt up from the morocco! I have news for your two *no-thoroughfare* ears, which ought to make you as lively as an eel with half his waistcoat off! Here," said he, smacking a creased and dingy newspaper, with an air of vehement exultation—"here is that which will be life itself to *you!*" I closed my book-mind quietly, or doubled it up, as Tom would say, and raising myself with difficulty into an erect posture—rubbed my eyes, uncrossed my tingling legs (which were just beginning to wake out of a nap,) and begged, through the archway of a yawn, to know what this very sprightly piece of news consisted of. Tom pulled, or rather tossed off his hat, nodded to me a nod more eloquent than speech, and tipping an acute wink out of the left corner of his little impudent grey eye—proceeded at once to read aloud from the first column of the newspaper. He pronounced one word with an emphasis the most pointed—COCKING!—and then paused to let loose wink the second, which, if possible, was more charged with mystery than the former,—"*cocking*!—there Edward!" continued he—"there! cocking—at the Royal Cockpit, Tufton-street, Westminster!—there;" and then he went strictly through a formal advertisement,—touching—"200 the main,"—and "byes," and "feeders"—and "gentlemen of Norwich," and "a deal of skimble-skamble stuff," which for the life of me I could not then retain, and therefore cannot now repeat.

"When Tom had finished his formal information, he very readily and clearly, at my request, divested the announcement of its technicalities, and explained to me, that on such a day, being the morrow, a grand main of cocks was to be fought at the Royal Cockpit, at which, for 5s. the head (certainly not the heart), a man might be present. It required little of my volatile friend's rhetoric to induce me to promise my attendance, as I had never been present at any thing of the kind, higher than a full-feathered blustering skirmish of a couple of huge-combed, red-ruffled, long-tailed dunghills, amid a wilderness of poultry, in a farm-yard. I had seen no clean fighting—no beautiful sparring in silver—no blood-match! as Tom earnestly describes it. I was the more induced to accede to his request of accompanying him, from learning that he could introduce me to Mr. D——, one of the principal breeders of game cocks—a gentleman of the most winning manners—and one who could and would describe to me the characters present, and procure for me the sight of the coops and pens, where the birds were fed and kept previously to the day of battle.

"I begged Tom Owen would by some means get me a sight of any book upon cocking, as I was extremely desirous of going to the scene of war with as much ready-made knowledge as I could, in the short time allowed me, acquire. He said, he himself had a tidy little work upon the subject, which would let me into the whole art of breeding, trimming, matching, and betting,—but that he would apply to his friend Mr. D——, who would inform him if there were any more erudite and desirable books on the sport. I gladly availed myself of Tom's pamphlet, and to my pleasure (certainly not to my surprise) he pulled it from his coat-pocket, and laid it down quietly on my table. We arranged all things for our meeting the next day—and it was settled that he should call upon me, and that I should be ready for him by half past one o'clock.

"I moralised in a lack-a-daisical manner, for about half an hour, upon the vices and backslidings of this life, and then betook myself to "The Directions for Breeding Game Cocks, with Calculations for Betting," and passed the evening in cultivating an acquaintance with "moulting"—"clutches of eggs,"—"stags,"—"long-law,"—"fighting in silver," and the like :—and long before the clock of St. James's church had timed eleven to the drowsy hackney-coachmen and watchmen of Piccadilly, I was fit to sit "at the mat," and risk my "guinea on Nash."

I think I cannot do better than treat you, Russell, in the same manner that I treated myself—and I shall, therefore, pick my way daintily through the book which Tom lent me (a neat little olive-coloured pamphlet, and writ in a friendly *Waltonish* tone), and thus prepare you, in some measure, for the cockpit itself, to which, by your favor, I mean to introduce you.

And first, as to the choice of a bird. Observe, Russell, how many points must be attended to :—

As to the exterior qualifications, his head should be thin and long, or if short, very taper; with a large full eye, his beak crooked and stout, his neck thick and long (for a cock with a long neck has a great advantage in his battle, particularly if his antagonist is one of those kind of cocks that will fight at no other place but the head); his body short and compact, with a round breast (as a sharp breasted cock carries a great deal of useless weight about him, and never has a fine forehand); his thighs firm and thick, and placed well up to the shoulder (for when a cock's thighs hang dangling behind him, be assured he never can maintain a long battle); his legs long and thick, and if they correspond with the colour of his beak, I think it a perfection; and his feet should be broad and thin, with very long claws.

With regard to his carriage, he should be upright, but not stiffly so; his walk should be stately, with his wings in some measure extended, and not plod along as I have seen some cocks do, with their wings upon their backs like geese.

As to the colour he is of, I think it immaterial, for there are good cocks of all colours; but he should be thin of feathers, short and very hard, which is another proof of his being healthy: as, on the contrary, if he has many, soft and long, it favors much of his having a bad constitution.

Remember, that a cock with all this stoutness of beak, length, and thickness of leg, rotundity of breast, "fine forehand," firmness of neck, and extent of wing, ought to weigh no more than 4lb. 8 or 10oz. If he happens to have an ounce or two more in his composition, he is out of the pale of *uncivil* society, and is excluded by all match makers "from fighting within the articles." A bird, to be a bird "fit for the white bag, the trimmed wing, the mat, and the silver spur,"—must be "high upon leg, light fleshed, and large boned; but still no more than 4lb. 8 or 10oz. Do not forget this."

The art is to teach in classes, and to reconcile as many at a time as is practicable, to their growing duties. It is surely pleasant to be safely instructed how to bring up a chicken in the way it should go. The amateur writes—

"I have heard many persons declare, who could have had no experience in breeding fowls, that they did not think it necessary that a hen should be confined while her chickens were young, and had just sense enough to say, that nature never designed it; but let me tell those naturalists (naturals I may call them), if a hen should lay a clutch of eggs secretly in January, as it is not uncommon for young hens to lay in that month and sit upon them, consequently, if there are any chickens hatched, it must be in February, when if she is not taken in doors, but left to range where she pleases, I am confident that the cold northerly winds and wet weather, which are usual at that season of the year, will destroy every one of them."

The little playfulness in the parenthesis, which is like the flirt of the cock's wing, gratifies me much. The shrewdness at the end of the next direction is, however, of a higher order—it is the cut of the spur. It is curious to observe how man's wit is fashioned and coloured by the subject of which it treats. The very style is cock-like! It is indeed well con*cock*ted!

"Be sure also that they do not drink any soap suds, or get to any filthy place, for if they do, it engenders distempers in them which very often turn to that fatal one the roup, a disease for which I have heard many remedies, but never found any so effectual as breaking their necks."

Now, to prevent their fighting from being ended with such disagreeable consequences, after they have begun, divide them into as many parties as you can find separate apartments, leaving the strongest upon the ground, and when these have fully established their authority over each other (which you make them do in the course of two days, by holding which you find the weakest in your hand, and buffeting him with your handkerchief while the other strikes him, and, if this won't do, confine him without victuals for a few hours, until he is cold, when, being stiff and sore, and the other fresh, after a blow or two he will not attack him again), you may put down the strongest from one of the parties that are shut up, who, by being kept short of food, will submit directly to run under all those that are down; and, when they are so far reconciled as to permit him to run amongst them, put down the strongest from another party, which will submit in the same manner, and, by pursuing this method, in the course of a few days you will be able to get them all down. When once settled, they will go very peaceably together, except by accident one of them should get disfigured, which, if such a thing should happen, and they do not seem to be perfectly reconciled, send him to another walk for fear of a general quarrel.

The author is very particular in recommending you cautiously to try your stags (which are young cocks " and such small deer!")—

" Now permit me to recommend you to transact the business relative to trying your stags, without mentioning it even to the person that feeds them."

One more quotation, and I lay aside the book. It is an anecdote, Russell,—or such the author calls it. He is reasoning, " beak and heel," against relying upon cocks in a second battle, however courageous and victorious they may have proved themselves in their first fight. He says, a bird is almost sure to receive some hurt, which neither time, training, nor feeding can make him forget, when he comes " to be touched" a second time. A slight hurry (or hurt) is often remembered.

I recollect a circumstance (says this circumstantial artist) of this kind happening to a neighbouring gentleman, who, having entered into an agreement to fight a week's play, at a very short notice, and not being able to get a sufficient number of cocks he could depend upon, had the temerity to weigh in some of his own stags, of about ten or eleven months old, and it so happened that one of them had to fight against the cock the other party depended most upon winning; but after a doubtful and bloody contest for near half an hour, contrary to the opinion of every one present, the stag came off victorious, which so elated his master, that he sent him to one of his best walks to run till the next season; but what was very extraordinary, he moulted from a dark red to a very light ginger pile. This strange metamorphose we were totally at a loss to account for, when we were informed by a person who spoke pertinently upon the subject, that it was owing to his having been so severely handled in his battle; that he had seen two or three instances of the same kind; and at the same time advised my friend never to fight him again, for it was almost reduced to a certainty that he would be beat if he happened to fall in weight with a good cock. But this piece of advice my friend did not attend to, having him weighed in the very next match he made, and in which he was killed, making hardly any defence, although as well to fight with regard to the feeding part, as it was possible for a cock to be.

In fighting a match the author recommends a carefulness in the choice of a feeder (the person who is to give the bird his last training, food, and care), and of a setter-to (the second, in fact, of the cock in battle).—There are good and bad feeders—and good and bad setters-to. " I have seen," says the writer, " many of the latter, who do not know when a cock wants rest, and when he should be made to fight."*

So much for the little learned tract which Tom put into my hands! The moment he left me I turned to my book-shelves, and, among several old and curious volumes, I fortunately dropped upon The Court and City Gamester, a rare little store-house of knowledge for those who would become masters in the arts of whist, racing, tick-tack, ombre, archery, brag, bankafalet, put, and cocking. The style " eats short," as old ladies say of Threadneedle-street biscuits; and, to show you how differently the same subject may be treated by different writers, I shall copy out this ancient artist's picture of a game-cock, " as he ought to be,—not as he is!" You will at once detect the hand of a gentleman, a cocker, and a scholar in the work.

His head ought to be small, with a quick, large eye, and a strong back, and (as master Markham observes) must be crockt and big at the setting on, and in colour suitable to the plume of his feathers, whether black, yellow, or reddish, &c. The beam of his leg must be very strong, and, according to his plume, blue, grey, or yellow; his spurs rough, long, and sharp, a little bending, and looking inward.

His colour ought to be either grey, yellow, or red, with a black breast; not but that there are many other coloured piles very excellent good, which you must find out by practice and observation; but the three former, by the experience of most, are found ever the best; the pyed pile may serve indifferently, but the white and dun are rarely found good for any thing.

Note, that if your cock's neck be invested with a scarlet complexion, it is a sign he is strong, lusty, and courageous; but, on the contrary, if pale and wan, it denotes the cock to be faint, and in health defective.

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* There are betting-tables, and calculations of odds annexed to this little pamphlet, which put the Tutor's Assistant quite out of countenance. The subject, and the ability that marks the execution, lead me to think that *Cocker* had some hand in them.

You may know his courage by his proud, upright standing, and stately tread in walking; and, if he croweth very frequently in the pen, it is a courageous demonstration.

His narrow heel, or sharpness of heel, is known no otherways than by observation in fighting, and that is when upon every rising he so hits that he extracts blood from his opponent, gilding his spurs continually, and every blow threatening immediate death to his adversary.

The whole essay is admirable; but I shut the book of science, contenting myself and you with extracting only the following

### EXCELLENT AND ELEGANT COPY OF VERSES UPON TWO COCKS FIGHTING, BY DR. R. WILD.*

No sooner were the doubtful people set,
The match made up, and all that would had bet;
But strait the skilful judges of the play
Brought forth their sharp-heel'd warriors, and they
Were both in linen bags, as if 'twere meet
Before they died, to have their winding-sheet.
Into the pit they're brought, and, being there
Upon the stage, the Norfolk Chanticleer
Looks stoutly at his ne'er before seen foe,
And like a challenger began to crow,
And clap his wings, as if he would display
His warlike colours, which were black and grey.
Meantime the wary Wisbich walks and breathes
His active body, and in fury wreathes
His comely crest, and, often looking down,
He whets his angry beak upon the ground.
This done they meet, not like that coward breed
Of Æsop; these can better fight than feed;
They scorn the dunghill, 'tis their only prize
To dig for pearls within each other's eyes.
They fought so nimbly, that 'twas hard to know,
To th' skilful, whether they did fight, or no;
If that the blood which dy'd the fatal floor,
Had not bore witness of't. Yet fought they more;
As if each wound were but a spur to prick
Their fury forward. Lightning's not more quick,
Or red, than were their eyes: 'Twas hard to know
Whether 'twas blood or anger made them so.
I'm sure they had been out, had they not stood,
More safe, by being fenced in with blood.
Thus they vy'd blows; but yet (alas!) at length,
Altho' their courage were full try'd, their strength
And blood began to ebb. You that have seen
A watry combat on the sea, between
Two angry, roaring, boiling billows, how
They march, and meet, and dash their curled brow;
Swelling like graves, as tho' they did intend
T'intomb each other e'er the quarrel end;
But when the wind is down, and blust'ring weather,
They are made friends, and sweetly run together;
May think these champions such; their blood grows low,
And they, which leap'd before, now scarce can go;
Their wings, which lately, at each blow they clapp'd,
(As if they did applaud themselves) now flapp'd.
And having lost th' advantage of the heel,
Drunk with each other's blood, they only reel:
From either eyes such drops of blood did fall,
As if they wept them for their funeral.
And yet they fain would fight; they came so near,
Methought they meant into each other's ear
To whisper wounds; and when they could not rise,
They lay and look'd blows int' each other's eyes.
But now the tragick part! After this fit,
When Norfolk cock had got the best of it,
And Wisbich lay a dying, so that none,
Tho' sober, but might venture sev'n to one;
Contracting, like a dying taper, all
His strength, intending with the blow to fall,
He struggles up, and having taken wind,
Ventures a blow, and strikes the other blind,
And now poor Norfolk, having lost his eyes,
Fights only guided by antipathies:
With him (alas!) the proverb holds not true,
The blows his eyes ne'er saw, his heart must rue.
At length, by chance, he stumbled on his foe,
Not having any pow'r to strike a blow.
He falls upon him with his wounded head,
And makes his conqu'ror's wings his feather-bed.

Tom Owen called punctually on the day, and at the appointed hour, dressed up dutifully for the sport, and well fitted to rival a horse-dealer or a groom—yet with a loose-hung gentility about him, that just left it a matter of doubt whether you ought to ask him into your drawing-room or your stable. We took our way across the park with hasty, eager feet, and were with very little difficulty soon conducted to the door of a dull, old-fashioned building in Tufton-street, Westminster, around which were sauntering a sprinkle of old gentlemen, old hackney-masters, old sportsmen, old leathern-breeches, old top-boots, old canes, old nondescripts: all that was strange, and vitiated, and extravagant in age seemed collected about this spot; and I could not but remark how few I saw of the young, the rakish, and the depraved, present at a sport which was cruel enough for excitement, and uncertain enough for the purposes of gambling. One or two solitaries of a youthful appearance dangled about as half in shame and half in curiosity; but I detected none of the enthusiastic bustle, none of the wildness, spirit, and pleasure which light up "young bloods" at other of the ancient and rude sports of this country. One very respectable and aged gentleman on crutches struggled his way on the unmolested pavement to the door, as though the fires of his youth would not go out, and accident or disease could not warn him to subside into the proprieties of his years. The doors were at length opened, and we paid our entrance money, and received the check for admission. This check was cast in pewter, and had the figure of a fighting-cock embossed upon it. But we entered the pit!

The cock-pit is a large, lofty, and circular building, with seats rising, as in an amphitheatre.* In the middle of it is a round matted stage, of about eighteen or twenty feet diameter, as nearly as my eye can measure it, and rimmed with an edge eight or ten inches in height, to keep the cocks from falling over in their combats. There is a chalk ring in the centre of the matted stage, of perhaps a yard diameter, and another chalk mark within it, much smaller, which is intended for the setting-to, when the shattered birds are so enfeebled as to have no power of making hostile advances towards each other. This inner mark admits of their being placed beak to beak. A large and rude branched candlestick is suspended low down, immediately over the mat, which is used at the night battles.

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* Dr. Robert Wild, the author of the above poem, claims by our extract to be better known and remembered. He was a non-conformist *divine* and poet; and was born in 1609. In 1648 he was appointed rector of Aynho, in Northamptonshire, and was looked upon as a wit of his time. It is told of him that he and another preached probationary sermons for the living, and that on his being asked whether he had obtained it, he replied—"We have divided it; I have got the AY, and he the NO." Wood speaks of him as a "Fat, jolly, and boon Presbyterian." Some of his poems were printed with the poems of Rochester, (no very creditable distinction), and (apparently as an atonement) a few of his sermons survived him. He appears by his poem to have been a resolute cocker and a tolerable poet.

* The Royal Cock-pit in St. James's Park has been taken down, and never again to be rebuilt. The Governors and Trustees of Christ's Hospital, to whom the ground belongs, met on the spot, the very day the lease expired; and gave directions for the immediate erasement of the building.

When we entered there were very few persons in the pit; for, as the gentlemen of the match were not seated, the principal followers of the sport were beguiling the time at a public-house opposite the cockpit. A tall, shambling, ill-dressed fellow was damping the mat with a mop, which he constantly dipped in a pail of water, and sparingly, and most carefully sprinkled around him. This was to make it soft for the birds, and to prevent their slipping. We took our seats at the foot of a flight of stairs, that went up into one of the coops—judging that that would be the best spot for seeing as much as was to be seen. There are two "tiring rooms"—of course for the separate sides.—One room, or more properly, coop, is up the flight of stairs I have mentioned; the other is beneath it, and has its entrance without the pit. At this time my friend Tom's friend, Mr. D——, arrived, and I was introduced to him at once. He was a young man (I was almost sorry for this, because it untied a theory of mine, respecting the sport being a propensity of age only, owing, as I had settled it, to its being easy of enjoyment, a sedentary amusement, not troublesome to the beholders, cruel enough to stir the blood, and open to money-stakes like a game at cards: played in fact at a table, and under shelter. However, my theory is foolish). Mr. D——, as I said, was young, he was also lusty, fresh-coloured, cheerful;—open as day in his manners and in his conversation;—and free from that slang slyness which generally characterises the sporting man. Tom told him that I was anxious to see and know all I could; and he immediately opened to me the curiosities of the place, with a lively liberty, and a power of description, which I wish in my heart I could have caught from him. Seeing that he was thus so pleasantly minded, I began boldly at the beginning, and begged to know something of the rules and regulations of cocking. He turned-to at them, in high feather, on the instant.

The birds, Russell (I am saying after him), are weighed and matched—and then marked and numbered. The descriptions are carefully set down in order that the cock may not be changed; and the lightest cocks fight first in order. The key of the pens, in which the cocks are set and numbered, is left on the weighing-table on the day of weighing; or the opposite party may, if he pleases, put a lock on the door. The utmost possible care, in short, is taken that the matched birds shall fight, and no substitutes intruded.

Mr. D——, next gave me a very particular description of the modes of setting-to—of terminating difficult battles—of betting—and of parting the entangled birds; but as I really could not very clearly follow his rapid and spirited explanation, and as I am about to relate to you a battle as I myself saw it, I will not detain you here with my imperfect detail of his very perfect description.

But before the birds are pitted, Mr. D——'s account of a few of the characters must not be omitted. I cannot at all give you them in *colours*, as my new friend dashed them off: but I will follow him in a respectful *Indian-ink*, and at a distance; and you must make the most you can of what I am able to afford you.

"There was a tall, sallow-faced, powdered man standing below us. He took snuff industriously, wore very yellow leathern breeches,—very brown aged top-boots,—and a black coat of the *same* colour. He was sixty years of age if he was a month—and I never saw a dull man so enlivened as he was with this his *betting hour*, and the approaching warfare. He had a word for every one near him, and a restlessness which would not allow him to wait for answers. I found that he was a hackney-coach proprietor, and that cockfighting was his only amusement. He thought playing at cards a waste of time,—a disgraceful kind of gambling,—and he could not endure the barbarities of a man-fight, which he called "seeing two human creatures knock each other to pieces for other people's sport." Cockfighting was the only game! He was steady in his business, when no cockfight was on the carpet, and idle and tacit in a public-house parlour at nights. But in the pit he was at home. Sovereigns were golden dust, which blew about in the breath of his opinion; and he rose into perfect life only in the presence of 'a Shropshire Red,' or 'a Ginger Pile!'

"Nearly opposite to this person was a very orderly, quiet, respectably dressed man, with a formal, low-crowned, broad brimmed hat,—a black suit of clothes,—and a dark silk umbrella. He was trying to look demure and unmoved; but I was told that he was a clergyman, and that he would be "quite up in the stirrups" when the cocks were brought in. He forced himself to be at ease; but I saw his small, hungry, hazel eyes quite in a fever,—and his hot, thin, vein-embossed hand, rubbing the unconscious nob of his umbrella in a way to awaken it from the dead:—and yet all the time he was affecting the uninterested incurious man! The *cloth* was half in his mind! He would fain still be a clergyman—but he had 'no *spur* to prick the sides of his intent!'

"Another person,—very small,—very dapper,—powdered like a gentleman of the old school,—with glossy grey silk stockings, high ancled shoes and buckles,—perked up against the pit,—affecting nothing,—caring for no one,—but living, revelling in the ancient sport. He bowed smartly around him, looked about with a couple of nimble bird-like eyes,—crowned one or two offered bets,—and sent the little white tip of his extremely thin pig-tail from shoulder to shoulder, with an alacrity which showed that he was 'a hearty old cock' still; and had neither of his little silken legs in the grave!

"The lame old gentleman was seated close to the mat, and sat pillowed in fatness on a truss of straw, which one of the feeders had procured for him, to make his position less painful. He closed a bet quietly, with the end of his crutch touching the ferule of the umbrella of a tall, gaunt, white-faced man in bright blne (a tailor as I learned); and thus forcibly reminded me of the conjunction of the two horse-whip bets, in Hogarth's admirable picture of the Cockpit in *his* day:—except that this extended crutch gave to me a more poignant moral—a more sorrowful and acute truth!

"In one part of the place I saw shabby old men, apparently wanting a meal, yet showing by their presence that they had mustered 5s. for an hour's sport here. In another spot I beheld blunt, sly, coarse Yorkshiremen, with brownish-red cheeks, short uneven features, thick bristly whiskers, and cold moist bleak-blue eyes—looking as though they were constantly out upon prey.

"I was continuing my enquiries into the characters around me, when a young man of very slang, slight, but prepossessing appearance, passed me, dressed in tight kerseymeres, with a handkerchief round his knee, neat white cotton stockings, small shoes, a blue check waiter-looking jacket, short about the waist, and a gay 'kerchief knowingly tied on his neck. He was really a clean handsome faced young fellow, with thin but acute and regular features, small light whiskers, and with his hair closely cut, and neatly and 'cutely combed down upon his forehead. He had scarcely passed me before I felt something rustle and chuckle by my elbow; and turning round, saw a stout plump old ostler-looking man carry a white bag past me, which by the struggle and vehement motion inside, I guessed to be one of the brave birds for the battle. The two men stepped upon the mat, and the hubbub was huge and instantaneous. 'Two to one on Nash!' 'A guinea on Nash!' 'Nash a crown!' only sounds like these were heard (for the bets are laid on the setters-to), till the noise aroused a low *muscular*-brooding chuckle in the bag, which seemed to show that the inmate was rousing into anger even at the voice of man!

From the opposite door a similar procession entered. The setter-to (Fleming by name) was dressed much in the same manner, but he appeared less attractive than young Nash (the name of the young man I have just mentioned.) He certainly was not so smart a fellow, but there was an honesty and a neatness in his manner and look, which pleased me much. The chuckle of the cock in the one bag was answered deeply and savagely from the other—and the straw seemed spurned in the narrow cell, as though the spirit that struck it would not be contained.

"Nash's bag was carefully untied, and Nash himself took out one of the handsomest birds I think I ever beheld. I must have leave to try *my* hand at a description of a game cock!

"He was a red and black bird—slim, masculine, trimmed—yet with feathers glossy, as though the sun shone only upon his nervous wings. His neck arose out of the bag, snakelike,—terrible—as if it would stretch upward to the ceiling; his body followed, compact, strong, and beautiful, and his long dark-blue sinewy legs came forth, clean,—handsome,—shapely, determined,—iron-like! The silver spur was on each heel, of an inch and a half in length—tied on in the most delicate and neat manner. His large vigorous beak showed aquiline,—eagle-like; and his black dilating eyes took in all around him, and shone so intensely brilliant, that they looked like jewels. Their light was that of thoughtful, sedate, and savage courage! His comb was cut close—his neck trimmed—his wings clipped, pointed, and strong. The feathers on his back were of the very glossiest red, and appeared to be the only ones which were left untouched; for the tail was docked triangularwise like a hunter's. The gallant bird clucked defiance—and looked as if he 'had in him something dangerous!' Nash gave him to Fleming, who held him up above his head—examined his beak—his wings—his legs—while a person read to him the description of the bird from paper—and upon finding all correct, he delivered the rich feathered warrior back to Nash, and proceeded to produce his own bird for a similar examination

"But I must speak of the senior Nash,—the old man,—the feeder. When again may I have an opportunity of describing him? and what ought a paper upon 'cocking' to be accounted worth,—if it fail to contain some sketch, however slight, of old Nash? He wore a smock-frock, and was clumsily though potently built; his shoulders being ample, and of a rotundity resembling a wool-pack. His legs were not equal to his bulk. He was unconversational almost to a fault—and never made any the slightest remark that did not appertain to cocks and cocking. His narrow, damp, colourless eye, twinkled a cold satisfaction when a bird of promise made good work on the mat; and sometimes, though seldom, he was elevated into the proffer of a moderate bet—but generally he leaned over the rails of a small gallery, running parallel with his coop, and, stooping attentively toward the pit, watched the progress of the battle. I made a remark to Tom and Mr. D——, that I thought him extremely like a cock. Tom was intent upon Fleming, and could not hear me; but Mr. D. was delighted at the observation, which seemed to him one of some aptitude. Old Nash's beaked nose drawn close down over his mouth,—his red forehead and gills,—his round body,—and blue thin legs; and his silver-grey, scanty, feathery hair lying like a plumage over his head—all proved him cock-like! This man, thought I, has been cooped up in pens, or penned up in coops, until he has become shaped, coloured, mannered like the bird he has been feeding. I should scarcely have been surprised, if Mr. D. had told me that old Nash crowed when the light first dawned over the ancient houses of Tufton-street, in a summer morning! I warrant me he pecked bread and milk to some tune; and perchance slept upon a perch!

"But Fleming lifted his bird from the bag, and my whole mind was directed his way. This was a yellow bodied black winged, handsome cock,—seemingly rather slight, but elastic and muscular. He was restless at the sight of his antagonist, but quite silent—and old Nash examined him most carefully by the paper, delivering him up to Fleming upon finding him answer to his description. The setters-to then smoothed their birds, handled them—wetted their fingers and moistened their bandaged ankles where the spurs were fastened—held them up opposite to each other—and thus pampered their courage, and prepared them for the combat.

"The mat was cleared of all persons except Fleming and young Nash. The betting went on vociferously. The setters-to taunted each the birds with other's presence—allowed them to strike at each other at a distance—put them on the mat, facing each other—encouraged and fed their crowning and mantling until they were nearly dangerous to hold—and then loosed them against each other, for the fatal fight.

"The first terrific dart into attitude was indeed strikingly grand and beautiful—and the wary sparring, watching, dodging, for the first cut, was extremely curious. They were beak-point to beak-point,—until they dashed up in one tremendous flirt—mingling their powerful rustling wings and nervous heels in one furious confused mass. The leap,—the fire,—the passion of strength, the *certaminis gaudia*,—were fierce and loud! The parting was another kind of thing every way. I can compare the sound of the first flight to nothing less than that of a wet umbrella forced suddenly open. The separation was deathlike. The yellow or rather the *ginger* bird staggered out of the close—drooping—dismantled—bleeding! He was *struck!*—Fleming and Nash severally took their birds, examined them for a moment, and then set them again opposite to each other. The handling of the cocks was as delicate as if they had been made of foam, froth, or any other most perishable matter. Fleming's bird staggered towards his opponent, but he was hit dreadfully—and ran like a drunken man, tottering on his breast, sinking back on his tail!—while Nash's, full of fire and irritated courage, gave the finishing stroke that clove every particle of life in twain. The brave bird, thus killed, dropped at once from the 'gallant bearing and proud mien,' to the relaxed, draggled, motionless object that lay in bleeding ruin on the mat. I sighed and looked thoughtful—when the tumult of the betters startled me into a consciousness of the scene at which I was present, and made me feel how poorly timed was thought amid the characters around me.

"The victor cock was carried by me in all his pride—slightly scarred,—but evidently made doubly fierce and muscular by the short encounter he had been engaged in. He seemed to have grown to double the size! His eyes were larger.

"The paying backward and forward of money, won and lost, occupied the time until the two Nashes again descended with another cock.

"Sometimes the first blow was fatal—at another time the contest was long and doubtful, and the cocks showed all the obstinate courage, weariness, distress, and breathlessness, which mark the struggles of experienced pugilists. I saw the beak open, the tongue palpitate—the wing drag on the mat. I noticed the legs tremble, and the body topple over upon the breast,—the eye grow dim,—and even a perspiration break out upon the feathers of the back. When a battle lasted long, and the cocks lay helpless near or upon each other,—one of the feeders counted ten, and then the birds were separated and set-to at the chalk. If the beaten bird does not fight while forty is counted, and the other pecks or shows signs of battle, the former is declared conquered.

"Such is cockfighting. Tom proposed showing me the coops; and I instantly accepted his proposal, and followed him up the stairs.

"A covering was hung before each pen; so that I *heard*, rather than saw, the cocks. But it was feeding time; and I beheld innumerable rocky beaks and sparkling eyes at work in the troughs—and the stroke of the beak in taking up the barley was like the knock of a manly knuckle on a table. Old Nash was mixing bread and milk for his feathered family. But I have done!"

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At Lima (in South America) the diversion of COCK-FIGHTING is followed with great avidity; where it was not under any regulation till 1762, the duties of society were not only neglected by many individuals, but there were continual disputes among the amateurs. At length the little square of St. Catherine, near the walls of the city, was fixed upon for this amusement only. It is observed that the brook running here, and the gardens which almost surround this spot, the goodness of air, &c., render the situation most delightful. The building in which the sport is carried on forms a kind of amphitheatre; the seats naturally ascend, leaving nine open spaces between them for the spectators, who stand. On the outside of the amphitheatre is a very commodious stair-case, which leads to the upper galleries, twenty-nine in number, not including that of the judge, which is distinguished by its decorations and its magnitude. Here this amusement is permitted not only two days in the week, but on Saint's days and on Sundays; the seats in the corridors are let at different prices, but the spectators who stand in the nine open spaces between the area and the galleries are admitted gratis. Notwithstanding the crowd is often immense, no disorders occur, as the judge who decrees the prizes to the winners has always a guard with him to enforce his authority.

Dice, and that little pugnacious animal the COCK, are the chief instruments employed by the numerous nations of the East to relax their minds and afford amusement, to which the Chinese, who are desperate gamesters, add the use of cards. When all other property is played away, the Asiatic gambler scruples not to stake his wife or his child on the cast of a die, or the courage and strength of a *martial bird;* if still unsuccessful, the last venture he stakes is himself!

In the island of Ceylon, COCK-FIGHTING is carried to a great height. The Sumatrans are fond of the use of dice. A strong spirit of play characterizes a Malayan. To discharge their gambling debts, the Siamese sell their possessions, their wives, and at length themselves.

The following *flash* (but rather *coarse*) CHANT amongst the COCKERS, was, some years since, in great request at Wednesbury, vulgarly called

### WEDGEBURY COCKING.

At Wednesbury there was a cocking,
A match between Newton and Skrogging;
The colliers and nailers left work,
And all to Spittles' went jogging
To see this noble sport.
Many noted men there resorted,
And though they'd but little money,
Yet that they freely sported.
Raddle tum rum tum ra,
Fol de rol la lal la,
Raddle tum rum tum ra,
Fol de rol la lal la.

There was Jeff'ry and Boburn from Hampton,
And Dusty, from Bilstone, was there,
Frumity he came from Darlaston,
He was as rude as a bear:
And there was old Will from Walsal,
And Smacker from West Bromwish came;
Blind Dobbin he came from Rowley,
And staggering he went home.
Raddle tum, &c.

Ruff Mory came limping along,
As though he'd some cripple been mocking,
To join the blackguard throng
That met at Wednesbury cocking;
He borrow'd a trifle of Doll,
To back old Tavener's grey,
He laid fourpence half-penny to fourpence
Lost, and went broken away.
Raddle tum, &c.

But soon he returned to the pit,
For he borrow'd a trifle more money,
And ventur'd another bet
Along with blubber-mouth Coney;
When Coney demanded the money,
As was usual upon such occasions,
He cried, "B—st you, if you don't hold your rattle,
I'll pay thee as Paul paid the Ephesians."
Raddle tum, &c.

Skrogging's breeches were made of nankeen,
And worn very thin in the groin;
In stooping to handle his cock,
His linen hung out behind.
Besides, his shirt-tail was be—
Which 'casioned a great laughter;
Skrogging turn'd himself round in a pet,
And cried, "B—st you what's the matter?"
Raddle tum, &c.

The morning's sport being over,
Old Spittle a dinner proclaimed,
That each man should dine for a groat,
If he grumbled he ought to be damn'd;
For there was plenty of beef,
But Spittle he swore by his troth,
The devil a man should dine,
Till he'd eaten his noggin of broth.
Raddle tum, &c.

The beef it was old and tough,
Of a bull that was baited to death;
Bunny Hide got a lump in his throat,
That had like to have stopped his breath:
The company fell in confusion
To see poor Bunny Hide choke;
They took him into the kitchen,
And held his head over the smoke,
Raddle tum, &c.

They held him so close to the fire
That he frizzled just like a beef-steak,
Then threw him down on the floor,
And had like to have broken his neck;
One gave him a kick on the stomach,
Another a thump on the brow;
His wife cried, "Throw him in the stable,
And he'll be better just now."
Raddle tum, &c.

Then soon they returned to the pit,
And the fighting went on again;
Six battles were won on each side,
The next was to decide the main;
For these were two famous cocks
As ever that country bred,
Skrogging's a duck-wing black,
And Newton's a s—— wing red.
Raddle tum, &c.

The conflict was hard on each side,
Till brassy wing blacky was chok'd,
The colliers were nationly vex'd,
And the nailers were all provok'd;
Peter Stephens he swore a great oath,
That Skrogging had play'd his cock foul,
Skrogging gave him a kick in the * * *,
And cried, "Yea, G—d damn thy soul."
Raddle tum, &c.

The company rose in disorder,
A bloody fight ensued,
Kick, * * * *, and bite, was the word,
Till the Walsal men subdued;
Ruff Mory bit off a man's nose,
It's a wonder no one was slain,
They trampled both cocks to death,
And so they made a draw main,
Raddle tum, &c.

The cock-pit was near to the church,
An ornament to the town,
On one side an old coal-pit,
The other was well goss'd round:
Peter Hadley peep'd through the goss,
In order to see them fight;
Spittle jobb'd his eye out with a fork,
And cried, 'B—st thee, it served thee right."
Raddle tum, &c.

Some people may think this is strange,
Who Wednesbury never knew,
But those who have ever been there
Won't have the least doubt but it's true;
For they are all savage by nature,
And guilty of deeds the most shocking,
Jack Baker whacked his own father,
And so ended Wednesbury cocking.
Raddle tum, &c.

### THE FOX-CHASE OF THE SEA.

The Sport of Sports (observes *Captain* HALL, in his "*Fragments of Voyages and Travels*," a most amusing and interesting work, recently published,) is furnished by JACK'S hereditary enemy, the SHARK.

"The lunarian, busy taking distances, crams his sextant hastily into his case; the computer, working out his longitude, shoves his books on one side; the marine officer abandons his eternal flute; the doctor starts from his nap; the purser resigns the complete book; and every man and boy, however engaged, rushes on deck to see the villain die. Even the monkey, if there be one on board, takes a vehement interest in the whole progress of this wild scene. I remember once observing Jacko running backwards and forwards along the afterpart of the poop hammock-netting, grinning, screaming, and chattering at such a rate, that, as it was nearly calm, he was heard all over the decks. 'What's the matter with you, master Mona,' said the quarter-master (for the animal came from Teneriffe, and preserved his Spanish cognomen). Jacko replied not, but merely stretched his head over the railing, stared with his eyes almost bursting from his head, and by the intensity of his grin bared his teeth and gums nearly from ear to ear. 'Messenger, run to the cook for a piece of pork,' cries the captain, taking command with as much glee as if it had been an enemy's cruiser he was about to engage. 'Where's your hook, quarter-master?' 'Here, sir, here! cries the fellow, feeling the point, and declaring it as sharp as any lady's needle; and in the next instant piercing with it a huge junk of rusty pork, weighing four or five pounds—for nothing, scarcely, is too large or too high in flavour for the stomach of a shark; the hook, which is as thick as one's little finger, has a curvature about as large as that of a man's hand when half closed, and is from six to eight inches in length, with a formidable barb; this fierce-looking grappling-iron is furnished with three or four feet of chain, a precaution which is absolutely necessary; for a voracious shark will sometimes gabble the bait so deep into his stomach, that, but for the chain, he would snap through the rope by which the hook is held, as easily as if he were nipping the head off an asparagus.

"A shark, like a midshipman, is generally very hungry; but, in the rare cases when he is not in good appetite he sails slowly up to the bait, smells to it, and gives it a poke with his shovel-nose, turning it over and over. He then edges off to the right or left, as if he apprehended mischief, but soon returns again to enjoy the delicious haut-gout, as the sailors term the flavour of the damaged pork, of which a piece is always selected, if it can be found. While this coquetry, or shyness, is exhibited by Jack Shark, the whole afterpart of the ship is so clustered with heads, that not an inch of spare room is to be had for love or money; the rigging, the mizen top, and even the gaff, out to the very peak; the hammock-nettings, and the quarters, almost down to the counter, are stuck over with breathless spectators, speaking in whispers, if they venture to speak at all, or can find leisure for any thing but fixing their gaze on the monster, who as yet is free to roam the ocean, but who, they trust, will soon be in their power. I have seen this go on for an hour together, after which the shark has made up his mind to have nothing to say to us, and either swerved away to windward, if there be any breeze at all, or dived so deep that his place could be detected only by a faint touch or flash of white, many fathoms down. The loss of a Spanish galloon, in chase, I am persuaded, could hardly cause more bitter regret, or call forth more intemperate expressions of anger and impatience. On the other hand, I suppose the first symptom of an enemy's flag, coming down in the fight, was never hailed with greater joy than is felt by a ship's crew on the shark turning round to seize the bait. A greedy whisper of delight passes from mouth to mouth; every eye is lighted up, and such as have not bronzed their cheeks, by too long exposure to sun and wind, may be seen to alter their hue from pale to red, and back to pale again, like the tints of the dying dolphin.

"When a bait is towed astern of a ship that has any motion through the water at all, it is necessarily brought to the surface, or nearly so. This of course obliges the shark to bite at it from below; and, as his mouth is placed under his chin, not over it, like that of a christian, he must turn nearly on his back before he can seize the floating piece of meat in which the hook is concealed. Even if he does not turn completely round, he is forced to slue himself, as it is called, so far as to show some portion of his white belly. The instant the white skin flashes on the sight of the expectant crew, a subdued cry, or murmur of satisfaction, is heard amongst the crowd, but no one speaks, for fear of alarming the shark.

"Sometimes, at the very instant the bait is cast over the stern, the shark flies at it with such eagerness, that he actually springs partly out of the water: this, however, is rare. On these occasions he gorges the bait, the hook, and a foot or two of the chain, without any mastication or delay, and darts off with his treacherous prize with such prodigious velocity and force, that it makes the rope crack again, as soon as the whole coil is drawn out. In general, however, he goes more leisurely to work, and seems rather to suck in the bait than to bite at it. Much dexterity is required in the hand which holds the line at this moment; for a bungler is apt to be too precipitate, and to jerk away the hook before it has got far enough down the shark's maw. Our greedy friend, indeed, is never disposed to relinquish what may once have passed his formidable batteries of teeth; but the hook, by a premature tug of the line, may fix itself in a part of the jaw so weak, that it gives way in the violent struggle which always follows. The secret of the sport is to let the voracious monster gulp down the huge mess of pork, and then to give the rope a violent pull, by which the barbed point, quitting the edge of the bait, buries itself in the coats of the victim's throat, or stomach. As the shark is not a personage to submit patiently to such treatment, it will not be well for any one whose foot happens to be accidentally on the coil of the rope, for, when the hook is first fixed, it spins out like the log-line of a ship going twelve knots.

"The suddenness of the jerk with which the poor devil is brought up when he has reached the length of his tether, often turns him quite over on the surface of the water. Then commence the loud cheers, taunts, and other sounds of rage and triumph, so long suppressed. A steady pull is insufficient to carry away the line, but it sometimes happens that the violent struggle of the shark, when too speedily drawn up, snaps either the rope or the hook, and so he gets off to digest the remainder as he best can. It is accordingly held the best practice to play him a little, with his mouth at the surface, till he becomes somewhat exhausted. During this operation one could almost fancy the enraged animal is conscious of the abuse which is flung down upon him; for, as he turns, and twists, and flings himself about, his eye glares upwards with a ferocity of purpose which makes the blood tingle in a swimmer's veins, as he thinks of the hour when it may be his turn to writhe under the tender mercies of his sworn foe. No sailor, therefore, ought ever to think of hauling a shark on board merely by the rope fastened to the hook; for, however impotent his struggles may generally be in the water, they are rarely unattended with risk when the rogue is drawn half way up. To prevent the line breaking, or the hook snapping, or the jaw being torn away, the device of a running bow-line knot is always adopted: this noose being slipped down the rope, and passed over the monster's head, is made to join at the point of junction of the tail with the body. When this is once fixed the first act of the piece is held to be complete, and the vanquished enemy is afterwards easily drawn over the top-rail, and flung on the deck, to the unspeakable delight of all hands. But although the shark is out of his element, he has by no means lost his power of doing mischief; and I would advise no one to come within range of the tail, or trust his toes too near the animal's mouth. The blow of a tolerably large sized shark's tail might break a man's leg, and I have seen a three-inch hide tilter-rope bitten more than half through, full ten minutes after the wretch had been dragged about the quarter-deck, and had made all his victims keep at the most respectful distance. I remember hearing the late Dr. Wollaston, with his wonted ingenuity, suggest a method for measuring the strength of a shark's bite. If a smooth plate of lead, he thought, were thrust into the fish's mouth, the depth which his teeth should pierce the lead would furnish a sort of scale of the force exerted.

"I need scarcely mention that when a shark is floundering about, the quarter-deck becomes a scene of pretty considerable confusion, and if there be blood on the occasion, as there generally is from all this rough usage, the stains are not to be got rid of without a week's scrubbing, and many a growl from the captain of the after-guard. For this time, however, all such considerations are superseded; that is to say, if the commander himself takes an interest in the sport,—and he must be rather a spooney skipper that does not: if he be indifferent about the fate of the shark, it is speedily dragged forward to the forecastle, amidst the kicks, thumps, and execration of the conquerors, who very soon terminate his miserable career by stabbing him with their knives, boarding-pikes, and tomahawks, like so many wild Indians.

The first operation is always to deprive him of his tail, which is seldom an easy matter, it not being at all safe to come too near him, but some dexterous hand, familiar with the use of the broad axe, watches for a quiet moment, and at a single blow severs it from the body. He is then closed with by another, who leaps across the prostrate foe, and with an adroit cut rips him open from snout to tail, and the tragedy is over, so far as the struggles and sufferings of the principal actor are concerned. There always follows, however, the most lively curiosity on the part of the sailors, to learn what the shark has got stowed away in his inside, but they are often disappointed, for the stomach is generally empty. I remember one famous exception, indeed, when a very large fellow was caught on board the Alceste in Angree roads, at Java, when we were proceeding to China with the embassy, under lord Amherst. A number of ducks and hens, which had died in the night, were, as usual, thrown overboard in the morning, besides several baskets, and many other minor things, such as bundles of shavings, and bits of cord-age, all which things were found in this huge sea-monster's inside. But what excited most surprise and admiration was the hide of a buffalo, killed on board that day, for the ship's company's dinner. The old sailor who had cut open the shark stood with a foot on each side, and drew out the articles, one by one, from the huge cavern into which they had been indiscriminately drawn. When the operator came at last to the buffalo's-skin, he held it up before him like a curtain, and exclaimed, 'There, my lads, d'ye see that? he has swallowed a buffalo, but he could not *dis-gest* the hide."

## THE GREAT BLACK FIGHT BETWEEN MANUEL VICTORINE AND LALLA SOORTEE.

A little "*bit of* LIFE," it should seem, is the order of the day in *Bombay*, amongst the folks who are far distant from their "dear native home;" and, like at every other place when the NOBS can enjoy it upon the *sly*, they do not mind *masquerading* it for a short time to please "their *Fancy*." The Editor of the Sporting Magazine, published at the Courier Press, appears from the description of "the Row," as he terms it, to have most fully entered into spirit of the '*Black Mill*.' He thus observes:—"Yesterday morning several hundred coppered-coloured amateurs of sporting celebrity, who uphold by their patronage the nascent interests of native pugilism, proceeded to settle the long chaffed of fight between the above named coveys, Manuel being a Bawurchee, from Bandora, near that pig-prolific place, Mahim; and Lalla, a milling Mussaulchee, of the Mogul Seroy, Surat, for a bottle of rack and a belly full.

"The quarrel which gave rise to this meeting is somewhat singular, and deserves previous mention; it originated in Lalla having, upon a certain afternoon, furtively and feloniously introduced his long bony fingers into a dish of curry, just removed from master's table, with the somewhat proper intention of extracting all, or parts, of its savoury contents, for the benefit, comfort, and consolation of his own personal gastric regions; and which said savoury contents, time out of mind (that is, since he was able to handle a handee in the kitchen, or chase a chicken to death in the compound), had ever been considered by Manuel (agreeably to the usages of his ancestors) as his legitimate property, and had by him been always accordingly appropriated to his own private and peculiar refreshment. This atrocious intrusion did not escape the lynx-eyed vigilance of the injured person, who having what is commonly called an obliquity of vision, had (whilst his straight-forward optic watched the projection of the pudding) kept his Lesbian squinter dancing in zig-zags all over the kitchen.

'The cook-boy's eye, in a rum *phrensy* rolling,
Glances from pot to pan, from pan to pot,
And. as the steamy odours issuing forth
Denote their rich contents, the cook-boy's ladle
Tumbles them forth, and gives to hungry subs
A devilish prime blow-out and d—— d good feed!'

Manuel, thus wary and vigilant, although busied in the mysterious duties of his avocation, heard, with surprise, the lean and hungry Cassius-looking Lalla, as he stealthily stole into the cook-room; he watched him with wonder, ogling the curry-dish; he beheld him with horror lift the lid, and with uncontrollable indignation he saw him thrust his Day-and-Martin fist slap-dash in the saffron-coloured contents, which, with the skill and rapidity of an accomplished purloiner, he was conveying to the upper end of his middle garment, when, dashing the custard full into the pilferer's face, the enraged Bawurchee brandished his iron ladle, and, with one well-directed blow, he laid Mussaulchee flat!

"No sooner had he thus floored him, than he applied his foot, with scientific force and dexterity, to that tender part of poor Lalla's person, which I should blush to mention, but which George Colman, in his usual felicitous way, wittily, yet delicately, denominates '*The head's Antipodes*.' Thus both ends of the intruder's carcase experienced their share of punishment; the upper story from the ladle thump, and the blistering effects of the scalding custard, and the fundamental department from the rat-a-tat application of the cook's unmitigated kicks. The prostrate pilferer darted from the scene of his disgrace, well daubed with the yellow fruits of his crime, blent with the hot creamy curds of the custard, and sprinkled with the blood which the blow on his head and the kicks on the opposite sphere had produced from his nasal promontory.

"The butler listened to the Mussaulchee's story, who, having the very material advantage of a first hearing, was, of course, believed and absolved from all blame; while the cook, though he produced the remains of both curry and custard, in corroboration of the correctness of his statement, was pronounced to be a liar, and reported as such and *more* to his master, who, of course, on the Bootrel's verdict, ordered him into the house, and licked him on the spot. This second-hand sort of justice, from the hands of the Sahib, did not satisfy the gnawings of revenge which the Mussaulchee felt in his bosom, and the beating which the cook had so unjustly received made him also impatient to return the same with interest on the skin and bones of the violator of his rights. Both being so ready and so willing, a meeting was arranged by their mutual friends, and it was agreed (at the suggestion of some incipient pugilists) that they should box it out, *Englis fassun*, and that day fortnight was fixed for the fight.

"THE PREPARATIONS.—The day dawned as days usually dawn in the Deccan; first a faint greyish light glimmered in the east, then off went the morning gun, and on to parade marched the military, and out for their constitutionals toddled the civil and the sick; a tint of crimson flushed the horizon, and up rose the golden sun; then back to their barracks bundled the red-jackets, and home to their cribs cantered the blacks. The intelligence of a fight with fists having been widely spread, and the office having been given for Bosregaum, a half ruined village about seven miles from Poona, the roads leading to it by the Sungum, Kirkee, or Bhopekail, were crowded with all the native lads of the Fancy in camp, from the peculating Parsee rumbling in his cow-cart, or rattling on his broken-kneed and broken-winded prad, to the pariar outcast, who, for the love of fun and the novelty of a fight, had for once forsaken the necessary duties of his brush and basket, and left his matutinal stores, like unseen flowers, 'to waste their sweetness in the desert air.' In one continuous line, like a procession of black ants, were seen the senor partizans of the cook; the first circle sort dandily done up in true Monmouth-street toggery, with faded green coats, sky-blue waistcoats, and yellow-ochre tights, their *tout ensemble* something Europeanized by the frilled shirts of their masters borrowed from the Dhobee, and their dog's ears bound up to their cheek bones by dingy silk fogles. Most of these kiddies might have quoted the facetious Hood, and said,

> 'I have a hat which is not all a hat,
> Part of the brim is gone.'

The riff-raff coves of this party were principally countrymen also, joined by others of 'Master's caste,' coatless, hatless, shoeless, shirtless, almost breechless rogues, who kept up the courage and spirits of their champion by shouting well-known rhymes of reproach to the sons of Surat. The Mussaulchee was escorted by the cadgers, costermongers, prime slavey swells, and nothing-to-do lootchas of every sect in Camp, Hindoo, Purwarree, Mussulmaun, Dhare, high caste, low caste, and no caste, all with noise, uproars, shouts, threats, oaths, and abuse; all in dust and confusion, toddled on all agog for the fray, all ripe for fun and all brimful of rack, and mowrah, and opium, and 'that veed of all veeds, boys, the backee.'

"APPEARANCE OF THE MEN.—At half-past seven Manuel, attired in a sky-blue (something tarnished) coat, garnished with brass buttons, with the flaps warming his hips, and the skirts dallying with his heels, in a red waistcoat that looked like an infantry shell, and nankeen fie-for-shames that reached to his calves, entered the centre of the gentlemanly crowd, attended by his two intimate friends, Antone and Gabriel; the latter as little resembled his Angel namesake as the former did his patron saint. On *shelling*, Manuel appeared in good condition; a squinting, swarthy, long-backed covey, with a straight leg and a bandy one, a half woolly head of hair, deep set dark eyes, a Blackfriars-bridge kind of konk, and a particularly pendulous nether lip. Lalla arrived and peeled at the same time, and never was there seen so splendid a specimen of anatomy; he was a fac-simile of the 'Living Skeleton;' indeed, so little flesh or muscle did he exhibit, that his *bones rattled* as he walked. He was pewter-blind of his dexter ogle; and his sinister one was as protrusive as a lobster's; between those lay his sneezer, a three-cornered looking feature, like the button of a privy-door; his nostrils extending equal to the corners of his lips, which were both skinny and scruffy.

"THE FIGHT.—Round 1. Both men were over lushy, and, consequently, not over leary. Manuel's fists were elevated over his head at arms' length, as though he would pound his adversary into powder. Lalla's right mauley was doubled up to his right ear, whilst his left, stiff and straight, pointed smack at his opponent's naval depôt. In these attitudes they stood for some seconds, and bespattered each other's relatives with dreadful abuse, till, roused by an indelicate allusion to his mother, the cook let fall his fists whack on the Mussaulchee's cannister, and down he went. Shouts of 'Sha-bash for the Bawurchee!'

"2. Lalla, without waiting for useless sparring, rushed in, striking right and left, and missing all, and dashing his head into the pit of Manuel's granary, who instantly favored Mussaulchee with the whole of its curious contents, and fell.

"Lalla stood up quite fresh, and Manuel faint and puking; the former again made his rush, but the other, though weakly, was wary, and, seizing him by the right ear with one hand, continued to shove the thumb of the other into the only ogle in Lalla's unfortunate phiz, who, in great agony, fastened his teeth in Manuel's ear, and brought him down.

"4. Lalla came to the scratch bellowing and blind, Manuel still catting and crafty; but before Lalla's sight would enable him to see the blow, the cook's foot fell dab on his ivories, which rattled like the loose keys of a harpsichord. 'He's loze all his tooths!' cried a Parsheeman. 'That dam lie,' said a Senor, 'he not lose all, him only knockee out two!' Another dig on his rice-grinders settled the round by a struggle on the soft rocks.

"5. Manuel's friends had now whispered him to try Lalla's early mode of skirmishing, by ramming his pimple into Lalla's bowel-box, which manœuvre he accordingly attempted to put into practice; but, as his opponent happened also to do the same, their brain-pots came together with a shock that sent both staggering and stunned down to mother muttee.

"6th, and last. Both seemed bothered; the Mussaulchee bled at the nose and mouth, and the cook looked like a tiger cat; and seizing hold of Lalla's lean legs, he lifted him from the ground, and threw him over his shoulders; but Lalla, fixing on the softest and lowest part of his back, bit him there till his teeth met. Manuel roared out with pain, and retaliated on the Mussaulchee's calfless limbs; both in agony rolled on the ground, keeping their holds like bull dogs, till Manuel's friends rushed in to part them, and Lalla's partizans attempted to prevent any interference; so a general row took place, blows resounded, stones flew about, and sticks rattled against the bones of the skirmishers, till, after much bloodshed and more bruises, both parties separated, each carrying off their champion as the conqueror, and each side, of course, claiming the victory.

"Remarks.—In this fight, the first of the kind ever recorded in Indian annals, it was flesh and bandy-leg against bones and a pewter-eye; both men were more bit than beat, and we trust that the very respectable native amateurs of this science, who patronized this battle, will endeavour to make their fighters make, in future, more use of their knuckles and less of their grinders. Manuel went home and soon got beastly drunk with arrack, while Lalla, not satisfied with his beating, *banged* himself *a la sortee*.

"*Poona, Oct.* 17, 1829."

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## Anecdotes of Animals.

From an interesting volume, recently published, entitled, "*Gleanings of Natural History*," by E. Jessop, esq., the following pleasing extracts have been taken:—

*Larks' Claws.*—"The lark makes its nest generally in grass fields, where it is liable to be injured either by cattle grazing over it, or by the mower. In case of alarm, from either these or other causes, the parent birds remove their eggs, by means of their long claws, to a place of greater security; and this transportation I have observed to be effected in a very short space of time. By placing a lark's egg, which is rather large in proportion to the size of the bird, in the foot, and then drawing the claws over it, you will perceive that they are of sufficient length to secure the egg firmly; and by this means the bird is enabled to convey its eggs to another place, where she can sit upon and hatch them."

*Sagacity of an Elephant.*—"I was one day feeding the poor elephant (who was so barbarously put to death at Exeter Change) with potatoes, which he took out of my hand. One of them, a round one, fell on the floor, just out of the reach of his proboscis. He leaned against his wooden bar, put out his trunk, and could just touch the potato, but could not pick it up. After several ineffectual efforts, he at last blew the potato against the opposite wall with sufficient force to make it rebound; and he then, without difficulty, secured it."

*Bees.*—"A large brown slug made its way into a glass hive, where the operations of the bees could be distinctly seen. Having killed the slug, and finding that they were unable to get it out of the hive, they covered it over with the thick resinous substance called propolis, and thus prevented its becoming a nuisance to the colony. Into the same hive one of the common brown-shelled snails also gained admittance. Instead of embedding it in propolis, the bees contented themselves with fixing it to the bottom of the hive, by plastering the edge with that substance. I have now in my possession a regular fortification made of propolis, which one of my stocks of bees placed at the entrance of their hive, to enable them the better to protect themselves from the attacks of wasps. By means of this fortification, a few bees could effectually guard the entrance, by lessening the space of admission, which I had neglected to do for them."

*Snail-shells.*—"Having frequently observed some broken snail-shells near two projecting pebbles on a gravel-walk, which had a hollow between them, I endeavoured to discover the occasion of their being brought to that situation. At last I saw a thrush fly to the spot with a snail-shell in his mouth, which he placed between the two stones, and hammered at it with his beak till he had broken it, and was then able to feed on its contents. The bird must have discovered that he could not apply his beak with sufficient force to break the shell while it was rolling about, and he therefore found out and made use of a spot which would keep the shell in one position. I do not know whether Mr. M'Adam has ever observed the same circumstance, but his ingenious contrivance (if it is his) of confining stones in a sort of hoop while they are being broken is somewhat similar to that of the thrush."

*Aquatic Hen.*—"A hen, who had reared three broods of ducks in three successive years, became habituated to their taking to the water, and would fly to a large stone in the middle of the pond, and patiently and quietly watch her brood as they swam about it. The fourth year she hatched her own eggs; and, finding that her chickens did not take to the water as the ducklings had done, she flew to the stone in the pond, and called them to her with the utmost eagerness. This recollection of the habits of her former charge, though it had taken place a year before, is not a little curious."

*A Swan's "First Love."*—A pair of Swans had been inseparable companions for three years, during which time they had reared three broods of cygnets. Last autumn the male was killed, and since that time the female has separated herself from all society with her own species; and, though at the time I am writing (the end of March) the breeding season for swans is far advanced, she remains in the same state of seclusion, resisting the addresses of a male swan who has been making advances towards forming an acquaintance with her, either driving him away, or flying from him whenever he comes near her. How long she will continue in her present state of widowhood I know not, but at present it is quite evident that she has not forgotten her former partner."

*Affection of Pigeons.*—"A man, set to watch a field of peas which had been much preyed upon by pigeons, shot an old cock pigeon who had long been an inhabitant of the farm. His mate, around whom he had for many a year cooed, and nourished from his own crop, and assisted in rearing numerous young ones, immediately settled on the ground by his side, and showed her grief in the most expressive manner. The labourer took up the dead bird and tied it to a short stake, thinking that it would frighten away the other depredators. In this situation, however, his partner did not forsake him, but continued, day after day, walking slowly round the stick. The kind-hearted wife of the bailiff of the farm at last heard of the circumstance, and immediately went to afford what relief she could to the poor bird. She told me that, on arriving at the spot, she found the hen bird much exhausted, and that she had made a circular beaten track round the dead pigeon, making now and then a little spring towards him. On the removal of the dead bird, the hen returned to the dove-cot."

*Sagacity of Dogs.*—"He informed me that a friend of his, an officer in the 44th regiment, who had occasion, when in Paris, to pass one of the bridges across the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously well polished, dirtied by a poodle dog rubbing against them. He in consequence went to a man who was stationed on the bridge and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and after a little hesitation he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer, being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchaced him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards he was found with his former master pursuing his old trade on the bridge.

"A friend of mine had a poodle-dog possessed of more than ordinary sagacity, but he was, however, under little command. In order to keep him in better order, my friend purchased a small whip, with which he corrected the dog once or twice during a walk. On his return the whip was put on a table in the hall, and the next morning it was missing. It was soon afterwards found concealed in an out-building, and again made use of in correcting the dog. It was, however, again lost, but found hidden in another place. On watching the dog, who was suspected of being the culprit, he was seen to take the whip from the hall table, and run away with it, in order again to hide it. The late James Cumming, esq., was the owner of the dog, and related this anecdote to me.

"A gentleman, a good shot, lent a favorite old pointer to a friend, who had not much to accuse himself of in the slaughter of partridges, however much he might have frightened them. After ineffectually firing at some birds which the old pointer had found for him, the dog turned away in apparent disgust, went home, and never could be persuaded to accompany the same person afterwards."

*Cockney Bee-hive.*—"I hear of a hive of bees on the top of a house in the middle of Holborn, which is doing very well. The circumstance of bees finding their way home through the thick smoke, fogs, and vapours of the metropolis, seems to prove that their course is not directed by sight, but by some still unexplained instinct."

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### The Bunch of FIVES *instead of* KNIVES!

*Or, leave off when you like!*

When wars assail a nation's peaceful soil—
*Bella, horrida bella*—dread turmoil—
The clang of arms—the soldier's temper'd steel,
Dimm'd with ensanguin'd freemen's strife—appeal
To the best feelings of the human breast—
Tho' Glory smiles upon the hero's crest,
Sorrow sits mournful at the fierce array,
And Pity, weeping, gazes at the fray.

Not so when *fistic* heroes cast the *tile*
Into the space Tom Ol—, the clever file,
Has stak'd and rop'd, and made for boxer's fit,
Where war, most doubtful, is but *hit* for *hit*.

What tho' one *peeper* lose its twinkling light,
As sometimes 'twill!—the man may be "all right,"
If t'other do but *twig*, with *leary stare*,
The bustling movements of the *fives* a pair
That, right and left, essay to *grass* him flat,
Or *floor* him, like an all-work maid's door-mat.

What tho' a *snifter*, with a Roman curve,
Should feel how sensitive th' olfactory nerve,
And show'r, in crimson streams, the *claret* down,
Ne'er will it daunt one boxer of renown.

What tho' each tier of *tombstones* they allow
To totter on their *graves* (gums) from rattling blow,
And make their *putt'rers* mum—the fist can *tell*
A tale upon the outworks just as well
For glory, as if every *grinder* fast
In its *mould* was fix'd, by Nature cast.

The glory of *our* land, *our* boasted pride
(Although the squeamish Frenchman may deride)
Is boldly to stand up, with watchful eye,
And, man to man oppos'd, contend for victory.
Then are the *tears* of Sorrow all "my eye
And Betty" too—they flow when heroes *die*—
When blades unsheath'd the *light of day* let in,
Not when strife's deathless end—as they begin—

**DAFFY.**

Printed for Thomas Tegg, Cheapside, by J. Haddon, Castle Street, Finsbury.

# PIERCE EGAN'S
# BOOK OF SPORTS.

No. XI.] [*Price Three Pence.*

## BRILLIANT STEEPLE CHASE AT ST. ALBANS.
### NINETEEN SUBSCRIBERS.

THE above gay meeting of the '*Racing Swells*,' not only put 'new life' into the inhabitants of St. Albans; but also "put some money into their plates," in order, as that gentlemanly sort of man, Jack Scroggins, would have expressed himself, to make the "*wisit pleasant*." On Thursday, March 8, 1832, the venerable town of St. Albans exhibited a lively scene of bustle and confusion, in consequence of the great interest excited by the above STEEPLE CHASE, for miles round the country. Lots of the right sort of folks were present, who were worth waiting upon by the hosts of the different inns; a sprinkling of the upper part of the *Fancy* also showed their smiling faces upon this occasion; and numerous country gentlemen, farmers, &c., completed the Sporting Group.

*Sporting Chant, Sung at the Turf Hotel.*

Oft the bards of old times, and the minstrel's gay strains,
Have the sports of the chase all transcendant reveal'd,
Sung of NIMROD'S exploits on the wide-spreading plains,
And from Dian's bright charms trac'd the charms of the field;
Whilst the turf's native green
Ever hallow'd has been,
And a contest more glorious enliven'd the scene;
When the *high mettled racer*, proud, pamper'd, and gay,
Bore the meed of his prowess triumphant away.

These sports are confin'd to no climate or shores,
But regions remote shall new patrons secure them;
Like the orb in the east, which all nature adores,
They have dawn'd on our land, and 'tis ours to mature them;
No longer a waste,
As in rude ages past,
Shall our turf be forsaken by beauty and taste,
But impart to the *high mettled racer* so gay,
Fresh ardour to bear the proud trophies away.

The smiles of the fair, like Spring's fostering breath,
Shall rear the young scion, and teach it to shoot:
Round the temples of beauty we'll twine the fresh wreath,
And Love's hallow'd altars shall teem with the fruit.
Then leave Cynics to rail,
Our voice shall prevail,
And the sons of the turf their favorites hail:
Whilst long for their sakes shall the sports of the day,
The high-mettled racer's fleet prowess display.

Although the stakes were but *ten sovereigns* each, it was anticipated that some of the most celebrated hunters in the south would be entered, and this anticipation was not disappointed, for no less than twenty of the "right sort" were booked by Tuesday night, foremost in favor among which was *Moonraker*, the property of Mr. Elmore, which had before won two sweepstakes on similar hazardous enterprises, in the same neighbourhood, and which, notwithstanding fired legs, age, and hard work, still had the call against his younger, but, perhaps, not so well experienced competitors. The distance, it was agreed by the articles, should be four miles—no horse to carry less than 11st. 7lb. The last horse to pay the second horse's stake, and the winner to be sold for 400 sovereigns, if demanded within three hours after the race.

The whole of the horses entered were in stables either at Mr. *Coleman's* (the Turf Hotel), to whom the getting up of this spirited affair, so highly beneficial to the town, may be ascribed—or in the immediate neighbourhood—and the riders and their friends mustered in strong force on Wednesday night, when the usual speculations were entered into on the probable result of the forthcoming sport. Mr. Osbaldeston was chosen umpire, and Mr. Coleman clerk of the race; and to these gentlemen was left the choice of the line of country which was to be taken—it being distinctly understood that their determination should be kept a secret till immediately before the start.

At an early hour on Thursday morning, the concourse of persons entering St. Albans from all quarters was immense—every house overflowed, and the postmasters, and other persons who profited by the attraction, had ample reason to feel grateful for such '*a slice of luck.*'

The Turf Hotel was head quarters, and here nineteen of the subscribers were duly weighed; the twentieth, Mr. Smith, having drawn his brown horse, Mameluke, in the course of the morning. All were now anxious for a hint of the "line of march," but the secret was well kept and with the exception of the fact that Mr. Coleman's paddock, immediately at the back of his premises, and fronting towards London, was to be the winning point, nothing was known.

Among other judicious, as well as gratifying arrangements which were made, was a stipulation that all the riders should saddle and mount in the Turf Hotel-yard, where sufficient space existed, and from thence accompany the umpire and Mr. Coleman to the place of starting. By this means all had an equal chance; and the spectators, who were extremely numerous, had the pleasure of seeing the whole of the gallant steeds paraded before them, as in the case previous to the race for the great St. Leger, at Doncaster.

The pecuniary speculations during the morning were any thing but extensive; as far as we could collect, however, we considered Moonraker, and Mr. Evans's Grimaldi first favorites, Mr. Thornhill's Creeper next, and Mr. Lelly's brown mare (Bounce) third. These four were backed against the field—and the odds against the first two were three to one, and against the second and third six to one. Mr. Evans offered to back Grimaldi against any other to any amount.

At one o'clock the bugle was blown as a signal for saddling and mounting, and the horses were soon seen congregating from all directions—the riders attired in their party-coloured jackets and hunting-caps. The whole having mounted, the articles were read—the principal instruction for guiding the race in which was, that the course would be marked by flags, to the left of which the riders were to keep throughout, or forfeit the race. At a quarter to two, all being in readiness, Mr. Osbaldeston led the way out of the yard, followed by the horses, of which the following is a correct list, together with their riders:

Mr. Elmore's b. g. Moonraker,—rode by Mr. Seffert.
Mr. Thomas's b. m. Corinthian Kate—Captain Beecher.
Mr. Evans's g. h. Grimaldi—M. Mostyn, Esq.
Col. Charitie's Napoleon—Mr. Crommelin.
Sir Wm. Geary's b. m. Arab—Owner.
Mr. Cox's ch. g. Rough Robin—Mr. Osbaldeston's whipper-in.
Mr. Johnson's Leperella—Stubbs.
Mr. Tuppin's b. h. Peacock—Weston.
H. Forbes, Esq. b. h. Zanga—Owner.
Mr. Cluff's g. g. Redstart—J. B. Hall, Esq.
Mr. Orbell's b. h. Bloomfield—C. B. Codrington, Esq.
Capt. Horne's c. st. Lucifer—Owner.
Mr. Thornhill's b. h. Creeper—Mr. Patrick.
Mr. Carey's g. h. The Monk—Owner.
Mr. Adams's b. m. Lilly—Mr. Wesley.
Mr. Comyn's b. h. Talisman—Owner.
Mr. Solloway's m. Countess—Owner.
Mr. Lelly's b. m. Bounce—Mr. Parker.
C. Neville, Esq.'s ch. g. Hotspur—W. Bean.

They proceeded up the town, passed the Town Hall, and, turning to the right, were conducted by the nearest route to a place called Ellen-brook-green, on the borders of Colney-heath, and within about a mile and a half of Hatfield. A considerable time was occupied in gaining the proposed starting-post, and the cursory view which was thus afforded of the country showed that it was intersected with difficult fences, and was here and there very heavy. There was nothing, however, dangerous in the aspect, and all seemed content with their task, and in the highest spirits.

While the horses were on their route, we took a bird's-eye view of the ground which was to constitute the scene of final struggle. This was admirably seen from a meadow gradually descending from the entrance to Mr. Coleman's paddock—which entrance was only obtained by mounting a steep bank from which the fence had been removed; and, to render this last point of struggle more distinct, the horsemen had to dash between two high trees. At the bottom of the first meadow was a quickset hedge and drain—then came a second meadow, and second quickset hedge and drain, when the ground rose gradually to a considerable elevation. Here the first flag was displayed from the summit of a high tree, to the left of which the riders were to keep. To this tree the view was uninterrupted from a path running in a line with the front of the last house on the London-road, and along this path an immense multitude of pedestrians was collected. The intermediate space was, however, enlivened by groups of horsemen, some in the scarlet livery of the chase. On the hill in the distance, a vast crowd was also assembled of horse and foot, and some few charioteers. These persons had a more extended view over a close country "up and down," with many heavy leaps, and some ploughed land, to a more distant hill, close to a farm-house, where the second flag was visible. Here the route turned short to the left, and could only again be taken in view by obtaining a new position. From this angle the direction to Ellen-brook green was nearly straight, with the exception of such deviations as the safe progress of the riders rendered indispensable. From this sketch of the locality of the scene, it will be seen that there were abundant opportunities for the gratification of the spectators, which was considerably enhanced by the very favorable state of the weather—the sun shining brilliantly throughout the race.

We must now return to the horses, which, having reached the appointed ground, were marshalled in the best order their impatient spirits would permit. Mr. Anderson, of Piccadilly, was permitted to enter a grey hunter at the last moment, on payment of his stakes, so that twenty actually started. By half-past three they went off in gallant style. It would be difficult at such a moment to say which had the advantage. Lucifer, however, led the way, and the rest followed at a round pace. The first two or three fences were well taken; but in the third field, Captain Beecher, on Corinthian Kate, had a fall, and his mare ran half across the meadow before he could catch her and regain his seat, his bridle being then all on one side. He had previously got the lead, Rough Robin close behind. The others were all well up, but Moonraker and Grimaldi seemed waiting on each other in the rear. We cannot presume to give the position of each horse in the animated struggle which followed. Many of the leaps were admirably taken, and all seemed influenced by the same desire of emulation. All the nags were not, however, without question; some got clumsy falls, unhorsing their riders, and others declared off the grand contest, seeing they had not a chance. The most interesting point was the struggle for turning the angle at the farm-house from which a view of the distant goal could be obtained. Here Moonraker asserted his supremacy, and came gallantly round the corner, close followed by Corinthian Kate, Grimaldi, Bloomfield, Napoleon, and some others well in their wake. The burst down the hill was beautiful, and the general cry was—"Moonraker is winning easy!" Three or four leaps were well taken, when Moonraker, in surmounting the hill, came to the third fence from home, nearly abreast with Corinthian Kate; they both cleared well; but Moonraker, swerving a little to the left, so as to clear the flag-tree, Corinthian Kate came close to him on the right, and in the next fence had rather the advantage in making her leap. The call was now rather for Kate, but, in a few strides, Moonraker regained his superiority, und, darting with unabating vigour at the last fence, cleared nearly seven yards at the spring, and shook his rider most fearfully. Kate now fell off, but Grimaldi, who had been waiting for the last struggle home, and who had taken his leaps beautifully from the first, rushed out and challenged Moonraker. The struggle up the hill to the paddock was desperate—nothing could be finer; both sprang to the bank at the same moment, but Moonraker had the advantage by half a neck, and was pronounced the winner. It was thought, had Grimaldi made play sooner, the issue would have been different. The struggle with those left immediately behind was between Corinthian Kate, Napoleon, and Bloomfield. The former two came in third and fourth. An accident prevented Bloomfield from getting a better place—he and his rider having fallen into a chalk-pit which unfortunately lay in the way, and was unperceived, till too late, by Mr. Codrington. Much credit is due to Captain Beecher, for the manner in which he rode Corinthian Kate, and, making allowance for his early mishap, it will be seen that his chances of victory were of no common character. Grimaldi was also admirably ridden by Mr. Mostyn, who complained of his path being crossed by some horsemen, at a most important point. Of Mr. Seffert's management of Moonraker we cannot speak in terms of too much praise. Mr. Codrington also rode admirably. The remaining competitors came galloping in at intervals:

some of them at a slapping pace, anxious to avoid being last—a distinction which was awarded to Hotspur, who lost both his rider, his bridle, and himself. Several of the riders, in coming in, showed convincing marks of having come in contact with "mother earth" —but, taking the whole field, a more beautiful or interesting sight has never been witnessed. Some few accidents occurred in the last meadow, from the injudicious rush of the crowd, horse and foot—some were thrown down, but we did not hear of any serious accident.

On going to scale there were, of course, various opinions as to the merits of the different horses, and the superiority of Grimaldi over Moonraker. This led to fresh challenges, and Mr. Osbaldeston proposed making a match between Grimaldi and Moonraker, for £500, or between one of his own horses and Moonraker, to be run in Leicestershire, for a like sum—undertaking to ride both races himself, if he were well.

Mr. Codrington seemed confident, had he not got into the chalk-pit, he could have won, and said he was ready at the moment to ride Bloomfield against Moonraker over the same ground.

Great praise is due to Mr. Coleman for the excellence of his arrangements throughout, and his townsmen must feel deeply sensible of the advantages which, through his means, have been conferred upon them.

Bounce, in the above race, was a Warwickshire horse, as, we believe, is Moonraker; but their qualities admit of no comparison. The appearance of Moonraker is any thing but on a par with his powers.

The four miles were performed in fifteen minutes and a half, by the winner.

Some assertions having been made that Moonraker had gone on the wrong side of one of the flag trees, Mr. Osbaldeston heard evidence on the subject, when Mr. Codrington, who kept as close as possible to both Moonraker and Grimaldi throughout, stated most positively that he kept his right course from first to last, and, in fact, swerved more to the left than was at all times necessary. Under these circumstances the stakes were given to Mr. Elmore, without further objections.

## STEEPLE-CHASE FOR ONE THOUSAND SOVEREIGNS.

The match between Moonraker, the property of Mr. Elmore, and Grimaldi, the property of Mr. Evans, came off on Tuesday, 13th March, 1832, according to appointment, in the neighbourhood of Harrow. This match was made on the evening of Thursday week, at St. Albans, after the grand Sweepstakes which were run for on that day, when Moonraker and Grimaldi contested the ground with such vigour. Each party was equally confident that in a fresh trial his horse would be successful, and such was Mr. Osbaldeston's high opinion of Grimaldi, that he actually gave, or rather promised to give, Mr. Elmore 50*l.* to make the match, thus placing Grimaldi in the stakes a favorite at 550*l.* to 450*l.* Notwithstanding this position, however, on the same night Moonraker was backed heavily at 120*l.* to 100*l.* and on subsequent days similar odds, and even 5 to 4, were laid. Still Grimaldi had strong friends, and was heavily backed at evens, and in some cases was the favorite at 6 to 4, conditionally on Mr. Osbaldeston's riding.

Both horses were allowed to be in excellent condition, and "nothing the worse" for their Thursday's exertion. Grimaldi had a decided advantage in youth and freshness, and came up from Warwickshire with an excellent character. He is twelve years old, by Grimaldi, out of Miss Bab, by Highland-fling, out of Lady Bab, and bred by Mr. Clifford, of Gloucestershire. By Mr. Clifford he was sold, at four years old, to Mr. Wynnet; by that gentleman sold to Mr. Bray, and from Mr. Bray he came into the hands of Mr. Evans. His colour is grey. Moonraker is what is called "a dark" horse; that is to say, neither his sire nor dam is known. He was originally bought, we believe, at 35 guineas; and, after doing some excellent work, was again sold for 80 guineas. He was sent up from Warwickshire as nothing but a "good un," although he had seen an immense deal of service; and his fame was established by winning two steeple races in succession, in the neighbourhood of St. Albans, which was followed up by his third victory on Thursday week. His colour is bay, but his age is not known. He is a high-couraged horse, strong and willing in a heavy country, and an excellent fencer; stopping at nothing, and taking his leaps with uncommon clearness and precision. The distance agreed to be run was four miles, the precise ground to be chosen by the umpires—Colonel Charitie on the part of Moonraker; and Mr. Meyrick, on the part of Grimaldi. On Monday it was known that both horses were near the appointed place—Moonraker, at Mr. Elmore's farm, near Harrow; and Grimaldi at Neasdon. It was mutually agreed that the riders should meet at Mr. Elmore's to weigh, at two o'clock.

In the course of the morning the umpires met and proceeded to select the course which was finally fixed to be from a field on Mr. Copeland's farm, near the seven-mile stone, on the Edgware-road, down a gradual descent across a flat country, at the foot of Harrow Hill, into a field in front of a Mr. Hawkins's, a farm-house, at Harrow Weald. The fences were by no means difficult, and the ground, although heavy (principally meadow or pasture), partook more, as was remarked by some old fielders, of the character of a race course than a laborious hunting country, and therefore more favorable, in their opinion, for Grimaldi, who was supposed to possess more speed than strength. The approaches to the scene of action presented a lively spectacle during the forenoon. The roads were thronged with vehicles of every description and an immense body of horsemen, who spread themselves in all directions over the fields, breaking down hedges and rendering the small leaps there were still more easy. Harrow was overflowing, and here innumerable groups waited till the news arrived of the precise route to be taken. All then proceeded to take up the stations best calculated to afford a view of the contest. The principal body of the spectators concentrated in the neighbourhood of Mr. Hawkins's farm, keeping the winning flag in view.

Subsequent to the ground being chosen, the stakes were said to be all right, that is to say, each umpire held his friend's cash in his own hands: rather an unusual way of making stakes good. It was now universally known that Mr. Osbaldeston would ride Grimaldi, and Mr. Seffert, Moonraker—but, after a long delay beyond the hour appointed, which occurred before Mr. Osbaldeston reached Mr. Elmore's farm, apprehensions began to be entertained that the race would not come off. These fears were dissipated by the arrival of Mr. Osbaldeston and his friends, and all now became anxious for the commencement of the sport. Previous to this, the flags had been carried towards the starting post—Mr. Seffert having ridden a short distance to see them placed. This act of Mr. Seffert having been communicated to Mr. Osbaldeston, that gentleman concluded that Mr. Seffert had seen the whole line of the intended struggle, and therefore insisted on having an equal advantage. This led to some dispute, which ended in an agreement that both should go over the ground; and they accordingly, contrary to all precedent in steeple chases, set off on their hacks attended by a cloud of equestrians, over hedge and ditch to Harrrow Weald—an experiment which afforded no small amusement to the outlying spectators, from the numerous accidents and unseemly prostrations which were presented to their view. On reaching the last field, it did not seem that the precise goal, or winning point, had been stipulated; a hedge leading to a paddock next the farm was named, but to this Mr. Osbaldeston objected, on the ground that Steeple Chases generally ended in the middle of a field, and not in an abrupt leap. This matter was soon adjusted by naming a small drain or gutter in the centre of the meadow, as the final "scratch," the first horse over this gutter to be considered the winner, and two flags having been planted so as to render this more distinct. By these delays much time was wasted, and the hour of four instead of one, the original hour for starting mentioned, had arrived to the infinite annoyance of those pedestrians who had been lounging backwards and forwards over the damp earth, and any thing but desirable or gallant towards many of the fair sex, who, seated in open carriages, exposed to no friendly breeze, waited the event with their customary patience.

At last, the preliminary view being completed, the riders and their partizans returned to Mr. Elmore's farm, again showing their skill or clumsiness in their progress; and here it is due to state, that in the most difficult leaps the palm of superiority was deservedly given to a young and beautiful lady, whose graceful seat, perfect confidence, and unshrinking courage, often put her followers to the blush—blushes which were occasionally hidden by that natural paint of which the surrounding ditches afforded abundance.

At length the important ceremony of weighing took place, and the horses were sent to the starting post. Mr. Osbaldeston had but little to add to his ordinary weight, to reach the stipulated amount of 11st. 7lbs., while Mr. Seffert had nearly sixteen pounds of "dead weight" attached round his loins in belts. Both wore silk jackets and jockey caps. It was after five o'clock before they mounted and prepared for the race. In the interim the whole line they had to take had been marked by flags at convenient distances. The dusk of evening, with a slight fog, had supplanted the previous brightness of the day, and many had actually quitted the ground giving up all hope of their promised amusement. At last the word was given, and off went the competitors at a slashing speed. Moonraker took the lead—Grimaldi, as had been previously announced by Mr. Osbaldeston, waiting close upon him. About a mile and a half or two miles from the starting-post, Mr. Seffert, after taking his leap, swerved towards a stile, but again cut in, making an angle. Mr. Osbaldeston, on the contrary, kept the direct line, and, he says, accidentally came in contact with Mr. Seffert as he again took up his straight running. We are informed that Mr. Seffert complained of this, and exclaimed, that whatever was the result of the race, he should mention the fact. He then went on, still waited on by Grimaldi, till within half a mile of home, where, after crossing a fence, he went towards a gate, expecting to get a more direct line for the destined goal—while Mr. Osbaldeston quickened his speed, and dashed straight forward. Mr. Seffert found he was mistaken, and again got into the field with Mr. Osbaldeston, who had, by Mr. Seffert's error, got nearly a hundred yards a-head. Every nerve of Moonraker was now urged to its utmost to regain the lost ground; but from thenceforth his chance was lost. Grimaldi had got the lead, and kept it—and in coming through a gap in the corner of the last field, his success was put beyond a doubt. Moonraker followed, evidently much distressed, but incapable of additional exertion. Mr. Seffert seemed rather to support than to push his steed; and seeing Grimaldi cross the "rubicon," he pulled up—Grimaldi being pronounced by acclamation the winner by several lengths.

*Objection to the Stakes being given up.*—All parties, as by previous agreement, next returned to Mr. Elmore's farm — towards which the horses were led—and here, on the umpires being called, Mr. Seffert preferred his complaint of having been ridden against by Mr. Osbaldeston, and appealed to Mr. Osbaldeston whether that had not been the case. Mr. Osbaldeston, we understand, admitted the fact, but stated most distinctly that he could not avoid it—it was perfectly accidental, and solely arising from the angle which Mr. Seffert had made.

Mr. Elmore said he had no desire to make a wrangle, or to object unnecessarily to the stakes being given up; nevertheless, as his rider had made the complaint, he would leave it in his hands and to the umpires to come to that decision which seemed to them most consistent with justice to all parties.

The stakeholder, having heard both sides, said he deemed it necessary to hear further evidence, and, before he gave up the stakes, to submit the question to the Jockey Club.

It was six o'clock before the race was concluded, and nearly three quarters of an hour elapsed before the carriages congregated in the lane leading to Mr. Hawkins's farm could be extricated. To the spectators the day was fatiguing and vexatious, and general complaints were made of the want of that regularity which the importance of the match demanded, as well as the twadling disputes which arose, and led to such unreasonable delay. This delay was not without its benefit, however, as it rendered the leaps mere trifles.

Among the distinguished persons whom we saw on the ground were Lord Errol, Lord Abercorn, Lord Rivers, Count D'Orsq, Lord Clonbrock, Lord Grimstone, Colonel Peel, Colonel Anson, L. Charlton, Esq. — Ramsay, Esq., M.P., together with some of the most celebrated persons on the Turf.

*Meeting of the Umpires*—On Wednesday, Colonel Meyrick, Colonel Charitie, Mr. Osbaldeston, and Mr. Elmore, had a meeting upon the subject in dispute, when it was mutually agreed to refer the matter to Colonel Anson, to whom the evidence was submitted; and on the same evening he declared, at Tattersall's, that he saw no reason for an objection to the stakes being given up; but, on the contrary, was of opinion, that Mr. Osbaldeston had fairly won, and was entitled to all the advantages of his victory. This, of course, sets the matter at rest.

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The following are the documents submitted by Colonel Charitie to Colonel Anson, together with his final decision of the question at issue:—"Mr. Seffert took a small fence to his left, which Mr. Osbaldeston did not do. Seffert then took another fence that ran across the field into which he had gone. Mr. Osbaldeston then turned sharp to his left, took the fence, and rode right against Moonraker, which made him swerve; indeed, the concussion was so great that he nearly knocked down both Mr. Seffert and his horse. I should say that Moonraker lost several yards by this accident, as he was completely thrown off his stride. There was plenty of room for Mr. Osbaldeston to have kept clear of Moonraker.

"Yours,
"H. R. Ramsay, M.P.
"Thomas's Hotel, Berkeley-square."

Sir,—Moonraker was leading, went over a fence in the next field; Grimaldi crossed upon him, came with great force against him, and knocked him completely out of his stride. There was plenty of room for Grimaldi to have gone without doing it. Seffert said something to Mr. Osbaldeston, but could not understand the words. I was not twenty yards from them.

R. Mason.

Pinner, March 15th, 1832.

Sir,—In answer to your question respecting the race between Moonraker and Grimaldi, I can positively assert I saw Mr. Osbaldeston pull out of his line and ride against Mr. Seffert, when there was no occasion whatever to do so. I remarked at the time I thought he would have knocked Mr. Seffert down.

G. Smith.

Circus-street, New-road,
March 15th, 1832.

Sir,—With reference to the race between Moonraker and the Grey Horse, on Tuesday last, I can vouch that, at a time when Moonraker was leading, I saw Mr. Osbaldeston pull his horse out of his line, and run against Moonraker, which must have operated very greatly against both Moonraker and his rider, and which was the more inexcusable as there was plenty of room for Mr. Osbaldeston to have avoided so doing.

G. Howell.

22, Oxford Terrace,
March 15th, 1832.

Sir,—Col. Anson presents his compliments to Col. Charitie and Mr. Meyrick, and having, according to their request, perused the papers respecting Mr. Seffert's charge against Mr. Osbaldeston, for crossing, as well as the statements of both these gentlemen, is of opinion that Mr. Osbaldeston is decidedly ENTITLED TO THE STAKES, as winner of the race.

32, Curzon-street, March 15th, 1832.

## SHAMROCK CHALLENGE STEEPLE CHASE.

On Tuesday, March 14th, 1832, this celebrated challenge-cup was raced for over the Ashbourne Course, in gallant style. Indeed, so intense was the public interest to witness it, that although the morning looked rather unpromising, Dublin was literally 'turned out' on the Ashbourne road, about ten o'clock, and the *tills* of the turnpike extortioners began to groan under the weight of the contributions from the motley train of varied vehicles that pressed onward to the Course, as if a *race* of citizens from the *cholera Morbus* was the *sport* of the day. Indeed, the countenances of the several voyagers did not look quite as lachrymose, as if such were the occasion of their *hurry*, until a slight drizzle of rain began to set in about half past ten or eleven o'clock; for up to that hour the sunshine of expected enjoyment lit up the most rugged visages—and even the sharp lines of Tom Bradley's countenance, as he sat crippled up beside Twiss Brown on an *outside* Jarvey, seemed 20 *per cent.* above par, till the fatal mist brought them down to the usual *discount*, and he began to look as blue *as if there was no provision*, and the three days of grace expired—or, as if he was about to *protest* against the *non-appearance of accommodation*, which the bleakness of the road presented. However, as he had been prevailed upon by Twiss to *accept* of a seat on the aforesaid *outside*, he screwed his courage and his countenance up to the sticking point of pushing on, in the hope of being rewarded by the *extraordinary interest* he had been promised the enjoyment of, from the racing. Well, Ashbourne road is a devil of a bleak drive of a misty day, sure enough! and small blame to the ladies, sweet creatures, that shut themselves up so snug in the landaus, landaulets, chariots, britskas, and Swiss-carriages, which gave us the *go-by* with their four hacks and two smoking outriders each, without as much as letting us light our cigars in the light of their burning eyes that almost melted us as they passed—but, no matter; perhaps it was so much the better, for there we sat shivering like a fox in a wet sack, with our knees to our chin, looking as blue as the butt end of the clouds, and bad-luck to the *skreed* of a bush in view for ten-miles a-head—and sure that would be no condition to be looked upon by the sweet creatures! No, no; we know what's what with the darlings, and we eschew the wise man's proverb—" there is a time for all things." When we got to the top of the rising ground near Ashbourne, and looked back three or four miles of the road, verily we thought all Ireland and the County Meath had left Dublin on a string of jaunting cars, sociables, tax-carts, Stanhopes, dennetts, tilburies, buggies, and shandera-dans, not to talk of the horsemen, ambitious of two-legged display, from the mahogany-tops and yellow buckskins down to the soiled whites strapped to the heels, and the humble Wellingtons coaxed to hide their diminished heads beneath the deep-selvaged Russia-ducks. Of a verity we believe we were born under a lucky planet, for scarcely had we landed in that most charming of all rural villages, where nature's simplicity almost rivals the stark-nakedness of chaos, when our friend, Philo Nimrod, was stepping into one of Troy's best green chaises, and, upon the mere beck, we stepped in, shut the door, bid Jarvey " drive on," and shook hands with Nim., in half the time we have been telling it. A few minutes brought us close to the winning-post, where we had scarcely taken our station when the rush of *hurlers* and scudding of hacks across the field, with the " hum of men," announced the "start" was about to take place. We peeped at our watch,—it wanted a quarter to one,—" they are off!" resounded from a thousand voices. We looked out, and sure enough away they were powdering in as neat a canter as you could desire to see up to the first leap—pop! pop! pop! over went four or five of the silk-jackets—" a false start! false start! hollo! hollo!"—they might as well have been Parsons whistling for the grace of God, as stewards calling after Miss Stephens and Cheroot (the beasts!) Away with them, popping over every one of the three and thirty leaps, all for fun! and bad luck to the one could stop them, till they saw their *divarsion* out, by coming up to the winning post, Miss Stephens a-head, like a runaway jade as she is, in spite of all Jemmy Tuthill's whip and spurs could do to make Cheroot (the brute!) give her the go-by. They looked like a pair of ganders after a wild goose chase, when the stewards pronounced it a false start. The real start then came off at three minutes past one o'clock,—but without the two wild geese,—Mary Anne taking the lead. At the fourth leap, the Maid of the Mill gave her the go-by: but in the heavy ground, Slug, who has extraordinary strength, showed his *bottom* to Mary Ann and the English Lass, and won the race in prime style. Twelve had been entered: nine started, and were placed as follows:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. Ward's Slug—Mr. Pratt . . | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Mr. Knaresboro's Minstrel Boy—Owner | 2 | 1 | 2 |
| Mr. Osborne's English Lass—Mr. Murray | 3 | 0 | 0 |

Mr. Ferguson's br. M. Jenny Mills, Mr. O'Reilly's Rosetta, Mr. Devine's Maid of the Mill, Mr. Martin's Inez, followed, and Mr. Hunt's Cheroot, Mr. M. Yourell's Miss Stephens, were declared distanced, owing to not having gone out the first heat in consequence of the false start. In the first heat Mr. J. Yourell's Polly Hopkins, and Mr. Borbridge's Marianne, both fell at the fourth leap, by which Polly was distanced, and did not come out for the others. The first heat was only won by a length. The second by half a-head; and the third by a-head. Minstrel Boy and

Slug were both punished each heat. It was whispered among the knowing ones, if Mr. M. Yourell had not gone round the false start, she would have been very like a winner. By this race Slug has proved himself a trump, his pace fast and steady, and his jumping safe and quick. It is said his owner has refused a very large sum for him.

### THE ADVENTURES OF A "PET PIG!"

*Killed with Kindness!*

"On our sailing from England (says *Captain* HALL, in his Fragments of Voyages and Travels) six little sows, of a peculiarly fine breed, had been laid in by my steward. In the course of the voyage five of these fell under the relentless hands of the butcher; but one of the six, being possessed of a more graceful form than belonged to her sister swine, being kept as clean as any lap-dog, was permitted to run about the decks, amongst the goats, sheep, dogs, and monkeys of our little ark. The occurrence of two or three smart gales of wind, off the Cape of Good Hope, and the unceremonious entrance of sundry pea-green seas, swept the deck of most of our live stock, excepting only this one pig, known amongst the crew by the pet name of Jean.

"In warm latitudes the men generally take their meals on deck, and it was Jean's grand amusement, as well as business, to cruise along amongst the messes, poking her snout into every bread bag, and very often she scalded her tongue in the soup kids. Occasionally the sailors, to show the extent of their regard, amused themselves by pouring a drop of grog down her throat. I never saw her fairly drunk, however, but twice, upon which occasions, as was to be expected, she acted much like a human being in the *same hoggish predicament!* whether it was owing to this high feeding, or to the constant scrubbing which her hide received from sand, brushes, and holy-stones, I know not, but she certainly grew and flourished at a most astonishing rate, and every day waxed more and more impudent and importunate at the dinner hour. I saw a good deal of this familiarity going on, but had no idea of the estimation Jean was held in, till one day, when we were about half way across the China sea, and all our stock of sheep, fowls, and ducks was expended, I said to the steward 'You had better kill the pig, which, if properly managed, will last till we reach Macao.' The servant stood for some time fumbling with his hair, and shuffling with his feet, mumbling something to himself. 'Don't you hear?' I asked.—'Kill the pig, and let us have the fry to day, the head with plenty of Port-wine, as mock-turtle soup, to-morrow, and have one of the legs roasted for dinner on Saturday.' Off he went, but in half an hour returned, on some pretence or other, when he took occasion to say, 'Did you say Jean was to be killed, sir?' 'Yes, certainly. Why do you bother and boggle about killing a pig?' 'The ship's company, sir—' 'Well! what have the ship's company to say to my pig?' 'They are very fond of Jean, sir.' 'The devil they are! Well! what then?' 'Why, sir, they would take it as a great kindness, if you would not order her to be killed. She is a great *pet*, sir, and comes to them when they call her by name, like a dog. They have taught her not to venture abaft the mainmast: but, if you only call her, you will see that what I say is true!' 'Indeed! I'll soon try the experiment;' and seized my hat to go on deck. 'Shall I tell the butcher to hold fast?' asked Capewell. 'Of course!' I exclaimed: 'of course!' Off shot the steward, like an arrow; and I could soon distinguish the effect of the announcement, by the intermission of those horrible screams which attend the execution of the pig tribe, all which sounds were instantly terminated on the seizures being cut that tied poor Jean's legs.

"On reaching the quarter-deck I told what had passed to the officer of the watch, who questioned its propriety a little, I thought, by the tone of his answer. I, however, called out 'Jean, Jean!' and in a moment the delightful pig came prancing along. So great, in fact, was her anxiety to answer the call, as if to show her sense of the trifling favor I had just conferred upon her, that she dashed towards us, tripped up the officer's heels, and, had I not caught him, he would have come souse upon the deck. Even as it was, he indulged in a growl, and muttered out, 'you see, sir, what your yielding to such whims brings upon us.' I said nothing, and only took care in future to caution my friends to mind their footing when Jean was summoned aft, which, I allow, was very often; for there was no resisting the exhibition to all strangers of such a *patent pet* as this. To the Chinese, in particular, our comical favorite became an object of the highest admiration. The natives of the Celestial Empire soon recognized in this happiest of swine, the celebrated breed of their own country; and many a broad hint I got as to the acceptable nature of such a present, but I was deaf to them all; for I felt that Jane now belonged more to the ship's company than to myself, and that there was a sort of obligation upon me neither to *eat her* nor to give her away.

"Under this tacit guarantee she gained so rapidly in size, fat, and other accomplishments, that on our return to China, after visiting Loo Choo, and other islands of the Japan sea, the gentlemen of the factory would hardly credit me that this huge monster was the same animal. In talking of Jean's accomplishments I must not be understood as describing her as a LEARNED PIG, for she could not play at cards, solve quadratic equations, nor perform any of those feats which enchant and astonish the eyes of the citizens of London and elsewhere, where many dogs and hogs are devoutly believed to be vested with a degree of intelligence rather above than below the average range of human intellect. Far from this, honest Jean could do little or nothing more than eat, drink, sleep, and grunt; in these respects she was totally unrivalled, and the effect of her proficiency in these characteristic qualities became daily more manifest. At first, as I have mentioned, when her name was called from any part of the ship, she would caper along, and dash impetuously up to the group by whom she was summoned. But after a time she became so excessively fat and lazy, that it required many a call to get her to move, and the offer of a slice of pine-apple, or a handful of lyches, or even a delicious mango-steen, was now hardly enough to make her open her eyes, though in the earlier stages of the voyage she had been too thankful for a potato, or the skin of an apple. As she advanced in fatness, she lost altogether the power of walking, and expected the men to bring the good things of their table to her, instead of allowing her to come for them. This was cheerfully done; and, though the only show of gratitude was a grunt, it was taken for a full recompense of all trouble, on her account. Both her eyes became bunged up by huge bolsters of fat, which admitted only a slender chink of light between them. As she had long lost the power of loco-motion, she generally lay flat on her side all day long, giving out a low sort of grunt for more food once every hour. At this stage of her happiness two of her legs only touched the deck, the others being rigged out horizontally: but, as she became fatter and fatter, the upper pair of legs gradually formed an angle with the horizon, and eventually assumed the position of 45°. The lower legs next began to leave the deck, as the rotundity of her corporation became greater, till at length all her four legs were erected towards the heavens, and it became a source of discussion amongst the curious, as to which side she was actually lying upon. A hollow, difficult, feeble moan, hardly a grunt, gave token of her impatience when a rope came too near her, or when a party of the sailors, running away with the gib-haulyards, tripped over her huge carcase.

"We had scarcely anchored at Second Bar, in the midst of a fleet of magnificent English ships, when we were boarded by hosts of Chinese Mandarins, Hoppo's, Hong merchants, wearing all the variety of buttons by which ranks are distinguished in that well classified land. This was not to compliment us, or to offer us assistance, or even to inquire our business. One single object seemed to engage all their thoughts, and animate the curiosity of half the province of *Quantung*. The fame of our *fat sow*, Jean, in short, had far out-run the speed of the 'Lyra,' and nothing was heard of on every hand but the wondering exclamations of the natives, screaming out in admiration, '*High-yaw! high-yaw!*'—We had enough to do to clear the ship at night of these our visitors, but we were by no means left in solitude; for the Lyra's anchorage was completely crowded with native boats. The motive of this attention on the part of the Chinese was not merely pure admiration of *Jean*, as we at first suspected; for when the decks came to be washed the next morning, and two or three dead ducks were thrown overboard, a rush of a dozen boats took place towards the spot, and there was a battle-royal in the river for the precious property. Upon enquiring, we found that foreign ships were always surrounded by the boats from Canton, where the state of want appears to be so great that the people eagerly seek after the smallest morsels of food, and struggle with avidity to catch *dead stock* of any kind thrown overboard. This at once explained the marvellous degree of attention which we had been honored with; for the acute Chinese, skilled especially in hog's flesh, saw very well that our '*pet* PIG' was not long for this world; and knowing that, if she died a natural death, we should no more think of eating her than one of our crew, and having guessed also that we had no intention of 'killing her to save her life," they very reasonably inferred that ere long this glorious *bonne-bouche* would be at the disposal of Chinese taste and delicacy. Our men, who soon got wind of this intention on the part of the Chinese, became quite outrageous against *Fukee*, as the natives are called, and would hardly permit any visitors to come near her, lest they should poison their favorite, and so accelerate her inevitable fate. At length poor Jean gave token of approaching dissolution; she could neither eat nor drink, nor even grunt, and her breathing was very like that of a broken bellows; in short, *she died!* Every art was taken to conceal the melancholy event from the Chinese, but some how or other it got abroad, for the other English ships were deserted, and long before sun-set a dense mass of boats, *like a floating town*, was formed astern and in both quarters of the Lyra.

"The sailors now held a grand consultation what was to be done, and, after much discussion, and many neat and appropriate speeches, it was unanimously resolved that the mortal remains of their favorite, now no more, should be deposited in the mud of the river Canton, in such a way that the most dexterous and hungry inhabitant of the celestial empire should not be able to fish her up again. As soon as it was quite dark, and all the Chinese boats sent, as usual, beyond a circle, limited by the ship's buoys, the defunct *pig's* friends set to work to prepare her obsequies. The chief object was to guard against the ravenous natives hearing the splash as she went overboard; and next that she should not afterwards float to the surface. The first point was easily accomplished, as will be seen presently, but there was a long debate in whispers, amongst the men, as to the most expedient plan of keeping the body of their late *pet* from once more showing her snout above the stream. At length it was suggested by the cock-swain of one of the boats which had been sent during the morning to sound the passage, that as the bed of the river where the brig lay consisted of a deep layer of mud, it would be a good thing if Jean's remains could be driven so far into this soft stratum that the drags and hooks of the hungry Chinese might never be able to grapple her up again. This advice was much applauded, and at once acted upon with that happy facility of resource which it is, and the pride of the profession to have always in store, for small, as well as for great occasions. The dead sow was first laid on its back, and then two masses of iron ballast being placed, one on each side of the cheek, were lashed securely to the neck and shoulders, in such a manner that the ends of the kentlage met across her nose, and formed, as it was very properly called, an *extra snout* for piercing the mud. When all was ready, the midship cannonade was silently dismounted, the side unbolted, and the whole removed out of the way. Jean's enormous corporation being then elevated by means of capstan bars and handspikes, was brought on a level with the port-side. A slip rope was next passed between her hind legs, which had been tied together at the feet, and poor *miss* PIGGY, being gradually pushed over the ship's side, was lowered slowly into the water. When fairly under the surface, and there were no fears of any splash being caused by letting her go, one end of the rope was slipped, upon which the well-loaded carcase shot down perpendicularly, at such a rate that there could be no question of its being immersed a fathom deep, at least, in the mud, and, of course, far beyond the reach of the disappointed Chinese!" —The above conduct of the captain and his jolly-hearted crew reflects the highest credit on their feelings as British tars.

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### PUGILISM DEFENDED.

*By Tom Reynolds, of the London Ring.*

I must acknowledge the gentlemen of the press are favorable to the cause of pugilism: and it is not surprising when we consider that the persons conducting it are men, in general, possessing a liberal education, and blessed with a greater share of brains than *batter*. Yet there are no rules without exception; for two or three of the London journalists, imitated by a few country *flats*, occasionally give us a *facer*, though, I am confident, it is not from conviction, but they think a little opposition to generally received opinions may suit their pockets better than following the tide where the brightness of their genius would not make them conspicuous. One of these worthies speaks of us as monsters that brutalize the country: another describes our poor little twenty-four foot ring, as the only place in the three kingdoms where rogues and black-legs spring up like mushrooms: a third says, a pair of boxing-gloves debase the mind, and recommends the use of the foils as a preferable exercise: and a fourth, after a most violent phillippic against the ring, blames government for not immediately putting an end to pugilism, and recommends, as a substitute, that government should take into their wise consideration the propriety of giving greater encouragement to dancing assemblies. The idea is ridiculous. Certainly, if the editor fills up his leisure hours as a *hop-merchant*, I do not blame him for putting in a good word for the shop; but what the devil has dancing to do with fighting?—can two men decide a *mill* by "tripping on the light fantastic toe?" The French dance every night in the week, and all day on Sunday, and what are they the better for that? are they better men? or can they boast nobler feelings than Britons? they certainly make graceful bows, and there is no doubt dancing has an effect on the heels, for Wellington has often scratched his head, and given them a left-handed blessing, for their quickness in giving *leg-bail.*

Because the English are not considered a dancing nation, that is no reason they are brutalized. The most savage people dance. The American Indian dances round his captive while he is roasting him alive. The Italians dance, fiddle, and sing; and, if they consider themselves offended, employ ruffians to assassinate the offender. The dancing Frenchman would shudder with horror at the sight of two London porters giving each other a black eye, or a bloody nose, and say 'twas a brutal practice; yet the same fellow, in his own country, would take snuff, grin like a monkey, and cry "Bravo!" at seeing two poor devils boring holes in each other's hide with a yard of steel. So much for the consistency of the "*Grande Nation*," and the sense of the men who recommend dancing as a substitute for pugilism.

I am no enemy to dancing: in fact, I am passionately fond of music; but there is a time for all things. With every inclination in the world to let every one ride his own hobby in his own way, I see no reason why a poor *prad* should take a *facer* from the rider of the foil. Two hundred years ago, when the sword was worn, and decided quarrels in the streets, fencing was, without doubt, a necessary part of every man's education; but, at the present day, though the foils may be very good exercise, I consider it the height of folly for any man to throw away his money and time in the attainment of an art that can never be of any use. But we will suppose two pupils taking their lessons, the one with the gloves, attaining a graceful method of drawing a *cork*, painting the margin of an *ogle* with some of the most beauteous tints of the rainbow, or directing a customer to the *victualling-office;* the other, with the foil, passes away his hours in attaining precision to pierce the centre of the heart, or in transfixing the ball of the eye, to cause instant death by perforating the brain. Let me ask, in this mimic warfare which man's mind was most debased? Black-legs are not the peculiar growth of our ring. Wherever men will sport on chance events, there Mr. Blackshanks will be found walking, and that too, on shores where the fist is never used except by our brave tars, that often make them scamper by the mere flourish of their *bunch of fives*. Thieves may be found in the mob that surrounds our ring; but where are they not to be found? A radical or Bible meeting is not exempt from their visits, and they will even be found at a charity sermon, praying they may have good luck when *the bustle* comes on, and may be considered as instruments of divine mercy, sent to deliver good men from the sinful *dross* of the earth.

The only charge that can be brought against the ring is crossing fights; and though the members of the press growl, and very justly too, whenever a ⋈ takes place, yet none of them attempt to point out the *cause* or *remedy*. Fighting men are not all alike, neither are kings; for who would compare our beloved sovereign with the scoundrel Ferdinand? There are men in our ring with integrity that would adorn a more elevated situation—men that would sooner drop senseless under punishment, though fighting for little more than the colours that are tied to the stakes, than receive five hundred pounds to lose wilfully. I do deny most positively that pugilistic exhibitions debase, demoralize, or brutalize us as a nation; on the reverse, I am confident they introdnce chivalrous (they may be rude) notions of *honor*, *courage*, *fortitude*, and love of manly *fair play;* characteristics so strongly indented in the British character, that they are known and acknowledged from pole to pole. And who will be hardy enough to say the excitement to those feelings does not originate in the very same cause which our enemies say brutalizes the feelings of the country?

Even on the score of humanity, pugilism ought to be encouraged: for, wherever it does not exist, murder, by violence and treachery, more frequently takes place; and, without going to foreign countries for proof, a single glance at home will strike the blindest with the necessity of its encouragement. The men of Lancashire, twenty years ago, were up-and-down fighters; then murder was almost an every-day occurrence. Indeed, some of the old ones of that day took no little pride to themselves if they could boast of having stopped the *smoke of a chimney* (choked a man), after the manner of Virginius. Since pugilism has been introduced, though the population is fourfold, yet murder seldom or never takes place. Compare the population of Ireland, where the stick has been thrown aside, and the fist used, to the other parts; the difference in the number of deaths by violence will strike conviction on the dullest. In fact, though chivalry did much to smooth down the roughness of the darker ages, 'tis only the BOXING GLOVES can give the true polish of civilization to the world. And, I am confident, if Adam had been *fly* he would have taught his sons to box; then the club would not have been used, and murder prevented. Cain would have given Abel a good *milling*, perhaps *queered* his *ogles*, or spoiled his *box of dominoes;* but they would have been found next morning supping porridge as comfortably as lord mayor's sons.

Greece, the birth-place of the arts and sciences, encouraged pugilism; and the first man of the day considered not only himself, but his family, honored, if lucky enough to *mill* his man at the Olympic games. Look at the effeminate beings that now parade the streets of Rome, once trod by the conquerors of England, and the world; but then a boxing or a milling match would have had more charms than the finest strains of Von Weber. The government knew the advantage of exhibitions that would excite an admiration of courage and fortitude. 'Twas this reason induced the Athenian general to stop his army, that they might look at a cock-fight;—'tis this that has secured our ring the patronage of the NOBLEST BLOOD, RANK, AND TALENT, in the country; and long may we deserve the support of men that soar above the braying of asses, or the cant of hypocrites.

With all due submission and thanks to the ancients, as the first inventors of *milling*, yet I cannot help feeling pride at the vast superiority our ring possesses over theirs; for death was too frequently the result, in consequence of the metal which was braced to their arm. When our ring is formed, the combatants are left to themselves, without fear of interruption from a third person. Temperate, manly courage, is loudly applauded—passion, cowardice, or foul play, as loudly blamed: and should either of the men display any little act of humanity to his sinking opponent (of which I could state numberless instances), his gallantry is praised to the skies; but the moment the dreadful word ENOUGH is uttered, hostilities cease, and the conqueror, shaking hands with his fallen antagonist, wishes him better luck next time, and, in a kindly voice, expresses a wish that he may soon recover.

Man is the creature of habit, and force of example; and, I again repeat, exhibitions of this kind have their good effects, which can be traced to us as a nation, and, independent of fighting, influence other actions of life. Show me the man completely opposed to pugilism, and you will find his character to be, a bad neighbour, and a tyrant under his own roof. The immortal Wyndham was the staunch advocate and patron of our Ring, and champion for the abolition of the slave trade. Have dealings with any other country —will you find them, in the mass, so honest or so honorable as Britons? In every part of the known world, who are more welcome than our merchants? What flag more respected or feared? Quarrel in the streets of any other country, you will have more than one to contend wiih. If an object of distress is pointed out, who is more ready to assist than a Briton? In other countries murder and robbery go hand in hand. In ours the most desperate men never dip their hands in blood, unless to protect themselves from ill-judged resistance. And who can boast an army or a navy so gallantly brave, or so ready to extend the hand to save, as Britons? Tell me a nation would meet our brave sons on equal terms in the field or on the wave; yet, if conquered, which of them but would sooner become a prisoner to a British sailor or soldier than any other? Theirs is not the frenzied courage like that inspired by brandy, which, after the first gust of passion, leaves its helpless, hopeless, panting possessor; but 'tis that kind of round-after-round courage which will admit of thinking and command, and knows no abatement till wearied nature and death closes the scene. Fair play is a Briton's motto: she would extend it to the extremities of the earth. No consequence what country, religion, or colour. The sable African, throwing aside the chains that levelled him with the beast, now walks erect, in all the majesty of freedom and liberty, calling down blessings on the country that, in spite of all the world, burst his bonds asunder. If these are the symptoms that the country is brutalized by pugilism, long may she continue so! Long may she be the home for the exile —the defender of the oppressed—the best boxer—and arbiter of the world!

TOM REYNOLDS.

### George IV.'s attachment to Horses.

*Wild Boy*, his late Majesty's favorite white riding horse, died at the King's Mews, under very curious circumstances. The noble animal was suddenly attacked, apparently without any cause, with all the usual symptoms of inflammation of the bowels. A consultation of eminent veterinary surgeons was held, and the remedies which have on several occasions been employed in the Royal Stud with marked success were had recourse to. The disease, however, gained ground, and his Majesty, whose knowledge of the anatomy of the horse is well known, expressed his belief that something more than mere inflammation was the cause of the rapid illness. Sir H. Halford coincided in this opinion, and Mr. Godwyne, veterinary surgeon to the King, suspected that the complaint was an intussusception—that is, the passage of one portion of the bowel within the other, by which its canal becomes obstructed, and a fatal inflammation induced. The patient lived only twenty hours from the commencement of the attack—and, on dissection, the opinion formed of its nature was found to be strictly correct. His Majesty, with his usual consideration for the veterinary science, ordered an eminent artist to take a cast of the diseased portion, which, with the bowel itself, have been deposited in the Royal Veterinary Museum.

### Set the Blind to catch the Blind!

In the notes to the Waverley novels, it appears, that Sir Walter Scott happened to be standing by with other gentlemen while the Captain of the Selkirk Yeomanry was purchasing a horse for the use of his trumpeter. The animal offered was a handsome one, and neither the officer, who was an excellent jockey, nor any one present could see any imperfection in wind or limb. But a person happened to pass, who was asked to give an opinion. This man was called Blind Willie, who drove a small trade in cattle and horses; and, what seemed as extraordinary, in watches, notwithstanding his having been born blind. He was accounted to possess a rare judgment in these subjects of traffic. So soon as he had examined the horse in question, he immediately pronounced it to have something of his own complaint, and, in plain words, stated it to be blind, or verging upon that imperfection, which was found to be the case upon close examination. None present had suspected this fault in the animal; which is not wonderful, considering that it may frequently exist without any appearance in the organ affected. Blind Willie being asked how he made a discovery imperceptible to so many gentlemen who had their eye-sight, explained that, after feeling the horse's limbs, he laid one hand on its heart, and drew the other briskly across the animal's eyes, when, finding no increase of pulsation in consequence of the latter motion, he had come to the conclusion that the horse must be blind.

### Desperate Fight between some Sword Fish and a Whale.

Captain Crow, in a work recently published, relates the following as having occurred on a voyage to Memel:—"One morning during a calm, when near the Hebridges, all hands were called up at three in the morning to witness a battle between several of the fish called thrashers, and some sword-fish on one side, and an enormous whale on the other. It was in the middle of Summer, and the weather being clear, and the fish close to the vessel, we had a fine opportunity of witnessing the contest. As soon as the whale's back appeared above the water, the thrashers springing several yards into the air, descended with great violence upon the object of their rancour, and inflicted upon him the most severe slaps with their tails, the sound of which resembled the report of muskets fired at a distance. The sword-fish, in their turn, attacked the distressed whale, stabbing him from below; and thus beset on all sides and wounded, when the poor creature appeared, the water around him was dyed with blood. In this manner they continued tormenting and wounding him for many hours, until we lost sight of him; and I have no doubt they, in the end, accomplished his destruction.

### SINGULAR OCCURRENCE: FIGHT BETWEEN A TERRIER AND AN OPOSSUM.

Mr. Fergusson had a young terrier bitch, about sixteen months old, liver and white, weight about 25½lb. Mr. Jenkins had an opossum, brought from New South Wales, supposed to be about three years old, and weighing 27lb. The opossum is something like a fox (and thence called the vulpine opossum), but inferior in size; the toes on the fore feet are five in number, the inner one high up, and inverted, with remarkably strong claws to each; the hind feet have four toes, and a thumb, of two joints, without a claw; the legs are short, but well put together; it has in each jaw four grinders, and eight canine teeth, which are longer, more sharp and pointed than the generality of them. The bitch and opossum fought on the 6th of January, 1829, and the day being very rough, the fight was obliged to take place in a barn instead of Hempton Green, as had been contemplated, to the vexation of numbers, who could not get admission at any price; so much stir did the affair make in the neighbourhood. A great deal of betting took place previous to the match, at guineas to pounds, Possey the favorite; and some of our Norfolk knowing and learned country swells, who were acquainted with the "nature of the beast," (after seeing the excellent trim he was got into by his trainer, Jemmy Neal) even went as high as three to two, and I did hear of two to one being offered, but cannot state it as a fact. The bitch received the attentions of Tom Riffley.

Round 1st. Possey looked very fell, shook his bushy tail, and darted at the bitch as quick as lightning, caught her by the shoulder, and tore a piece out of it; he then drew back, made another spring at the fore leg, but missed it. Meantime the bitch was not idle—she made several attempts at a hold, but the gentleman's furry coat deceived the poor bitch, who brought away a mouthful of his outer garment every time she sprung at him; at length, she caught him "where the Irishmen put their lundy," and punished him severely, while he returned by making use of his claws, with which he scratched dreadfully. At length, he got away, and was taken to his house; and, after two minutes rest, began

Round 2d. Both darting at one another, their heads met, and both were knocked over. Returning, Possey seized the bitch by the throat, and threw her quite over him, flung out his hind feet, and almost knocked all the wind out of the bitch (four to one on Possey freely offered—no takers.) The bitch fought shy till she got a little wind, then made for him, seized his proboscis, and pulled him about in good style, in spite of his claws, which made dreadful havoc with the bitch; Possey got away, and was taken to his house. This lasted nine minutes and a half.

Round 3d. The bitch made first play, and began by taking Mr. Possey by the nose, where she held him, and pulled him about for two minutes and a half, he keeping his claws in exercise all the while, when she lost her hold, and sprung at his neck (which in the previous round, she had cleared of the fur) which she lacerated in a shocking manner, when he got away, and was led to his house. Possey became rather weak from the loss of blood, but was restored upon Riffley applying something to his nostrils.

Round 4th, and last. The bitch again made for the foreigner's neck, where she left the marks of her toothy work; she then seized him by the shoulder, got an excellent hold, and, for the first time, Possey uttered a dismal yell, and, on getting away, made for his house, from whence he could no more be brought to the scratch. The bitch was consequently declared the winner.

The fight lasted thirty-seven minutes.

### CARRIER PIGEONS.

The first mention we find made of the employment of pigeons, as letter carriers, is by Ovid, in his "Metamorphoses," who tells us that Taurosthenes, by a pigeon stained with purple, gave notice of his having been victor at the Olympic games on the very same day to his father at Ægina. When the city of Ptolemais, in Syria, was invested by the French and Venetians, and was ready to fall into their hands, they observed a pigeon flying over them, and immediately conjectured that it was charged with letters to the garrison. On this, the whole army raising a loud shout, so confounded the poor aërial post, that it fell to the ground; and on being seized, a letter was found under its wings, from the sultan, in which he assured the garrison, that "he would be with them in three days, with an army sufficient to raise the siege." For this letter, the besiegers substituted another to this purport—"that the garrison must see to their own safety, for the sultan had such other affairs pressing upon him, that it was impossible for him to come to their succour;" and with this false intelligence they let the pigeon fly on his course. The garrison, deprived by this decree of all hopes of relief, immediately surrendered. The sultan appeared on the third day, as promised, with a powerful army, and was not a little mortified to find the city already in the hands of the Christians.

Carrier pigeons were again employed, but with better success, at the siege of Leyden, in 1675. The garrison were, by means of the information thus conveyed to them, induced to stand out, till the enemy, despairing of reducing the place, withdrew. On the siege being raised, the Prince of Orange ordered that the pigeons which had rendered such essential service should be maintained at the public expense, and that at their death they should be embalmed and preserved in the town-house, as a perpetual token of gratitude.

In the East, the employment of pigeons for the conveyance of letters is still very common, particularly in Syria, Arabia, and Egypt. Every bashaw has generally a basket full of them sent him from the grand seraglio, where they are bred, and in case of any insurrection, or other emergency, he is enabled, by letting loose two or more of these extraordinary messengers, to convey intelligence to the government long before it could be possibly obtained by other means. The diligence and speed with which these feathered messengers wing their course is extraordinary. From the instant of the liberation, their flight is directed through the clouds at an immense height, to the place of their destination. They are believed to dart onward in a straight line, and never descend, except when at a loss for breath, and then they are to be seen commonly at dawn of day, lying on their backs on the ground, with their bills open, sucking in with hasty avidity the dew of the morning. Of their speed, the instances related are almost incredible.

The consul of Alexandria daily sends dispatches by these means to Aleppo in five hours, though couriers occupy the whole day, and proceed with the utmost expedition from one town to the other.

Some years ago, a gentleman sent a carrier pigeon from London, by the stage coach, to his friend at St. Edmunsbury, together with a note, desiring that the pigeon, two days after its arrival there might be thrown up precisely when the town clock struck nine in the morning. This was done accordingly, and the pigeon arrived in London, and flew to the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate-street, into the loft, and was there shown at half an hour past eleven o'clock, having flown seventy-two miles in two hours and a half.

At Antwerp, in 1819, one of the thirty-two pigeons belonging to that city, which had been conveyed to London, and there let loose, made the transit back, being a distance, in a direct line of 180 miles, in six hours. It is through the attachment of the animals to the place of their birth, and particularly to the spot where they had brought up their young, that they are thus rendered useful to mankind. When a young one flies very hard at home, and is come to its full strength, it is carried in a basket or otherwise, about half a mile from its home, and there turned out; after this, it is carried a mile, then two, four, eight, ten, twenty, &c., till at length it will return from the furthermost part of the country.

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## THE ALLIGATOR HUNT!

### *Or, Travellers see Strange Things.*

"I must give a short account of an alligator-hunt (says Capt. Basil Hall, R. N.) at a place called Nellivelley, near Trincomalee, got up for the admiral's express amusement, and performed by a corps of Malays in the British service, the 1st Ceylon regiment. Very early in the morning of the 22d of September, the party, which consisted of several ladies and a large proportion of red coats and blue coats were summoned from their beds to set forth on this expedition. The admiral, as usual, was up, dressed, and on horseback, long before any of the rest of the company, whom he failed not to scold, or to quiz, as they severally crept out of their holes, rubbing their eyes, and very much doubting whether the pleasure of the sport were likely to compensate for the horrible bore of early rising. In other countries the hour of getting up may be left to choice; in India, when any thing active is to be done, it is a matter of necessity; for after the sun has gained even a few degrees of altitude, the heat and discomfort, as well as the danger of exposure, become so great, that all pleasure is at an end. This circumstance limits the hours of travelling and of exercise in the East very inconveniently, and introduces modifications which help in no slight degree to give a distinctive character to Indian manners. As there was little risk of being too late on any party of which Sir Samuel Hood took the lead, the day had scarcely begun to dawn when we all cantered up to the scene of action. The ground lay as flat as a marsh for many leagues; here and there the plain was spotted with small stagnant lakes, connected together by sluggish streams, or canals, scarcely moving over beds of mud, between banks fringed with a rank crop of draggled weeds, and giving birth to clouds of mosquitoes. The chill atmosphere of the morning felt so thick and clammy, it was impossible for the most confident in his own strength and health not to think of agues, jungle fevers, and all the hopeful family of malaria. The hardy native soldiers, who had occupied the ground during the night in despite of the miasmata, were drawn up to receive the admiral; and a very queer guard of honor they formed. The whole regiment had stripped off their uniform, and every other stitch of clothing, save a pair of short trousers, and a kind of sandal. In place of a firelock, each man bore in his hand a slender pole about six feet in length, to the extremity of which was attached the bayonet of his musket. His only other weapon was the formidable Malay crease, a sort of dagger or small edition of the waving two-edged sword with which the angel Michael is armed in Raphael's picture of the Expulsion of our First Parents from Paradise. Soon after the commander-in-chief came to the ground, the regiment was divided into two main parties, and a body of reserves. The principal columns, facing one to the right, the other to the left, proceeded to occupy different points in one of those sluggish canals I have already mentioned, connecting the lakes or pools, scattered over the plain. These detachments, being stationed about a mile from one another, enclosed an interval where, from some peculiar circumstances known only to the Malays (who are passionately fond of this sport), the alligators were sure to be found in great numbers. The troops formed themselves across the canal in three parallel lines, ten or twelve feet apart; but the men in each line stood side by side, merely leaving room enough to wield their pikes. The canal may have been about four or five feet deep in the middle of the stream, if stream it may be called, which scarcely moved at all. The colour of the water when undisturbed was a shade between ink and coffee; but no sooner had the triple line of Malays set themselves in motion, and the mud got stirred up, than the consistence and colour of the fluid became like those of pease-soup. On every thing being reported ready, the soldiers planted their pikes before them in the mud, and, if I recollect right, each man crossing his neighbour's weapon, and at the word 'march' away they all started in full cry, sending forth a shout, or war-whoop, sufficient to curdle the blood of those on land, whatever effect it may have had on the inhabitants of the deep. As the two divisions of the invading army, starting from opposite ends of the canal, gradually approached each other in pretty close column, screaming and yelling with all their souls, and striking their pikes deep in the slime before them, the startled animals naturally retired towards the unoccupied centre. Generally speaking, the alligators, or crocodiles (for I believe they are very nearly the same), had sense enough to turn their long tails upon their assailants, and to scuttle off as fast as they could towards the middle part of the canal. But every now and then, one of the terrified monsters, either confused by the sound, or provoked by the prick of a pike, or mystified by the turbid nature of the stream, floundered backwards, and by retreating in the wrong direction, broke through the first, second, and even third line of pikes. This, which would have been any thing but an amusement to unpractised hands, was the perfection of sport to the delighted Malays. A double circle of soldiers was speedily formed round the wretched aquatic who had presumed to pass the barrier. By means of well-directed thrusts with numberless bayonets, and the pressure of some dozens of feet, the poor brute was often fairly driven beneath his native mud. When once there, his enemies half choked and half spitted him, till at last they put an end to his miserable days in regions quite out of sight, and in a manner as inglorious as can well be conceived. For the poor denizens of the pool, indeed it was the choice between Scylla and Charybdis with a vengeance; and I am half ashamed to acknowledge the savage kind of delight with which we stood on the banks, and saw the distracted creatures rushing from one attack right into the jaws of another. The Malays, in their ecstacy, declared that the small fry from one side rushed down the throats of the big ones whom they met flying in the opposite direction. But this seems very questionable, though positively asserted by the enraptured natives, who redoubled their shouts as the plot thickened, and the two bodies of troops, marching from opposite quarters, drew within a hundred yards of each other. The intermediate space was now pretty well crowded with alligators, swimming about in the utmost terror; at times diving below, and anon showing their noses, well plastered with mud, high above the surface of the dirty stream; or occasionally making a furious bolt in sheer despair right at the phalanx of Malays. On these occasions, half-a-dozen of the soldiers were often upset, and their pikes either broken or twisted out of their hands to the infinite amusement of their companions, who speedily closed up the broken ranks, as if their comrades had been shot down in battle. The killed were none, but the wounded many; yet no man flinched in the least. The perfection of the sport appeared to consist in detaching a single alligator from the rest, surrounding and attacking him separately, and spearing him till he was almost dead. The Malays then, by main strength, forked him aloft, over their heads, on the end of a dozen pikes, and, by a sudden jerk, pitched the conquered monster far on the shore. As the alligators are amphibious, they kept to the water no longer than they found they had an advantage in that element; but as the period of the final mêlée approached, on the two columns of their enemy closing up, the monsters lost all discipline, floundered, and ploutered up the weedy banks, scuttling away to the right and left, helter-skelter. 'Sauve qui peut!' seemed to be the fatal watch-word for their total rout. That prudent cry would, no doubt, have saved many of them, as it has saved other vanquished forces, had not the Malays judiciously placed beforehand their reserve on each side of the river to receive the distracted fugitives, who, bathed in mud, and half dead with terror, but still in a prodigious fury, dashed off at right angles from the canal, in hopes of gaining the shelter of a swampy pool overgrown with reeds and bulrushes, but which, alas for most of the poor beasts, they were never doomed to reach. The concluding battle between these retreating and desperate alligators and the Malays of the reserve was formidable enough. Indeed, had not the one party been fresh, the other exhausted—one confident, the other broken in spirit, it is quite possible that the crocodiles might have worsted the pirates, as the Malays are called in every other part of the world but the east, where they are generally admitted to be as good a set of people as any of their neighbours. It is needless to say, that while all this was going on, our gallant admiral, sir Samuel Hood, was a pretty busy spectator. His eagle eye glanced along the canal, and at a moment took in the whole purpose of the campaign. As the war advanced, and sundry small affairs of out-posts took place, we could see his face flushing with delight. But when the first alligator was cast headlong and gasping at his feet, pierced with at least twenty pike wounds, and bristled with half a dozen fragments of these weapons fractured in the onslaught, the whole plain rang with exclamations of boyish delight. When the detachments closed in upon their prey, and every moment gave birth to some new prodigy of valour, or laid a whole line of the Malay soldiers prostrate on the muddy stream, like so many nine-pins, I verily believe that if none of his own people had been present, the admiral would have seized a pike himself, and jumped into the thickest of the fight, boots, sword, cocked hat, and all! As it was, he kept himself close to the banks, and rivalled the best Malay amongst them in yelling and cheering on the forces to their duty. This intensity of eagerness had well nigh proved rather awkward for his excellency's dignity, if not his safety; for, in spite of the repeated warnings of the English officers of the regiment, who knew from former hunts what was sure to happen eventually, the admiral persisted in approaching the edge of the canal, as the final act of the alligators' tragedy commenced. And as we, his poor officers, were, of course, obliged to follow our chief into any danger, a considerable party of us found ourselves rather awkwardly placed between the reserve of Malays already spoken of, and the canal, just as the grand rush took place at the close of the battle. If the infuriated crocodiles had only known what they were about, and had then brought their long sharp snouts, and still harder tails, into play, several of his majesty's officers might have chanced to find themselves in a scrape. As it was, we were extremely near being wedged in between the animals' noses and the pikes and creases of the wild Malays. It was difficult, indeed, to say which of the two looked at that moment the most savage—the triumphant natives, or the flying troop of alligators walloping away from the water. Many on both sides were wounded, and all, without exception, covered with slime and weeds. Some of our party were actually pushed over, and fell plump in the mud, to the very provoking and particular amusement of the delighted admiral, whose superior adroitness enabled him to avoid such an undignified catastrophe, by jumping first on one side and then on the other, in a manner which excited both the mirth and the alarm of his company; though, of course, we took good care rather to laugh with our commander-in-chief, than at him. I forget the total number of alligators killed, but certainly there could not have been fewer than thirty or forty. The largest measured ten feet in length, and four feet girth, the head being exactly two feet long. Besides these great fellows, we caught, alive, a multitude of little ones, nine inches long, many of which we carried back to Trincomalee. Half a dozen of these were kept in tubs of water at the Admiralty House for many days; the rest, being carried on board, became great favorites amongst the sailors, whose queer taste in the choice of pets has already been noticed."

## THE COYA.

In the district of Popayan (according to *Ulloa's Voyages*,) which lies to the north of Quito, there occurs an insect of very remarkable properties. It is shaped like a spider, and is much less than a bug: its common name is coya, but others call it coyba; its colour is of a fiery red, and, like spiders, it is generally found in the corners of walls, and among the herbage. Its venom is of such a malignity, that on squeezing the insect, if any happen to fall on the skin of either man or beast, it immediately penetrates into the flesh, and causes large tumours, which are soon succeeded by death. The only remedy hitherto known, is, on the first appearance of a swelling, to singe the party all over the body with the flame of straw, or long grass growing in those plains. In order to this, the Indians of that country lay hold of the patient, some by the feet, and others by the hands, and with great dexterity perform the operation, after which the person is reckoned to be out of danger. But it is to be observed, that though this insect be so very noxious, yet squeezing it between the palms of the hands is attended with no bad consequence: from whence the plain inference is, that the callus, usual on the hands of most people, prevents the venom from reaching the blood. Accordingly the Indian muleteers, to please the curiosity of the passengers, squeeze them between the palms of their hands, though unquestionably, should a person of a delicate hand make the trial, the effects would be the same as on any other part of the body.

## TOM SPRING'S FAREWELL TO IRELAND.

AIR—

*"Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see."*

Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet Dublin shall always be precious to me,
And though to my "Castle" again I repair,
I shall think of the whiskey I tippled when there.

Though again in my parlour I pass round the joke,
Encircled by friends, and enveloped in smoke,
Yet nothing on earth shall my memory rob
Of Simon, Tom Reynolds, and Whiteheaded Bob.

Adieu, worthy friends, may your spirits be light—
Your potatoes be mealy—your whiskey be bright—
Days of darkness, I trust, will to you be unknown,
And your *Winter* dissolve into *Spring* like my own.

Printed for Thomas Tegg, Cheapside, by John Haddon, Castle Street, Finsbury.

# PIERCE EGAN'S

# BOOK OF SPORTS.

No. XII.] [*Price Three Pence.*

## TATTERSALL'S;

### *Or*, *a* Glance *at the* Settling Day *after the* DERBY RACE.

FELIX QUI NIHIL DEBET!

Amidst VARIETY's great range,
 In London's splendid mart—
Take a peep at that "Gay Exchange,"
 Where sportsmen play *their* part ?
All thorough-bred ! such *chaffing* pals:
 With HIGH, *Low*, Jack, and GAME,
Sure to meet with—at Tattersall's,
 So old in sporting fame!
  For dashing Cab,
  With natty lad,
  Out-and-out *Prad*,
 Going--going—going—the last time—

"Gentlemen, what can you hesitate about? only look at her ! she is one of the most beautiful creatures that I have ever had the honor of submitting to your notice! So gentle in her paces; indeed, so safe a goer, that a child might ride her. Her pedigree is excellent—she is thorough-bred from her ear to her hoof; and the Herald's College could not produce a more sound and satisfactory one—she comes

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

from a good house, I pledge, my word, gentlemen. My Lord Duke, will you allow me to say 250*l.* for your Grace? She will, not withstanding the excellence of your Grace's stud, be an ornament to it. She is a picture—complete to a shade; in fact, I could gaze upon her for ever, and always be struck with some new beauty she possesses. Thank you, my Lord Duke, I was certain your Grace would not let such an opportunity pass. There is not a horse dealer in the kingdom who can show such a fine creature! She is above competition—I may say, she is matchless! the Regent's Park might be betted to a mole-hill with safety that she has no paragon. Sir Henry, let me call your attention to CLEOPATRA! She is like her namesake in the olden times—but beautiful without paint! She is pure Nature, and no vice! Her action, Sir Harry—yes, her action—I could dilate upon it for a quarter of an hour—but *puffing* is out of the question—you shall judge for yourself. Run her down, John—The Graces, I am sure, *Sir Harry*, were they to behold her movements, would be out of temper with her captivating excellence! *Taglioni*, I must admit, can perform wonders with her pretty feet; but *Cleopatra*, my Lord Duke, can *distance* the whole of them put together; and positively leave the Opera House with all its talent, in the back ground. In fact, I am deficient in words to display her immense capabilities — 300*l.* *Going! — Going!* 310*l* Thank you, my Lord Duke, she must be yours. For the last time, going at 310*l.*; but I will do the handsome thing, I will allow you five minutes to compose your mind—I am well aware that such unparalleled beauty is very dazzling—therefore, before you lose sight of this handsome creature, I do impress upon you, to remember that the opportunity once lost—320*l.*; Sir Harry, I am obliged to you—the world has always acknowledged you as a man of great taste in matters of this kind; and, without flattery, you have never shown it more than in the present instance—according to the poet, "Beauty unadorned, is adorned the most!" *Going*—CLEOPATRA, my Lord Duke, will be in other hands if your Grace does not make up your mind in your usual princely style of doing things—a good bidding will make CLEOPATRA your own for ever, therefore, now's the time to put on the *distancing* power, and your Grace will win the race in a canter! 340*l.* My Lord Duke, I can only express my gratitude to say, that you have done me honor—*Going!*—*going*—in fact, gentlemen, I am like an artist in this case, I do not like to leave such a delightful picture and I could *dwell* upon the qualities of CLEOPATRA to the echo that applauds again—but most certainly I have given you all a fair chance—CLEOPATRA is on the *go*—are you all silent—*going* for 340*l.* after all, what is that sum for one of the greatest English beauties ever submitted to the inspection of the public! 350*l.*, thank you, Sir Charles—worth your money at any price. I have witnessed your notice of CLEOPATRA for some time past—she will bear looking at, again and again! Charming CLEOPATRA! I am glad to see she has so many suitors for her *hand*—I beg pardon, gentlemen—a slip will happen to the best of us—her *feet*, I should have said, but nevertheless, I am happy to see she has a host of admirers. I cannot *bid* myself, or else I would "make play," and CLEOPATRA should become a noble prize. 370*l.* Bravo! my Lord Duke! for 370*l.* positively, yes positively, 'pon my honor, positively the last time—or else the beautiful CLEOPATRA goes into the *keeping* of my Lord Duke. You are sure, gentlemen, that you have all done? Don't blame me, don't blame yourselves! Going, *once!* Going, *twice!* Going, *three times!* [*The auctioneer, after a long pause, and numerous flourishes with his hammer*, in hopes to obtain another bidding, but the 'cock would not fight,' exclaimed,] GONE!!! CLEOPATRA belongs to the Duke.

Then TATTERSALL'S the place,
For *pedigree* to trace,
One of the tip-top shows in London.

For the last fifty years, and upwards, the name of TATTERSALL, and his establishment, have stood eminently conspicuous in the sporting world; and, notwithstanding the opposition started at various times against it, yet naturally to be expected in an improving Metropolis, like London, where myriads of speculators and men of talent are always upon the look out, to have a 'finger in the pie, of good things,' none of the 'new *concerns*' have been able to reduce its consequence, or lessen its character in the eyes of the public; but, on the contrary, it has increased rather than diminished both in point of business and attraction. There is no establishment that we can remember, and also from the best information we have acquired upon the subject, that has kept its ground so firmly, in every point of view as—TATTERSALL'S; therefore we are induced to quote from ourselves—"*Life in London*, 1821;" and have no reason to alter our opinion:—

"This scene is so very familiar to a certain part of the public, and can also be identified at any period, that it scarcely requires a comment. But to a great portion of society in the Metropolis, who are quite aloof from sporting transactions, a short account of this most celebrated repository may prove not altogether unacceptable.

"Jerry expressed himself so much pleased with his visit to TATTERSALL'S, that he observed to Logic, during his stay in London he should often frequent it. "I delight," said HAWTHORN, "to be in the company of sportsmen; and no objects afford me greater satisfaction than the sight of a fine hunter,—the view of a high-mettled racer,—and the look of a *perfect* greyhound." "I admire them also," replied the Corinthian; "and Tattersall's will always prove an agreeable lounge, if no direct purpose call a person thither. If nothing more than INFORMATION be acquired, that *alone*, Jerry, to a man of the world, is valuable at all times. Besides, Tattersall's gives a *tone* to the *sporting* world, in the same way that the transactions on the Royal Exchange influence the mercantile part of society. It has likewise its '*settling days*' after the great races at Newmarket, Doncaster, Epsom, Ascot, &c. I do not know about the *bulls* and *bears*; but if it has no *lame ducks* to *waddle* out, it has sometimes *Levanters* that will not *show* for a time, and others that will *brush off* altogether. But this does not happen very often; and Tattersall's has its '*good* MEN' as well as the '*Change*; and whose '*word*' will be taken for any amount. It has also its 'subscription room,' which is extremely convenient for gentlemen and other persons, who feel any inclination to become acquainted with the events of the sporting world, at the moderate charge of *one guinea* a year. Indeed" continued Tom, "there is an air of sporting about this place altogether; elegance, cleanliness, and style, being its prominent features. The company, I admit, is a *mixture* of persons of nearly all ranks in life: but, nevertheless, it is that sort of *mixture* which is pleasingly interesting; there is no *intimacy* or *association* about it. A man may be well known here; he may also in his turn *know* almost every body that visits Tattersall's; and yet be quite a *stranger* to the habits and connexions of society. It is no matter who *sells* or who purchases at this repository. A *bet* stands as good with a LEG, and is thought as much of, as with a *Peer*,—MONEY, being the *touchstone* of the circumstance. The 'best judge' respecting sporting events is acknowledged the 'best man' here; every person being on the 'look out,' to see how he *lays* his *blunt*. The DUKE and the *Parliamentary Orator*, if they do not know the properties of a horse, are little more than cyphers; it is true, they may be *stared* at, if pointed out as great characters, but nothing more. The *nod* from a *stable keeper* is quite as important, if not more so, to the Auctioneer, as the *wink* of a RIGHT HONORABLE. Numbers of persons, who visit TATTERSALL'S, are or wish to appear *knowing*; from which '*self*' importance they are often most egregiously duped. In short, if you are not as familiar with the *odds* upon all events as CHITTY in quoting precedents—show as intimate an acquaintance with the *pedigree* and *speed* of race horses as a GULLEY—and also display as correct a knowledge of the various capabilities of the prize pugilists as Jackson:—if GAIN is your immediate object, you are 'of no *use*' at TATTERSALL'S." "Yes," says LOGIC, with a grin, interrupting TOM; "there are to be found here as many *flats* and *sharps* as would furnish the score of a musical composer; and several of these *instruments* have been so much played upon, and are so wretchedly out of *tune*, that the most skilful musician in the world cannot restore them to perfect *harmony*." "It is," resumed the CORINTHIAN, "an excellent mart for the disposal of carriages, horses, dogs, &c., and many a fine fellow's *stud* has been *floored* by the hammer of TATTERSALL. There is a capacious TAP attached to the premises for the convenience of the servants of gentlemen in attendance upon their masters, or for any person who stands in need of refreshment. TATTERSALL'S, for the purposes intended,is the most complete place in the Metropolis; and if you have any desire to witness 'real life'—to observe *character*, and to view the favorite *hobbies* of mankind, it is the resort of the *pinks* of the SWELLS —the *tulips* of the GOES,—the *dashing* heroes of the military,—the fox-hunting clericals,—sprigs of nobility,—stylish coachmen,—smart guards, — saucy butchers, — natty grooms, — tidy helpers,—knowing horse dealers,—*betting* publicans,—neat jockeys,—sporting men of all descriptions,—and the picture is finished by numbers of real gentlemen. It is the tip-top sporting feature in London." "It must have been the work of some time," said JERRY, "to have formed such a famous connexion." "Yes," replied TOM; "you are quite right. It is not the *work* of a day. The name of TATTERSALL is not only high, but of long standing in the sporting world; and every thing connected with this splendid establishment is conducted in the most gentlemanly manner. The founder of these premises was, during his time, viewed as one of the best judges of horse-flesh in the kingdom; and, as a proof of it, he made his fortune by a horse called HIGHFLYER."

> There liv'd, as fame reports, in days of yore,
> At least, some fifty years ago, or more,
> At Hyde Park Corner, great in fame,
> For selling horses, carriages, and hounds,
> And quickly turning *Shillings* into POUNDS,
> The *Sporting* TATTERSALL"—his name!

When Mr. Tattersall commenced business as an auctioneer in the horse-line and carriage department, the times were more propitious towards forming a 'good connection' and realizing a fortune as a reward for industry and past services than at the present period—indeed, the country was in a far different state altogether, but even then JOHN BULL never lost sight of an inch of his native privilege—liberty, perhaps, might be a more appropriate phrase, "to grumble, and growl at every thing like a bear with a sore head." But no matter — the founder of the above establishment possessed an active mind, with an eye towards the main chance—and made himself master of a tolerably good *knack* in describing the properties of a horse, or the qualities of a greyhound, &c., without being obliged to prove himself a competent judge of either of them—(the act of parliament for an auctioneer requiring no such qualifications from the man who knocked *down* every thing with his hammer), but more like many persons who have certain duties to perform in the pulpit (yet with due deference and respect to the cloth be it spoken), purchase MS. sermons, and pass off before their congregations as men of talent—so may an auctioneer proceed in his calling by *rote*, and with a little self-preparation, something after the manner of a rehearsal, he may ascend the rostrum and descant upon the various articles committed to his charge, with all the ability of a *Crichton.* The above allusions may, or may not, apply to the late Mr. Tattersall; but it was notorious that he had been a most prosperous man in business; indeed, good luck had been his constant companion in most of his speculations; and almost every thing that he touched, in a business-like point of view, had turned to *gold.*

The following EPITAPH may form something like a *clue* to the riches of the late Mr. TATTERSALL:—

HERE LIETH
The perfect and beautiful symmetry
Of the much lamented
HIGHFLYER;
By whom, and his wonderful offspring,
The celebrated TATTERSALL acquired a noble fortune,
But was not ashamed to acknowledge it.
In gratitude to this famous
STALLION,
He call'd an elegant mansion he built
HIGHFLYER HALL.
At these extensive demesnes
It is not unusual for some of the
*Highest characters*
To regale sumptuously,
When they do the owner the honor
Of accepting his hospitality.
A gentleman of the Turf,
Tho' he has no produce from the above
STALLION,
Begs leave to pay this small tribute
To his memory.

Here lies the *third*[*] of the Newmarket race,
That ne'er was conquer'd on the Olympic plain:
*Herod* his sire, who but to few gave place,
*Rachel* his dam—his blood without a stain.

By his prolific deeds was built a court,[†]
Near where proud Ely's turrets rise;
To this fam'd sultan would all ranks resort,
To stir him up to an am'rous enterprise.

To *these three patriarchs*[‡] the Turf shall owe
The long existence of superior breed:
*That* blood in endless *progeny* shall flow,
To give the *lion's* strength and *roebuck's* speed.

It appears, that some intimate friend of Mr. Tattersall had suggested to him, as a good *speculation*, the great advantage that would accrue to him if he possessed a NEWSPAPER; more especially, as he had occasion to advertise daily the sale of horses; and it was not a very difficult matter to prove to him (his mind being always open to every channel whereby property might be acquired) that in this way he could gain some hundreds a-year by advertisements, independent of the importance it would give him in society. It is, however, true, that his friends dissuaded him, and often repeated, "*Ne sutor ultra Crepidam.*" "I am quite aware of your objection," replied Mr. Tattersall, "but I know no more about horses than I do of newspapers; and I have done well with the one; therefore, the *chance* is equal that I shall do well with the other; nay, I think the ODDS are in my favor." However strange it might appear to some persons in the world, that a 'dealer of horses' should suddenly become a '*dealer* in LITERATURE,' and that the *stride* was immense from the one sort of traffic to the other, and the *contrast* of character equally out of place; there are persons to be met with in society who entertain an opinion, that in skilful hands, men are more easily *managed* than horses! But surely, as the facetious George Colman has observed in his Newcastle Apothecary,—

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,
(Which often times will GENIUS fetter);
Read works of fancy, it is said:
And cultivated the Belles Lettres.

And why should this be thought so odd!
Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic?
Of Poetry though patron God,
Apollo patronises physic.

And why, it might be asked, should not Mr. Tattersall have a taste for Literature as well as possessing judgment in cattle?

To describe a horse, or pet dog,
And praise the limbs so taper;
'Tis but to give MEM'RY a jog—
And "*cut*" for the Newspaper.

But in spite of all the objections urged against Mr. Tattersall becoming the proprietor of a newspaper, he entered into the proposed scheme with the utmost composure and confidence; perhaps under the impression of the old adage, "that nothing venture, nothing win." The change of scene which the above connection produced in the affairs of Mr. Tattersall was not at all unpleasant to his feelings; for if he had to combat the opinions of horse-dealers, grooms, and sporting folks respecting turf masters in the morning; the *polished* conversation he experienced in the evening with literary characters, artists, and men of talent respecting the affairs of the country, made ample amends for it.

If Mr. Tattersall could not have written articles on the state of politics like the late Mr. Perry of the Morning Chronicle, his great intercourse with the 'numerous characters of his day' might have taught him to dictate to an amanuensis a variety of attractive features for a daily Journal; and, if he did not likewise possess talent enough to take the lead in an argument like an orator, he might have shown himself a sharp *listener* on 'passing subjects,' so as to have proved himself a tolerably good Jack-all in the capacity of a caterer to the concern. The late Mr. Tattersall did, we have no doubt, furnish, very frequently, a column on the "*Sayings and Doings*," which came under his immediate cognizance, and within the precincts of his own Repository—such as accounts of the young sprigs of nobility starting into life with new carriages, horses, &c., and also the '*break downs*' of some of the broken-winded members of fashion, whose high-bred studs were compelled to knock under to the hammer:—

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[*] Childers,—Eclipse. [†] An elegant villa near Ely.
[‡] Childers, Eclipse, Highflyer.

Prime of Life to go it! where's the place like London?
Four-in-hand to day—the next you may be undone!
Where the Peer and the Prentice they dress so much the same,
You cannot tell the difference excepting by the name:

By which means, the late Mr. Tattersall might have become a very useful sort of personage as—ONE OF THE PRESS.[*]

The Newspaper alluded to—the *Morning Post*, at that period was in a very flourishing condition, and which brought Mr. Tattersall intimately connected with the following public characters, Mr. Alderman Skinner,[†] Mr. Christie,[*] and Mr. John Bell,[†] who were partners with him in the above daily Journal. The Rev. Mr. Bate was the editor of the Morning Post, and who had also some shares in the paper. Mr. Bate was a gentleman of first rate abilities—also a man of the world—and conversant with all the movements of the town; and by his indefatigable industry, and the constant exercise of his talent, he brought the Morning Post to the highest degree of celebrity, and which produced a clear profit of 3,000*l.* per annum. It however appears, that his high spirit and knowledge of the world could not brook the interference of a committee, whom he treated as little better than blockheads — this interference produced a violent dispute, and ended in the Rev. Mr. Bate selling out, and starting a new Morning Paper, under the title of the Morning Herald, in opposition to the Morning Post. To use the words of Mr. Bate, he considered it a fortunate circumstance,* that he was soon convicted of a libel against the Duke of Richmond. When he had been in prison for some months, the Duke offered to procure a remittal of the remainder of his sentence, on condition of his asking pardon: this he refused with scorn. Having been a man of pleasure, and addicted to the amusements of the town, the Morning Herald found its account in his confinement. Mr. Bate devoted the whole of his time to it, having nothing else to occupy his attention; it soon rivalled all the other newspapers in London; and maintained its superiority for several years. The Rev. Mr. Bate Dudley was well known as the rector of the valuable living of Bradwell, in Essex; and one of the most active magistrates for that county. He was also viewed as an excellent experimental grazier upon a very large and well-improved farm, his own property. Notwithstanding his various occupations, he, nevertheless, found some leisure hours which he dedicated to the muses; and the musical farce of the *Flitch of Bacon*, the opera of the *Woodman*, &c., were the productions of his pen. The Morning Herald, at that period, was distinguished for its wit and satire; and several of the great folks felt the severity of its remarks. In addition to which, Mr. Dudley devoted a considerable portion of his time to the improvement of his lands, and the breed of sheep and horses. He also obtained from the Society of arts, manufactures, and commerce, a medal for recovering lands from the inundation of the sea at Bradwell Sur Mer. In short, the secession of Mr. Dudley from the Morning Post was not only viewed as a great loss in his character of editor, but his rivalry in the Morning Herald also injured the sale of the former journal. In truth, such an editor as Mr. Dudley was not to be replaced without great search and difficulty—a man like him, so conversant at all points with every grade of society. However, Mr. Tattersall was not dismayed; nay, on the contrary, he farmed all the shares of the different proprietors of the Morning Post. To supply the loss of Mr. Bate Dudley, a Mr. Bengefield, who had been one of the king's pages, but a captain in the Militia, offered himself to the notice of Mr. Tattersall, and who agreed to conduct the Morning Post for a certain share of the profits. The above captain was so devoted to the ministers of that day, that he felt it his interest to sacrifice every thing in support of their measures. He persuaded Mr. Tattersall that the Morning Post could not do well long, as it supported the opposition. "There is nothing to be got," said he, "by the *Outs;* but follow my advice, and I will undertake that our paper shall beat the Morning Herald in a very short time!" Mr. Tattersall, with much candour, declared his *ignorance* of politics; but that he was inclined to support Mr. Fox and his friends for the best of all reasons, they dealt with him; yet, in the most sensible, business-like manner, observed, IF MORE MONEY COULD BE MADE ON THE OTHER SIDE, he had no objection to pursue the plan proposed. "Well said," replied Mr. Bengefield, "and now I have got the *cue*, I shall proceed with my part without delay." The Morning Post became immediately a ministerial paper, and was daily filled with the most scurrilous abuse of all the distinguished members of the *opposition.* The late king, then his royal highness the Prince of Wales, was not spared; although it was well known he was Mr. Tattersall's best benefactor. The conduct also of Mrs. Fitzherbert was the daily theme of investigation; and it was the pillow on which they nightly reposed their resentment. The public, at this period, were extremely eager to read every circumstance connected with the movements of his royal highness; and the parties of Mrs. Fitzherbert were also watched with the most scrutinizing attention—indeed, a female character of such high pretensions, and so intimately connected with royalty, was a fine mark to hit at—well worth powder and shot—and according to Shakspeare:—

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[*] ONE OF THE PRESS!—There is certainly some importance about this title; more especially if the individual who, in his character of a reporter, performs his duty to the public with truth and firmness, he is, at least, entitled to the respect and thanks of his countrymen. The proprietor of a Morning newspaper is a person of some consequence in the affairs of the world; he possesses that sort of power which is felt, but unknown. The PRESS—is a Monitor which which has made kings tremble upon their thrones; and hurled some of them headlong from their eminence in society; it is also the PRESS that has made judges quake upon the bench, when their conduct has been contrary to law; prime ministers have been alarmed by its bold truths; and it is the PRESS that has penetrated into the dungeon of the innocently condemned criminal to death, and made his unfortunate case known to the fountain of justice, whereby his life has been preserved, then as one of my last wishes for the prosperity of this most powerful engine, which no steam power can compete with, may it still march with rapid strides to remove ignorance, bigotry, and superstition, and in their stead make mankind happy, enlightened, and good. Just by way of an adieu, in a technical point of view, to this delighful subject, in which so much enthusiasm must always exist in the breasts of the Lovers of Freedom—May TYRANNY be bedded in the *coffin* of the Press; may its *plattin* always produce nothing else but the impression of TRUTH; and may LIBERTY be always attached to its *frisket*. And may the *tympan* of the Press likewise lend its assistance towards the cause of VIRTUE; may the *carriage* always proceed rapidly towards relieving DISTRESS; and may its *bar* be always exercised against OPPRESSION in every shape. The above observations, we trust, will operate as an apology, not only for the late Mr. Tattersall, but for those persons who have at some time or other appeared anxious to obtain the title as—"ONE OF THE PRESS!"

[†] Alderman Skinner was likewise an auctioneer of the first class; but in a different line to Mr. Tattersall; and, it was supposed, that three parts of the estates in the kingdom, had been, at different times, consigned to his care. Such was the immense business Alderman Skinner carried on, that it was a very common occurrence to witness *fifty* advertisements in the different Morning Newspapers of his Sales by Auction. Alderman Skinner was a man of great respectability—and, in a political point of view, had obtained the appellation in the City of the "patriotic Alderman"—he was a true freind to Liberty.

[*] This gentleman was also an auctioneer, and completely the architect of his own fortune: who, from holding a very trifling situation in the office of an auctioneer, to his credit be it related, he worked his way into a carriage; and likewise laid the foundation in life for his family. His 'tiny bits' of French, introduced here and there during his sales, produced at that time a wonderful effect upon his auditors, who in general were of the first taste and quality; and which, ultimately, rendered the auction rooms of Christie a fashionable sort of lounge. The Mr. Christie alluded to, had a sort of winning manner: some persons called 'insinuating,' others a '*coaxing*' way with him, that he generally obtained very high prices for the articles committed to his sale room. He was what might have been termed 'a gold beater' of an auctioneer—he could *hammer* out a guinea to ten by his pleasing mode of delivery—and the plausible manner he had of dwelling on the word—"Going!" "My Lady Countess, you surely will not lose this pretty *Bijou* for such a mere song—let me, Madam, give you the benefit of my experience, and tell your Ladyship that it would be dirt cheap at twice the sum which has been offered for it—I really must knock it down to your Ladyship." And again, "this delightful painting—one of the wonders of the world—an article fit for the cabinet of an Emperor—your Lordship cannot, will not pass it over; in fact, your cabinet of *rarities* would be incomplete without this *chef d' ouvre* of Reubens. It would, possitively, be a libel on a distinguished Connoisseur like your Lordship to let it go into other hands—I will run all risks—permit me to say—Reubens chef d'ouvre is in the cabinet of your Lordship, &c. The original, Mr. Christie was a man of great discernment and industry—he saw his way to preferment and lost not an inch of the ground—he *hammered* his way into life—knocked down *Poverty* as a bad lot—and also made out an excellent catalogue for himself to obtain the possession of the articles calculated to give him a desirable eminence in Society. Such were the men whom the late Mr. Tattersall had for his partners in the Morning Post.

[†] Mr. John Bell, one of the most spirited and elegant publishers of his time, and to whose exertions the lovers of fine printing, and works of a superior kind, are highly indebted to him. It was the late Mr. John Bell who first introduced the round or short s into all his works; in fact, he gave quite a new era to printing "Bell's Edition of Plays," and "Bell's Edition of the Poets," &c., were immensely attractive at the time they were first published; and up to the present period they have always been held in the highest estimation of the public, and the booksellers as standard editions. Mr. Bell was also connected with the late dashing high-minded Capt. Topham, in a spirited Morning Journal, called "THE WORLD!" which, at one period of its circulation, was in high repute, both in the fashionable and sporting world. Mr. Bell likewise established a weekly journal, called after his name, "Bell's Weekly Messenger," a paper of great notoriety, and also of great sale, and still maintains a respectable eminence in the sale of Sunday newspapers. The premises of the late Mr. John Bell were nearly opposite Exeter Change, in the Strand; and fitted up in a most elegant manner, and were the resort of the beau monde, and the first rate actors belonging to both the Theatres Royal. No man knew better how to measure the *foot* of the public, or *cater* for JOHN BULL, in a literary style, than the late Mr. John Bell. He was, indeed, a man of great enterprise and speculation, and who lived to a good old age. The sale of his works were very great; and he ought to have amassed a princely fortune; but, like most men of genius and invention, he was continually assailed by embarrassment. It is said of him that, during his career as a publisher, he had paid *half a million of money* to government for Stamp Duties.

> You know
> What the Great Ones do, the less will prattle of!

The late King was extremely tenacious respecting any discussion upon his public conduct or private affairs; indeed, he was *fretful* to a degree when any remarks appeared in the Newspapers concerning his mode of life—his great *hauteur* forbad it, and he entertained the kingly opinion, that royalty ought to have been exempt from criticism—this tender sort of feeling gave an impetus to the newsmongers,[*] when scandal not only found a ready mart for sale, but became the order of the day. Any thing in the shape of an *amour* in the Fashionable World was swallowed with avidity; an *intrigue*, positively devoured; and a *faux-pas* quite a *bon bouche* to the gossips of that day. Therefore, every bit of scandal was worked up into matters of the greatest importance, and dished up with all the *piquant* manner of the most accomplished *cuisinier* in the kingdom. Hints, inuendoes, and surmises, were put forth with all the talents of a *Snake*, so celebrated in the 'School for Scandal:' something after the manner of more modern times of a celebrated fashionable lord, and his *dear* countess—upon which the following song was made by that clever song writer and singer, Mr. Thomas Hudson, and well received in all the convivial parties in the kingdom:—

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* This most *fortunate* circumstance, as the late Rev. Mr. Bate Dudley termed, must be viewed by persons in general as a *paradox*—to be convicted of a *libel*, and, perhaps, fine and imprisonment added to it, in order to rescue a newspaper from obscurity, and to increase its sale. A more ruinous and dangerous speculation cannot be entered into, than the establishment of a Morning Newspaper; it is like a devouring element—thousands of pounds are expended without the least chance of a single farthing returning to the coffers of the proprietors: independent of the prosecutions for libels, actions for damages, and all the other disagreeables, irritating, et ceteras, which "the Press is heir to!" Instances might be quoted to show the mint of money that has been thrown away in the attempts to establish the "British Press," "The Representative," "The Day," and the "New Times," and a host of other papers—which to mention them might only create regret in their infatuated proprietors. Most certainly, there is something like a *mania* attached to several persons, who are anxious to become managers of theatres, and proprietors of newspapers. Nothing will *cure* them!

### THE PETTICOAT AND BREECHES.

TUNE.—"*Over the water to Charley.*"

"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

DEDICATED (IN PARTICULAR) TO ALL MARRIED MEN, FROM THE PRINCE TO THE PEASANT.

Mylord Ramble went home quite fatigued t'other night,
And as he did take off his breeches,
He look'd at my lady, who was fast asleep quite,
And his conscience it gave him some twitches.
He crept into bed and to sleep went at last,
And dreamt of his power and riches,
When a curious conversation there was pass'd
'Tween my lady's petticoat and my lord's breeches.

"Oh pray where have you been rambling all day!"
Says the petticoat to my lord's breeches;
"After the women, a wager I'll lay!"
"Egad, you're just right;" says the breeches.
"My master, you know, is a gentleman fine,
Nay, a lord, and has plenty of riches;
He has pass'd the whole day with a beauty divine,
As blest as a prince," says the breeches.

Then says the petticoat, "Oh, what a shame!
"One would think husbands thought their wives witches,
To run away so just to follow that game,
To tell my lady I'm sure my tongue itches.
'Tis a very strange thing that a man can't be true
To a wife who in virtue so rich is;
Now is it not shocking? in truth what think you?"
"'Tis the fashion," replied my lord's breeches.

The petticoat then rais'd her head with a smile,
And said, "since the fashion bewitches,
My lady's not backward, for she all the while
Has been well entertaining the breeches.
A charming young captain has been here all day,
Lock'd up far from vulgar eyes reaches;
And my lady with him has the time pass'd so gay,"
"The devil she has!" says the breeches.

"And now, take my word for't, 'tis nothing but fair,"
Says the petticoat on to the breeches!
"That to follow his footsteps his wife does not care,
If he jumps over hedges and ditches.
And surely her conduct he cannot condemn,
If he will lead her up to such pitches;
And for tricks, if the breeches are down upon them,
"He'll find petticoats up to the breeches."

MORAL.

Married men all take a lesson from this,
All you who prize wives as your riches;
And if you by chance meet a beautiful Miss
Be sure and take care of your breeches.
Your wives will be happy, on home they will doat,
And to *honor* they'll stick tight as leeches;
Only you be content with their *one* petticoat,
They'll be blest with your ONE pair of breeches.

But, to return to the Morning Post and Mr. Tattersall—such repeated attacks ultimately alarmed the inmates of Carlton House; and Weltje, who was then cook to his royal highness, and a sort of prime minister in all his private and family concerns, was dispatched to Hyde Park corner, to silence, upon any terms, the daring fellows who had no respect for their great superiors in life, and made public, royal intrigues with the utmost *sang froid*. Mr. Bengefield replied that he was tired of conducting a Daily Journal, and had not the least objection to be *provided for*, in order that he might enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of private life. Weltje made the contract immediately for his most anxious master, by settling £300 per annum on Mr. Bengefield. The Morning Post, thus hastily deprived of its editor, fell into the conduct of inferior hands, and Mr. Tattersall, with the assistance of his friends, crowded the paper with advertisements; readers complained that it had no interesting news, either foreign or domestic, and that the scandal which it contained, both private and public, was shameful and odious. Mr. Tattersall, to use a sporting phrase, was rather "*at fault*," and scarcely knew how to manage the literary helm; but he made up his mind that none of his writers in future should abuse Mrs. Fitzherbert; and he likewise ordered them to be most respectful, nay, flattering in their notices of the Prince. This mode of proceeding was considered by his friends not only as well done,—but managed in a business sort of way—as the stud of his royal highness was soon to brought to the hammer.

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[*] Hudibras describes the character of a newsmonger so *pointedly*, that we are induced to quote it:—"A newsmonger," said he, "is a retailer of rumour that takes upon trust, and sells as cheap as he buys. He deals in a commodity that will not keep; for if it be not fresh it lies upon his hands, and will yield nothing. *True*, or *false*, is all one to him; for novelty being the grace of both, a truth grows stale as soon as a lie: and as a slight suit will last as well as a better while the fashion holds a *lie* serves as well as truth till new comes up. He is little concerned whether it is good or bad, for that does not make it more or less news; and if there be any difference, he loves the bad best, because it is said to come soonest; for he would willingly bear his share in any public calamity to have the pleasure of hearing and telling it. He is deeply read in diurnals, and can give as good an account of Rowland Pepin, if need be, as another man. He tells news, as men do money, with his fingers; for he assures them it comes from very good hands. The whole business of his life is like that of a spaniel, to fetch and carry news; and when he does it well he is clapt on the back, and fed for it; for he does not take to it altogether like a gentleman, for his pleasure; but when he lights on a considerable parcel of news, he knows where to put it off for a dinner, and quarter himself upon it, until he has eaten it out; and by this means he drives a trade, by retrieving the first news to truck it for the first meat in season; and, like the old Roman luxury, ransacks all seas and lands to please his palate, for he imports his narrative from all parts within the geography of a diurnal, and eats as well upon the Russ and Polander, as the English and Dutch. By this means his belly is provided for, and nothing lies upon his hands but his back, which takes other courses to maintain itself by weft and stray silver spoons, straggling hoods and scarfs, pimping, and sets *l'ombre*."

The columns of the Morning Post were now devoted to the opinions of Mr. Fox, and his royal highness, the prince of Wales, was flattered to the skies; while, on the contrary, Mr. Pitt was equally abused as a statesman. This change, however, did not succeed; and the circulation of the Morning Post became materially reduced in its sale. To add to Mr. Tattersall's disappointment and loss, soon after the above period, a libel appeared in the Paper, on the beautiful lady Elizabeth Lambert; and her mother, lady Cavan, as her guardian, brought an action against Mr. Tattersall for blasting the reputation of her daughter, and laid the damages at £10,000. This alarmed Mr. Tattersall, and he applied to the Prince of Wales, and also interested the Duke of York in his behalf. Lady Cavan was inexorable: she properly observed that ladies had two ways of getting husbands;—by character, and by money; those who take away the character ought to supply the deficiency by money. The jury were of the same opinion, and gave a verdict for Lady Elizabeth, for £4000 damages; and she received every farthing of the money awarded her. But, as one misfortune seldom comes alone, prosecutions were soon after commenced against several newspaper proprietors, for libels on the lady of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Mr. Tattersall was also implicated. Fortunately for him, he was known to his Lordship, who condescended to write a letter of remonstrance to him. Lord Westmoreland, the Lord-lieutenant, with his relation, Mr. F. Fane, interposed their good offices, and his Lordship was prevailed upon to drop the suit.

Mr. Tattersall, however, did not like to give up the Morning Post, although he seldom attempted to read any thing beyond the advertisements of horses, and the account of races. It was with great difficulty that his son prevailed upon him to part with it and the "English Chronicle," which were then his property. Some persons were of opinion, that he wished to have the world believe, that as he was the proprietor of newspapers, he was also a man of some literature. Be that as it may—one thing is certain, that he did not gratify his prevailing passion—the love of money, by holding it, as it had been for many years a *losing concern*; and had likewise sunk very much in the estimation of the public. The copyright of the Morning Post was, by comparison, sold for a mere trifle. The English Chronicle was purchased by Mr. Radcliffe, the husband of the celebrated Mrs. Radcliffe, the authoress of the Mysteries of Udolpho, and several other interesting publications—thus ended the "*literary career*," if such it may be termed, of Mr. Tattersall—and perhaps it would have proved much better, both for his mind and his purse, if he had attended to the advice of his friends, who, on his first idea of becoming a newspaper proprietor, bid him consult the well-known adage—"NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM." The above anecdotes, in our humble opinion, respecting the founder of this celebrated Sporting establishment, are well worthy the perusal of the rising sportsmen.

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The SETTLING DAY (which the embellishment represents), is most certainly a very important feature at Tattersall's; to some persons it proves an immense source of delight and pleasure, to think that their judgment has proved correct, and also that they are to be well paid for it. To others, the *losers*, those who have speculated beyond their means of payment, it turns out to be a day of woe and misery, and they are compelled to become LEVANTERS. But to those persons whose honor rises superior to every other consideration, they pay their losses to the utmost *farthing* without the slightest murmur.

The art of betting on race-horses is considered a complete *science;* but without a person keeps a *book*, and attends daily to the rise and fall of the 'Sporting Stocks,' and shifts his ground according to the alteration of the odds, the going down of some, the first favorites, and the rising of other horses, so as to obtain a *point* or two the best of it, he is very likely to make but a 'sorry affair' of it altogether. Yet this is not ALL that is requisite to become a '*downy* one' in the scale of calculation. There is *summut* to be learned from the trainers—you ought also to be upon the look out after the "gallops;" knowing the temper of the horses; ascertaining something about their constitutions; the strength required upon one race-course, and the *tact* wanting upon another. Tottenham corner, at Epsom, has often proved a very dangerous spot, both to man and horse; and many races have been lost at that turn. Then something is to be enquired about the talents of the jockey; for a great deal may depend upon his good conduct and exertions towards winning a race. It may also be necessary, if it can be *fathomed* from the *Touters*, whether the jockey is to ride 'according to orders;' or to be left to his own discretion, to *win* if he can. That there have been some *robberies* committed upon the turf it would be useless, nay, a folly to deny: but nothing in the world can be more elevated than the notions of honor of true Sporting Gentlemen; and we are happy to assert that thousands of such characters are to be met with at the present moment, upon every race-ground in the kingdom. Betting on the turf, within the last few years, from a variety of causes, has been very much *narrowed;* and 'laying money against *nothing*' is entirely out of the question. But, after all, the *science* appertaining to *betting* at times proves extremely fallacious; and after all the conglomeration of knowing *nobs* upon the subject—the whispers—the significant nods—and the *ear-wrigging* as to the qualities and the pedigree of the favorite—an outside horse runs away with the great stakes—laughing, as it were, at any thing like sober calculation. How is that to be accounted for? And it is but justice to remark of several of the Sporting men that they are liberal enough, if a losing man cannot come exactly to the *scratch* on a SETTLING DAY, they will allow him time to make it "*all right.*"

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## FRANCIS BUCKLE—THE JOCKEY :

### *A "Great Creature" in his line of life:*

And what matches he won to the Ostlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some hedge ale-house door!

"BUCKLE is dead!" (exclaims the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*), how strangely local is fame : this is an announcement which our readers perceive without emotion, and yet at Tattersall's the sentence sounded heavily, and gave a quiver to hearts that only respond to the reverberation of hoofs and the chinking of guineas. Yes! the news seemed to affect the odds of life for an instant; sweepstakes and handicaps lost their charms. No one backed the favorite, for he who had backed so many had done his race and not won, but probably lost all, assuredly his life. His last race was a dead heat. His last weighing machine was the arms of his sable bearers; they had but a small burden: a three years' old would have made light of it. Buckle is no longer on the turf, but under it; instead of his black waistcoat and white sleeves, or his red vest slashed with yellow, the colours of his glory, he has assumed the church-yard livery—

"Grass green, turned up with brown."

Those hands which we have so often seen "making-play," whip now in one, now in the other, nicely handling and working the bit; a dazzling sight to see as they scintillated to and fro as he might be coming in easy, or going it hard, are now stretched in stiffened repose by his sides, as quiet as those of the effigy of a crusader, cut in stone in a country church-yard. How poor is the fortune of those shandy legs, on the active plying of which so many hundreds of thousands have depended, when greaved with shining leather and armed with lancing steel, all brilliant for the battle. Alas! alas! the tight little saddle is changed for a coffin pillow, and the gay horse-cloth, trimmed with blue, for one of cere, all white. Play or pay, the race is done, the judge is in his box, and the rivals of poor Buckle, ye Chifneys and Robinsons! may now walk across the course for a brief space. If an ancient Greek, a winner at Elis, could have been but blessed with a vision of one of our winners at Newmarket or Doncaster, how he would have made the welkin ring with laughter! Could he but have seen little Buckle, for instance, he who has been crowned and double-crowned a thousand times, whom the Nobles of the land, yea! Princes have delighted to honour, whom they have gloried in, coveted, courted, shaken by the hand, clapped on the back, all but bribed! That which makes a jockey mars all other men. Buckle weighed next to nothing: such weight as he had was made by strings, in courtesy called muscle; he was little, to dwarfishness; great only in the bow of his legs: it was plain to look at them that he could grasp in femoral embrace the biggest colt that was ever dammed, and here was his *forte*, a perfect Flibbertygibbet, his dimensions lay where they were not seen, but felt. Nature had moulded his *os femoris* upon the rib of a horse; and then his feet, how a dancing master would have turned up his nose at them! assuredly he never could have turned out his toes; but then his heels turned out and his toes met in loving kindness. Buckle could not walk, few real horsemen can, but they can waddle, and so did he; his lower extremities were ridiculous off horseback, but on it they were a bootsful of grace; his face, however, was always, on or off the saddle, venerable—nay, awful, gaunt, hollow, lined, eloquent of trials many long and strong, deep, cunning, alive, quiet, but ready to overwhelm the querist with a rolling glance of unutterable knowledge. Buckle, adieu! as Sir Robert Adair eloquently said over the grave of General Belliard; Buckle, adieu! The earliest work of art the writer of this remembers was an admirable Dightonish portrait of Buckle and his master, the incomparable Mellish; admirable likenesses both, and charmingly pregnant with character, life, and sport, forming together a most delightful contrast of tall, short—aristocratic, plebeian—noble, mean—thorough bred, underbred, but small boned—confidence, cunning—high-crowned, jockey-capped—mustachioed, smug-lipped—graceful, stunted—poplar, pollard—in short, nature against art."

BUCKLE was born at Newmarket, where his father carried on the trade of a saddler. He began to ride exercise in the stable of the late Earl of Grosvenor at nine years of age, and worked himself into a jockey in a manner peculiarly his own. In early life, however, he took a leaf out of the late Sam Chifney's book—availing himself of the most useful and beneficial points in that celebrated rider; but discarding those which appeared to him to be exhibited merely for the effect of ornament or display.

Some of Buckle's best riding was against the famous Irish jockey, Dennis Fitzpatrick, and particularly in the races between *Orlando* and *Gaoler*, *Timothy* and *Warter*, and *Hambletonian* and *Diamond*. In the last mentioned race he was allowed to have shown himself a perfect master of the art, having made his race safe between the ditch and the turn of the land, by striding away, over the flat, before he came to the hill, where he had reason to fear the stout little horse he had to contend with might prove dangerous. It is asserted, that he took upon himself the responsibility of exceeding his orders in this great race, but the state of the other horse, when it was over, clearly proved that he was right. He rode and won with *Hambletonian*, the last time he ever started in public life.

His jockeying *Orlando* against *Gaoler*, in 1803—the Rowley mile, was a fine specimen of the art, although he was beaten. They were the two best mile horses of the day. Dennis was upon *Gaoler;* and Lord George being at that time a confederate with Mr. Watson, it was a very heavy betting race. Both jumped off together, each finessing to get a pull, till neither had a run left, and *Gaoler* only won by staying longer than the other. The men and horses seemed screwed together in the race; and so exhausted were they in the struggle, that they appeared to be contending the race for some distance after they passed the winning post.

When on *Slim*, against Mortimer, Buckle displayed one of the greatest perfections of a jockey—a coolness, which the most trying circumstances could not disturb. When the horses started, *Slim* bolted, and Mortimer got full sixty yards before him: Buckle never varied his pace till within a quarter of a mile of home, when he set to work and won the race.

The match between *Timothy* and *Warter* is thus recorded in Pick's *Vade Mecum* for 1800:—"The greatest skill and judgment were displayed by the riders in one of the best races ever rode, and which was only won by a neck. Much money was depending on this race. *Timothy* was rode by Dennis Fitzpatrick, and *Warter* by *Francis Buckle.*"

The turf lost an eminent jockey when Dennis Fitzpatrick died. He was Mr. Cookson's favorite rider, and stood very high in his opinion and confidence. He was the son of an Irish farmer, a tenant of Lord Claremont's, by whom he was brought over to this country—riding also for his Lordship, as well as for the Earl of Egremont. He had also an excellent master in the honorable George Watson, who has ever been considered an ornament to the turf. His orders to his favorite jockey were generally the same, viz.—"Take the lead, and keep it." Fitzpatrick caught cold in wasting, and died in the prime of life.

It was not in 1823 only that Buckle was so fortunate as to ride the winner of the Derby and Oaks, at the same meeting. In 1802 he took long odds that he won them both, and on no occasion was he supposed to have signalized himself more. His horse for the Derby was the Duke of Grafton's *Tyrant*, a very middling horse, with 7 to 1 against him for the race. The favorite was Mr. Wilson's colt by *Young Eclipse*, the best horse of his year, for a mile, only 11 to 8 against him in the betting, and a great favorite with the public. *Young Eclipse* made the play, and was opposed by sir Charles Bunbury's *Orlando*, who contested every inch of ground for the first mile. From Buckle's fine judgment of *pace*, he was convinced they must both stop; so, following and watching them with Tyrant, he came up and won, to the surprise of all who saw him, with one of the worst horses that ever won a Derby. The following year, at Newmarket, *Young Eclipse* beat *Tyrant*, Ditch-in, giving him 4lbs.

Buckle, having made one of his two events safe, had then a fancy that Mr. Wastell's *Scotia* could win the Oaks if he were on her back, and got permission to ride her. She was beaten three times between Tottenham corner and home: but he got her up again in front, and won the race, by a head, with a bit of run left in her at the last! The Newmarket people declared they had never seen such a race.

Buckle was also employed by the late Colonel Mellish, when in the full zenith of his racing glory; and was winning his grand match with *Sancho* against *Pavilion*, when that celebrated race-horse broke down. It is well in the recollection of the public, that he also rode *Sancho* when he won the St. Leger at Doncaster.

Buckle had several masters—Mr. Udney, the duke of Grafton, and Mr. Wilson. In his races with *Emilius* he gave great satisfaction to the former gentleman—always riding him with the greatest judgment, so as neither to expose his running, or to make his race too fine with an idle horse. In that for the *Duke Michael* he had a sharp struggle with *Zinc*, and some thought it was too near to be pleasant: but here he displayed a wonderful knowledge of the powers of his horse. He lay four or five lengths from the front, till within one hundred and fifty yards of home, when he caught his horse by the head, and won his race by a neck.

It is said that Buckle did not reduce himself, but could always ride 7st. 11lbs. with ease. His seat on the saddle was particularly good, combining neatness with power, and he was always well dressed when on a race-horse. When asked to ride a horse that he did not know, he looked at his legs and feet before he gave his consent, and, if they were good, he asked no further questions.

There was one feature in Buckle's riding which deserved notice; and that was a knack of *gammoning* (as it is termed), in a race, by appearing to be at work, when, in reality, he was waiting. This sort of stratagem was very dangerous to his opponents, as they never knew when he had done with his horse. His honesty was never suspected, but became proverbial. His conduct upon all occasions cannot fail to operate as a good lesson to those jockies who may succeed him: indeed, it is a strong inducement to follow the straight path which led the late Frank Buckle to wealth, to honor, and to fame: and the jockies in general will never think of him without being reminded that "honesty is the best policy." Could any thing be wanting to strengthen the honest reputation of the late Buckle, it will be found in the following fact. He had backed a horse of Mr. Durand's for a considerable sum, at Lewes, in Sussex, but was engaged to ride another. To use a sporting expression, he won the race 'out of the fire,' for his employer, but lost his own money.

It is said that Buckle had realized an independence of £1200 per annum, by his profession. He was at one time of his life engaged in a considerable farming speculation, and was very famous for butter. He expressed a wish that none of his sons would be jockies. He has a nephew who is considered a capital rider, and uncommonly strong on his horse.

Buckle had some eccentricities attached to his character, but they were of a harmless nature. His acts of charity were conspicuous for a man in his situation of life, who might be said to have gotten every shilling of his life he possessed, not only by the sweat of his brow, but at the risk of his neck. He was fond of theatricals, and had often bespoken a play for the night, in different country towns. He had been a master of hounds, a breeder of greyhounds, fighting-cocks, and bull-dogs; and always celebrated for his leaps. In the language of the *Stud-book,* his first wife had no produce; but by his second he had several children. We may suppose he chose her as he would a race-horse, for she is not only handsome, but very good. He lived to a good old age, highly respected by his friends and acquaintances; and died much lamented by the lovers of the course. The late Mr. Francis Buckle was always considered an ornament to the Turf.—*Requiescat in pace.*

## FIELD SPORTS FOR APRIL.

——— "Such are our pleasing cares,
And sweet amusements—such, each busy drudge
Envious must wish, and all the wise enjoy."
SOMERVILLE.

The showers of April, whilst they obliterate for a season the traces of some of our Field Sports, produce and become welcome allies to others. Thus, though the keeper of harriers no more quests for his game—though the follower of the "long dogs" has killed his March hare—and the shooter dropped, till the withering leaves of October rustle again, his last pheasant—as

——————— "High in air
He waves his varied plumes, stretching away
With hasty wing"—

yet the Fox-hunter joyously will follow the joviality-inspiring sport he and all good fellows love so well; and the Stag-hunter continues

——————— "On early dawn
To list the challenge of the horn—
And view before the thirsty hound
The bearded red-deer wildly bound,
Whilst coverts with the crash resound."

In some of our sporting counties April is, indeed, considered the month for congregating brilliant fields, and inducing gallant performances.

The Race Course will now, too, be peopled with anxious spectators, and pressed by high mettled steeds.

Within a short time, following hard on these, "th' amphibious otter" becomes an object of pursuit. The sport is, however, but partially followed in this our day; but yet it is, in our opinion, entitled to more consideration than many are inclined to award it.

### ANGLING.

"Now, if the chrystal stream delight thee more,
Sportsman, lead on—where through the reedy bank,
Th' insinuating waters filter'd stray,
In many a winding maze."

The Fisherman may now, in good earnest, put together his tackle—arm himself with "taper angle" and silken line, and hook, and hackle, and creel, and wheel—and hie to his favorite stream—be it the Cam, the Ouse, the Severn, or the Avon—and there, his "ain gad in his han'"—

"Patiently muse, and all intently stand,
To hook the scaly glutton."

Prove but the atmosphere warm, the wind propitious, and the waters clear, he may (possessing tolerable skill, and a store of patience and perseverance, which should be his motto) reckon, even with the fly, to basket not only the Barbel and the Bleak, but the more wily Trout. Still, till May flings, like softly-floating peach-blossoms, the ephemeral insect upon the bosom of the rippling wave, the ground-bait will be decidedly preferable; and to a young angler, in particular, a more certain lure. In ripples, and strong currents, the spinning minnow, or the live-bait, either well-scoured red worm, or the cob, or the real-minnow, must be found even more effective.

Tench will, also (says Mr. Salter, in his excellent work), sometimes feed this month; as gudgeons, eels, barbel, bleak, &c., certainly do. "For all these (he adds) I should recommend the ground-bait, unless, indeed, the weather be unusually warm, when the fly may be used with success." And now, brethren of the angle, having given you words of encouragement of our own, and a few hints from a much more experienced fisherman than ourselves, we commend you to the waters, and there may you be made to say—

——————— "See, down sinks
My cork—that faithful monitor; his weight
My taper angle bends—surpris'd, amaz'd,
He glitters in the sun, and, struggling, pants
For liberty—till, in the purer air,
He breathes no more!"

## ODE TO BOXING.

By the West Country Cove.

Noble and manly art!
Thy principles impart
Power and confidence to all:
Before thee fall
Th' *untutor'd rage* of those,
Who, heedlessly, repose
Their faith on *weight* and *length*,
Or *bulk* and *brutal strength.*

Aided by thee, the man, whose mould
Can no gigantic force unfold,
Enters the ring all confident;
*Little* but *tough ;*
And soon his massy opponent,
Though *big* and *rough*,
To *science yields*, and cries out "*hold, enough!*"

On London Bridge, behold,
The Pet (than whom, *none* smarter)
Licks the insulting Carter,
Who, giant-like and bold,
Yet "*has the bag to hold*"
For he has *caught* a *tartar!*
Poor man of *coal, his calling*
Was more of *coaking ;*
And Curtis, with a *mauling*,
*Spoiled* his *joking!*

Daily thy science shows,
That not alone on thews
And bone, should man depend;
For thou art most the friend
Of him, whose *heart*
Unhesitating *courage* can *impart*—
Whose *eye* and *hand*,
To suit command,
Alike are *ready*—
Whose *step* is *quick* and *light*, whose *nerves* are *firm steady.*

Manhood!—imbue
Our Pugilists, with courage true,
And honesty:
But, if they take the *tempter's fee*,
And *plan* a *cross*,
Fling them aside like worthless dross!
And let them be
Branded with shame, and lasting infamy!
*Confusion*, and *defeat*, alight
On *all* who *buy* or *sell a fight!*

Fain would I bring
A tuneful, grateful offering,
To the bright shrine of fame,
Landing the wealthy patrons of the ring;
And first should Jackson's name
Emblazoned be;
Then Gulley shine,
In light and radiant line;
As princely patterns for futurity:
But not to me belong
Such spirit-stirring lays,
In vain do I essay the song—
They are beyond its theme—they are above its praise.

*March*, 1832. S.

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### Doings and Sayings in the Prize Ring.

## THE BIG ONES!

### Tom Brown and Isaac Dobell.

The *pedigree* and *achievements* of the above "Big Ones" are so well known to the Sporting World, that any further remarks might be deemed superfluous; therefore we shall come to "Hecuba" at once. Brown had *dropped down* considerably in the opinion of the amateurs, since his defeat by Sampson; but, nevertheless, by comparison, when he was matched against Dobell, £300 to £250, he was decidedly the favorite, at 6 and 7 to 4. *Dobell* accepted £50 from Brown to give him the advantage of naming the place of action; and on Tuesday, March 24, 1829, at Deux-hill Farm, four miles and a half from Bridgnorth, this great contest was decided.

Dobell, a jolly sort of fellow, and a *lush-crib* keeper into the bargain, entertained an idea that he could beat Brown in a *canter;* and therefore, to use an expression of many careless fellows, "*let those train that like it*," was the maxim of Dobell; and he *trained* on and *off*, just as he took it into his *nob.*

Brown had a better notion of boxing; and, therefore, he endeavoured to do the best for himself at Shipley, and took up his quarters at the New Inn. He named *Bridgnorth* as a *certainty ;* but as there is no *certainty* in this life, the above ancient town proved *no go!* Brown, on the evening previous to the battle, arrived at the King's Head, in company with Spring, Crib, Neal, and Harry Holt; but it was soon whispered about that the *Philistines* were abroad; also that it was *dangerous* to be safe; a *slang* had been issued against Brown, and to make his *lucky* was the best advice he could take. This hint was quite sufficient; a *drag* was procured on the *sly;* Brown *tipped* the *coves* the *double;* and found himself comfortably provided with a *dab* at the house of a friend, about two miles from Bridgnorth, where he passed the *darkey* without any apprehension.

Dobell arrived at Bridgnorth on Monday evening, and took up his quarters for the night at the Royal Oak; but as the *Beak* was not "*up to him*," Ikey was left to *lush*, snore, dance, sing, blow a cloud, in short, to do what he liked, and, according to "*Miles's boy*," he did every thing but take care of himself—he could not sleep, *teazed* with a troublesome cough all the evening; and when Harry Lancaster endeavoured to put on a serious *mug*, and to represent to *Ikey* the dangers of neglect, and that grand maxim in the art of war, to be "always *prepared for thine enemy*," Dobell burst out into loud laughter, saying "he should win, and nothing else; and that he was perfectly satisfied that to-morrow's sun would shine upon him as the conqueror of Brown."

Early on Tuesday morning all hopes were abandoned as to the fight taking place on the race course; and the stake-holder named Deux-hill Farm, in order to be out of the jurisdiction of the Borough magistrates. The ring was formed without delay by Oliver and Fogo; and lots of waggons were placed round it for the accommodation of the spectators. Dobell left Bridgnorth in a post-chaise, about eleven o'clock, for Deux-hill Farm, and arrived upon the ground without any interruption. But the *Beak* and his *pigs* kept a good look out to *grab* Brown, as he passed over the bridge; but the friends of Brown had the *office* given to them; and the latter preferred the use of a *boat* to a carriage, crossed the river upon the sly, and gained the scene of action without the least difficulty. Spring and Neal, in order to carry on the deception, by way of *ruse de guerre*, started with a post-chaise, with the *blinds* drawn up, and seated themselves on the *dickey*. They had scarcely arrived at the bridge when a *Carr* interrupted their progress; upon which the Hero of the Castle, in an assumed angry tone, demanded to know by what authority his morning's ride was stopped. "We have a warrant," answered one of the *Horneys*, "against a boxer of the name of Brown, in your carriage; therefore let down the blinds instantly." "Although you have no right to impede our progress," replied the ex-champion, "yet, to show our readiness to obey magisterial authority, you shall take a *peep*." On the blinds being let down, the affrighted *Johnny Raw* constables, perceiving their mistake, were about to *bolt*, when a naval captain who was inside, to carry on the joke, called for his pistols, and asked Neal if they were thieves who had stopped the carriage, and wanted to rob them? "Noa, noa, sir; we axes pardon of your honor, we be only poor parish officers who have a warrant to seize upon Brown, the *foighting man*." "Let me see it," said the captain. The warrant was to apprehend Brown *if he appeared in the ring, to fight a battle*. "If Brown *had been* in the carriage," replied the captain, "it would not have affected his liberty; so drive on, post-boy, and do not listen to any more such *muffs*."

The road at this period was thronged with foot-passengers, all upon the *run* to reach Deux Farm; vehicles out of number, of all descriptions; and the *prads* beaten almost to a stand-still, from the numerous miles they had been pushed along to be up in time for the battle. Lots of respectably dressed females were all upon the bustle to get a sight of the great pugilistic heroes.

Dobell appeared in the outer ring attended by his seconds, Harry Lancaster, and Jem Burn, and was well received by the spectators. It was understood he had complained of being unwell to Lancaster. On Brown entering the field he was loudly applauded. He immediately sent his *tile* into the ring, and on meeting with his opponent, they shook hands together. The £50, according to the articles, for his compliance with Brown's naming the ground, was now handed over to him; when they both prepared for the fray. Spring and Ned Neal attended upon Brown. The colours, crimson and white for the latter, were tied to the stakes; as were Dobell's, blue, with a white spot. Neal won the toss for Brown. The odds were 2 and 2½ to 1; but *takers* could not be found. Brown was the hero, all to nothing; the men shook hands, and the battle commenced:—

Round 1. On *peeling*, it was obvious to the amateurs that *condition*, on both sides, was out of the question. Dobell was not fit to fight for *pins*; it is true that Sir *John Barleycorn* had lost part of his *rotundity* of PAUNCH; but it is equally true that his *abdomen* was as *flabby* as boiled mutton; and his frame altogether *soft* and *pappy*. His MUG, too, did not exhibit that sort of character which is expected from a boxer who had all the advantages of *training*; on the contrary, the effects of the *lush crib* were strongly stamped on its exterior, and the only thing *good* about *Sir John Barleycorn* was—his HEART. That was *good*; and upon that *quality*, and that ALONE, did Dobell rely for victory. The hero of Bridgnorth was nothing like *slap-up* to the mark; although he had refrained from visiting the *Long Town*, and deriving the advantages of exercise and country air. Brown, most certainly, had taken greater *care* of himself than his adversary: but, nevertheless, his arms wanted muscular roundness; his *belly* was far too big, and his legs destitute of firmness. Therefore, to speak of them as well-trained men, would be a *libel* on CONDITION; and *bad*, very bad, was the best of the two big ones. Both of the combatants, by such neglect, had thrown a *chance* away; and the strongest man was the most likely to win the battle. Under these disadvantages the men prepared to fight. Brown placed himself in a much better attitude than when he was opposed to Sampson; and his notions of *milling* seemed to partake more of the boxer than in his previous contests. Dobell, anxious for *mischief*, put up his short arms, and endeavoured to go to work. His left hand was out of distance; he was also stopped, and gained nothing by the attack. He repeated the attempt, but it was "no go!" ["What are you waiting for," said Neal; "it is as easy as A B C,—try it on."]—Brown took the advice,and after a little manœuvering, planted a gentle *hint* on sir John Barleycorn's *chaffing closet*, and got away.—[Clever!" said Spring; "that's science, I think; only do as I told you, and you must win it like fun."]—Brown then planted one, two; his left on Dobell's *daylight*, and his right on the cheek. —["Don't stand that," observed Harry Lancaster; "but return the compliment:—be with him."] Sir John Barleycorn made a rush, and some hits were exchanged: but Brown planted a teazer on his *sensitive plant*, which not only drew his cork, but *floored* him like a *shot*. The country folks were now all happiness—shouting, laughing, and crying out, "Brown for ever." Neal said, "I told you how it would be; I have won two events, *first blood*, and first knock down. Why, I say, my master, you can feel for the coves, if you like."—"It is as safe as the bank," said Spring. In the ecstacy of the moment, the Brownites, at this slice of luck, *talked* about TEN to one.

2. Dobell came to the *scratch* in quick time, and went to work; but Brown was too *leary*, and got out of mischief. He, however, returned to the attack, planted two *facers* without any return—("*Capital*," from his friends).

Dobell fought his way into a rally, and it was any thing else but "*light* play;" in fact, it was blacksmith work, complete *hammering*. Sir John Barleycorn here completely satisfied all present that he was a game man; he would not be denied, and although he received *nobbers*, Dobell would follow his *retreating* adversary, getting the worst of it at every step: quite wild, and his hits out of distance. His nob now was a little changed, and it was visible the *painter* had been very busy in altering its colour. Dobell, in spite of his *bad condition*, rushed into a close, when Brown, like an old stager, got down in the best way he could. "That does not look like brave conduct," said Jem Burn, "to go down in that style."

3. Dobell, it should seem, almost began to ask himself a few questions: he was *piping:* and a little time was necessary. Brown, quite alive to the chance he had before him, boldly went in to his work, and with his right hand put in a most tremendous blow on sir John Barleycorn's face, and he *measured his length* upon the grass, without saying a single word to any body. It was impossible to describe the roars of applause: the *JohnnyRaws* seemed all out of their minds at the fighting of Brown: and, pulling out their tiny bags, offered to sport all their *pewter*, at any odds, upon their countryman.—["He's a *noice* man; he can *lick* all the *Lunnun chaps*."]—"I would not take 100 to 5, and stand it," said Sampson, "I know what a *hitter* this Brown is—it is all up with Dobell."

4. It was evident to all the Ring-goers how the thing must terminate—the want of *condition* will beat any man. This round was decidedly in favor of Brown. Sir John Barleycorn made play with spirit, but Brown retreated from danger. He, however, returned to the charge, and planted a very heavy blow on Dobell's mouth; and here John was again *floored*—[Another roar of artillery; the *chawbacons* clapping their hands; and the friends of Brown quite satisfied it was all his own. "Take him away."]

5. Brown had now made up his mind for *finishing*, and for *mischief*, but missed his aim, when Sir John met him *slap bang* on his neck. ("*That's the way*," said Harry Lancaster, "*Curtis tipped it to Barney Aaron, and settled the account*,)" and also drew the *claret* from his *conk*. In closing, Brown went down. "Bravo Dobell," from all parts of the ring.

6. The hero of the *lush crib* now found out, too late, the want of *training*, and it was "bellows to mend." Brown had now only to keep out of danger, and victory was within his grasp. He jobbed his opponent on the retreating style; but the determined spirit of Dobell would not let him *flinch*, and he fought his way into a close. Brown was well assured it was much better for him to go down gently than to put his *shoulder* to the test by pulling and hauling.

7. The friends of *Dobell* rather complained of Brown's going down, and called out to him to stand up and fight. The latter again administered *pepper;* and Dobell, quite wild, missed his hits in return. In closing, Dobell attempted the *weaving* system; but his strength was fast leaving him, and Brown got down without any difficulty.

8. Dobell was not quite so fast as heretofore; in fact he was very much *distressed*. Brown, although he had taken the lead, also showed that he might have been better. Brown took great liberties with the *upper works* of his opponent, and jobbed, and jobbed again, without any return. Dobell made his right hand tell on the *nob* of his adversary, but in struggling for the throw Brown went down easily.

9. "Go to work," said Harry Lancaster; "his right hand is gone, he cannot *hurt* you." The thumb of Brown's right hand, if not *broken*, had been so seriously injured in the third round, that it was painful in the extreme for him to use it. Some exchanges, but decidedly in Brown's favor. Dobell would not stand still; *punishing* was his intent, and in rushing in he *napt* it at all points. The right side of his face was sadly *peppered*; but his *game* was unquestionable. In closing, Dobell endeavoured to *fib* his adversary, but Brown made the best of his way down. Dobell, in the hurry of the moment, struck the hero of Bridgnorth on the *seat* of *honor;* when the latter cried out "foul." It was not noticed by the umpires.

10. Dobell's winning was now next to an impossibility: but it is only common justice to state that his *game* kept him alive. He hit at random, throwing his blows away; and Brown, *milling on the retreat*, served him out at every turn. Brown stuck to him hard and fast, until Sir John Barleycorn was sent down on his knees. ("You had better look out for St. John's-street, as soon as possible," said Sampson, "depend upon it you had better never have left the crib.") "Brown for £100. Three to one!" In fact, there were more *betters* than *takers* at any odds.

11. Dobell was now a rank *piper*; but he was determined to keep it up to the last minute. Good stops; but the length of Brown gave him the *pull*, and he jobbed his adversary with some heavy blows. Ultimately Dobell got Brown down.

12. Although it was the general opinion at this period of the battle that Dobell must be *conquered*, yet if he had come into the ring as a fighting man ought to have done, another statement might have been given of the affair. At out-milling Dobell had no chance; and when he rushed in desperately, he was *punished* for his temerity. His seconds could not keep him still, and the *rush* was his favorite object, in spite of danger. Brown retreated from his fury; but at length got a turn, and a slashing hit on his nob sent *Dobell* down on his face. "It's all up," was the cry, when Stockman in turn began to *chaff*

Brown; telling Dobell to go *in* and *win* it. "Yes!" said Neal, "a very pretty time he'll have of it if he goes *in*, and if he keeps *out* it will be about the same thing!"

13. Dobell was quite *licked* at this period; he was very sick, puffing and blowing, and almost *abroad*. Indeed he was entirely at the service of Brown, who *punished* him all over the ring, until he hit him down. Symptoms of weakness also began to appear on the part of Brown, who dropped on his knees. Any odds, but no takers.

14. Sir John Barleycorn was now as slow as a top, and as weak as a kitten. He meant well: he would have *punished* Brown if he had been able; but his *execution* was completely gone; and poor Dobell, the *game* Dobell, was of no use to himself, nor his friends. Brown's one, *two*, again severely told, and he was *floored sans ceremonie*.—"Take him away! he cannot win. One hundred to ten;" and the *Yokels* grinning with joy, and shouting with delight at the success of Brown.

15. The fight was drawing fast to a close; and, barring an accident, it was *poundable* that Brown must win. Dobell, regardless of the consequences, tried the *boring* system; but it was a *forlorn hope*—a service of danger; and truly dangerous it proved to him. He was jobbed all to pieces, and *floored* as heavy as a sack of sand. The row was loud indeed: and "take him away," from all parts of the ring. But Dobell was too *game* to listen to the calls of the friends of Brown.

16. Very few men would have again appeared at the scratch; he had received quite enough *punishment* for him to leave off, and his friends were now satisfied that he had done all that a brave man could do towards victory. But Dobell was determined to fight even in opposition to nature; and his blows were of the wildest description. Brown had it all his own way, hit him as he pleased, and Dobell was again down quite exhausted. "Take him away!"

17, and last. Like a drowning man catching at a straw, and as a last effort Dobell staggered in to *mill*; but he was *floored* instanter. When time was called he left his seconds' knee; but his strength had so deserted him that he could not lift up his hands. When the hat was thrown up, and victory was declared in favour of Brown, the Bridgnorth folks almost rent the air with their vociferations, of "Brown for ever." The battle was over in twenty-two and a half minutes. One side of Dobell's face was severely punished; but Brown's *mug* was nearly free from marks, *except one of his peepers*.

*Remarks*.—Dobell has only himself to blame: we never saw a man in worse *condition*, if so bad, enter the Prize Ring. It is true that he went into the country for a day or two, now and then, at Hendon, to get off his superfluous flesh, exercise himself, and enjoy the fresh air; but it would be a *mockery* to give it the name of *training*. Indeed, Harry Lancaster was so dissatisfied with his conduct, that he requested Dobell to leave his house, in order that no blame might be attached to his (H. L.'s) conduct as a *trainer*. No man can win if out of CONDITION. But Dobell was obstinate: he would not listen to the advice of any of his friends; and flattered himself that he could lick off-hand his opponent. In fact, in no one instance whatever did his demeanour appear like that of a man engaged to fight a Prize Battle. Strange to say, he left London on Saturday by the *Wonder* without a single person to attend upon him, and he also remained in Birmingham, at the Crown Inn, completely *alone*. He appeared quite deserted, labouring under a severe cold, and not noticed by any person in the *Fancy*. Allowing for all those *drawbacks*, his conduct in the ring was truly *game*; and he fought like a man determined to win. If he had paid that sort of attention to himself he was bound to do as a boxer, anxious not only to prove the conqueror, but to arrive at the *top of the tree*, he would have got down to a proper weight, improved his wind, increased his activity, and, as he is an acknowledged hard hitter possessing immense strength, a very different account might have been given of this battle. At all events, Dobell would then have appeared something like an opponent to Brown. Dobell in a great measure, has been *accessory* to his own *defeat;* and, if he should have another *shy*, we hope he will then strictly attend to the rules of *training*. That he proved himself a good *taker* will not be doubted; and if he had been up to the *mark*, his *giving* qualities might have proved very mischievous, and made the battle *doubtful*. His adversary was not in much better *condition*. In several instances he showed *weakness*, was out of wind, and bad upon his legs. Therefore, if Dobell had been well—place *this* and *that* together—the hero of the *lush-crib* might have stood a good chance of becoming a hero in the P. R. Brown is not a muscular man—his arms never exhibited this sort of *trait*, which, in general, belongs to the pugilist; nevertheless Brown is a powerful man, and his hits were very effective: but there are men who never can get into first-rate condition. The length of Brown gave him great advantages in *out-fighting;* and the furious, impetuous, inconsiderate rushes made by Dobell, lost him the battle in quick time. Likewise at *in*-fighting, Dobell had the worst of it, from the want of strength. Brown also proved himself the best fighter in every point of view—he *timed* his man in *coming-in*—went down out of difficulties—and, when he had *got* Dobell, as the pugilistic phrase goes, he *polished* him off hand. Several persons found fault with Brown for *going-down*—they thought it showed a want of *game*; while others, on the contrary, assert, that in this he evinced a knowledge of the ring, and did every thing in his power to obtain victory. Dobell left off more owing to *fatigue* than PUNISHMENT; he was not *licked* as to severe *milling*, but so completely worn out and distressed, that the fight was all out of him, and he could not lift his hands to continue the contest. We again repeat, he has only himself to blame for being defeated in Twenty-two Minutes and a Half. Had not Brown seriously injured his *thumb* in the third round, in all probability the battle would have been at an end in half the time; but he was afraid to hit with his right hand. We cannot find fault with the game of either of the men, if we cannot praise their science, or place them on a footing with Spring and Crawley. However, it was generally admitted that, *Two Hundred and Eighty-eight Miles* was rather too *long* a distance for so *short* an INNINGS!!!

### *Circumstances connected with the Battle.*

WINNING *versus* LOSING.—Brown immediately left the ring amidst the shouts of victory—accompanied by Spring and Neal, and a large *mob* of friends, to the King's Head Inn, in the High Town of Bridgnorth, kept by his brother, to partake of a good dinner. Brown appeared just as much at his ease as if he had not been fighting; his right hand was a little puffed, and his right peeper in *mourning*. Here it was "all happiness;" the smiles of victory gave an additional zest to the scene; the *grub* toddled off in quick time; the port and sherry went round like lightning, and the eloquence of Harry Holt, on the subject of Prize Fighting, by way of preface to his toast, "Success to Milling," was generally admired, and drank with enthusiasm.

THE LOSING MAN.—In the High Town, at Bridgnorth, only a few yards distant from the conqueror, at the Royal Oak, we visited Dobell within an hour after the fight. He was in bed, and his brother bathing his face with warm flannels, after he had been attended and bled by a medical man. We were surprised to find him in such good spirits: although in defeat, he was not in despair. He observed to the writer of this article, "that his *heart* was still in the right place; he did not complain of the *punishment* he had received, that from *fatigue*, and FATIGUE *alone*, he was compelled to give up the battle. He also acknowledged his bad state of health, his want of *condition*, and that he ought to have *forfeited*. Brown, in the course of the afternoon, paid him a visit, and they met each other like brave fellows.

Both the *High* and *Low* towns of Bridgnorth had a prime turn by the above *Mill;* all the cribs were filled to an overflow; and the house, "*the Bottle-in-Hand Inn*," formerly kept by Brown, was crammed to excess. The veteran, Tom Crib, enjoying his cigar; Tom Spring, Ned Neal, Harry Holt, and Harry Lancaster, all gave a friendly call at the "Bottle-in-Hand Inn."

Brown, previous to his defeat by Sampson, stood very high in the estimation of the town's-folks of Bridgnorth; and at his opening dinner, he disposed of three hundred tickets at a guinea each; yet his loss with Sampson tended to render him rather unpopular with his backers; but although compelled to leave his house, he sold his property, and paid all his debts in the most honorable manner. The hero of Bridgnorth is very respectably connected; his father was considered a *topping* farmer in those parts, and the early part of Brown's life was that of a young *gentlemanly* farmer. He is also respectably connected by marriage; and his better half has a small property in her own right. Brown altogether is a well conducted man, a merry excellent companion, and nothing like the slightest degree of ferocity allied to his manners or constitution.

Sampson, after the battle was over, rode through the lower town of Bridgnorth on horseback on his return to Birmingham. Several of the *Johnny Raws*, grinning, asked him if he had seen his *Maester?* they appeared so elated by the success of Brown. "Yes," replied Sampson (*laughing*), "he has been very *lucky* to me to day; he is one of my best friends, I have pocketed, by his exertions, £119; and I hope he will be *lucky* to me another day." "He is your *master* any day," said an old countryman, shaking his bag of money at him; "he'll tip it to you next time." "Very well, old boy," replied *Phil*, "you shall have it all your own way—so good bye." Sampson, on the previous evening, at Wolverhampton, had put down £10 towards fighting Brown £500 to £300, but he was rather *inebriated* at the time; and, as a matter of course, the match went off.

The ring was capacious, well kept, and not the slightest interruption occurred; it was also surrounded by several thousand persons, but it wanted the right sort of folks—the *swells*—to give it importance. We are reluctantly compelled to acknowledge this fact, and the appearance of the thing was altogether different from the late ring at Leicester. This deficiency of gentlemen of character and rank was attributed to the recent conduct of Ward. The return from the field of battle to Bridgnorth was truly delightful: the fineness of the day, the windings of the road, of a hilly aspect, for a mile or two, filled with pedestrians and vehicles of every description; the magnificent and picturesque scenery which this part of the country affords; and the romantic appearance of the High Town of Bridgnorth, the castle, the houses built on the sides of a sort of rocky hill, the meanderings of the Severn, the bridge, and the vessels in the river, furnished a panoramic view to the eye of the traveller of the most interesting character, and not easily to be conveyed on paper; yet it tended, in a great degree, to banish the idea from the mind of the amateur, that he had travelled so long a distance from the Metropolis, to obtain so little sport between the above "big-ones."

Printed for Thomas Tegg, Cheapside, by J. Haddon, Castle Street, Finsbury.

# PIERCE EGAN'S

# BOOK OF SPORTS.

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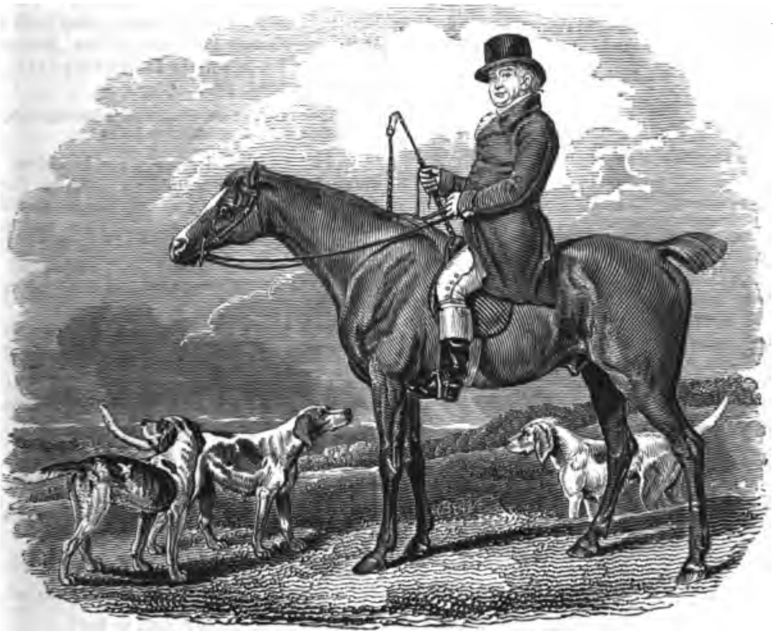
No. XIII.] [*Price Three Pence.*



## THE EVER-GREEN SPORTSMAN OF WOODFORD WELLS:

Better to HUNT in fields for health unbought,
Than FEE the *Doctor* for a *nauseous* draught!

To Gladsome, hark! hark!
High! wind him! and cross him!
Now Governess, Syren, hark!

Tom Rounding was a hunter bold,
As e'er follow'd a hound:
A jolly fellow—good as gold,
In friendship, firm and sound.

Tom long has liv'd at Woodford Wells,
The sign, the Horse and Groom;
A pleasing ride for West-end Swells,
And has a cheerful room.

The company drive down in flocks,
On Sundays—ev'ry day—
See Actors, Poets—men of Stocks,
All dress'd so prime and gay.

Now Rounding's is a House of Call—
Indeed! for "Choice Spirits!"
And those who love the bat and ball;
With many other merits.

Easter time—'tis quite a treat,
  The famous EPPING HUNT;
To view the Cockneys all dead beat,
  And, PICKING up, the *blunt*.

Such jolly dogs—a roaring trade,
  The high, the game, the poor;
With many a swaggering blade,
  And many a noisy boor!

All sorts of coves, fat, thin, and lank,
  All in a merry mood;—
Amongst them, fam'd GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,
  And, *pun*-ning TOMMY HOOD.

To please the Town, and give a sketch,
  With 'Oddities and Whims'—
The public mind upon the stretch,
  To purchase *his* "BROAD GRINS!"

Then down they went to sketch the fun,
  A caricaturing shy!
And Tommy Hood quite full of fun;
  But BOTH "*upon the sly!*"

Then Hood he cast his eyes around,
  As far as he could see,
The motley group with mirth abound,
  To *make* his PUNS—so free!

George, with his pencil, heav'd a sigh,
  On sketching Tommy's frame—
Said, "such a man should never die,*
  So great in hunting fame!"

"Tommy must *bolt!* like other men!
  No use to grieve and grunt,"
Said Tommy Hood, showing his pen,
  "When *Death* does ROUNDING *hunt*."†

Said Hood to George, "come fill your glass,
  Here's Tom Rounding's good health!
May years and years jollily pass,
  Before Tom's ta'en by stealth."

"My thanks, my boys, clever ‡ young men,
  I've led a jolly life,
And drank and sang—three score and ten,
  Unmix'd with foe and strife!

"On *Spankaway* I've led the field,
  And cheer'd the op'ning pack;
But TOM to Time must bend and yield,
  Although was—"once the *crack*."

"With *Gladsome* good—*Governess* gay,
  And *Syren* at my heels;
Ev'ry dog has had his day,
  The adage—OLD TOM—feels!*

"With gratitude my pulse will beat,
  Nor e'er depart therefrom;
Till I'm gone to my last 'RETREAT,'
  You'll then *remember*—TOM!"

Nothing can be more pleasing to the feelings of the biographer, when he has little more to perform respecting the hero of his sketch, than to deliver "a round, unvarnished tale!" Such being the case in the present instance, and the touches of art not being required to increase the portrait we are about to present to the supporters of the "Book of Sports," we have only to say—come forth thou truly sportsman-like hero—TOM ROUNDING—and the likeness, we flatter ourselves, will be pronounced, *genuine*:—

> Thrice happy they who sleep in humble life,
> Beneath the storm ambition blows!

Tom and Dick Rounding were brothers, and were born at Woodford on Epping Forest, bred up in the sports of the chase, and lived together fifty years; and if Tom has never had occasion to trouble the Heralds' College to furnish him with a 'Coat of Arms,' nor have been called upon to produce his *pedigree*, the following song in the Opera of 'The Farmer' bears so strong an analogy to his ancestors, and his own immediate character, that we are induced to quote it:

Ere around the huge oak, that o'ershadows yon mill,
  The fond ivy had dared to entwine;
Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,
  Or the rooks built their nest on the pine;

Could I trace back the time, of a far distant date,
  Since my forefathers' toil'd on this field;
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate,
  Is the *same* which my grandfather till'd.

He dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name;
  Which unsullied descended to me;
For my child I've preserved it, unblemished with shame;
  And it still from a spot shall go free!

The two Roundings commenced their hunting career with the celebrated Will Dean, Dick Fairbrother, and Tom Hatterill, as good Sportsmen as ever England produced; and continued hunting with them, as also with the fox-hounds of Andrew Archer and — Coke, Esqs., and other gentlemen, till the year 1792. At that period, Tom and Dick Rounding established a pack of fox-hounds, and hunted a great portion of Essex, including a circumference of upwards of one hundred miles; having run equal to any pack of hounds that ever hunted the country. "As the foxes in Essex are so vermin bred," Dick has been heard to say to Tom, "There will be no end to such a fox." "But we'll try, Dick," replied Tom; "and so let us be off, and see which has the best bit of blood." In the true huntsman's style, it was a fine treat to hear Tom Rounding in the field, calling out, "Hark forward! look at Tyrant, Gladsome, and Governess. See here they go! what a head they make altogether! get forward my boys! they are laying at him, as bitter as soot. Now, now for the brush!"

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* If not expressed, perhaps, with the same warmth of feeling, as my uncle Toby did over the dying Lieutenant in his argument with Corporal Trim, we have not the slightest doubt but there was as much of *heart* attached to the sentence, and our friend, George, was perfectly right—such good fellows cannot be spared! Tom Rounding is not an every day sort of man, either in the character of "Mine Host," or in the field as a Sportsman, and the loss of such a character leaves an awful *chasm* in the society of his friends, who were frequently in the habit of enjoying his company.

† It is well known that DEATH does *hunt* up all his subjects sooner or later, whether in the field or otherwise; and DEATH, so grimly personified by the artist in "Death's Doings," appears to be always *in* at the death; therefore, if any thing like a *Pun* can be construed towards the above sentence, if it is not considered as deadly, lively—at all events, it cannot be denied but it is a very *grave* one!

‡ A good *truism* of Old Tom—for if George Cruikshank, and the facetious punster Thomas Hood, are not deserving of the title of "clever men," we do not know where to find them; but both the above Gents., as the Players wish to have it said of them, have been "*found out*" by the public; and those men who can make the multitude laugh heartily without appearing in propria persona before them, must prove themselves a tiny bit above the rank of *Commoners* in the Scale of Talent!

* Such thoughts will, at times, come across our minds, in spite of all our fortitude to ward off the grand *climax* of our existence. Shakspeare has most beautifully impressed this sublime truth upon our memory:—

> ———————the Great Globe itself!
> Yea, all who inherit it, shall dissolve!
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a wreck behind!

"Thus man passes away;" observes an elegant modern author, "his name perishes from record and recollection: his HISTORY is as a *tale* that is told, and his very MONUMENT becomes a *ruin*."

A celebrated fox-hunter in Essex has been often heard to say, "I compare Dick and his gray horse to the moon; the longer and faster I ride, no nearer can I get to them."

It is worthy of remark, at the period alluded to, the two Roundings did not possess an acre of ground in the country; and no hounds hunted a country more pleasant than they did. The land-owners and farmers of Essex were such lovers of fox-hunting, and the excellent sport which the chase afforded them, that not a murmur escaped their lips. Indeed, the contrary was the fact, as it was the general expression of these gentlemen to Tom and Dick Rounding, "Why do you pass our houses in returning home? You know we have at all times ale and bread and cheese for you and the field, with a hearty welcome."

The two brothers continued hunting with those hounds till 1813, when poor Dick was attacked with a fever and died. This proved a severe separation for Tom Rounding; and it was a considerable time before he got the better of it. At length he took the field once more, and mounted his old favorite horse, *Spankaway*, to join his brother sportsmen. Tom's appearance amongst them was hailed with delight; and many brave sportsmen can bear testimony of the unrivalled sport they enjoyed, and also the numerous glorious chases which took place.

His fine old horse, *Spankaway*, was bred by G. Smith, Esq., and got by Ruler, out of a Phenomenon mare, and foaled in the year 1792. Time will undermine the strongest fabric; therefore, his brother sportsmen may form some opinion of the place his master now can take with the hounds; but he still will be with them now and then to join in the whoo-whoop!"

No man, in the character of "Mine Host," stands higher in the estimation of the public than the above veteran sportsman, as an excellent caterer for his friends. Tom's wines are of the first quality; his liquors equally excellent; and his dinners are served up in a style so attractive, as to evince Rounding's *taste* for the 'good things of this life.'

The *Horse and Groom* is a place of great resort during the summer months: the situation of which from the Metropolis is just the "right sort of pleasant drive" to the man, and not fatiguing to the horse; and from twenty to thirty gigs, besides other vehicles, may be seen standing before Tom Rounding's house every Sunday. The garden attached to the inn is delightful, and the prospects by which it is surrounded truly picturesque and interesting to the spectator; and the "How d'ye do?" and "How do you?" again, occasioned by the meeting of old acquaintances, render Woodford Wells a most attractive situation for the lively and wealthy *cits* and sporting men in general. Indeed, it might be said, the Horse and Groom is the resort of men of talent of every description, where they can *unbend* with ease and pleasure, and yet preserve their dignity. The heroes and heroines of the 'Sock and Buskin' are frequently to be met with here 'enjoying their hour,' and admiring the beauties of nature! Old Tommy is a favorite with every body—there is so much hospitality and frankness attached to his character and manners—and the most prominent feature in his face, is good nature. We have drank Champaigne here with the celebrated '*Meg Merrilies*;' took Madeira with King Harry the Eighth; and had our goblet of brandy and water filled, again and again, with the highly talented Dogberry—moments only to be remembered with satisfaction and delight. We have also given our opinion on claret with some of the "*Plumbs* * of the City" who have left their great weight and importance at home for a short period, in order to spend a pleasant hour or two like rational beings, giving *Cocker* a holiday, with clever fellows and men of intellect, but less favored by fortune—and who had not acquired the secret of "*How to grow rich.*"

At the Horse and Groom also, we have met with in "Life's variegated scene," on our "Road to the Mill," and at other times some of the tip-top heroes of the *Fancy*; and we never have yet had to complain that our *imagination* has been injured in the slightest degree by an intercourse with the brave fellows of the P. R. In truth, from the Duke to the Beggar, Tom Rounding never appeared at a loss—civility and attention are his guides upon all occasions—and every visitor is treated according to his deserts; and yet there is nothing like "*whipping*" attached to his conduct. Hem!—*Shakspeare.*

The sports on Easter Monday may be said to be under the control of Mr. Rounding, who turns out the stag on the above day, and which circumstance gives such notoriety to the EPPING HUNT, so famous in the annals of *cockneyism*—and which is so richly and characteristically described by the facetious TOMMY HOOD, that we have made the following quotation from his amusing work:—

All sorts of vehicles and vans,
  Bad, middling, and the smart;
Here roll'd along the gay barouche,
  And there a dirty cart.

---

* *City slang.*—A man worth 100,000*l.*

And lo! a cart that held a squad,
Of costermonger line,
With one poor hack, like Pegasus,
That slav'd for all the Nine!

Yet marvel not at any load,
That any horse might drag;
When all that morn at once were drawn
Together by a stag!

Now when they saw John Huggins[*] go,
At such a sober pace;
"Hallo!" cried they; "come, trot away,
You'll never see the chase!"

But John, as grave as any judge,
Made answers quite as blunt;
"It will be time enough to trot,
When I begin to hunt."

And so he paced to Woodford Wells.
Where many a horseman met,
And letting go the *reins*, of course,
Prepared for *heavy wet*.

And lo! within the crowded door,
Stood ROUNDING, jovial elf;
Here shall the Muse frame no excuse,
But frame the man himself.

A snow white head,[†] a merry eye,
A cheek of jolly blush;
A claret tint laid on by health,
With master Reynard's brush.

A hearty frame, a courteous bow,
The prince he learn'd it from;
His age about three-score and ten,
And there you have *Old* TOM.

In merriest key, I trow was he,
So many guests to boast,
So certain congregations meet,
And elevate the host.

"Now welcome lads," quoth he, "and prads
You're all in glorious luck:
Old Robin has a run to-day,
A noted forest buck."

A pleasing association of ideas is connected with the recollection of our first visit to the Easter Hunt—the animating bustle on the road—a complete picture of life in all its varieties—the strange mixture of pedestrians and esquestrians, from the *costermonger* on his donkey to the best thorough-bred *gent*. The gibes and sneers from the well-mounted *downy ones* to the *flats* and *dragsmen*—the fast goers, with the friendly nods of sporting spirits—their rendezvous and pull up at our esteemed and old friend Tom Rounding's. We think we see this fine old huntsman, with his good-humoured countenance, greeting his friends with his hearty "How d'ye do—glad to see you here—what, my old acquaintance? Harry, take this gentleman's horse," &c. Here follow—seeing the stag, finishing your lunch, and, while commenting on the motley arrivals, some friend whispers *à cheval*:—

'Tis near the time o' day
The hounds begin to bay;
Each at his best speed
Starts for Fair Mead.

Then begins the bustle of mounting, and, on the hill, the beautiful assemblage of the fair sex, in elegant carriages, finely grouped with the pedestrians and equestrians, form, with the surrounding scenery, a beautiful panoramic view. Then comes our friend Tom with—

All the attendants of the chase,
While anxious sportsmen take their place;
The stag turns out, and gracefully bounds
Before the music of the hounds.

Then follows a scene that is as difficult to conceive to those who have not seen it as to describe by those who have seen huntsmen who never hunted before. Horses that hunt without riders are to be seen scattered over the forest, intermixed with *chay*-carts, donkies, ponies, and pedestrians, while the few well mounted sportsmen, who know how to keep their proper places, are soon lost sight of:—it is thus that Mr. HOOD gives the reader a fine pictorial sketch of it:—

'Twas strange to think what difference
A single creature made;
A single stag had caused a whole
*Stag*nation in their trade.

Now Huggins from his saddle rose,
And in the stirrups stood;
And lo! a little cart that came,
Hard by a little wood,

In shape like half a hearse—though not
For corpses in the least;
For this contained the *deer alive*,
And not the *dear deceased*!

And now began a sudden stir,
And then a sudden shout,
The prison-doors were open'd wide,
And Robin bounded out!

His antler'd head shone blue and red,
Bedeck'd with ribbons fine,
Like other bucks that come to list,
The *haw*bucks in the line.

Good lord! to see the riders now,
Thrown off with sudden whirl,
A score within the purling brook,
Enjoy'd their "early purl!"

Some lost their stirrups, some their whips,
Some had no caps to show:
But few, like Charles at Charing Cross,
Rode on in *statu* quo.

"O dear! O dear!" now might you hear,
"I've surely broke a bone;"
"My head is sore,"—with many more
Such speeches from the *thrown*.

Away they went then dog and deer,
And hunters all away,—
The maddest horses never knew,
*Mad staggers* such as they!

When thus forlorn, a merry horn
Struck up without the door;
The mounted mob were all return'd:
The *Epping Hunt* was o'er.

And many a horse was taken out
Of saddles, and of shaft;
And men, by dint of drink, became
The only "beasts of draught."

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[*] The hero of Mr. Hood's Epping Hunt—a second John Gilpin: who also went further than he intended, but nevertheless came home safe at last.

[†] Mr. Hood, we trust, will pardon us, but *taste* is every thing; and although we love a good pun, and enter into the spirit of that species of wit, when it flows spontaneously from the mind—yet, in our humble opinion, the above two verses are the very best in the Book—they are true to Nature—there is life blood attached to them, and must be considered as a rich pen and ink portrait of our worthy old Sporting friend, "mine Host" of Woodford Wells.

For now begun a harder run,
  Or wine and gin, and beer;
And overtaken then *discuss'd**
  The overtaken deer.

How far he run, and eke how fast,
  And how at bay he stood,
*Deer*like, resolved to sell his life
  As dearly as he could.

At Whitsuntide some good pony races are contested at Woodford; and several prime ponies have been entered for the cup and stakes. In general, they are well attended, and considerable amusement is afforded to the visitors; but they are a mere nothing in the scale of attraction, compared with the Epping hunt.

In speaking of the sports of the field, as well as affording information to sportsmen of other countries, this small sketch of Mr. Rounding would be imperfect if it were not stated that a more thorough bred, or complete sportsman is not to be met with in the kingdom. His stables and kennels have always been kept in such excellent order as to be a complete school for young huntsmen and grooms. In the field, his judgment is truly conspicuous; and in helping the hounds when they are at *fault!*

In his manners, Tom Rounding is a perfect gentleman; and his company is much sought after, by sportsmen in particular, for his facetious humour and interesting anecdotes. The person of Mr. Rounding was said to be, a few years since, very much like the late king George III.; and for a good heart, liberal disposition, and an anxiety to please all his friends, this celebrated sportsman is truly distinguished. He is also a man of talent, and charitable and humane to the poor, as numerous persons can testify. Mr. Rounding has likewise a very extensive knowledge of sporting characters—and with the "lions, tigers, and Great Creatures" of the day.

The above facetious prime old huntsman has *topped* three score and ten, and continues to enjoy a fine green old age; and he appears almost as lively and as full of spirits as when Tom first threw his leg over old "Spankaway" and cried out "Hark, forward!" to Tyrant, Gladsome, &c. Over the bowl he is the hero of the tale—and the lovers of hunting, good hounds, fine horses, and a description of fox chases, would be delighted beyond measure in his company. He never deserts his friend—nor flinches from the bowl. In truth, TOM ROUNDING is a highly finished portrait of a thorough-bred sportsman; and as a *climax*, nothing else but an *out-and-out* TRUMP!

### THE HUNTER.

[*From a Correspondent.*]

Of all the sports in the world that of fox-hunting is the finest, and it is the best physic for mending a bad constitution, or preserving a good one. This sport is given up exclusively to the man of fortune; for, as an excellent writer tells us — hunting is a fine recreation, and fit for some great men, but not for every base inferior person, who, while he maintains his hounds and hunters, his wealth runs away with his hounds. The horse that is wanted for this sport ought to be between fifteen and sixteen hands high: he ought to have a light mouth, and legs short enough to double up well under him in the leap; the compact will always beat the leggy horse among hills or in heavy ground. In proportion as the agriculture of the country is improved the speed of the chase is increased; the scent lies better on enclosed than on open barren ground, and there is more running breast high than when the hound has to pick out the scent, carrying his nose almost close to the ground, and consequently going more slowly. The best pace that hounds usually run is about fourteen miles in the hour, but they have been known to go seven miles, from point to point, in less than twenty-five minutes: stoutness, therefore, is still necessary for the horse, but the hunter must be at least three quarter's bred, if not seven-eighths. In some counties, Sussex for instance (the downs excepted), which is remarkable for heavy ground and stiff fences, the half bred horse may get on well enough, but in all other countries not so situated, the sportsman must be mounted on a very nearly thorough-bred horse. A horse, to be in perfect condition, should carry as much firm elastic muscle as possible, without even a particle of fat, which is to be attained by a judicious use of food, physic and exercise. When the work is hard the horse is to be fed plentifully; when it is otherwise, the food should be diminished immediately. A horse may be hunted with safety three times in a fortnight; but if there was any very hard day, the horse should have five or six days rest after it. It is said that a horse was once hunted seventy-five times in one season: this feat has never been surpassed.

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* The *discussion* between the visitors in the crowded tap respecting the merits of the Stag and the fun of the day, was not exactly Parliamentary, "across the table," from one to another; and in some instances perfectly unintelligible to the *Johnny Raws* who were taking the 'linings out of pots of pewter,' in quick time owing to extreme thirst. Between the buzz and loud talking, a few detached sentences were caught hold of by a Gent. belonging to the press,—"My eyes," said costermonger Jack, to his pal Carrotty Bill, "did you ever in your nat'ral life, ever before see sich a beautiful cretur—vith sich a nob—sich horns—sich legs—and how she did git over the ground—they called her a *Stag*—but blow me, if I could *Stag* her but a wery little vay—and if I vas but a swell, I vould back this here out-and-out *Stag* against any thing alive, to leave all the rest of the vorld behind her!" [*tossing off as he called it a* 'flash of lightning,' *without a* VINKER.] "I believe you, I does," replied Carrotty Bill, "she did'nt run—no, so help me bob—she flied across the Forest—and I thought at one time she vould have jumped into an open vinder in the first floor of a house. I never seed sich fun before—I'm quite sore as how vith laughing: did you see the drag vot vas upset, and a great fat hooman came tumbling over topsy turvy—I never saw sich a thing before—such bonneting—such ramping—sich cleaning out—and the collectors made a fine harvest on it—but vots that to me or to you Jack, if people vill go to hunts, vy they must be hunted; all trades must live, and every body can't deal in cabbages and potatoes—Here I say, you landlord, bring us another qevarten of max, and let us have a three-out glass, as Sal as just joined us, and as how you know ve must not be *scaly*, by no manner of means to Sal, as she is in that ere sort of vay, that ve must be kind to the female vomen!"

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## Sporting with Young Kill-Bull's Heart!

*"Oh this love."*

A Butcher's boy with tray of meat,
Did from his stall depart,
To carry to the London Inn,
A steak, and *bullock's heart*.

A hungry wench pursued behind,
And peep'd into his tray,
And trap'd the simple youth, for then
*She stole his heart away*.

And when the luckless boy perceived
The loss, it made him start—
He smote his breast—and walking on,
He sigh'd—'*I've lost my heart*.'

Ah! well he knew his master's wrath,
And guess'd his limbs would smart,
When he the *secret* did confess,
How he had *lost his heart*.

Quoth he, reflecting on the case,
"How oft has been my part,
To court the girls, but 'ere this day
I never *lost a heart*.

"I've romped with kitchen maids and cooks,
And twice kissed Betty Blart:
I'm fond of jokes—but hang such jokes!
To *steal away one's heart*.

"There's Sally May, of George's Lane,
A tidy lass, and smart;
I love her much—yet she's too good,
I know, *to steal my heart*.

"My master was the money paid,
When I from home did start,
By Mr. Clench's cook—and she
By right should *have my heart*."

And thus the youth bewailed his loss;
To him it did impart
A sorrow great, that he exclaimed—
"*This heart will break my heart*."

How fleeting are all human things,
How soon our joys depart!
Ah! little girls, reflect, and see
*How soon we lose a heart!*

*Sporting* with feelings, 'tis too bad,
Although a Butcher's boy!
For '*stickers*' may be made to smart,
With Love's *cruel* alloy!

Think! think of this, fair gentle maids—
My little dears so coy,
When naughty men shall *steal your hearts*—
Think of the BUTCHER'S BOY.

Exeter, March, 1832. W. B.

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## DOINGS AND SAYINGS IN THE PRIZE RING.

### *The Scientific Mill between*

### YOUNG DUTCH SAM AND NED NEAL.

LUDLOW was named as the the scene of action, a distance, according to the coachmen on the road, of 150 miles from London. This long journey was a *stopper* to the metropolitan fanciers; and, excepting *reporters* and the *corps pugilistique*, not half a dozen persons from London were to be recognised in the town of Ludlow. The innkeepers of this place subscribed in the whole £100 for the battle, which sum was divided between Sam and Neal. The merits of the men have been so fully before the amateurs, that it would not only be a waste of paper but a loss of time, to recapitulate their battles. The usual weight of Neal was considered to be 12st. 4lb.; but in a sparring tour with White-headed Bob, he had increased to 13st. His place of *training* was at Milford, in Surrey, and by dint of hard work, running, and walking, he reduced himself 6lbs. below the required weight 11st. 10lb. He admitted, when questioned on the subject, that he could not be in better health, but he was not exactly as *strong* as he could wish; nevertheless he was satisfied he was *strong* enough for his opponent. He left Milford on Saturday morning last, under the patronage of a high-bred Naval Captain, and a well-known Swell Dragsman, and arrived in London by six o'clock, started by the mail at seven, and arrived at Mr. Cook's, the Angel Inn, in Ludlow, on the Sunday afternoon, about three o'clock.

Sam had been attentive to his *training*, and took more care of himself as to the *long journey*, and arrived by easy stages at the appointed place of rendezvous. He and his friends slept at Worcester on the Friday night; and reached the Clive Arms, at Bromfield, on Saturday, a distance of two miles from Ludlow, and kept himself quiet until the morning of fighting. Sam assured his friends they should not find fault with him for want of *game*.

The town of Ludlow, on the Monday afternoon, did not exhibit that *gaiety* which might have been expected on such a public occasion; indeed, it was comparatively dull. The Angel, the head quarters of Neal, was filled to an overflow; and, excepting the Crown Inn, we believe the other houses obtained little, if any, accession of company on account of the fight. Nor were the milling coves numerous. Tom Spring, Tom Brown, Holt, Tom Reynolds, Simon Byrne, White-headed Bob, Tom Oliver, Dick Curtis, Ned Stockman, Arthur Mathewson, Sampson, and Pyefinch, formed the whole of the boxers.

To fill up the leisure time on Monday afternoon, most of the boxers took a view of Ludlow Castle, one of the most splendid pieces of antiquity in the kingdom. White-headed Bob listened with the utmost attention to the eloquence of Harry Holt on the beauties of the scenery, and other circumstances connected with this delightful ruin. Bob was not *exactly* up to *Milton*, who had written his "Masque of Comus" in this castle; nor was he *down* to Butler, who had likewise *penned* his celebrated work of *Hudibras*. But Bob had no doubt they were "good ones," if Harry Holt knew any thing about them, though he had never heard of them before in the P. R. "Perhaps not," said Holt; "but nevertheless they both made good use of their *mauleys;* and their *hits* were publicly acknowledged to have been *capital.* But they are both *floored* now; and if your *appellation* and my *name* live half so long in the tablet of memory, nay, one hundredth part, as they have done, we must consider ourselves great folks indeed." "That will do," said Bob, "recollect we have something more important in view than losing our time over these old stones.—The sparring matches will begin soon at the Angel, when I hope to pocket a little *blunt.*"

THE BENEFIT.—The sets-to between Holt and Oliver, White-headed Bob, Pyefinch, &c., produced lots of applause, and also a tolerably good muster of the amateurs. The boxers were not out of pocket by their exertions at the Angel. During the evening, the amateurs from Shrewsbury, Birmingham, and the places adjacent, gave the town a little more life by their arrival.

The ring was formed in Ludford Park, on a hill, commanding a most delightful prospect, belonging to E. L. Charlton, esq., a well-known sporting gentleman, and distinguished for his breed of race-horses. The two deer houses, the cluster of trees, the Lee Hills, of which so much has been said by tourists, gave a richness to the scene, better to the eye of the traveller than all the descriptive qualities of the writer can infuse into the mind of the reader. Tom Oliver and Fogo selected a rich bit of turf (upon which, according to the pugilistic phraseology, no man could grudge to be *licked*) for the ring; the outer roped ring was also capaciously made; and the range of waggons was so well placed as to please and give perfect satisfaction to every one present. The *Beaks* were all *dumb* as to interruption; and all was happiness respecting a fine view of the battle.

The betting on Monday evening in Liverpool was 7 to 4, and 2 to 1 on Neal; but, strange to say, in Birmingham Sam was made the favorite. In London, also, Neal was the favorite, at 2 and 3 to 1. In Worcester, the battle was scarcely named. There was little difference between the ages of the combatants, Neal was born on March 22, 1805; and Sam first saw the light on the 30th of January, 1808.

Tuesday, April 7, 1829, Ludlow was in a bustle by the arrival of numerous *swell yokels,* on prads, &c., and lots of toddlers, all out of breath to arrive in time to see the mill. Sam arrived in a chaise and four, about eleven o'clock, and put up at the Crown, where the *barbatic* waited upon him to *cut* his head; but, as *Money, Ross,* or *Macalpine,* could not be had belonging to the *swell* mob of *Tonsors,* Sam let the country shaver operate on his nob before it came under the supposed *finish* of NEAL. This being done, Sam waited upon NEAL at the Angel, when they both went to *scale.* Sam was 2lbs under the weight, and NEAL full 4lbs., nay more; but as he had complied with the articles, his *precise* weight was not required; but a *rude country joskin,* said in a whisper to another yokel, "what has he done with his legs—where are his thighs?" &c. These remarks had some little weight upon his backers, although they had not *dropped down* in their confidence, but 2 to 1 was not to be had.

About twelve o'clock Neal, in a barouche and four, left the Angel, his backers sporting the *blue and bird's-eye fogle;* and as they passed the Crown, SAM and his friends were at the window, when Sam pointed to his vehicle below, smiling, and said, "That's the carriage that will carry the winner." In a few minutes afterwards, Sam also started for the ground in a post-chaise and four, in high spirits, sporting the *yellowman,* made on purpose for him at Spitalfields. The *wipe* was of bright yellow, with a scarlet border, and a garter in the centre, surrounding the initials D. S., and bearing the Latin inscription, "*Nil desperandum,*" with the portraits of two men in combat. Sam, it appears, by his victory, has turned these *fogles* to a good account: he sold them for a guinea a-piece, if he won; but they were presents if he lost. He distributed a great number of them amongst his friends previous to the battle. No horsemen nor carriages, excepting those which conveyed the men to the ground, were admitted within the Park gates, according to the orders of the proprietor. This rendered every thing comfortable; and the battle was conducted with the etiquette of a drawing-room.

At a few minutes before one, Sam threw his *tile* into the ring—he was accompanied by his seconds, Sampson and Curtis. His countenance was smiling, and disclosed confidence to the very echo: "They say," said he to Dick, "that I am not *game;* but I will convince the *libellers* to the contrary before I quit this ring." His backers offered to take two to one; but it was not to be had. Sam was received with loud cheers. Neal, arm-in-arm with his backers, appeared in sight, attended by Tom Spring and Holt, and gently dropped his *caster* within the ropes. He was also well received by the multitude. NED was equally confident with his antagonist—nay, too confident: he did not calculate upon the possible effect of his *reduction.* They approached each other like brave fellows, in the most cheerful manner, and shook hands together. Ned said to Sam, "Let you and I have a little bet upon this fight. I will lay you *five pounds* on each of three events—first blood, first knock down, and winning the battle."—"No," replied Sam, "that will not exactly suit me; we will leave it all to the cook."

The men now prepared for action—the umpires and referees were chosen, and the hands crossed together, when the fight commenced for £100 a side:—

Round 1.—The anxious moment had now arrived, and all the *peepers* were on the stretch to view the *condition* of the men. On *peeling*, Sam appeared as fine as a star; his arms were beautiful, as to anatomical proportion; his shoulders round and firm; his loins good; his *pins* capital; and his *mug* laughing and full of confidence. In short, SAM might be compared to a handsome game *cock*, crowing almost to himself, that victory was in his grasp; indeed, his backers were delighted with his manly appearance. Neal's countenance also indicated confidence; but it looked rather more delicate than heretofore—a little *finedrawn*. His shoulders and arms were good; but his thighs, hips, and legs were deficient; and his drawers hung very loosely about his body. The attitudes of the men were attractive; it was diamond cut diamond; Neal was *awake* and Sam was *leary*, and both on the look out to do *summut*. Some little time was occupied in this manner; in fact, the manœuvres of the combatants were a delightful picture of the art of self-defence to the lovers of milling. Ned at length let fly with his right hand at Sam's nob; but the latter, as quick as lightning, returned one, two. A short pause. Ned again made play, to try what his opponent was made of, when Sam stepped back, and got cleverly out of mischief. In closing, Sam endeavoured to *fib* Neal, when the struggle commenced for the throw: but the efforts of Ned failed to give a cross-buttock, and in going down, Neal was undermost. The *Samites* were loud in their roars of approbation, saying, "it is all right." But the friends of Neal offered 7 to 4.

2.—*Science* of the finest description was witnessed on both sides, and Jack as good as his master. Sam was cautious—Neal careful; and both of them were satisfied they had got their *work* to do. Neal made play with his right hand, and planted a *nobber*; but, said Sam, "I must be with you for that compliment," and returned in capital style on the mug. Ned fought his way to a close; and here the trial of strength again took place, which was decidedly in favour of Sam, who not only fibbed his man, but sent him down. "It's all right," said Stockman, "you have him every way; you are a better fighter, and you can do as you like."

3.—This round was loudly applauded all over the ring; and the abilities of both the men very much admired. The action of Sam was of the first order—it was artist-like; he elevated himself on his toes, and tried to do mischief; but Neal, in capital style, put on the *stopper*. A long pause, yet both men exerting themselves to get the lead. Sam let fly his one, two; which was stopped so scientifically by Neal, that Dick Curtis, although opposed to Ned, exclaimed, "Beautiful! I never saw any thing better done in my life." Neal now tried his luck, and went boldly in, and with his right hand planted a severe *facer*; he also bored Sam to the ropes, and during the time Sam was *balancing* on them, he tipped him *pepper* until he went down on the ground. Loud cries of "Foul," and "Fair," from the contending parties, but no appeal was made to the umpires, and the fight went on.

4.—Sam appeared a little *astonished*; but he nevertheless came up to the scratch as *game* as a *pebble*. The Young One tried his left-handed plunge, but it was "no go;" and Neal went in to work with his left hand, and *floored* Sam. "First knock down blow," and a cry of "First blood from Sam's mouth." We looked very attentively, but could not perceive it. The shouting was loud for Neal, and "another round like that," from his friends, "must make it as right as the day."

5.—This was a fine *milling* round. Ned took great liberties with Sam's *domino-box*; but the latter, full of gaiety, returned one, two. In closing, Neal exerted all his strength to obtain the fall; but he could not obtain it. Sam went to work on the *wearing* system, and, to get out of trouble, went down.

6.—The friends of Neal began to drop down a little, that he had been *reduced* too much; indeed, his *weakness* was visible to all the ring. His once admired wrestling qualities were all gone; and Sam could throw him with ease. The handy-work of each was visible on the *nob* of the other. The *parries* were capital: and a finer fight could not be witnessed. A severe rally, *give* and *take* between them, and no mistake. The *pepper-box* was handed from one to the other, but Sam had the *pull*. In breaking ground, Neal received a severe *upper-cut!* "What! you have touched his *crackling!*" said Stockman; "my eye, if you a'nt cutting him up like pork!" "If you do not leave off your *chaffing*," said Spring, "and behave yourself properly, I'll cut you out of the ring." Another rally, both pelting away, and mischief on both sides. In closing, Sam tried the fibbing system, and Ned got out of *trouble* in the best way he could by getting down.

7. The men were now upon their *mettle*; and a capital rally was the result, with mutual advantages; yet the blows of Neal did not appear to *tell* like his opponent's. The right eye of Neal was damaged, and "*first blood*" was trickling down from his sensitive plant. Sam's *nob* had also been in *pepper alley*; and his *upper crust* was rather changed. In closing, the cutting-up hits of Sam did great mischief, and Neal went down exhausted.

8. It had been previously expected, by the friends of Neal, that his heavy-hitting, long before this round, would have satisfied them of his certainty of conquest. But he was an altered man, and Sam the hero of the tale. Strange to say, Sam did not appear to us half so cautious as when he was opposed to Davis, but went much quicker to his *work*. Sam planted cleverly a *conker*. ["Beautiful!" said Stockman. "Did you ever see such a fellow as this Sam? He is made for fighting.

How he hits them!"] Neal made play, and Sam retreated to the ropes. In closing, the Young One caught hold of Ned, and tried on, with success, the *weaving* system, until Ned went down. "Sam for a thousand!—for ten thousand!" said one of his backers. "Good gammon," answered Spring.

9. The face of Neal now exhibited severe *punishment;* and Sampson said, "this is rather different from what was expected—the *boot* is on the other leg: there is not in the world, at this present moment, such another fighter as this Dutch Sam. The Old Sam was nothing else but a *phenomenon;* but this Young One will win twice as many battles." The superiority of Sam in this round was evident to the greatest stranger; he planted right and left, and got away. [Bravo!] Sam, quite alive, went boldly up to Neal, who was almost staggering, and again put in his one, two. Neal went down bleeding, and the exertions of Sam were cheered from all parts of the ring.

10. The friends of Neal were rather *unsettled* at the *lead* which Sam had decidedly taken: in truth, Neal was as weak as a kitten; but his partizans relied on his *game* qualities, in hopes that he might be able to effect some change in his favor. Sam was on the offensive, but steady as a rock, until he saw an opening, when he went to work; a sharp rally occurred, when Neal turned round to get out of *trouble;* but Sam followed him. The hitting was truly severe on both sides. Ned missed a right-handed blow aimed at the jugular vein, which, had it alighted on the right place, might have proved *serious.* In closing, Sam fibbed severely, until Ned went down. "It is all your own now," said Stockman; "you have won it."

11. Sparring, a tiny bit, when Ned tried the bustling system, and planted one or two hits, but fell down from weakness.

12. Both ready, and severe counter hits made them both feel. Neal now experienced, too late, that he had treated Young Sam too lightly—he not only turned out a most active, but also a very determined boxer. In closing, both down, Ned undermost.

13. Neal's opponent looked upon him as the worse for his *training,* yet Sam, nevertheless, treated him as a dangerous customer, and always to be waited upon with caution. Sam's *throttle* napt a rum one; but the latter put in his one, two, with heavy effect. Ned again went down.

14. The confidence of Sam was striking; and the *game* displayed by Ned entitled to the highest praise. In truth, "such a pair of brave fellows, and out-and-out boxers, are seldom seen." Sam, with the utmost dexterity, planted a blow on Neal's *snout,* that made his head reel again; it almost stupified Ned: in fact, his blows were quite at random. Sam took advantage of his disorder, and by a severe upper-cut, Neal went down. The Samites, of course, were all in the stirrups, and offered odds that Sam would win it in a canter.

15. This was a *punishing* round on both sides. Counter-hits, and rum ones into the bargain, were the leading features, until Ned found his way to the grass.

16. Ned stopped a heavy blow; he also got away from punishment; but Sam, active as a deer, followed him to give *pepper;* but the parries of Ned were skilful in the extreme. Owing to weakness Neal went down on his knees.

17. The friends of Ned began to revive—he came to the scratch rather improved, and also appeared to stand firmer on his pins. Ned made play, but he was unsuccessful; the liveliness of Sam enabled him to get out of mischief. Ned, however, followed Sam to punish, but a tremendous upper-cut stopped him. In closing, the strength of Neal was of no use, by comparison with Sam. Both down, Ned undermost.

18. Had the strength of Neal prevailed, in all probability another account might have been given of this battle. The parries of Neal, in numerous instances, were of the first skill; but his *hitting* could not keep pace with it. Sam had decidedly the best of this round, and Neal went down.

19. The backers of Sam had now almost made up their minds it would soon be over, and Sam the conqueror. Indeed, it appeared to most of the spectators that Neal was nearly exhausted; and those persons who were not acquainted with his *game* qualities also thought that the chance was, in every point of view, against him. In closing, both down.

20. Neal measured his way well; and the counter-hits were of a punishing description. Neal, determined to *smash* Sam if possible, went boldly in to work; but he was met with equal resolution by Sam. In closing, Sam threw his opponent so heavily on his head, that the cry was, "It is all over, he will not fight another round." "We can fight for a long day, yet," replied Spring, "and win it too."

21. The science of Ned was again witnessed with delight; the right and left hand of Sam he stopped with ease. Sam, full of pluck, and as brisk as a bee, went up to punish his adversary, which he did so effectually, that Neal turned away from punishment. Sam, however, stuck to his work until Ned went down. "He ought not to be suffered to go down to avoid punishment," said the friends of Sam; "but Ned is sure to lose it."

22. The weakness of Ned was pitiable: he stopped well; but his blows, in general, did not arrive at their intended aim. He commenced the whole of the rounds like a man determined to deal out punishment; but Sam finished them in the character of a first-rate boxer. Ned, after an exchange of blows, fell down.

23. Neal planted a severe blow with his right hand; but he got a *facer* for it. Sam

always would be with him. Parries on both sides. Sam received a heavy *mugger*, enough to take the *pimple* from the body, but he shook it off, and returned to the charge; and Ned went down.

24. The mouth of Sam again received a severe blow; but he returned pepper on Ned's right *peeper*. Both the combatants went to work like nothing else but good ones, and severe exchanges passed between them. Sam got his right distance, and floored Ned like a shot. The Samites now thought it was all over; and with their shouts of joy almost rent the skies, offering 4 to 1; and saying, "He can lick any thing upon the list—he shall fight the whole of the boxers. He is another phenomenon—he is equal to Jem Belcher in the best of his days."

25. Although Neal went down almost every round, yet it was strange to witness, when he came to the scratch he commenced fighting. The patrons of Neal must have admired his conduct: he tried every thing to turn the battle in his favor, to give them a *chance* either to WIN MONEY, or to get off their *blunt*. Neal stopped well, and got away from danger; but Sam, anxious to put on the *polish*, never left him, tipping it to Ned right and left, until he went down.

26. Neal made play, but Sam stopped him: the Young One turned-to like a game cock, milling all before him, until Ned slipped down. Sam seemed surprised that he had lost his adversary. "That is the way, Sam, to win it," from his partisans; "it is 100 to 1, and no mistake."

27. Ned could not get the lead—he tried it on times and often, but his *strength* had left him. Sam's left hand was well stopped by Neal; but his right had the desired effect on the cheek of his adversary, and Ned went down. The friends of Sam again cried out that Neal ought to stand up and fight. "If he does any thing wrong," replied Spring, "appeal to the umpires, and they will do you justice."

28. Neal was always dangerous, and now and then put in a *wisty-castor,* which rather changed the look of Sam's frontispiece. In closing, Sam proved himself a good weaver, and Neal was again down.

29. Those persons who have asserted that Ned never knew how to fight, must have altered their opinion, if they had seen the beautiful stops made by Neal, against so accomplished a boxer as Sam. After some excellent parries by Ned, Sam punished his opponent, who was hit out of the ring. The Samites now *booked* it as all at an end—offering any odds upon the Young One.

30. Spring and Holt carried Neal to the scratch, when Sam, like a good judge, put on the *polish*—to win gold, and wear it; but Neal, owing to weakness, could not oppose his adversary, and slipped down on his knees.

31. Neal came up better, and immediately showed fight. "He's not done yet," said one of his friends.—"I think you said *done;* no, nor half done; we shall win it, and nothing else," replied Spring. Sam had not a jot the best of this round. Several good exchanges, until both down.

32. Ned was always good to go to work, and Sam got away from *trouble*. The latter again put in a severe upper cut. In closing, Ned down.

33. Neal could not be viewed in his proper character as a fighting man—he had *licked* himself, as it were, by his over-reduction of flesh—and he now found out that he could not perform, by action, what his judgment suggested to him. He frequently appeared *abroad*—hit short—and could not plant his favorite hit, with any thing like certainty. In closing he was *fibbed*, and went down in an exhausted state.

34. Spring whispered something into the ear of Neal, and he boldly went in to *mill*, when Sam retreated from danger. The Young One soon took the lead; but Neal fought him in the most manly style; and had not the blow intended for the *listener* gone over Sam's shoulder, *summut* might have been the matter. In closing, Neal was almost reduced to a *baby* in the arms of Sam, and he went down.

35. The face of Neal now exhibited a woeful aspect; but he never *lagged* when time was called, and always appeared at the scratch. Ned very gaily planted a rum one on the dominoes of Sam, which rather surprised the Young One, who seemed to say, "I ought not to have let that have happened; but I must give pepper in return for it;" and sure enough he did—right and left, until Neal went down.

36. Generally speaking, most of the spectators had made up their minds that Neal, who had been so much in the back ground, must have been defeated long before this period of the battle; but his friends still entertained hopes that Neal, if not *hit out of time*, would be able to wear out Sam. Severe counter-hits; but Neal down.

37. This round gave a sort of new life to the backers of Neal; he commenced by planting a severe blow on Sam's *ivories*. "Bravo, Neal; another!" Heavy exchanges. Neal again planted his left hand on the mouth of Sam. [Loud shouts from his friends—"He'll win it now."] The face of the Young One was rather altered, and the severe *handy-work* of Neal was no mistake. Sam took it well, and steadily made good use of his left hand, when Neal again was on the grass.

38. The claret was now running down from the mouth of Sam, and he was rather the worse for his exertions. He was not absolutely *piping;* but he was not quite so lively as heretofore. "Go in," said Harry Holt; "fight with your left hand, and you will soon alter the price of stocks. The tide is turned in our favor; and you know, my boy, 'there is a tide in the affairs of men,' as we say in the classics, but no more of that—go in and win it." Neal, according to the advice of the eloquent Harry

Holt, endeavoured to push his fortune; but the Young One had recovered himself, was too *leary*, and stopped him. Neal, nevertheless, again went to work in right earnest, and was rather troublesome; but Sam got rid of him by an upper-cut, and Neal went down, his face covered with claret.

39. Sam was convinced that Neal was not yet beaten, and that some caution was necessary. Neal meant mischief, and tried it on; but Sam said, "Stop a bit;" and his one, two, sent Neal down.

40. Strange to relate, the *dead man*, as some of Sam's friends called Neal, planted a tremendous blow on Sam's left eye, which not only put him on the *winking* system, but made his *pimple* rattle again. Sam fought his way into a rally, which was give and take, until Neal went down.

41. This was a capital round, and the spectators all on the *qui vive* to witness the persevering efforts of Neal. The latter again *mouthed* his opponent with a more *punishing* weapon than his tongue; but Sam said he would spoil his *chaffing*, if possible, and the left hand of the Young One sent him down.

42. The fight was by no means out of Neal; and the rally was sharply contested, hit for hit, until Neal went down. "This is a capital fight," said a Corinthian in company with the proprietor of the park; "no man who loves true courage, and admires the art of self-defence, as a feature connected with the bravery of Old England, would grudge going three hundred miles to witness such a prime day's play. They are a couple of brave men, and it is a pity they cannot both win."

43. Sam again napt it severely on his ivories, and the claret followed the blow. The Young One staggered a little from its severe effects; but he returned to the charge like a lion. He planted, like lightning, three hits in succession, until Neal went down quite exhausted.

44. Ned appeared at the scratch much "better than could be expected," and rubbed his hands together, ready to go to work. Counter-hits, and the punishment equal. A severe rally finished the round, when Neal again went down.

45. The fine science of Sam could not stop the left hand of Ned from punishing his mouth. Two jobs in the same place, it is said, is not fair; however, Neal planted them, and got down without any return. The friends of Sam grumbled.

46. "You ought," said Holt, "to have used your left hand at the commencement of the battle, and you would have won it. Try it again." A most determined rally occurred —hit for hit—smack for smack—and pelt for pelt—so much did Neal exert himself, until he was *grassed*.

47. Sam's *sluice house* was again severely damaged, and some time must elapse before he can crack a joke with any thing like pleasantry to his lips. Sam did not seem to like such treatment, and sought to return the compliment; but in his passion he hit aside, and Neal went down.

48. The friends of Sam looked rather blue on witnessing symptoms of his being rather *abroad* when brought to the scratch; and the claret also flowing profusely from his *tell-tale*. Sam judiciously sparred for time, waited for his opportunity, and planted such a *silencer* on the knowledge box, that Neal went down quite stupefied. The Samites were once more on top ropes—shouting for joy—and, in the pride of the moment, offered any odds that Ned did not fight two more rounds.

49. Poor Ned, weak beyond compare, but, nevertheless, *game* to the back-bone, tried again for the ivory department in Sam's upper works; but the latter said "such proceedings must be stopped," and hit Neal down.

50. The left hand of Ned told severely; and Sam, in his hurry, missed a finishing upper-cut, that might have put a *quietus* to the mill. But a miss is as good as a mile. Ned was lucky; but so weak that he went down.

51. Considering the length of the fight, and also the work that had been done, this was a capital round. Both the combatants were *troublesome* to each other, and in closing, down, but Sam uppermost, "Well done both sides," from different parts of the ring.

52. The mouth of Sam again suffered from the left hand of Neal; indeed, it was now terribly out of shape; and Sam endeavoured to retaliate, but Neal got down.

53. Sam kept a good look out to put in the *coup de grâce;* but Neal almost sat down. "Foul," and "fair;" but the umpires did not interfere.

54. Sam could not protect his mouth from the visitations of Neal; the Young One followed him up until Ned was down.

55. Neal, as usual, commenced milling; but he was stopped by Sam. The latter tried all he could to put on the *polish;* but the time had not yet arrived for its completion. Neal went down.

56. Sam endeavoured to hit up, but Neal got away. It was astonishing to witness the efforts of Neal; in truth, the friends of Sam, at different times, did not know what to make of Neal, and observed, "he is still a dangerous fellow." Ned got down.

57. Neal at the scratch, commenced his work, and several exchanges were made. Sam, although not so lively as heretofore, still kept the lead, went in, and sent Neal down.

58. No sooner had Spring and Holt placed Neal at the Scratch, but he prepared himself for action; and although his strength would not second his efforts for a heavy blow, he made a hit. Sam rushed in to punish, but a slight push must have sent Neal down.

59. Neal was almost too great a *glutton* for Sam; and the latter showed symptoms of fatigue. Neal tried it on: a flush hit might have done wonders for him towards victory, and it should seem he was determined never to say NO. Several blows were exchanged;

but Ned could not hit Sam down. The latter ran in and nobbed his adversary until he measured his length upon the grass.

60. This was a slap-up round, both trying for the best of it. Ned not only made good stops, but planted several blows in a rally. Sam was again the leader, and Neal fell upon his arms.

61. The determination shown by Neal, to the lovers of true courage was delightful—he contested every inch of ground, in hopes to obtain a turn in his favor. On setting to, Sam's mouth was punished, although the latter sent Neal down.

62. This was a gallant round. Counter hits, rallying, and every thing, done on both sides, towards victory. Ned, as the pugilistic phrase goes, put a *little one* IN now and then, although Sam acknowledged it, *cent per cent.* Neal was sent down, his face covered with claret, and so altered that his friends would have been at a loss to have recognized him.

63. Sam commenced fighting, and Neal was a taker, both right and left; but the latter planted a *teazer* on Sam's mouth, which produced the *claret* in streams. This was new life to the backers of Neal; they had been rather *dumb* for a short period; but they now gave their *red rags* a holiday, and a precious shout in favor of Ned was the result. If Neal could have followed up this advantage a change might have taken place in his favor; but Sam would not be denied, and sent down his opponent.

64. The friends of Neal thought something like a chance appeared in favor of their man, as Sam began to display weakness. In fact, he had done a great deal of work, and it was not quite certain that he would be able to complete the job. "It is all your own," cried Holt and Davy; "only use your left hand, and finish him off." Ned, equally as anxious as his backers could be, *tried* it on, and was successful in planting right and left; but Sam was with him, until Ned went down, and Sam, from weakness, also found himself on the grass.

65. Ned set to like a good one, and his right hand told; but a severe upper-cut from Sam put an end to the round, and Neal, as usual, measured his length on the ground.

66. A pause. Caution on both sides; until Sam went in gaily towards the finish, which now appeared within his grasp. His one, two, had the desired effect, and poor Neal received lots of punishment, until down.

67. "It will never be over," said an old gentleman not acquainted with the ring. "You cannot have too much of a good thing," replied Stockman: "only wait a few minutes now, and Neal will be done over by this phenomenon, Sam." Neal planted two blows, but he was not able to finish the round, and Sam had the best of it. Ned was down.

68. This was a good round, and Neal never flinched from a blow. He was still dangerous, while he made a hit; and although Sam was the best as to putting on the *polish*, still he was getting weak. Ned ready. The battle had now arrived at that state, when doubts, hopes, and fears were expressed on both sides. Ned was not absolutely *done over*, although very near it; and a flush hit might have done Sam's business. But a finishing blow was not in Neal. The latter again attacked the mouth of Sam with success. (*Cheers from his party.*) He repeated the attempt with equal success. (Another tremendous roar of applause for Neal.) The *claret* ran down in profusion from Sam's face; but the latter, like a good one, recovered himself—and by two blows sent his adversary down.

70. Sam was almost tired; and Neal nearly proving too great a *glutton* for him. Spring again whispered into the ear of Neal how to conduct himself towards victory. Ned again commenced *milling*, and Sam was scarcely able to do any thing. Ned went down exhausted. Even betting; but doubts as to choice.

71. Spring and Holt looked well after their man, and carried him to the scratch; as did Sampson and Curtis. The battle now was interesting to the backers beyond description. Neal went to work, but Sam parried. Ned rushed into a close; he tried to hold Sam, but he was unable from weakness. Ned, however, planted a blow on the top of Sam's nob—the latter tried for his cutting-up hit. Both down, but Sam fell severely on his head.

72. This was a milling round. A sharp rally; but the fine fighting of Sam gave him the best of it. Neal again down in a most exhausted state.

73. The head of Sam was materially altered, and his mouth was all *awry;* and the *claret* issuing freely from his lips. "It is not safe to either," was the general cry: "It is anybody's battle." But Sam was the freshest man of the two. The science of Sam here, it might be said, gave him the battle; it enabled him to keep out of danger. Neal would fight his man; but he was jobbed to pieces, until he went down.

74. It really was astonishing to witness a man so distressed come up to fight—his head punished all to pieces. Neal went down from a slight touch. "Take him away—he ought not to be suffered to fight."

75. Sam roused himself into action, and endeavoured to take the lead; but Ned *parried* well. Sam planted two *nobbers;* Neal returned; but slipped down. During the time Sam was sitting on his second's knee, his head dropped down upon his shoulder: he was nearly exhausted. Sampson threw water over his head, and roared out in a voice of thunder, "It's all right." Neal's friends were on the alert, asserting that "Ned now must win it."

76. This was a famous round; and the spirited conduct of Sam won him the fight. Neal again commenced, and touched Sam's sore mouth; but in closing, Sam caught hold

of Neal round the neck, and fibbed him dreadfully until he went down. "It's all over—5 to 1 on Sam."

77. Strange to relate, Ned made play, and planted his left hand. (Bravo, Ned!) Both men, after manœuvering about, made themselves up for mischief, and both went down from severe counter hits. Great applause from all parts of the ring. "Jack is as good as his master," and it was a near thing. In fact, it was a dangerous thing; but Sam was the strongest man. "Sam for 100*l.*"

78 and last. It was clear that Neal well knew what he was about, as he *parried*, in the most excellent manner, Sam's one, two. The Young One, with the utmost dexterity, gave Ned a rum one on his *conk* over his guard; but Neal returned. Sam on the look out, got himself well together for mischief, and planted a severe hit upon Ned's throat. This blow stunned him—his arms dropped down—he staggered, and went down as insensible as a log of wood. His seconds did every thing in their power to renovate him; but when time was called, it was ALL UP, and Sam was declared the conqueror. His friends and the spectators in general crowned his efforts with the loudest applause. He walked to his carriage, and left the ground immediately for Bromfield. Poor Ned was carried out of the ring in a complete state of stupor, by Spring and Holt, attended by Dr. Wakefield, to the Angel Inn, Ludlow. The battle continued ONE HOUR and FORTY ONE MINUTES.

## OBSERVATIONS.

By this brilliant conquest, Sam has not only secured and strengthened the good opinion of his friends, but he has also generally raised himself in the estimation of the sporting world; nay, he has done more, he has removed all *doubts*, if any existed upon the subject, respecting his GAMENESS. In all his contests he was likewise viewed as a scientific, *showy* fighter; but in this battle with Neal he has proved himself a most effective, decisive, and the term elegant boxer, must be added, only as a just tribute to his superior milling talents. As a pugilist, he possesses all the activity of the late Jem Belcher—is always ready at his post; *cautious* to prevent MISCHIEF—yet on the alert to improve any advantage that may offer itself in the fight, by putting in the decisive blow. His *plunge* is dangerous in the extreme to an adversary who may not be armed at all points; and his *cutting-up* hits are likely to take the fight out of any boxer in a round or two, if he is not one of the *gamest* of the GAME. By this victory over a real good one like NEAL, his pride will be raised, his confidence increased; and altogether he is likely to become a much better man. In opposition to any pugilist of his weight, we have no doubt, nay, we are assured, Sam can be backed almost at any odds; and considerably above his weight his partisans will have no hesitation to match him. His style of fighting is completely his own, and Young SAM, the 'darling of Victory,' is likely to acquire as great a name in the pages of the BOOK OF SPORTS as his late renowned sire, the phenomenon of his day. YOUNG SAM never flinched from *punishment:* the courage he displayed was of the *richest* quality throughout the battle; and he followed his opponent with such an ardour of spirit, and determination of mind, that every spectator around the ring in Ludford Park was united in opinion, that a more graceful, active, and finished boxer could not be met with in the Prize Ring. On his being declared the conqueror, his friends were so elated with his conduct, that they declared he should fight Spring, or White-headed Bob; in fact, any pugilist on the list. This declaration was made in the *ecstacy* of the moment; and, of course, we treat it as such. At all events, Young SAM, as a boxer, has not only proved himself worthy of his great *milling* sire, but bets have been offered that he wins more battles in the P. R. than ever his father did. We now leave him to enjoy his good fortune; and turn our attention to the hero in defeat.

Neal, it is true, has suffered DEFEAT, but *disgrace* cannot be coupled with the event; nay, on the contrary, his noble conduct has raised him in the estimation of the admirers of bravery and determination. The immediate friends and backers of NED are perfectly satisfied that he strained every nerve to win the battle; and therefore they do not *grumble*, although they have *lost* their *blunt*, and that, too, in no small quantities. Such, they view, is the uncertain chance of war! But, nevertheless, it is their decided opinion, he lost the fight through want of STAMINA. In the *wear* and *tear* points (in which Neal excelled, in a superior degree, almost every other pugilist in the P. R.), in this battle with Sam, he completely failed—OVER TRAINING had *frittered* them away; and his strong hips, athletic thighs, and round *pins*, formerly the boast of his partisans, were now found wanting. It is well known, not only amongst TRAINERS of every description, but it is also the opinion of medical men and anatomists, that if a man be violently reduced in flesh, his *natural* strength also becomes *impaired*; and his fine spirits, energy, high courage, determination, bottom, game, gluttony—call it what you please—is reduced, and likely to create a sort of "going away" from the *scratch*. It is the same also with dogs, cocks, horses, or thorough bred cattle of any description. If that HIGH-BRED SPIRIT which must be connected with every thing appertaining to *game* qualities be once reduced, the spirits *flag*, exertions relax, and the mind of the man, as it were, becomes broken—*subdued;* and he is not able to bear any thing like the heavy *punishment* which he could if in a high state of CONDITION. However, in a great degree contrary to these remarks, the conduct of NEAL ought to be remembered, admired, and never to be forgotten, as an example to other boxers, for contesting every inch of ground throughout *one hour and forty-one minutes*, in the *greatest* DISTRESS. Destitute of those great points on which he once valued himself, he nevertheless fought in opposition to NATURE, and continued the contest in a state of *exhaustion* never before witnessed, in hopes, once more, to catch the reviving and glorious sound of Victory. After the fourth and fifth rounds it was evident to his backers that his *strength* was materially reduced; his *hits* were not of that *punishing* quality, which previously had *characterised* them; and as to *throwing*, on which NED used to flatter himself, SAM had the best of the FALLS all to nothing. In truth, whenever the chance put SAM in his power, he could not *hold* him, and was glad to go down to get out of trouble. Under these circumstances, his backers attribute his defeat to nothing else but his great reduction of weight. He was, on the morning of fighting, *six pounds* under the weight prescribed by his articles. Dr. Wakefield, a gentleman whose talents are highly admired, and universally acknowledged in Shropshire, but more immediately in the neighbourhood of Ludlow, as a medical man, and who attended NEAL on the ground, and never left his bed-side for upwards of three hours after the battle, observed that NED's pulse was too low; he was also too weak to be bled; that he had evidently laboured under great weakness, and was not at all in condition to fight a Prize Battle. NEAL had been reduced considerably below his natural powers; which, added to a long journey of 223 miles, occupying nearly two days and a night without rest, only a few hours before the battle, were drawbacks that no man could bear up against; and, from his acquaintance with the capabilities of the human frame, he expressed his great astonishment at the persevering and brave conduct of Neal throughout the battle. The only thing distinguishable on the part of NEAL was the excellent stops he made even up to the last minute of the fight. His friends are determined to give him another chance with SAM, if the backers of the latter will allow the men to fight any weight, and make the match for £500 a side. This sum was offered at the Angel, at Ludlow, on Tuesday night last, and a deposit of £50 offered to be put down. Sam and his backers were at Bromfield; but it is understood they have no objection to make the match, as they do not consider, from the very superior milling talents Sam displayed in his contest with Neal, that *weight* is an object of dispute. Neal ought to have forfeited on discovering his weakness, but he was so confident, that he assured his friends it was 10 to 1 in his favour.

### CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH THE BATTLE.

*The Bed-side of Neal.*—We feel pleased to acknowledge the humane attentions paid by Tom Spring, Holt, Brown of Bridgnorth, the gallant Naval Captain, the Swell Dragsman, and Poor Davy, to Ned Neal. The latter was very ill, and did not come to his recollection for some time. The punishment he had received on his face was severe in the extreme; but his body did not exhibit the marks of any blows. They condoled with him on his unexpected defeat; but they cheered him up by saying they were perfectly satisfied with his conduct, and that he had done every thing consistent with the character of an honest and brave man to win the battle. They also, in the most liberal manner, acknowledged the fine fighting of Sam, and that he had proved himself a much better man, in every point of view, than they had previously anticipated.

Sam, although his face did not exhibit such severe punishment as his opponent's, was, nevertheless, strongly *marked* about the left cheek, and his mouth very much out of *shape*. But a winning man laughs at bruises, when he can pocket the *steeven*, and extend his fame.

Neal caught cold during the night, in travelling post up to London, in quitting the inside of one chaise for another; and he also experienced two *break* downs in his journey. He left Ludlow on Wednesday morning, in opposition to the doctor's wishes, he was so anxious to appear in person at his benefit.

All through the towns we passed on our road home, the greatest interest was excited respecting the above battle; the people came out in crowds to enquire the news. At Worcester, the coach office was literally besieged with amateurs; at Pershore, Evesham, Moreton, and Chipping Norton, it was equally the same. At Oxford, Jackey Carter and Morgan the black were surrounded by hundreds of persons waiting the arrival of the coach; and when it was clearly ascertained that Sam was the conqueror, some of their *choppers* dropped down to the fourth button on their waistcoats, at their change of *luck*, and the great odds *floored*. At Tetsworth, Stokenchurch, High Wycombe, Uxbridge, Ealing, Acton—in fact, until we arrived at our own crib in London, we were quite fatigued in giving satisfactory answers to the anxious members of the Fancy.

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### LUDLOW FIGHT.

From town full seven score long miles
High rag'd, where Charlton's mansion smiles,
  The battle of the brave.
Right well 'twas worth the lengthy ride,
To see such skill and courage tried,
  Nigh Teme's sequester'd wave.

Science supreme, and honor bright,
And dauntless valour in the fight,
  Grac'd *Ladford's* lovely green;
At length brave Neal, alas! to thee
Dark was the lustre of the lea,
  And sad the laughing scene.

Vain all thy skill and courage true,
Thy peerless rival to subdue!
  His hand the palm has won.
*Evans* fights under favoring sky;
His mother's natal hills are nigh,
  And smile upon her son.

O, Neal lays senseless on the sod,
He youthful victor bounds, a god,
Into his chariot gay;
And now the beauteous and the brave
On high their hats and kerchiefs wave,
And cheer his homeward way.

Lo, thus, on *Ludlow's* flowery field,
Rome's bravest chief was taught to yield
As classic stories tell—
Fled thence Æstorius of yore,
To pine on Severn's eastern shore—
And so, *of late*—Dobell.

Roman and man of Medway too,
Have sunk, O Neal, as well as you,
Beyond Sabrina's tide.
Where *Spring* and *Baldwin*, *Sam* and *Brown*,
Maintain Siluria's old renown,
And wreathe Salopia's pride.

April 10, 1829. FITZ-TENBURY.

## The Golden Eagle.

" This powerful bird breeds in the recesses of the sub-alpine country," observes Mr. Macgregor, in his account of America, " which skirts the rocky mountains, and is seldom seen farther to the eastward. It is held by the aborigines of America, as it is by almost every other people, to be an emblem of might and courage; and the young Indian warrior glories in his eagle plume as the most honorable ornament with which he can adorn himself. Its feathers are attached to the calumets, or smoking-pipes, used by the Indians in the celebration of their solemn festivals, which has obtained for it the name of the calumet eagle. Indeed, so highly are these ornaments prized, that a warrior will often exchange a valuable horse for the tail feathers of a single eagle. The strength of vision of this bird must almost exceed conception, for it can discover its prey, and pounce upon it from a height at which it is itself, with its expanded wings, scarcely visible to the human eye. When looking for its prey, it sails in large circles, with its tail spread out, but with little motion of its wings; and it often soars aloft in a spiral manner, its gyrations becoming gradually less and less perceptible, until it dwindles to a mere speck, and is at length entirely lost to the view. A story is current on the plains of the Saskatchewan, of a half-bred Indian, who was vaunting his prowess before a band of his countrymen, and wishing to impress them with a belief in his supernatural powers. In the midst of his harangue, an eagle was observed suspended, as it were, in the air, directly over his head, upon which, pointing aloft with his dagger, which glistened brightly in the sun, he called upon the royal bird to come down. To his own amazement, no less than to the consternation of the surrounding Indians, the eagle seemed to obey the charm, for, instantly shooting down with the velocity of an arrow, it impaled itself on the point of his weapon.

" We saw the yerfalcon often during our journeys over the barren grounds, where its habitual prey is the ptarmigan, but where it also destroys plover, ducks, and geese. In the middle of June, 1821, a pair of these birds attacked me as I was climbing in the vicinity of their nest, which was built on a lofty precipice on the borders of Point Lake, in latitude 65½°. They flew in circles, uttering loud and harsh screams, and alternately stooping with such velocity, that their motion through the air produced a loud rushing noise; they stuck their claws within an inch or two of my head. I endeavoured, by keeping the barrel of my gun close to my cheek, and suddenly elevating its muzzle when they were in the act of striking, to ascertain whether they had the power of instantaneously changing the direction of their rapid course, and found that they invariably rose above the obstacle with the quickness of thought, showing equal acuteness of vision and power of motion. Although their flight was much more rapid, they bore considerable resemblance to the snowy owl. At the period at which I saw them, the ground was still partially clothed with snow, and the lakes covered with ice; but the yerfalcon, like the *strix nyctea* of the same districts, is well calculated, from the whiteness of its plumage, for traversing a snowy waste, without alarming the birds on which it preys. As the ptarmigans partially migrate southwards in the winter, some of the yerfalcons follow them, and when one pounces down upon a flock, the ptarmigans endeavour to save themselves by diving instantly into the loose snow, and making their way beneath it to a considerable distance."

## Hunting the Bear.

After resting for about half an hour (says Mr Lloyd, in his *Field Sports of the North of Europe*), we again resumed the search for the bears, which we continued until near three o'clock, and until it was beginning to get dusk. At this time I was to the right of the line, which was proceeding in a westerly direction; when in the distance to the northward, and in a part of the forest we had not yet beaten, I heard my old dog, Paijas, giving tongue; this he did in such a manner that I had more than a suspicion he had found what we had so long been in search of. I now lost not a moment, but, leaving the people, ran as fast as the broken nature of the ground would permit, towards the spot where the dog was challenging, which might be at one hundred and fifty or two hundred paces distance. This was in a rather thick part of the forest, and in a clump of pines, around the foot of which, though at some paces distant—for he probably remembered the rough treatment he had received upon a former occasion—Paijas still kept furiously baying. Though the dog had found the bears, I did not, at the first moment, observe the entrance to their den, which was an excavation in the face of a little rising, situated between, and partly formed by the roots of the surrounding trees. But on discovering it, I at once sprung on to the top of the hillock; and, though at that time immediately over the den, the bears still remained quiet. On my hallooing, they felt so little inclination to leave their quarters, that the old bear simply contented herself with partially projecting her snout. At this, from its being the only point exposed to my view, I levelled my rifle, which was then pointed in a perpendicular direction. On reflection, however, I refrained from firing, as I considered that, though I might have smashed the fore part of her head to pieces, there was little chance of my killing her outright. Instead, therefore, of firing whilst in that situation, I stepped (and it certainly was not "the most prudent step" a man ever took), with my left foot in advance, directly over her, to the opposite side of the hole, when, wheeling about on the instant, and having then a full view of her head, from which the muzzle of my gun was hardly two feet distant, and my left foot still less, for it was partially in the entrance to the den itself, I sent a bullet through her skull. I now called loudly to the people, none of whom, nor even the other dogs, which had been questing to some birds in another part of the forest, had as yet come up—for I was rather apprehensive the cubs might attempt to make their escape. To prevent this I stood for a while over the den, in readiness to give them a warm reception with the butt-end of my rifle. But three or four minutes elapsed before Jan Finne, who was to the left of our line, Svensson, and the peasants, made their appearance: for, strange to say, though Paijas had been in Jan Finne's possession for several years, he either did not recognize his challenge, or he had not a suspicion it was to the bears; and in consequence neither he nor the people moved from where I had left them, until they heard my shot. My apprehensions as to the cubs attempting to escape were, however, groundless, for they still continued quiet; at first, indeed, we could see nothing of them, for the old bear, as is usual with those animals when they have young, was lying in the front of the den, and we therefore almost began to think we had hit upon a bear distinct from those of which we were in search. But on the people introducing a stake, and moving the old bear a little to the side, one of the cubs, and subsequently a second, and a third exhibited themselves, all of which I despatched either with my own or with Jan Finne's rifle. The work of death being at length completed, we drew the bears out of their den. This was, however, of such small dimensions, that it was the admiration of us all how they could have stowed themselves away in it. Bears usually prepare their winter quarters during the autumnal months, and sometimes previously to taking possession of them; but the animals of which I am now speaking, having been disturbed from their original lair at a time when the ground was hard frozen, and when it was, of course, much more difficult to imbed themselves in the earth, probably accounted for the small size of the excavation in which we found them. The old bear had attained her full growth; the cubs were nearly a year old, and of about the size of large dogs. *The whole of them were in tolerably good condition.

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### Wolf-Hunting in Russia.

One of the modes employed consists in two persons driving in a sledge, at night, through the woods, which are known to be infested with ferocious animals of that class, well armed with short weapons as well as ready-loaded guns. The wolf is a very *gourmand* in pork flesh, the younger the better; the huntsmen, therefore, take care to have in the sledge with them a sucking pig, the ears of which they pull from time to time; when the squeaks of the animal not unusually call forth the wished for wild beast, which falls ravenously on what it considers the noisy prey, but which is nothing more than a large bundle of straw dragging along the ground from behind the sledge, somewhat fashioned like a pig. While in this act the musquetry of the sledgers is discharged at him, and there is generally an end of the wolf. But it sometimes happens that when a she-wolf has been thus disturbed and cheated, and that the hunters have missed their aim, the animal has made a dart at the inmates of the sledge, or followed for some time the rapid course of the carriage, howling most dismally, thus reversing the order of the chase until a more lucky shot has put an end to the pursuit.

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### A Thorough-bred Dog hates a Bad Shot.

A gentleman requested the loan of a pointer dog from a friend, and was informed that the dog would behave well so long as he could kill his birds, but if he frequently missed them he would run home and leave them. The dog was sent, and the following day was fixed for trial; but, unfortunately, his new master was a remarkably bad shot. Bird after bird rose and was fired at, but still pursued its flight untouched by the leaden showers that fell around it, till at last the pointer became careless, and often missed his game; but, as if seemingly willing to give one chance more to his luckless master, he made a dead stand at a furn bush, with his nose pointed downwards, the fore foot bent, and his tail straight and steady. In this masterly position he remained firm till the sportsman was close to his tail, with both barrels cocked; then moving steadily forward for a few paces, he at last stood still near a bunch of heather, the tail expressing the anxiety of the mind by moving regularly backward and forward, when out sprang an old black cock. Bang, bang, went both barrels, but alas! the proud bird of the heath still soared in the air unhurt. The patience of the dog was now quite exhausted, and, instead of crouching at the feet of his master till he reloaded, he turned boldly round, laced his tail close between his legs, gave one howl, long and loud, and off he set, and stopped not till within sight of the kennel door.

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# PIERCE EGAN'S
# BOOK OF SPORTS.

No. XIV.] [Price Three Pence.

## THE CORINTHIANS,

### *At* MELTON MOWBRAY, *starting to join the Hunt:*

Can Europe or the World produce,
Alike for ORNAMENT and USE,
Such *Models* of stout, active, trim men?
And quite a History for the Pen?
With specimens of Order, dress,
Health, comfort—INBRED cleanliness
As here displayed—the brightest Sun
Lingering seems proud to shine upon!

*I'm for Life and a Curricle! That's your sort!*—GOLDFINCH.

"I believe you!" said my friend, PAUL PRY, the other morning, who had just "dropped in" to the regions below, of the *crib* wherein I domicile, in order to ascend a *few* steps towards my 'upper story,' to have a bit of chat with me on passing events: it is most true that my resting-place could not come under the splendid denomination of a 'cloud-capp'd tower,' although it is the nearest apartment towards the Sky; and not much unlike, in the genteel phrase of the day—"*an attic!*" but the plain sort of folks, or rather, the intelligible creatures, would have given it its proper name, a Garret! the usual high abode of *Scribblers!* "But no matter," observed Pry, "whether it be a 'Cloud capt Tower;' or a 'Garret!' if I could pun, I should call it one of the flights of Genius, and say that your place of residence is one of the *highest* things in Society. But, are you not for Life and a Curricle?" "Most certainly I am," was my reply: but how? Better, it is said, to be born *fortunate* than rich. True! The above proverb may suit very well the *lucky* folks of this world. But, in answer to that old adage—I think it is much better at all times to be born rich than poor! However, as you and I are amongst the proverbs—a kind of 'argufying the topic!' I will proceed with one or two of them, in order to come at something near the truth on the subject. It might be asked how many persons are born under a *thruppenny* planet, never to become worth a *groat?* in spite of all their great talents, wit, skill, ability, and speculations—and, by way of a wind-up to their exertions, end in a WHEREAS! But then we are told that Riches do not always bring *happiness* with them:—Indeed, I must admit that there is a "bit of good truth" attached to the last remark; but as a set-off against it—'a FAT sorrow,' in the opinion of most of my friends, is much better than a *lean* one. I am quite aware that there are *golden* drops attached to *grief* for the demise of a rich relative Corinthian; as well as the real tears of sorrow for a substantial, never-to-be-forgotten loss of a sincere friend. And granted that Riches do not always bring happiness with them, yet it cannot be denied that in obtaining real happiness a great deal must always depend on the conduct and *mind* of the individual in the possession of riches; Shakspeare tells us that—

Poor, and content, is rich—and rich enough!

It is true that Gold—" here my friend, *Paul Pry*, observed "Pierce, my dear boy, you are preaching! Surely you do not want a pulpit just yet! You have not had a *call!* I tell you that I am for Life and a Curricle; and if I had one at my door I would roar out to the echo that would answer again—"That's your sort!" and my Paulina vows that she would have the best that could be got in the Acre if I could *stand* it; or, in other words, if the coachmaker would *stand* it. Do not riches enable the Corinthian to get over the ground with pleasure to himself and advantage to society? Does he not possess the *Key* to every thing that he fancies?—A fig for your moralizing, philosophy—or call it what you will. I would be a Corinthian to the end of the chapter, if I could—but the truth is, I was not *lucky* enough to have been born a *Swell*, although I made my way into the world like the great duke of Buckingham, without a shirt to my back; therefore, my dear boy, drop all your proverbs, metaphors, your *this*, THAT, and the other—it is all *gammon*. I beg pardon if I have not used a stylish phrase, but to me it conveys a very important meaning, and, I flatter myself, perfectly intelligible, from the Countess to Billingsgate Fan, therefore I again say, drop it, and talk like yourself." "My worthy, communicative friend," said I, "accept my best thanks: perhaps you are right after all, and, without any further prelude, I have only to remark—Melton Mowbray is in view, and behold;—

The lad of mettle! off to the Chase,
Quickly girds his belt on;
A "*tip-top* Swell," with ruddy face—
True Picture of a Melton.

His horse a picture—and his hounds—
The Fox—soon after her;
With courage high, he knows no bounds,
A true "Out-and-Outer!"

"Have at him there," holloas the Squire;
The Gorse all in a rout—
The hounds on scent—full of desire
To turn *sly* Reynard out!

The sport being o'er—dinner time—
With joy he fills his glass,
And *toasting* all, in Life, that's prime;
First—his faithful lass!

Then, thus it is—his *Time* doth fly!
Hunting, racing, shooting!
At ev'ry thing, he has 'a *shy*'—
On Sporting Points—mooting.

With deference to the "Editor of the Quarterly Review," we think there was not the slightest necessity for any apology, or the display of something like *squeamishness* on his part, for his review on the "Remarks on the Condition of Hunters, the choice of Horses and their Management, &c., by Nimrod," who observes;—"Under such circumstances, we hope the readers of our journal will not accuse us of any unpardonable trespass, if we now and then permit ourselves to be *seduced* into a little discussion on a class of subjects with which, hitherto, we have very rarely interfered." The Sporting World, at the present moment, constitutes a great feature in Society, and its *movements*, in general, are read with deep interest and pleasure: such being our well-known ideas upon the subject—we offer no apology to the subscribers to the "Book of Sports, for making an extract from the following well-written article; and we also feel assured that our numerous readers will not entertain an opinion that we have inserted one line of it too much:—

"And so, without further preface, let us for once sympathize with what even Milton calls an unreproved pleasure:—

'Listening how the hounds and horn,
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.'

In various old writers—the *Mayster of the game*, for instance, we find lively pictures of the ancient English chase, which in many respects, no doubt, was of a more noble and manly nature than that of the present day.

The wolf,* the bear, the boar, were among the favorite beasts of 'venery;' and none can doubt that the habit of pursuing such animals, independently of giving vigour to the frame, and strength to the constitution, must have nourished that martial ardour and fearless intrepidity, which, when exerted in the field of battle, generally won the day for our gallant ncestors. The hart, the stag, the hind, the oe-buck, and the hare, are likewise contantly mentioned, as is also the wild or ertin cat, now nearly extinct; but the fox es not appear to have been included in the it of the Anglo-Norman sportsman. The st public notice of this now much esteemed imal, occurs in the reign of Richard II., iich unfortunate monarch gives permission, charter, to the Abbot of Peterborough, to nt the fox. In Twice's '*Treatise on the ft of Hunting*,' Reynard is thus classed:—

> id for to sette young Hunterys in the way
> venery, I cast me fyrst to go:
> which 4 bestes be, that is to say,
> e Hare, the Herte, the Wulf, and, the Wild Boar;
> t there ben other bestes, 5 of the châse;
> e Buck the first, the seconde is the Do;
> *Fox* the third, which hath hard grace,
> ferthe the Martyn, and the last the Roe.

indeed, quite apparent, that until at most idred and fifty years ago, the fox was dered an inferior animal of the chase, ag, buck, and even hare, ranking before Previously to this period, he was geneaken in nets or hays, set on the outside earth: when he *was* hunted, it was rocks and crags, or woods inaccessible emen: such a scene, in short, or nearly we have drawn to the life in Dandie nt's primitive *chasse* in Guy Mannering. eader will turn to the author of Hudiessay, entitled, 'Of the Bumpkin, or Squire,' he will find a great deal e *hare*, but not one word of the fox. revolution had occurred before Squire sat for his picture! About half-way these pieces, appeared Somerville's 'The Chase,' in which fox-hunting d of with less of detail, and much nthusiasm, than either stag-hunting unting.

lifficult to determine when the first appointed pack of fox-hounds apiong us. Dan Chaucer gives us the *mbryo*:—

> he fox! and after him they ran;
> e with staves many another man.
> ll our dogge, and Talbot, and Gerlond,
> lkin with her distaff in her hond.
> Ran cow and calf, and eke the veray hogges,
> So fered were for berking of the dogges,
> And shouting of the men and women eke,
> They ronnen so, hem thought her hertes brake.'

At the next stage, no doubt, neighbouring farmers kept one or two hounds each, and, on stated days, met for the purpose of destroying a fox that had been doing damage in their poultry yards. By-and-bye, a few couples of strong hounds seem to have been kept by small country Esquires, or Yeomen, who could afford the expense, and they joined packs. Such were called trencher hounds, implying that they ran loose about the house, and were not confined in kennel. Of their breed, it would be difficult to speak at this distance of time; but it is conjectured that they resembled the large broken haired harriers, now to be met with in the mountainous parts of Wales, which, on good scenting days, are nearly a match for any thing. Slow and gradual must have been the transition to the present elaborate system; but we must waive the *minutiæ* of sporting antiquarianship.

In no one instance has the modern varied from the ancient system of hunting more than in the hour of meeting in the morning. Our forefathers threw off the pack so soon as they could distinguish a stile from a gate, or, in other words, so soon as they could see to ride to the hounds. Then it was that the hare was hunted to her form by the trail, and the fox to his kennel by the drag. Slow as this system would now be deemed, it was a grand treat to the real sportsman. What, in the language of the chase, is called 'the tender-nosed hound,' had an opportunity of displaying himself to the inexpressible delight of his master, and to the field, that is, to the sportsmen who joined in the diversion, the pleasures of the day were enhanced by the moments of anticipation produced by the drag. As the scent grew warmer, the certainty of finding was confirmed, the music of the pack increased, and the game being up, away went the hounds "in a crash." Both trail and drag are at present but little thought of; hounds merely draw over ground most likely to hold the game they are in quest of, and thus, in a great measure, rely upon chance for coming across it; for, if a challenge be heard, it can only be inferred that a fox has been on foot in the night, the scent being seldom sufficient to enable the hound to carry it up to his kennel. Advantages, however, as far as sport is concerned, attend the present hour of meeting in the field. Independently of the misery of riding many miles in the dark, which sportsmen of the early part of the last century were obliged to do, the game, when it is now aroused, is in a better state to encounter the great speed of modern hounds, having had time to digest the food which it has partaken of in the night, previously to its being stirred. But it is only since the great increase of hares and foxes, that the aid of the trail and drag

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e sufficient documents to show that the nted in England so lately as the fourry; and, in the fifteenth, it was so comand, that the legislature, for the purpose the breed, enjoined every Baron to hunt four times within the year.—See the ames I., 6, 115; James II., 6, 98. In , a commission was granted by Edward Corbet, to hunt and destroy all the ld discover in the counties of Glouces-, Hereford, Salop, and Stafford.—Ry-, vol. ii. p. 168.

could be dispensed with, without the frequent recurrence of blank-days, which now seldom happen.

Compared with the luxurious ease with which the modern sportsman is conveyed to the field—either lolling in his chaise and four, or galloping along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, on a hundred guinea hack—the situation of his predecessor was all but distressing. In proportion to the distance he had to ride by star-light, were his hours of rest broken in upon; and, exclusive of the time which that operation might consume, another serious one was to be provided for. This was the filling his hair with powder and pomatum until it could hold no more, and forming it into a well-turned knot, or club, as it was called by his valet, which cost commonly a good hour's work. The protecting mud-boot, the cantering hack, the second horse in the field, were luxuries unknown to him; and his well-soiled buckskins, and brown topped boots, would have cut an indifferent figure in the presence of a modern connoisseur by a Leicestershire cover-side. Notwithstanding all this, however, we are inclined strongly to suspect that out of a given number of gentlemen taking the field with hounds, the proportion of really scientific sportsmen may have been in favour of the olden times.

In the horse called the hunter, a still greater change has taken place. The half-bred horse of the early part of the last century was, when highly broken to his work, a delightful animal to ride, in many respects more accomplished as a hunter, than the generality of those of the present day. When in his best form, he was a truly-shaped and powerful animal, possessing prodigious strength, with a fine commanding frame, considerable length of neck, a slight curve in his crest, which was always high and firm, and the head beautifully put on. Possessing these advantages, in addition to very great pains taken with his mouth in the bitting, and an excellent education in the school or at the bar, he was what is termed a complete snaffle-bridle horse, and a standing as well as a flying leaper. Held well in hand—his rider standing up in the stirrups, holding him fast by the head, making the best of, and being able to pick or choose his ground—such a horse would continue a chase of some hours' duration at the pace he was called upon to go, taking his fences well and safely to the last;—and he would frequently command the then large sum of one hundred guineas. But all these accomplishments would never have enabled a horse of this description to carry the modern sportsman, who rides well up to hounds, on a good scenting-day, over one of our best hunting countries. His strength would be exhausted before he had gone ten minutes by the increased pace at which he must be called upon to travel, but to which his breeding would be quite unequal; and his true symmetry, his perfect fencing, his fine mouth, and all his other *points*, would prove of very little avail if ridden close to the hounds, he would be powerless and dangerous before he had gone across half a dozen Leicestershire enclosures.

The increased pace of hounds, and that of the horses that follow them, have an intimate connexion with each other, if not with the march of intellect. Were not the hounds of our day to go so fast as they do, they would not be able to keep clear of the crowd of riders who are now mounted on horses nearly equal to the racing pace. On the other hand, as the speed of the hounds has so much increased, unless their followers ride speedy, and, for the most part, thorough-bred horses, they cannot see out a run of any continuance, if the scent lies well. True it is, that at the present time, every Leicestershire hunter is not thorough-bred, but what is termed the cock-tail, or half-bred horse of this day, is a very different animal from that of a hundred years back. In those days a cross between the thorough-bred, or perhaps *not quite thorough-bred* horse, and the common draught mare, was considered good enough to produce hunters equal to the speed of the hounds then used. There was not such an abundance of what may be termed the intermediate variety of the horse in the country—'pretty well-bred on each side of the head'—which has of late years been in demand for the fast coaches of England, in which low-bred horses have no chance to live. Mares of *this* variety, put to thorough-bred stallions, *and their produce crossed with pure blood*, create the sort of animal that comes *now* under the denomination of the half-bred English hunter, or cocktail. These are also the horses which contend for our several valuable stakes, made for horses not thorough-bred, though, when brought to the post, they are sometimes so much like race-horses in their appearance and their pace, that it would be difficult to detect the blot in their pedigree. A prejudice long existed against thorough-bred horses for the field, particularly such as had once been trained to the course; and in some quarters it still lingers. It is argued by their opponents that the thinness of their skins makes them afraid of rough blackthorn fences, and that they lose their speed in soft, or what, in sporting language, is termed deep ground: also that having been accustomed from their infancy to the jockey's hand, they lean upon their bits, as when in a race, and are therefore unpleasant to ride. Such of them as have been long in training may undoubtedly be subject to these objections, and never become good and pleasant hunters; but when purchased young, and possessing strength and bone, they must have many counterbalancing advantages over the inferior-bred horse. So far from not making good leapers, the firmness of bone and muscle, peculiar to this variety of the breed, is prodigiously in favor of that desirable qualification. Indeed, it has been truly said of them, that they can often leap large fences when lower-bred horses cannot leap smaller ones—the result of their superior wind, when put to a quick pace. Whoever wishes to see two distinct species of the horse in the most perfect state, should go to Newmarket and Melton Mowbray—to the former for the race-horse, to the latter for the hunter. In no place upon the earth is *condition* attended to with so much care, or managed with such skill, as in this renowned metropolis of the fox-hunting world. Indeed, we conceive it would be useless to expect horses to live with hounds in such a country as Leicestershire, unless they were in condition to enable them to contend for a plate. Melton Mowbray generally contains from two to three hundred hunters, in the hands of the most experienced grooms England can produce—the average umber being ten to each sportsman residing here, although some of those who ride heavy, nd rejoice in long purses, have from fourteen twenty for their own use. The stud of the arl of Plymouth has, for many years, exeded the last mentioned number. It may em strange, that one man should, under y circumstances, need so large a number of rses solely for his personal use in the field; l it must be admitted, that few countries require it.

n Leicestershire, however, the universal ctice is for each sportsman to have at least hunters in the field on the same day,—a tice found to be economical, as it is from ustion, the effect of long continued severe , that the health of horses is most injured; when it is also borne in mind, that hounds to be reached from Melton, Leicester, every day in the week,—that one horse f six, in every man's stud, is, upon an ge, lame, or otherwise unfit for work,—at a horse should always have five days ter a moderate, and at least seven or after a severe run with hounds,—it will ot surprising that ten or twelve hunters be deemed an indispensable stud for a Leicestershire sportsman.

stables, and other conveniences for in the town and neighbourhood, are very superior scale; and the greater the studs remain there all the year though from the comparatively small of arable land in the county of Leind the very great demand for forage, hay are always considerably dearer at any other place in England. The l of expences attending a stud of unters at Melton, including every is, as nearly can be estimated, one pounds per annum. In all stables, for the purchase of horses is great, wo hundred guineas each hunter; me, the annual amount of wear and rse flesh is considerable.

istant date, within almost twenty-Melton Mowbray was an insignifig little town. It is prettily siturich vale, through which the river Stoure passes; but had nothing an artist would have called a *feature* about it, except its beautiful church. But of late it has put on a very different appearance, owing to the numbers of comfortable houses which have been erected for the accommodation of its sporting visitors, who now spend not less, on an average, than 50,000*l.* per annum on the spot. It stands on one of the great north roads, 'eighteen miles from Nottingham, and fifteen from Leicester, which latter place is also become a favorite resort of sportsmen, as it is well situated for the best part of the Quorn, and Lord Lonsdale's countries; and many of the favorite covers of the Atherstone (lately better known as Lord Anson's) country can be reached from it.

The following description of the Old Club, at Melton Mowbray, so called in contradistinction to the New Club, some time since broken up, is given in the 'Sporting Magazine:'—

"The grand feature at Melton Mowbray is the Old Club, which has been established about thirty-eight years, and owes its birth to the following circumstances:—Those distinguished sportsmen, the late Lord Forrester, and Lord Delamere (then Messrs. Forrester and Cholmondeley,) had been living for some years at Loughborough, for the purpose of hunting with Mr. Meynell, and removed thence into Melton, where they took a house, and were joined by the late Mr. Smythe Owen, of Condover Hall, Shropshire. As this house, now known as the Old Club-house, only contains four best bed-rooms, its members are restricted to that number; but the following sportsmen have, at different periods, belonged to the club. The Hon. George Germaine, now Lord Sackville; Lords Alvanley and Brudenell; the Hon. Joshua Vanneck, now Lord Huntingfield; the Hon. Berkeley Craven; the late Sir Robert Leighton; the late Mr. Meyler; Messrs. Brommell, Vansittart, Thomas Asheton Smith, Lindow, Langston, Maxse, Maher, Moore, Sir James Musgrave, and the present Lord Forrester; the four last mentioned gentlemen forming the present club. There is something highly respectable in every thing connected with the Melton Old Club. Not only is some of the best society in England to be met with in their circle, but the members have been remarkable for living together on terms of the strictest harmony and friendship; and a sort of veneration has been paid by them to the recollection of the former members, as the following anecdotes will prove:—The same plate is now in use which was purchased when the club was established (for there are none of the '*certamina divitiarum*'—no ostentatious displays at the table of the Old Club, though every thing is as good, of its kind, as a first rate cook can produce, and the wines are of the best quality,) and even trifles are regarded with a scrupulous observance. A small print of the late Samuel Chifney, 'on Baronet,' was placed against the wall by the present Lord Sackville, than Mr. Germaine, so distinguished as a most excellent sportsman, as well as a rider, over a country or a race course; in the latter accomplishment, perhaps, scarcely excelled by any gentleman jockey; and although, since it was first affixed, the room has undergone more than one papering and repairing, yet the same print, in the same frame, and *on the same nail*, still hangs in the same place.

> 'The rivets were not found that joined us first,
> That do not reach us yet;—we were so mixed,
> We were one mass, we could not give or take
> But from the same, for he was I—I he.'

The uninitiated reader would be surprised by an enumeration of the persons of rank, wealth and fashion, who, during months of every year, resign the comforts and elegancies of their family mansions for a small house in some town or village of Leicestershire—to the eye of any one but a sportsman, nearly the ugliest county in England;* nor can any foreigner visiting this country, and a sportsman in his own, fail to be greatly surprised at the magnificence of our hunting establishments, whose sole object is the fox. The kennels and stables at Quordon Hall, celebrated as the residence of 'the great Mr. Meynell,' and subsequently, until within the two last years, of every proprietor of the Quordon or Quorn hounds, are specially worthy his attention. The former are, perhaps, the most extensive at the present day in England; among the latter is one holding twenty-eight horses, so arranged, that when a spectator stands in the centre of it, his eye commands each individual animal; which, being furnished with seats, and lighted by powerful lamps, formed a high treat to the eye of a sportsman, on a winter's evening; in addition to this, there are several loose boxes, and an exercise ride, as it is called, under cover, for bad weather. The usual amount of the Quorn establishment has been forty efficient hunters; and from sixty to one hundred couples of hounds. Mr. Osbaldeston, however, during his occupation of the country, had a still larger kennel,—and no wonder, for it was his custom to turn out every day in the week, weather permitting; and, after Christmas, as the days increased in length, he had often two packs out on the same day—a circumstance before unheard of. This gentleman, however, is insatiable in his passion for the chase; and when we think what fatigue he must have been inured to, whilst hunting his own hounds six days a week, in such a county as Leicestershire, for a succession of seasons, we read with less surprise, his late Herculean feat of riding fifty-four mile heats over Newmarket-heath, in the short space of eight hours, and in the face of most tempestuous weather! Four packs of fox-hounds divide this far famed county of Leicester: namely, the Duke of Rutland's; the Earl of Lonsdale's; the Atherstone, late the Earl of Litchfield's, afterwards Sir John Gerard's, but now Mr. Applewaite's; and what were so long called the Quorn, now Sir Harry Goodricke's, who has built a kennel for them at Thrussinton, half way between Melton and Leicester, which situation is more in the centre of the country than Quorn. The county of Leicester, however, does not of itself find room for all these packs; parts of Rutlandshire, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, and Warwickshire, are also included in their beat.

Our readers are doubtless aware that such portion of a county as is hunted by any one pack of hounds is technically called their *country*; and of all the *countries* in the world, the Quorn certainly bears the bell. This superiority arises from the peculiar nature of the soil—which, being for the most part good, is highly favorable to scent; the immense proportion of grazing land in comparison with that which is ploughed; and the great size of the enclosures, many of which run to from sixty to one hundred acres each. The rarity of large woods in this part of Leicestershire is also a great recommendation to it as a hunting country; while it abounds in furze-brakes, or gorse-covers, as they are termed, for the rent of which a considerable annual sum (nearly 1000*l.*) is paid to the owners. Independently of these, what are termed artificial covers are made with stakes, set at a certain height from the ground for the grass to grow over them; but they are very inferior to the others, being difficult for hounds to draw. The subscription to the Quorn hounds has varied from two to four thousand pounds per annum; but Sir Harry Goodricke, the present proprietor, bears the whole expense of them himself. One of the most striking features in the aspect of the chosen regions of English fox-hunting is the formidable *ox-fence* rendered necessary by the difficulty of keeping fatting cattle within their pastures, during the season of the æstrus, or gad-fly. It consists of—first, a wide ditch, then a sturdy black thorn hedge, and at least two yards beyond that a strong rail, about four feet high; to clear all these obstacles, from which ever side they may be approached, is evidently a great exertion for a horse. What is termed the bull-finch fence (still more common in these districts) is a quick-set hedge of, per-

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* The Earl of Wilton has lately built an excellent house in the *capital* itself, for the accommodation of himself and his Countess—an event hailed with pleasure by the Meltonians, as their permanent residence there will probably induce many other married amateurs to visit the place, and thereby refine its society. At Melton Lodge, within a mile of the town, the Earl and Countess of Plymouth have been domiciled for several years past. The Earl and Countess of Chesterfield, Lord and Lady Edward Thynne, and the Marquis of Worcester, are occasional residents in the town. Lord Alvanley, and Rokeby, keep house there together: as do Sir Harry Goodricke, Mr. Little Gilmour, and Lord Gardner, Lord Robert Grosvenor, Lord Kinnaird, Mr. White, of Parkhall, Derbyshire; with many others, too numerous to mention, are among the *habitues* of Melton; and at Leicester, are to be found Lord and Lady Sarah Ingestrie, Lord and Lady Stormount, Colonel Drummond, &c. &c.

haps, fifty years' growth, with a ditch on one side or the other, and so high and strong that horses cannot clear it. The sportsman, however, charging this at nearly full speed, succeeds in getting to the other side, when the bushes close after him and his horse, and there is no more appearance of their transit than if a bird had hopped through. Horses, unaccustomed to these fences, seldom face them well at first; perhaps, nothing short of the emulation which animates their riders, and the courage created in the noble animals themselves by the presence of hounds, would induce them to face such things at all. Timber fences, such as rails, stiles, and gates, but particularly rails, are oftener leaped in Leicestershire, than in any other country, by reason of the great height which the quickset-fences attain—a height which, in some places, nothing but a bird can surmount; brooks also abound, amongst the widest of which are the Whissendine — the Smite or Belvoir — one under Stanton Wood—another under Norton,
y Galby—and a fifth near Woodwell Head.

At the conclusion of the last century, Mr.
eynell was master of these Quorn hounds,
ince which time they have been in the hands
the following conspicuous sportsmen—Earl
fton, Lord Foley, Mr. Thomas Asheton
nith, Sir Bellingham Graham, Mr. Osbal-
ston, Lord Southampton, and Sir Harry
odricke. This baronet being in the prime
life, and a good sportsman, is considered a
y proper person to fulfil the duties of his
ation; and not the less so, that his ample
une enables him to dispense with a sub-
ption.

he town of Melton furnishes an interest-
cene on each hunting morning. At rather
rly hour are to be seen groups of hun-
the finest in the world, setting out in
ent directions to meet different packs of
ls—each sportsman sends forward two:
e is mounted a very light but extremely
dressed lad, who returns home on his
's cover hack, or in the dickey of his
ge, if he has happened to be carried
er in the more luxurious fashion.
e other hunter is a personage of a
ifferent description. This is what is
the 'second horseman!' he rides the
horse which is to carry his master with
nds, after his having had one, or part
chase on the first. This description of
is by no means easy to procure; and
ally exhibits in his countenance and
ur something like a modest assurance
ossesses qualities of importance. In
must have some brains in his head;
horseman with a light hand; be
de very well to hounds; and, above
st have a good eye to, and a thorough
e of, a country, to enable him to give
a chance of changing his horse in
not merely when it is over. Lord
ought this second horse system into
the time he hunted Leicestershire,
when Jack Raven (a light weight, and son of his huntsman,) used to ride one of his thousand-guinea hunters in his wake—if we may so express ourselves—in the field, to which he changed his seat at the first convenient opportunity. The system, however, has been improved upon since then: the second horseman now rides to points instead of following the hounds, and thus often meets his master at a most favorable moment, when his good steed is sinking, with one that has not been out of a trot. There is much humanity as well as comfort in this arrangement, for at the pace hounds now go over the grass countries, horses now become distressed under heavy weights, in a short time after the chase begins, when the scent lies well, and they are manfully ridden up to the pack.

About an hour and a half after the servants are gone forward with the hunters, a change of scene is to be observed at Melton, carriages and four appear at some doors; at others, very clever, and most commonly thorough-bred hacks, led gently in hand, ready for their owners to mount. The bye-roads of this county being bad for wheels, the hack is often the better conveyance of the two—always, indeed, unless the fixture be on a turnpike road—and twelve or fourteen miles are generally performed by him within the hour.

The *style* of your Meltonian fox-hunters has long distinguished him above his brethren of what he calls the *provincial* chase. When turned out of the hands of his valet, he presents the very *beau-ideal* of his *caste*. The exact Stultze-like fit of his coat—his superlatively well-cleaned leather breeches, and boots—and the generally apparent high breeding of the man, can seldom be matched elsewhere; and the most cautious sceptic on such points would satisfy himself of this fact at one single inspection.

Before Leicestershire acquired its present ascendant rank in the scale of sport, it was hunted by what were called the Noel hounds, which afterwards became the property of the Lonsdale family; but in those early days, this county wore, to the eye of a sportsman, a very different appearance from that which it now presents. A great portion of the land was unenclosed; neither was there a tenth part of the furze-covers with which it now abounds. The foxes, on the other hand, were wilder than they are at present, and runs of longer duration than those of later times were, on an average, the result. Game was not so plentiful as it now is; consequently foxes had farther to travel for their usual provender, which trained them for runs of extraordinary length; and they were wilder from the wilder nature of the country in which they were bred. It was, however, reserved to Mr. Meynell, to render famous the county of Leicester as a hunting country. He was, doubtless, the most successful sportsman of his own time, nor has he been surpassed by any who have trodden in his steps ; although it may be admitted he has had his equals in some departments of the craft. It is a great mistake to fancy that a fool will ever make a first-rate figure even in fox-hunting; and in truth, this father of the modern chase was anything but a fool. He was a man of strong and vigorous mind, joined with much perseverance, as well as ardour, in his favorite pursuit; and bringing faculties to bear upon sport, as a science which would have distinguished themselves in any walk of life to which he might have applied them. As a breeder of hounds he displayed a perfect judgment; the first qualities he looked for were fine noses and stout running; a combination of strength with beauty, and steadiness with high mettle. His idea of perfection of shape was summed up in short backs, open bosoms, straight legs, and compact feet. Although he did not hunt his hounds himself, yet he was one of the boldest as well as most judicious horsemen of his time—but this was only a minor qualification. His knowledge of hunting was supreme, and several of his maxims are in force to the present hour. He was a great advocate for not hurrying hounds in their work; and having, perhaps, unparalleled influence over his field, he was enabled to prevent his brother sportsmen from pressing on the hounds when in difficulties,—himself being the first to keep aloof,—in chase no man rode harder.

It was in his day that the hard riding, or we should rather say, quick riding to hounds, which has ever since been practised, was first brought into vogue. The late Mr. Childe, of Kinlet Hall, Shropshire—a sportsman of the highest order, and a great personal friend of Mr. Meynell—is said to have first set the example, and it was quickly followed by the leading characters of the Quorn hunt.[*] This system has not only continued, but has gained ground, and the art of riding a chase may be said to have arrived at a state of perfection quite unknown at any other period of time. That a drawback from sport, and occasional loss of foxes, are often the result of this dashing method of riding to hounds, every sportsman must acknowledge ; as an old writer on hunting has observed, 'The emulation of leading in dogs and their masters has been the ruin of many a good cry.' One circumstance, however, has greatly tended to perfect the system of riding well up ; and this is the improved condition of hunters.[†] Of Mr. Meynell's time two celebrated chases are recorded in print; one of an hour and twenty minutes without a check ; and the other, two hours and fifty minutes without a cast. Only two horses carried their riders throughout the first run, and only one went to the end of the second; both foxes were killed, and every hound was present at the death of each. We may venture to say, had the two runs we have alluded to taken place within the last few years, this superiority in the condition of the hounds over the horses would by no means have been maintained.

We wish we could gratify such of our readers as are sportsmen, with the date and origin of our best packs of fox-hounds, as well as the names and character of their owners; but our limits will not allow us to go into much detail. Perhaps the oldest fox-hound blood in England at this time, is to be found in the kennel of the earl of Lonsdale, at Cottesmore. The Noels, whom this family succeeded, were of ancient standing in the chase, and the venerable peer himself has now superintended the pack for nearly fifty years, with a short interregnum of three or four years, when Sir Gilbert Heathcote had them. Lord Yarborough's kennel can likewise boast of very old blood, that pack having descended, without interruption, from father to son, for upwards of one hundred and fifty years. The hounds late Mr. Warde's sold to Mr Horlock, a few years since, for 1000 guineas, claim a high descent, having much of the blood of Lord Thanet's and Mr. Elway's packs, which were in the possession of the Abingdon family, at Rycot, for at least three generations, and hunted Oxfordshire and Berkshire. Mr. Warde was a master of fox-hounds during, as we believe, the yet unequalled period of fifty-seven years in succession. During this time he sold his pack to Lord Spencer, but reserved three couples of bitches, from which he raised another pack, and thus never lost sight of his old blood. Earl Fitzwilliam comes very near Mr. Warde, as an old master of fox-hounds. Soon after Mr. Warde purchased his first pack of the Honorable Captain Bertie, this peer bought the one called the Crew, and Foley—which had been very long established in Oxfordshire, and Warwickshire; and he has kept them ever since—nearly fifty years. The Belvoir hounds are also a very old established pack, but had an interval during the minority of the present Duke of Rutland, when in the hands, first of

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[*] Among the foremost of these were, the present Earl of Jersey, then Lord Villiers; the late Lord Forester, then Mr. Cecil Forester ; Lord Delamere, then Mr. Cholmondely : Lord Sackville, then the Honorable George Germaine ; Earl Sefton ; Lord Huntingfield; then the Honorable Joshua Vanneck ; the late Lords Charles Somerset, Maynard, and Craven ; Lords Lynedock, then Colonel Graham, Foley, and Wenlock, then Sir Robert Lawley ; Honorables Robert Grosvenor, Berkeley, Craven, and Martin Hawke ; Sir John Shelley, Sir Henry Peyton, and the late Sir Stephen Glynn, General Tarleton, Messrs. Loraine Smith, Childe, Charles Meynell, Harvey Aston, Lowth, Musters, Lambton, Bennet, Hawkes, Lockley, Thomas Asheton Smith, Lindow, Jacob Wardell, *cum multis aliis.*

[*] The advantages of the new system of preparing the hunter for the field have been so clearly demonstrated in Nimrod's Letters, that the old one, of turning him to grass in the summer, and destroying that condition which it had taken months to procure, is nearly, if not totally exploded, in the studs of all, the hard riders of the present day.

Sir Carnaby Haggerstone, and afterwards of Mr. Perceval, brother of the late Lord Egmont. *The Duke* of Beaufort's are another justly celebrated pack, but only in possession of the second generation; they date from the time of *Lord Fitzwilliam's* taking the Crewe and Foley hounds, which made an opening in that part of Oxfordshire which the Duke now *hunts.* Fox-hounds have been kept at Raby Castle, Durham, by the present lord and his uncle, the late Duke of Cleveland, for more *than* a century, and the Marquis himself has now officiated as huntsman to his pack nearly forty seasons. The Earl of Scarborough's *late pack*, now Mr. Foljambe's hunting the Collingworth country, claim also an early date; and, among the other old masters of fox-*ounds* now alive, the names of Sir Richard uleston, Lord Middleton, the Earl of Hare-ood, Mr. Villebois, Mr. Ralph Lambton, Mr. *lusters*, and the Duke of Grafton, stand next the list. The late Sir Thomas Mostyn was the uninterrupted possession of fox-hounds *upwards* of forty years; the late Mr. ute, of Hampshire, kept them at least thirty ars; and that super-excellent sportsman, *Musters*, has already seen out a similar iod. With the exception of these, and a others, the packs of English fox-hounds e changed masters so often within the last years, that it is almost impossible to trace , either in blood or possession. How-, the most valuable kennels of the present are those of the Dukes of Rutland and ufort, Lord Fitzwilliam, the Marquis of eland, Messrs. Ralph Lambton and Os-ston. Mr. Warde has likewise been kable for the great bone, size, and power hounds he has bred. With the excep-f Lord Cleveland's and Mr. Villebois' acks (so called in contradistinction to consisting of their smaller hounds, these eminent sportsmen bring into ld on the alternate days), no hounds present day equal his in this respect. ic on this subject is incontrovertible. ay at pleasure,' says this distinguished an, 'diminish the size and power of nal you wish to breed; but it is diffi-increase, or even preserve them, ad-to the same breed." Many thought . Warde's hounds looked to some tage, owing to their generally car-good deal of flesh, which, however, dered—as did also the celebrated e, the Duke of Grafton's late hunts-l the father of the present,—abso-ential to those which, like his, hunted odland countries. To the eye of a , it is certain, they always afforded a , as the power and fine symmetry of und were apparent at first sight; t every kennel in the south of Eng-several in the north, are now proud ledge their obligation to the blood arde—*the Father of the Field.* Sir leston is celebrated as a judicious breeder of hounds, and his blood has likewise been highly valued in several of our best kennels, amongst which is Lord Cleveland's, to whom Sir Richard sold a very large draft some years since. The late Mr. Corbet, a very considerable breeder of hounds, always bowed to his superior judgment in this department of the science. The most celebrated breeders, however, of this day, are the Dukes of Rutland and Beaufort, and Mr. Osbaldeston—we rather think that Mr. Osbaldeston's BLOOD is *de facto* in the HIGHEST REPUTE IN THE HUNTING WORLD. A short time since he had nearly forty couples of hounds at work at one time, by one sire—his Furrier.

Persons who are not sportsmen may be at a loss to estimate the annual expenses of a pack of fox-hounds, hunting our first rate countries; and, perhaps, equally so to account for such large sums being expended in such pursuits;* Hay, and oats and consequently oatmeal, being very much cheaper now than they were during the war prices, of course these expenses are diminished; but even at present we understand that in the best establishments very little is left out of £4000 at the end of the year, when all contingent charges are liquidated; and we have reason to know that several greatly outstrip even this sum, perhaps to the extent of one half in addition. Sir Harry Goodricke has, at this time, eighty couples of hounds in his kennel, and forty-four hunters in his stables; and we believe that his predecessors, Lord Southampton, Mr. Osbaldeston, and Sir Bellingham Graham, even exceeded this measure of establishment.

The price of hounds is, perhaps, not generally known. Thirty years ago, Sir Richard Puleston sold his to the Duke of Bedford for seven hundred, and, fifteen years since, Mr. Corbet's were sold to Lord Mid-

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* The following are the items of expenses laid down by Colonel Cooke, in his 'Observations on Fox-hunting,' published a few years since. The calculation supposes a four-times a-week country; but it is generally below the mark; we should say, at least one-half:—

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|---|---|
| 'Fourteen horses . . . . | £700 |
| Hounds' food, for fifty couples . . | 275 |
| Firing . . . . . . . . | 50 |
| Taxes . . . . . . . . | 120 |
| Two whippers-in, and feeder . . | 210 |
| Earth stopping . . . . . . | 80 |
| Saddlery . . . . . . . | 100 |
| Farriery, shoeing, and medicine . | 100 |
| Young hounds purchased, and expenses at walks . . . . . | 100 |
| Casualities . . . . . . | 200 |
| Huntsman's wages and his horses . | 300 |
| | £2,235' |

Of course, countries vary much in expense from local circumstances; such as the necessity for change of kennels, hounds sleeping out, &c. &c. In those which are called hollow countries, consequently abounding in earths, the expense of earth-stopping often amounts to £200 per annum, and Northamptonshire is of this class. In others, a great part of the foxes are what is termed stub bred (bred above ground), which circumstance reduces the amount of this item.

dleton for twelve hundred guineas. A well known good pack will, in these times—bad as they are—command a thousand guineas; those of Mr. Warde, Lord Tavistock (the Oakley), Mr. Nicholls, and Sir Richard Sutton's have been sold for that sum within the last few years. But a very short time since, indeed, Mr. Osbaldeston sold *ten couples* of hounds for the same sum to Lord Middleton; and we have reason to believe he has hounds in his kennel for which he would not take two hundred guineas a-piece. Knowing all this, one can make every allowance for the angry feelings and fears of their owners when they see the chance of their being ridden over and destroyed in chase. Good hounds are not easily replaced; and it is on this account that, in the hard-riding countries, and where the covers are small, seldom more than sixteen or seventeen couples form a pack: in short, the fewer the better.

The recent retirement of the Duke of Rutland from the field, has been felt to leave a vacuum in the hunting world. Those hounds are now in the possession of a very popular young nobleman, Lord Forester; and his Grace subscribes £1200 per annum towards their support; but the Duke himself no longer hunts, neither is there the annual assemblage of sportsmen that was wont to be within the walls of Belvoir Castle.

Although most foreigners express vast surprise that we should go to such expenses in hunting the fox, unattended by the parade of the continental *chasse*, yet several of them have of late been induced to make their appearance in Leicestershire, and some few have shown that, had they been born Englishmen, and rightly initiated in the art, they must have been conspicuous characters in the field. The performances of Count Sandore, an Hungarian nobleman, who resided one year at Melton Mowbray, on a visit to Lord Alvanley, have already met the public eye, and his daring horsemanship, and consequent mishaps, formed the subject of an amusing tale. From a ludicrous description given of them by himself, a series of pictures were painted by Mr. Ferneley, of Melton Mowbray, representing him in as extraordinary and perilous situations as the imagination of man could have conceived. Fiction, however, was not resorted to, every scene being a real one; and the count—the delight of the Meltonians—carried them to his own country, on his return, together with some English mares to produce hunters, having had a good taste of the breed. He was mounted by Mr. Tilbury, a celebrated horse-dealer in London, who found him a stud of eight horses for the season, for the moderate sum of £1000, including every contingent expense. Count Bathiana was likewise at Melton last year, as also Count Hahn, from Germany; and Count Matuchevitch, the Russian minister, is residing there now. His excellency has ten hunters of his own, rides hard, and is much esteemed by the Meltonians, and all sportsmen in the neighbourhood. During the visit of Don Miguel to the Duke of Wellington, at Strathfieldsay, a few years back, he went out with the Vine hounds, late Mr. Chate's to which his Grace is a subscriber. He rode a celebrated hunter of the late king's, and gallantly did he put him along.

To describe a run with fox-hounds is not an easy task; but to make the attempt with any other county than Leicestershire in our eye, would be giving a chance away. Let us then suppose ourselves at Ashby Pasture, in the Quorn country, with Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds. Let us also indulge ourselves with a fine morning, in the first week of February, and at least two-hundred well-mounted men by the cover's side. Time being called—say a quarter past eleven, nearly our great-grandfather's dinner hour—the hounds approach the furze-brake, or the gorse, as it is called in that region. '*Hark in, hark!*' with a slight cheer, and perhaps one wave of his cap, says Mr. Osbaldeston, who has long hunted his own pack, and in an instant he has not a hound at his horse's heels. In a very short time the gorse appears shaken in various parts of the cover—apparently from an unknown cause, not a single hound being for some minutes visible. Presently one or two appear, leaping over some old furze which they cannot push through, and exhibit to the field their glossy skins and spotted sides. 'Oh you beauties!' exclaims some old Meltonian, rapturously fond of the sport. Two minutes more elapse; another hound slips out of cover, and takes a short turn outside, with his nose to the ground and his stern lashing his side—thinking no doubt he might touch on a drag, should Reynard have been abroad in the night. Hounds have no business to *think*, *thinks* the second whipper-in, who observes him; but one crack of his whip, with 'Rasselas, Rasselas, where are you going, Rasselas? *Get to cover, Rasselas;*' and Rasselas immediately disappears.

Five minutes more pass away, 'No fox here,' says one; 'Don't be in a hurry,' cries Mr. Cradock,[*] 'they are drawing it beautifully, and there is rare lying in it.' These words are scarcely uttered, when the cover shakes more than ever. Every stem appears alive, and it reminds us of a corn-field waving in the wind. In two minutes the sterns of some more hounds are seen 'flourishing'[†] above the gorse. '*Have at him there,*' holloas the Squire[‡]—the gorse still more alive, and hounds leaping over each other's backs.

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[*] This gentleman resides within the limits of the Quorn hunt, and kindly superintends the management of the covers.

[†] Technical, for the motion of a hound's stern or tail, when he first feels a scent, but is not able to *own* or *acknowledge* it.

[‡] When Mr. Osbaldeston had the Quorn hounds, three of the four packs which hunted in the same county with his own were the property of noblemen; so, for the sake of distinction, his friends conferred on him the familiar title of 'the Squire.'

'*Hare at him there again*, my good hounds—a fox for a hundred!' reiterates the Squire—putting his finger in his ear, and uttering a scream which, not being set to music, we cannot give here. Jack Stevens (the first whipper-in) looks at his watch. At this moment 'John White,' 'Val Maher,' 'Frank Holyoake,' (who will pardon us for giving them their *noms-dechasse**) and two or three more of the fast ones, are seen creeping gently on towards a point at which they think it probable he may break. 'Hold hard there,' says a sportsman; but he might as well speak to the winds. 'Stand still, gentlemen; *pray stand* still,' exclaims the huntsman; he might as well say so to the sun. During the time we have been speaking of, all the field have *been* awake—gloves put on—cigars thrown away—the bridle-reins gathered well up into he hand, and hats pushed down upon the brow.

*At* this interesting period, a Snob,† just arived from a very *rural* country, and unknown any one, but determined to witness the start, *ts into* a conspicuous situation: 'Come ray, Sir!' holloas the master (little suscting that the Snob may be nothing less *n one* of the Quarterly Reviewers,) 'What chief are you doing there? Do you think can catch the fox?' A breathless silence *ues.* At length a whimper is heard in the r—like the voice of a dog in a dream: it lourisher,‡ and the Squire cheers him to *cho.* In an instant a hound challenges—another—and another. 'Tis enough. *yho!'* cries a countryman in a tree. *s gone*!' exclaims Lord Alvanley; and, ing spurs to his horse, in an instant is in ont rank.

*all good* sportsmen would say, 'Ware, s!' cries Sir Harry Goodricke. 'Give time,' exclaims Mr. John Moore. *s right*,' says Mr. Osbaldeston, 'spoil vn sport as usual.' 'Go along,' roars . Holyoake, 'there are three couple of *on* the scent.' 'That's your sort,' Billy Coke,'§ coming up at the rate of iles an hour on *Advance*, with a label *n his* back, '*she kicks*;' 'the rest are ng, and there's a rare scent to-day, .' Buonaparte's Old Guard, in its s, would not have stopped such men so long as life remained in them.

ue, they possess the speed of a racet nothing short of their high mettle ice them to thread their way through a body of horsemen going the best pace, with the prospect of being ridden over and maimed at every stride they take. But, as Beckford observes, ''Tis the dash of the foxhound which distinguishes him.' A turn, however, in their favor, or a momentary loss of scent in the few hounds that have shot a-head—an occurrence to be looked for on such occasions, joins head and tail together, and the scent being good, every hound settles to his fox; the pace gradually improves; *vires acquirit eundo; a terrible burst is the result!*

At the end of nineteen minutes the hounds come to a fault, and for a moment the fox has a chance,—in fact, they have been pressed upon by the horses, and have rather overrun the scent. 'What a pity!' says one: 'What a shame!' cries another—alluding, perhaps, to a young one, who would and could have gone still faster. 'You may thank yourselves for this,' exclaims Osbaldeston, well up at the time, Clasher looking fresh; but only fourteen men of the two hundred are to be counted,—all the rest coming. At one blast of the horn, the hounds are back to the point at which the scent has failed, Jack Stevens being in his place to turn them. '*Yo doit! Pastime*,' says the Squire, as she feathers her stern down the hedge-row, looking more beautiful than ever. She speaks! 'Worth a thousand, by Jupiter!' cries John White, looking over his left shoulder as he sends both spurs into Euxton, delighted to see only four more of the field are up. Our Snob, however, is amongst them. He has 'gone a good one,' and his countenance is expressive of delight, as he urges his horse to his speed to get again into a front place.

The pencil of the painter is now wanting; and unless the painter should be a sportsman, even his pencil would be worth little. What a country is before him!—what a panorama does it represent!—Not a field of less than forty—some a hundred acres—and no more signs of the plough than in the wilds of Siberia. See the hounds in a body that might be covered by a damask table-cloth—every stern down, and every head up, for there is no need of stooping, the scent lying breast high. But the crash!—the music!—how to describe these? Reader, there is no crash now, and not much music. It is the tinker that makes great noise over a little work, but at the pace these hounds are going there is no time for babbling. Perchance one hound in ten may throw his tongue as he goes to inform his comrades, as it were, that the villain is on before them, and most musically do the light notes of vocal and far-famed Venus fall on the ear of those who may be within reach to catch them. But who is so fortunate in this second burst, nearly as terrible as the first? Our fancy supplies us again, and we think we could name them all. If we look to the left, nearly abreast of the pack, we see six men going gallantly, and quite as straight as the hounds themselves

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hite, Esq., of Park Hall, Derbyshire;
aher, Esq., a member of the Old Club;
Lyttleton Holyoake, Esq., of Studley
wickshire.

v nothing of the derivation of the word
certainly not a classical one, but either
is too often applied to a total stranger
to show himself in the 'swell countries,'
lled.

nder, now in Mr. Osbaldeston's pack.

to Mr. Coke of Holkham; his famous
is dangerous in a crowd, and thus the
label.

are going; and on the right are four more, riding equally well, though the former have rather the best of it, owing to having had the inside of the hounds at the last two turns, which must be placed to the chapter of accidents. A short way in the rear, by no means too much so to enjoy this brilliant run, are the rest of the élite of the field, who had come up at the first check; and a few who, thanks to the goodness of their steeds, and their determination to be with the hounds, appear as if dropped from the clouds. Some, however, begin to show symptoms of distress. Two horses are seen loose in the distance—a report is flying about that one of the field is badly hurt, and something is heard of a collar-bone being broken, others say it is a leg; but the pace is too good to inquire. A cracking of rails is now heard, and one gentleman's horse is to be seen resting, nearly balanced, across one of them, his rider being on his back in the ditch, which is on the landing side. 'Who is he?' says Lord Brudenell to Jack Stevens. 'Can't tell, my Lord; but I thought it was a queerish place when I came o'er it before him.' It is evidently a case of peril, but the pace is too good to afford help.

Up to this time, 'Snob' has gone quite in the first flight; the 'Dons' begin to eye him, and when an opportunity offers, the question is asked—'Who is that fellow on the little bay horse?' 'Don't know him,' says Mr. *Little* Gilmour, (a fourteen-stone Scotchman, by-the-bye,) ganging gallantly to his hounds. 'He can ride,' exclaims Lord Rancliffe. 'A tip-top provincial, depend upon it,' adds Lord Plymouth, going quite at his ease on a thorough bred nag, three stone above his weight, and in perfect racing trim. Animal nature, however, will cry 'enough,' how good soever she may be, if unreasonable man press her beyond the point. The line of scent lies right athwart a large grass ground, (as a field is termed in Leicestershire,) somewhat on the ascent; abounding in ant-hills, or hillocks, peculiar to old grazing land, and thrown up by the plough, some hundred years since, into rather high ridges, with deep, holding furrows between each. The fence at the top is impracticable—Meltonicè, 'a stopper;' nothing for it but a gate, leading into a broad green lane, high and strong, with deep slippery ground on each side of it. 'Now for the timber-jumper,' cries Osbaldeston, pleased to find himself upon Clasher. 'For heaven's sake, take care of my hounds, in case they may throw up in the lane.' Snob is here in the best of company, and that moment perhaps the happiest of his life; but, not satisfied with this situation, wishing to out-Herod-Herod, and to have a fine story to tell when he gets home, he pushes to his speed on ground, on which all regular Leicestershire men are careful, and the death-warrant of the little bay-horse is signed. It is true he gets first to the gate, and has no idea of opening it; sees it contains five new and strong bars, that it will neither bend nor break; has a great idea of a fall, but no idea of refusing; presses his hat firmly on his head, and gets his whip-hand at liberty to give the good little nag a refresher; but all at once he perceives it will not do. When attempting to collect him for the effort he finds his mouth dead and his neck stiff; fancies he hears something like a wheezing in his throat; and discovering, quite unexpectedly, that the gate would open, wisely avoids a fall, which was *booked* had he attempted to leap it. He pulls up then at the gate; and as he places the hook of his whip under the latch, John White goes over it close to the hinge-post, and Captain Ross, upon Clinker, follows him. The Reviewer then walks through.

The scene now shifts. On the other side of the lane is a fence of this description: it is a newly-plashed hedge, abounding in strong growers, as they are called, and a yawning ditch on the further side; but, as is peculiar to Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, a considerable portion of the blackthorn, left uncut, leans outwards from the hedge, somewhat about breast-high. This large fence is taken by all now with the hounds—some to the right and some to the left of the direct line—but the little bay horse would have no more of it. Snob puts him twice at it, and manfully too, but the wind is out of him, and he has no power to rise. Several scrambles, but only one fall, occurs at this 'rasper,' all having nearly enough of the killing pace; and a mile and a half farther, the second horses are fallen in with, just in the nick of time. A short check from the stain of sheep makes every thing comfortable; and, the Squire having hit off his fox like a workman, thirteen men, out of two hundred, are fresh mounted, and with the hounds, which settle to the scent again at a truly killing pace.

'*Hold hard, Holyoake!*' exclaims Mr. Osbaldeston (now mounted on Blucher), knowing what double-quick time he would be marching to, with fresh pipes to play upon, and the crowd well shaken off; 'pray don't press 'em too hard, and we shall be sure to kill our fox. Have at him there, Abigail and Fickle, good bitches—see what a head they are carrying! I'll bet a thousand they kill him.' The country appears better and better. 'He's taking a capital line,' exclaims Sir Harry Goodricke, as he points out to Sir James Musgrave two young Furrier hounds, who are particularly distinguishing themselves at the moment. 'Worth a dozen Reform Bills,' shouts Sir Francis Burdett, sitting erect upon Sampson,* and putting his head straight at a yawner. 'We shall have the Whissendine brook,' cries Mr. Maher, who knows every field in the country, 'for he is making straight for Teigh.' 'And a bumper too, after last night's rain,' holloas Captain

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* A favorite hunter of the baronet's, which he once honored by coming all the way from London to Melton to ride *one day* with hounds.

Berkeley, determined to get first to four stiff rails in a corner. 'So much the better,' says Lord Alvanley, 'I like a bumper at all times.' 'A fig for the Whissendine,' cries Lord Gardner; 'I am on the best water jumper in my stable.'

The prophecy turns up. Having skirted Ranksborough gorse, the villain has nowhere to stop short of Woodwell-head cover, which he is pointing for; and in ten minutes, or less, the brook appears in view. It is even with its banks, and

'Smooth glides the water where the brook is deep.'

'Yooi, over he goes!' holloas the Squire, as he perceives Joker and Jewell plunging into the stream, and Red-rose shaking herself on the opposite bank. Seven men, out of thirteen, take it in their stride; three stop short, their horses refusing the first time, but come well over the second; and three find themselves in the middle of it. The gallant 'Frank Forester' is among the latter; and having been requested that morning to wear a friend's new red coat, to take off the gloss and glare of the shop, he accomplishes the task to perfection in the bluish-black mud of the Whissendine, only then subsiding after a three days' flood.* 'Who is that under his horse in the brook?' inquires that good sportsman and fine rider, Mr. Green, of Rolleston, whose noted old mare had just skimmed over the water like a swallow on a summer's evening. 'Only Dick Christian,'† answers Lord Forester, 'and it is nothing new to him.' 'But he'll be drowned!' exclaims Lord Kinnaird. 'I shouldn't wonder,' observes Mr. William Coke. But the pace is too good to inquire.

The fox does his best to escape: he threads hedge-rows, tries the out-buildings of a farmhouse, and once turns so short as nearly to run his foil; but—the perfection of the thing, the hounds turn shorter than he does, as much as to say—*die you shall.* The pace has been awful for the last twenty minutes. Three horses are blown to a stand-still, and few are going at their ease. 'Out upon this great carcass of mine; no horse that was ever foaled can live under it at this pace,' says one of the best of the welter-weights, as he stands over his four-hundred-guinea chesnut, then rising from the ground, after giving him a heavy fall—his tail nearly erect in the air, his nostrils violently distended, and his eyes almost fixed. 'Not hurt, I hope,' exclaims Mr. Maxse, to somebody whom he gets a glimpse of through the openings of a tall quickset hedge which is between them, coming neck and croup into the adjoining field, from the top bar of a high, hog-backed stile. His eye might have been spared the unpleasing sight, had not his ear been attracted to a sort of *procumbit-humibos* sound of a horse falling to the ground on his back, the bone of his left hip indenting the green-sward within two inches of his rider's thigh. It is young Peyton,* who, having missed his second horse at the check, had been going nearly half the way in distress; but from nerve and pluck, perhaps peculiar to Englishmen, but very peculiar to himself, got within three fields of the end of this brilliant run. The fall was all but a certainty; for it was the third stiff timber-fence that had unfortunately opposed him, after his horse's wind had been pumped out by the pace; but he was too good to refuse them, and his horse knew better than to do so.

The Æneid of Virgil ends with a death, and a chase is not complete without it. The fox dies within half a mile of Woolwell-head, evidently his point from the first; the pack pulling him down in the middle of a large grass field, every hound but one at his brush. Jack Stevens with him in his hands would be a subject worthy of Edwin Landseer himself: a black-thorn, which has laid hold of his cheek, has besmeared his upper garments with blood, and one side of his head and cap are cased in mud, by a fall he has had in a lane, his horse having alighted in the ruts from a high flight of rails; but he has ridden the same horse throughout the run, and has handled him so well, he could have gone two miles further, if the chase had been continued so long. Osbaldeston's whoo-hoop might have been heard to Cottesmore, had the wind set in that direction, and every man present is ecstatic with delight. 'Quite the cream of the thing, I suppose,' says Lord Gardner, a very promising young one, at this time fresh in Leicestershire. 'The cream of everything in the shape of fox-hunting,' observes that excellent sportsman Sir James Musgrave, looking at that moment at his watch. 'Just ten miles, as the crow flies, in one hour and ten minutes, with but two trifling checks, over the finest country in the world. What superb hounds are these!' added the baronet, as he turned his horse's head to the wind.

A large party dine this evening at the old club, where, of course, this fine run is discussed, and the following accurate description of it is given by one of the oldest members, a true friend to fox-hunting, and to all mankind as well:—'We found him,' said he, 'at Ashby Pasture, and got away with him, up wind, at a slapping pace over Burrow Hill, leaving Thorpe Trassells to the right, when a trifling check occurred. He then pointed for Ranksborough gorse, which some feared, and others hoped, he might hang in a little, but he was too good to go near it. Leaving that on his right also, he crossed the brook to Whissendine, going within half a mile of the village, and then he had nothing for it but to fly. That magnificent country, in the direction of

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* A true story.

† A celebrated rough-rider at Melton Mowbray, who reatly distinguished himself in the late grand teeple-chase from Rolleston. He is paid 15s. per day or riding gentlemen's young horses to hounds.

* The only son of Sir Henry Peyton, Bart., one of the best and hardest riders of the present day.

Teigh, was open to him, and he showed that he had the courage to face it. Leaving Teigh on the right, Woolwell-head was his point, and in two more fields he would have reached it. Thus we found him in the Quorn country; ran him over the finest part of Lord Lonsdale's and killed him on the borders of the Belvoir.

But we have left Snob in the lane, who, after casting a longing eye towards his more fortunate companions, who were still keeping well in with the hounds,—throws the rein over the neck of the good little bay horse, and, walking by his side, that he may recover his wind, enquires his way to Melton. Having no one to converse with, he thus soliloquizes as he goes:—'What a dolt have I been, to spend five hundred a year on my stable, in any country but this! But stop a little: how is it that *I*, weighing but eleven stone four pounds with my saddle, and upon my best horse, an acknowledged good one in my own country, could neither go so fast nor so long as that heavy fellow Maxse; that still heavier, Lord Alvanley; and that monster Tom Edge, who, they tell me, weighs eighteen stone, at least, in the scales.' At this moment, a bridle-gate opens into the lane, and a gentleman in scarlet appears, with his countenance pale and wan, and expressive of severe pain. It is he who had been dug out of the ditch in which Jack Stevens had left him, his horse having fallen upon him, after being suspended on the rail, and broken three of his ribs. Feeling extremely unwell, he is glad to meet with Snob, who is going his road,—to Melton,—and who offers him all the assistance in his power. Snob also repeats to him his soliloquy, at least the sum and substance of it, on which the gentleman,—recovering a little from his faintness by the help of a glass of brandy and water at the village, —thus makes his comment:—'I think, Sir, you are a stranger in this part of the world,' 'Certainly,' replied Snob, 'it is my first appearance in Leicestershire.' 'I observed you in the run,' continued the wounded sportsman, 'and very well you went up to the time I fell, but particularly so to the first check. You then rode to a leader, and made an excellent choice; but after that period, I saw you taking a line of your own, and anticipated the fate you have met with. If you remain with us long, you will be sure to find out that riding to hounds in Leicestershire is different from what it is in most other countries in England, and requires a little apprenticeship. There is much choice of ground: and if this choice be not judiciously made, and coupled with a cautious observance of pace, a horse is beaten in a very short time. If you doubt my creed look to the events of this memorable day.' Snob thanks him for his hints, and notes them in his book of memory.

The fame of Snob and his little bay horse reaches Melton before he walks in himself. 'That provincial fellow did not go amiss to day,' says one. 'Who was that rural-looking man on a neatish bay horse—all but his tail—who was so well with us at the first check?' asks another, who himself could not get to the end, although he went 'a good one' three-parts of the way. There is no one present to answer these questions; but the next day, and the next, Snob is in the field again, and again in a good place. Further inquiries are made, and satisfactory information obtained. On the fourth day, a nod from one—a 'how do you?' from another—'a fine morning,' from a third—are tokens good-humouredly bestowed upon him by some of the leading men, and on the fifth day, after a capital half-hour, in which he had again distinguished himself, a noble *bon-vivant* thus addresses him,—'Perhaps, sir, you would like to dine with me to-day; I shall be happy to see you at seven.'

'Covers,' he writes next day to some friend in his remote western province, 'were laid for eight, the favourite number of our late King; and perhaps his Majesty never sat down to a better-dressed dinner in his life. To my surprise, the subject of fox-hunting was named but once during the evening, and that was when an order was given that a servant might be sent to inquire after a gentleman who had had a bad fall that morning over some timber; and to ask, by the way, if Dick Christian came alive out of a ditch, in which he had been left with a clever young thorough-bred on the top of him.' The writer proceeds to describe an evening, in which wit and music were more thought of than wine—and presenting, in all respects, a perfect contrast to the old notions of a fox-hunting society."

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MELTON MOWBRAY has become so distinguished a feature in the Annals of Hunting, together with its Noble and wealthy supporters, that we trust the humble attempt to analyse a MELTONIAN may prove rather interesting to the readers of the BOOK OF SPORTS; we have therefore, tried our hand at an 'Outline' of one of those 'Great Creatures'—called the Lions and Tigers in the Corinthian Circles of Sporting, with a hope that we may be something near the mark as to a '*Likeness*;' and also trust, that we may not be *distanced* altogether in producing—a PORTRAIT.

The slightest view of a Meltonian proclaims him a gentleman,—he is likewise, decidedly, "a Man," in three points of view—namely, of the world—taste—and game. The intercourse of a Meltonian with the upper classes of society gives him all the advantages of the *suaviter in modo*, and *fortiter in re*. His horses, his dogs, his vehicles, and in a majority of instances, HIMSELF, must pronounce him, in the above points of view, a MAN of the World, united with a person of taste—his neck-or-nothing qualities—turf or turnpike—whether in steeple chase so dangerous—or, he takes the leap so wide—

O'er hedge and ditch away he flew
Nor left the game till he had run it down!

Thus gives the MELTONIAN all the high qualities of *game*, without the fear of contradiction.

The "*breeding*" of a Meltonian—aye, the BREEDING, must be viewed as "*thorough!*" *In most* cases, for instance, his SIRE, excellent; and for his DAM, all that could be wished —for the possession of superlative beauty and *delightful points*—which being so, you might go on to the end of the chapter of qualifications, without any blot operating to the pre*judice of* his great, great, great, grand dams! Yes! his *pedigree*—but what more can be required or urged? In fact, a *true* Meltonian *is all* PEDIGREE.

The MELTONIAN is a *Swell* from his cradle;
or, as some persons have it, he is born with
a *golden* spoon in his mouth; and he is also
put on the "*Free List*" the moment he opens
is eyes in the great theatre of the World.
*lappy mortal*! He can scarcely lisp before
is ears are soothed with his forthcoming
le, the 'Young Squire!" by his *superior*
*rse, who* tells him to open his "pinky
nkeys," as he is going to his mamsy, pamsy!
haps, he is called the darling juvenile
*onet*; saluted as "My Lord," in leading
ngs; bowed to as "the *Earl*" in his
cart; honored, with the appellation) of
*arquis*," on his rocking horse; or, rever-
d as "My Lord Duke," with his battle-
and shuttlecock! He is in *training* from
first moment of his existence to become
*nebody*" in this delightful world of com-
on. Surrounded by governesses—heaps
tors—hosts of masters—and *mobs* of pro-
nals—to instruct him how to *look* the
man—to walk like a superior being—to
ke a person of consequence—and to act
*ink** like a man of *nous*, destined at
uture period of his life "to do the
me service;" until he is able to "*tod-*
r, in other words, that the "Young
nay be trusted alone!" That is to say,
is 'leading strings' are cut; the 'go
ished; the rocking-horse, at a stand
d the 'battledore and shuttlecock,'
the shelf for ever. When, perhaps,
ness may have been totally forgotten;
s lost their authority; the masters
h; and the *Crisis* arrived, when the
f real life is drawn up, and presents
tonished mind, that wonderful *con-*
*n*, termed SOCIETY—what he has
n private, and only seen in *perspec-*
as he draws *nearer* to it, mixes with
*meration*, and becomes *one* of the
hen! what then? Why then it is
*lancing poles* are required to be put
ds to keep him steady in his early
ugh life, more especially, until he
ely ascertained the different value
hs—the *Right* and the *Left*! But if dame NATURE has acted her part by him only half in comparison with the smiles which FORTUNE blessed his first introduction into the world, united with all the advantages resulting from high birth; the incalculable good arising to his mind from tuition; and his *walks*, as it might be urged 'chalked' out for him! What is there to prevent the *High Ton* MELTONIAN from becoming an OUT-AND-OUTER in the eyes of the Million! in perfect accordance with the serious old adage—"*Train* up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart therefrom."

His horses are bang-up to the mark; nay more, pictures—studies for HERRING;* indeed, the perfection of horse-flesh; his dogs will bear the cross-examination of an Old Bailey barrister; and not be found wanting in *truth*. The '*upper tog*,' 'benjamin,' or, great coat (we leave our readers to adopt which phrase they like best) is a sporting article of the first quality in the fashionable throng—its very look, speaks for itself, nay, volumes for its happy wearer! But the *inexpressibles* of a Meltonian, are the most expressive things in the world; besides, the advantages added to them of being "*well-breeched!!!*" †

The *hat*, yes, the HAT (an immense *weight* is attached to this article of dress, although it is one of the *lightest* things in the world belonging to a Meltonian, independent of its shape), the term *peculiar* may belong to it; and notwithstanding it posseses rather a touch of the *knowing*, yet it is always clinging to the appearance of the gentleman; and it is, positively, a thing of taste. [By the bye, as I once heard *Perring* observe, on viewing one of his 'light inventions' on the head of a Corinthian, who was well known for his critical costume, a hat-box sort of character on the *pave* for *nicety*—so big was the fashionable hat-maker with the *impression* his hat appeared to have made on the taste of the public, that he burst out—"I made it—and that accounts for it!"]

The SADDLE of a Meltonian exhibits, at the first glance, a touch of the '*elegant*;' and his WHIP to correspond; both articles of first-rate workmanship; but, viewed in the character of a rider, the gentlemanly ease, and the firmness which he maintains on his seat, reminds you of Ducrow; and bespeaks the Meltonian a horseman of superior qualifications. But for his BOOTS, whether of O'Shaugnessy's cut —Hoby's stamp—or the make of Stunt—are *the* style; the whole style; and nothing else but *the* style; but the greatest difficulty belonging to them, nay, almost insurmountable—it might be asked who will attempt to take *leaps* in them, except a Meltonian? The latter spirited piece of humanity is the complete *huntsman* in the field, entering into all the life of the animated scene by which he is

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*ell*;" we have not the slightest doubt,
tutors are to be met with in society
ge that branch of tuition to a nicety:
the novice to "*think* well," we must
rather inclined to be "*sceptical.*"

[*] The celebrated horse painter at Doncaster.

[†] A cant phrase for persons who possess all the comforts of life—i. e. who have lots of money.

surrounded. "Yoics! Hark, forwards! Tally ho! Tally ho!"

On his return from the chase he changes his dress like an actor, and enters into the pleasure of conversation respecting the movements of another world, with an equal active spirit and enquiry; and when called upon to circulate the toast, the Meltonian proves himself a complete bon vivant—and if he does not sing with all the fine taste and melody of expression for which the author of the following verse is so much distinguished, perhaps he may throw as much warmth of feeling into the composition :

O nothing in life can sadden us,
While we have wine and good humour in store,
That and a little of love to madden us,
Say where's the fool that can labour for more.
Come, then, bid Ganymede fill every bowl for you,
Fill up a brimmer and drink as I call;
I am going to toast every nymph of my soul to you,
Aye by my soul, I'm in love with them all,
Dear creatures we can't do without them,
They're all that is sweet and seducing to man;
Coaxing, sighing, about and about 'em,
We doat on them, die for them, all that we can.

In its proper season, time, and place, when his *Aye* is required, and, perhaps, his *No* is wanting, in his character as 'one of the Pillars of the State,' he obeys the calls of his country with alacrity; but habit may so much prevail with him, that when he is listening to the 'Great Creature of the House,' he may whisper to his friend—"7 to 4, I'll back the New Broom for brains, sound argument, brilliant oratory, and *distancing* qualities, against any thing alive in this country!" The Meltonian is also at home at the Opera—"Bravo, Taglioni!" says he, in raptures, "only look at her! She *steps* out like a race-horse! Nothing can be more beautiful than her movements. Her action beggars every thing I ever saw; and I'll bet 10 to 1 she leaves all her competitors a mile behind her." At the Theatres the Meltonian is equally conspicuous—he laughs as heartily as a *Commoner;* he cannot help himself! The old adage here loses its hold in society—it is not correct that "the loud laugh betrays the vacant mind." The *genteel* smile cannot be adhered to. Etiquette is broken down! and the *simper* completely lost sight of. For why? The Momus of the stage is before his eyes! Matthews is chanting the Humours of a Country Fair! Liston, perhaps, is giving an account of his *call,* in Mawworm; and the irresistible Jack Reeve "threatening to take himself up to preserve the peace," in the Beadle of the Parish, Marmaduke Magog.

The Meltonian, it should seem, is more "at home" than *abroad* at the Fives Court; nay, he is hand and glove with the setts-to of the professors of Boxing, and exclaims, in a delighted tone, on witnessing the sparring of "Young Sam"—"beautiful! scientific as an Angelo! and a palpable hit!" acknowledged with all the gentlemanly demeanour of Laertes to Hamlet. But at a "*Mill!*" the Meltonian is selected as a *Judge*—his soul and body's on the execution of the Men: what a tremendous blow; such a one would have *floored* the Monument, and have made St. Paul's cathedral shake again! A decided smasher! The coup de grâce! It would have made an Emperor of Gluttons cry out "Hold! enough!"

If EXERCISE be the food for health; and if it also lays the foundation for the accomplishment of great sporting feats, by giving *stamina* to the frame, increasing *pluck* to the mind, and likewise bracing up the constitution to endure excessive fatigue; let us, without any thing like an invidious distinction, select GEORGE OSBALDESTON, Esq., as a complete hero in the Sporting World. His successes have been so very numerous in all the various matches in which he has been engaged—besides, he undertakes every thing with so much zeal and ardeur, at the same time never doubting his own judgment, but, on the contrary, always *backing his opinion;* therefore, to sum up his character in little, he is entitled to the appellation of a *Nonpariel*—a *Phenomenon*—and a *Paragon* of excellence;—either of the above phrases will apply to GEORGE OSBALDESTON, Esq., but our readers will appreciate them as they may think proper: however, we must pronounce him not only a first-rate sportsman, but at the top of the tree amongst Sporting Characters, and an OUT-AND-OUT MELTONIAN. We also hope the following original Sporting Song may meet with the approbation of our numerous readers :—

Hark! the horn gives the signal to rise,
To huntsmen enchanting—the sound!
'Tis dear as the girl that we prize,
Where virtue and beauty are found:
It invites to the chase! then away!
Mount your steeds and be after the game,
Where pleasure and health crown the day,
Which to sportsmen is better than fame!
Let's away to the field,
Which such true charms doth yield,
Hark forwards! see *Towler* and *Fan:*
'Tis the joys of the chase,
Sweet exercise, embrace,
An out-and-out—MELTONIAN!

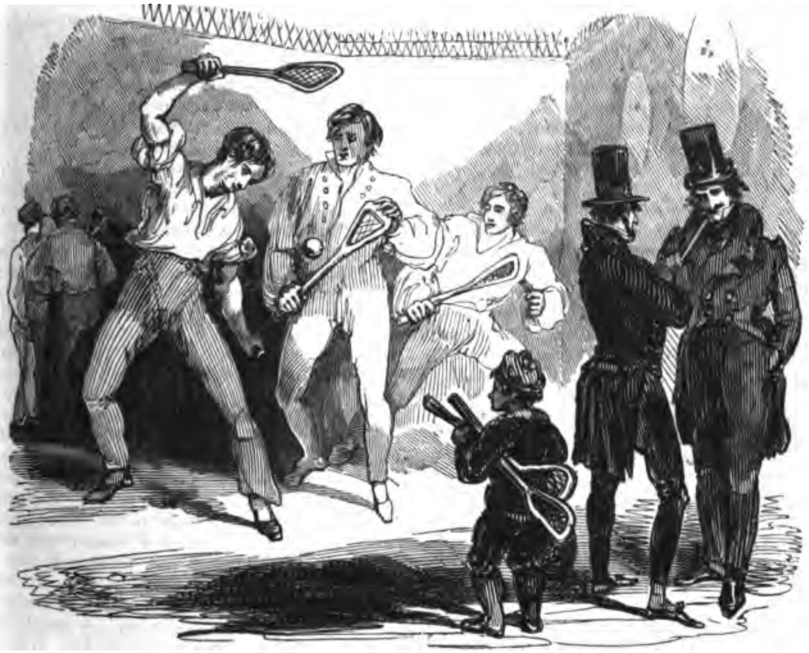
The chase being o'er, home we repair
To our wives, or some fav'rite lass,
Quite Jolly! Adieu to dull care,
With songs o'er the bottle and glass!
With friendship and love—time steals away,
Not embitter'd by envy nor strife,
But with pleasure hail, the next coming day—
What can equal a COUNTRY LIFE.
Then to hunt and to sing,
And to make the woods ring,
For we all know LIFE's but a span—
To enjoy well our time,
With fine hounds and prads—prime!
An out and-out—MELTONIAN.

Away! o'er the field and the flood,
Behold Reynard's gasping for breath;
Meltonians—challenge with "blood!"
First! first to be in at the death!
O'er hedges and ditches they rush!
The sight is most glorious to view—
To obtain 'a bit' of his brush,
And to hear 'sly Reynard's'—adieu!
There's no music so sweet,
To Meltonians a treat,
The delights of hunting to scan,
To whoop and to hollo,
The fox-chase to follow,
An out-and-out—MELTONIAN.

Printed for Thomas Tegg, Cheapside, by John Haddon, Castle Street, Finsbury.

# PIERCE EGAN'S
# BOOK OF SPORTS.

No. XV.] [*Price Three Pence.*



## THE GAME OF RACKETS:

### *One of the most healthful Exercises connected with* BRITISH SPORTS; *and the principal Amusement for confined debtors in the* FLEET *and* KING'S BENCH *Prisons:*

> **Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, SLAVERY, thou art a bitter draught; and, though thousands, in all ages, have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account! But it is thou, LIBERTY, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful and ever will be so—till NATURE herself shall change: no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, nor chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron: with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the Swain is more happy than his Monarch!**

BRAVO, STERNE! We revere thy memory for the above beautiful sentence, which must ever be viewed as a kind of Legacy left to Posterity, never to lose sight of the advantages and happiness attendant on Liberty. But to the point—the GAME OF RACKETS is a truly pleasing Sport; not only for the spirit and amusement which it affords to the mind, but the good results which the constitution derives from such active exercise; there is no game, perhaps, not even cricket itself, which combines so well skill with so much bustle, that even an indolent man must be alive to all the movements of the game, while the bat is in his hand. The racket player is always on the move; standing still is entirely out of the question; and two or three games at rackets are calculated to do more good towards the restoration of health, and keep the frame clear from the effects of gout and rheumatism, than the whole contents of Apothecary's Hall. In an enclosed court it may be played all the year round; while in an open court it can only be played in the summer.

It is now eight or ten years since old one-eyed Powell's establishment (so designated from having lost one of his eyes by a ball, while playing a game at rackets), was broken up by his Court being broken down. All who have any acquaintance with rackets recollect him, in his day, a first-rate player, and, after his day, competent to cool the consequence of many who fancied themselves good performers.

The game of rackets is not like tennis, which is played by dropping a ball over a central net, on each side of which the players stand; but, at rackets, the ball is struck against what is called a head-wall, and returned at the bound to the same wall, each player endeavouring so to strike it against the wall that his adversary may not be able to return it; he who does not return it, either loses a point (or, as it is technically termed, "an ace") or has his "hand out," that is to say, forfeits the situation in which he would be able to add to his score of the game. People, in general, are not aware of the skill required to play the game well, and the fact is, the better it is played the more easy it appears.

There are several open Racket Courts, independent of the King's Bench and the Fleet Prisons, where gentlemen seldom go voluntarily for the sake of playing, although they take it now and then "upon compulsion." There is a good open Court at the Belvidere, Pentonville; another at the Eagle Tavern, in the City Road; and the proprietor of White Conduit House a third; but the fault of these places is, that the company is not sufficiently select, and that a gentleman who is fond of the game (and all are fond of it who can play at all) are there compelled to join a miscellany of very respectable persons no doubt, but not of the highest grade in society. As it is, the ardour of some individuals of rank and education in pursuit of the game induces them to overlook the inconvenience to which we have alluded, and we must do the proprietors of the Courts we have named the justice to say, that they contrive to keep persons of really questionable character and appearance at a distance.

Independent of "the old school," there are many first-rate players at present in the height of their performances. There can be no objection to naming and describing the qualifications of a few of the professors, who, generally speaking, have other and very reputable employment besides being racket players. There is no question that Pittman is the best player in England—we do not mean Thomas Pittman, who some years ago held this envied station, but his younger brother John, who is most accomplished at all points—the volley, that is, returning a ball before it touches the ground; the cut, a sharp hit which strikes the ball so low against the wall, and so swiftly, that on its return, there is little or no hop to enable the adversary to strike it; and the twisting drop, given gently and quietly from the racket, in consequence of which, the ball, after it reaches the head-wall, falls dead at once, and a return is almost impossible. In these respects, and more, John Pittman is perhaps the most perfect player that ever existed, and probably better than his brother Tom, in his best day.

We know that Tom has some old friends, who will deny this position, but our opinion is formed after seeing both perform, the one ten years, and the other a short time since. Tom Pittman is still capital, and superior to John in cramp matches, where he plays under certain disadvantages, in order to make the contest with an inferior player more equal. With his back-hand he can beat nearly all the amateurs, and there are few that can compete with him when his hands are tied together at the wrist, and he is consequently obliged to hold the racket with both; he has beaten tolerable players in this way, and with the addition of a couple of flat irons fastened to his ankles on the inside. If we mistake not, it was he who, some years ago, played with a rolling pin instead of a racket, and won his match. Matthew Pittman may also be reckoned a good player, but he is not to be named in the same century with his two brothers. John Pittman's principal rival is a person called "Tawney Sam," a small but active little man, who hits with the greatest nicety and precision, and who last year carried away the prize-racket from some excellent competitors, among them a person named Morris, who in some points of the game is superior to Sam, but who is by no means so certain.

Morris has a fine free hit, perhaps the severest in England, and is a fine partner in a four match. His play, and that of "Tawney Sam," are in some respects contrasted, for Sam is all delicacy and finesse, and Morris all force and vigour. Morris has a one-eyed friend, whose name we do not know, who is celebrated for playing under his leg, and who in this manner, will contend against any man in England, although, in other points, he is inferior to several. Sowden has been a player quite from his childhood, and, on the whole, is perhaps only inferior to one or two, while, in some particulars, he exceeds them; he would unquestionably be first-rate, and on a level with John Pittman, if he had a good back-hand; but there he fails, and is often put to a difficulty in order to get at a ball with his front-hand, that ought to be returned with his back-hand. He is a capital player to give odds, for then he is perfectly confident; but he seems a little nervous when opposed to a man of equal or greater skill.

These are the prime players of London, and so good that any of them could give what is called "the odd hand" to country performers: giving the odd hand is about equal to giving one-third of the game. Besides these, there are Lamb and Chapman, and half a score more second raters, besides the players who are in the habit of exhibiting in the King's Bench and Fleet, of whose merits we are not competent to speak. Many distinguished members of the Prize Ring have been good players at fives and rackets, and it may be remembered that the celebrated Jem Belcher lost his eye at the game.

The game of rackets in the Fleet and King's Bench Prisons, has often turned out a source of livelihood to a number of the prisoners who have been attached to the sport. The following anecdote of a man of the name of Hoskins, who was at one period of his confinement the *racket-master*, a capital player, and who altered the game from 11 to 15, may not altogether prove uninteresting to the reader:—Hoskins made the Fives Court, which is so much played in during the summer time by the prisoners, and also visitors to the King's Bench Prison; he was an industrious and sober man, and also from his knowledge of the game continually in practice; and waiting upon gentlemen with the bats and balls, and frequently taking a hand in a match, he was enabled to support his family of seven children with credit to himself, and with variable success, until at length a disease settled in his legs, and totally incapacitated him for nearly the last twenty years of his life from following any employment.

Poor Hoskins might have exclaimed with Sterne's Starling—"I can't get out!" In the year 1798, a material part of the King's Bench was consumed by fire, whether by accident or design was never ascertained; the arched chambers will show where the fire raged, they are the rebuilt part, and said to be fire-proof, so that a fire taking place in any one of these chambers cannot extend beyond it. Hoskins' life was one of continued vicissitudes, which even imprisonment could not abate; he was once the Post-master of the prison. Hoskins was a Cornish man, and of very good family; his father was a respectable surgeon, and Hoskins was brought up a gentleman; he was here THIRTY-EIGHT years, at the suit of a single creditor, one whom he once called friend and benefactor, and for a disputed debt which he vowed he would never pay. He was a good tempered, convivial, amiable, and benevolent man.

Hoskins was one of the burnt out: he had been at the time so many years a prisoner that no connection remained to draw him back to the world he had quitted; the BENCH was *his* world! and he surveyed its ruins with a pensive and powerful feeling; as though the work of desolation had done its worst, and robbed him of his home. In this state of mind he reared himself a shed from the scattered fragments of the former pile, and lived amidst the ruins, seemingly content, sharing his meal with a poor mouse, who every morning visited him at the breakfast hour, and was fed. Hoskins and the mouse found a home amidst desolation, and they sojourned together in unabated friendship, until the builder's hand disturbed their good harmony and good fellowship.

It is, however, due to Mr. Jones, the Marshall, to confess his kindness to this forlorn individual; he supported him for the last two years of his life, and buried him on his decease, in the month of December 1823, after an *uninterrupted imprisonment of* THIRTY-EIGHT *years!!!*

During the *Swell*ish times, as they have been since termed by those persons who were in the habit of 'making money' by the rich debtors, when those high-bred ones the late Honorable *Tom* Coventry,[*] and the late Cap-

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[*] Both "CHOICE SPIRITS" of the very first order in society; fond of life to the end of the chapter; and to 'push along! keep moving,' invariably their motto. The Hon. Tom Coventry, although his frame was confined to a certain spot for a number of years, yet his ideas were as free as the air to make himself comfortable and happy; it is true, he was debarred from hunting the fox, hare, &c., but, nevertheless, he *hunted* up every thing in the shape of pleasure within his reach that might tend to produce fun and laughter—also to prevent *ennui*—likewise to keep it up—and to banish melancholy. He had endeavoured to obtain the mastery over his feelings, a 'tiny bit' in the philosophical way; and, to consider that one 'bit of ground, was as good as another, if a man could but bring his mind to think so—and the grand art of life to make himself contented, and also to be convinced that "things might have been worse." No man enjoyed any thing in the sporting line better than the late Hon. Tom Coventry—at a game of rackets, he was full of life and spirit until it was at an end; over the bowl he proved himself so cheerful a companion, that no visitor could forget the jollity and freedom of his style; and his readiness, at all times, to keep harmony afloat:—

I be one of those sailors, who think it no lie,
That for every *wherefore* of life there's a *why*;
That, be fortune's strange weather a calm or a squall,
Our berths, good or bad, are chalked out for us all.
That the stays and the traces of life will be found
To be some of 'em rotten, and some of 'em sound;
Thus the GOOD we should cherish, the *bad* never seek,
For death will, too soon, bring each anchor a peak!

Then, just as it comes, the bad with the good,
One man's spoon made of silver, another of wood;
What's poison for one man, another man's balm,
Some are safe in a storm, and some lost in a calm;
Some are rolling in riches, some not worth a souse;
To day he eats beef, and to morrow lobscouse:
Thus the GOOD we should cherish, the *bad* never seek,
For death will, too soon, bring each anchor a peak.

I think, I now see the late Honorable Tom Coventry, in my mind's eye, laughing heartily at his fellow Collegian, the late facetious George Head's well known comic song of "*All the Family;*" and with whom tain *Tom* Best (whose memorable but unfortunate duel with Lord Camelford, gave him great notoriety in the fashionable and sporting world), *sojourned* within the walls of BANCO REGIS, or were otherwise lodged within its *Rules* prescribed for the health of the patients of the Marshall—the GAME OF RACKETS was in high estimation, and very large sums of money were lost and won upon it.

The King's Bench Prison at that period was one continued scene of *gaiety* and *dash*—indeed, it was like any thing else but a place of confinement. The promenade, almost every evening, until the cry of "all out" occurred, was a complete picture of *le beau monde.** It exhibited some of the most elegant dressed females in the kingdom; the finest, nay, fashionable women who felt not the slightest reproach by visiting their unfortunate friends in 'durance vile.'

In truth, in this 'place of retirement' from the eye of the public, a number of men of fortune, who had 'outrun the constable,' had taken up their abode in order to avoid the bore, threatenings, and a thousand other 'little disagreeables' from those persons who only ask for their OWN,' to enjoy a bit of *quiet* life, and join in the well-known *chant*—

Welcome, welcome, brother debtor,
To this poor, but merry place;
Where no Bailiff, Dun, or Setter,
Dares to shew his *measly* face!

The game of rackets was carried on with great spirit under the patronage of the above fashionable leaders; and the ground was frequently covered with visitors of the most elegant description to witness the trials of skill, and great matches between those celebrated players of the game, Messrs. Lewis, Mackey, and Smith.

Since the above period, indeed, almost to a very recent date, the brave Major Campbell has been the principal hero in the field respecting his superiority at the game of rackets. It is too true that the Major had rather a 'long innings,' nearly fourteen years in the situation of a lodger to Mr. Jones. The high spirit of the Major—his fine stamina—his great activity—and his attachment to rackets—united with considerable experience, and his 'long practice' in the Racket Court, rendered him a first-rate player in every point of view. As a 'gentleman' he had scarcely any thing like a competitor; and with the very best professed players of the day, the Major always proved himself a most powerful opponent. But he is now restored to the society of his friends and enjoying the "Sweets of Liberty;" and should his king and his country demand his services he is quite ready to make use of *balls* of another description.

Ireland has also given birth to some celebrated racket players—Mr. Carney, a gentleman well known in the sporting circles at the West end of the Town, distinguished himself in a number of great matches, not only as a first-rate player, but with eminent success, under the patronage of the late Duke of Richmond: indeed, Mr. Carney was viewed by his countrymen as the *crack* player in Ireland. He is also a capital wrestler. Mr. Carney won a double match in March 1825, for 300*l.* made on the spur of the moment between him and the celebrated Mr. Hayne, by defeating the '*great gun*' of Windsor, Tom Cannon, in a trial of skill at wrestling, at Ireland's garden, Brighton. Mr. Carney likewise won the billiard match with Jonathan Kempfield, on his own table, and also acknowledged the first player in the world; but it is only justice to state, that Jonathan gave *seventy* points out of one hundred to Mr. Carney. The latter person is also distinguished for throwing a heavy weight to a much greater distance than any other man in the kingdom.

We flatter ourselves that the following sketch of the late *Pat Cavanagh*, so truly

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the Hon. Tom used often to take his morning's exercise; and, some rare 'rattling bouts' *give* and *take*, frequently took place between them with the 'gloves' during their long voyage on board the '*Fleet.*' George Head was a sparrer of the first celebrity; a perfect master of the science; although he never *peeled* in the P. R. He was also one of the extraordinary Lions, on two legs, to be met with after *dark* in the Metropolis; and the greatest foe that George ever had to contend against in his life, though possessing an iron-like constitution, was his own "DEAR Self." Respecting the late "TOM BEST," so familiarly called by every body, his life and adventures were quite a history, abounding with anecdotes, change of scene, vicissitudes, and amours, that would form a most interesting volume; and, at some future period, I may be tempted to give an outline of his eccentricities; but, in a word, he was a superior man and a gentleman. The late Captain Best was a first-rate shot; indeed, it was said of him by sporting men in general, that he ranked as No. 1, in the kingdom. It is rather singular to state, but nevertheless perfectly true, that if Captain Best had not been so celebrated and well-known as a *marksman*, the late Lord Camelford would have made an *apology* to his dearest, best, and most sincere of friends, for such his Lordship always styled him previous to the much to be regretted duel. The late Lord Camelford was also highly distinguished as a first-rate shot—and he could perform wonders with a pistol, such as snuffing a candle out at a tolerably good distance: and who never failed to hit a mark set out for him. Indeed, there was scarcely a jot between them for choice; yet his Lordship's towering spirit said that it might look like FEAR if he *apologized* to Capt. Best—also, a sort of 'begging of his life;' and to any other man, it should seem, he would have *apologized*. Therefore, in order that no *imputation* might be levelled at his courage, he not only provoked but hurried on the duel, accompanied with words that no gentleman could put up with. The fatal result is well known; but to his Lordship's high notions of honor and correct feelings, be it recorded—his Lordship scarcely lived above an hour after he had left the ground, merely time sufficient to sign his will, and to claim and insist upon the promise from his relatives, that Capt. Best should not be prosecuted on his account—that his death lay at his own door, and he was the only aggressor. This memorable duel, which deprived Lord Camelford of his life, like the Siege of Troy, was on account of a woman. But his Lordship exonerated the Captain from the charge which he had hastily made against him in his passion—exclaiming, "O frailty, thy name is woman!"

* Vice, or folly (observes that delightful observer of men and manners, *Fielding*) must be of a prodigious height to overtop the crowd; but if it did, the tall overgrown monster would be admired; and like other monsters, enrich the possessor.

celebrated as a Fives player, and also a 'good one' at rackets, will prove highly interesting to the readers of the BOOK OF SPORTS:—

"When a person dies,* who does any thing *better* than any one else in the world, which so many others are trying to do well, it leaves a gap in society. It is not likely that any one will now see the game of Fives played in its perfection for many years to come—for Cavanagh is dead, and has not left his peer behind him. It may be said there are things of more importance than striking a ball against a wall—there are things, indeed, that make more noise and do as little good, such as making war and peace, making speeches and answering them, making verses and blotting them, making money and throwing it away. But the Game of Fives is what no one despises who has ever played at it. It is the finest exercise for the body, and the best relaxation for the mind. The Roman poet said that "Care mounted behind the horseman and stuck to his skirts." But this remark would not have applied to the Fives player. He who takes to playing at Fives is twice young. He feels neither the past nor the future "in the instant." Debts, taxes, "domestic treason, foreign levy, nothing can touch him further." He has no other wish, no other thought, from the moment the game begins, but that of striking the ball, of placing it, of making it. This Cavanagh was sure to do. Whenever he touched the ball there was an end of the chase. His eye was certain, his hand fatal, his presence of mind complete. He could do what he pleased, and he always knew exactly what to do. He saw the whole game, and played it; took instant advantage of his adversary's weakness, and recovered balls, as if by a miracle and sudden thought, that every one gave for lost. He had equal power and skill, quickness and judgment. He could either outwit his antagonist by finesse, or beat him by main strength. Sometimes, when he seemed preparing to send the ball with the full swing of his arm, he would by a slight turn of his wrist drop it within an inch of the line. In general, the ball came from his hand, as if from a racket, in a straight horizontal line; so that it was in vain to attempt to overtake or stop it. As it was said of a great orator, that he never was at a loss for a word, and for the properest word, so Cavanagh always could tell the degree of force necessary to be given to a ball, and the precise direction in which it should be sent. He did his work with the greatest ease; never took more pains than was necessary, and while others were fagging themselves to death, was as cool and collected as if he had just entered the court. His style of play was as remarkable as his power of execution; he had no affectation, no trifling. He did not throw away the game to show off an attitude or try an experiment. He was a fine, sensible, manly player, who did what he could, but that was more than any one could even affect to do. His blows were not undecided and ineffectual—lumbering like Mr. Wordsworth's epic poetry, nor wavering like Mr. Coleridge's lyric prose, nor short of the mark like Mr. Brougham's speeches, nor wide of it like Mr. Canning's wit, nor foul like the *Quarterly*, nor *let* balls like the *Edinburgh Review*. Cobbett and Junius together would have made a Cavanagh. He was the best up-hill player in the world; even when his adversary was fourteen, he would play on the same or better, and as he never flung away the game through carelessness and conceit, he never gave it up through laziness or want of heart. The only peculiarity of his play was that he never volleyed, but let the balls top; but if they rose an inch from the ground he never missed having them. There was not only nobody equal, but nobody second to him. It is supposed that he could give any other player half the game, or beat them with his left hand. His service was tremendous. He once played Woodward and Meredith together (two of the best players in England) in the Fives Court, St. Martin's Street, and made seven and twenty aces following, by services alone—a thing unheard of. He another time played Peru, who was considered a first-rate Fives player, a match of the best out of five games, and in the three first games, which of course decided the match, Peru got only one ace. Cavanagh was an Irishman by birth, and a house-painter by profession. He had once laid aside his working dress, and walked up, in his smartest clothes, to the Rosemary Branch, to have an afternoon's pleasure. A person accosted him, and asked him if he would have a game. So they agreed to play for half-a-crown a game, and a bottle of cider. The first game began—it was seven, eight, ten, thirteen, fourteen, ALL. Cavanagh won it. The next was the same. They played on, and each game was hardly contested. "There," said the unconscious Fives player, "there was a stroke that Cavanagh could not take: I never played better in my life, and yet I can't win a game. I don't know how it is." However, they played on, Cavanagh winning every game, and the by-standers drinking the cider, and laughing all the time. In the twelfth game, when Cavanagh was only four, and the stranger thirteen, a person came in and said, "What! are you here, Cavanagh?" The words were no sooner pronounced than the astonished player let the ball drop from his hand, and saying, "What! have I been breaking my heart all this time to beat Cavanagh?" refused to make another effort. "And yet, I give you my word," said Cavanagh, telling the story with some triumph, "I played all the while with my clenched fist." He used frequently to play matches at Copenhagen-house for wagers and dinners. The wall against which they play is the same that supports the kitchen-chimney, and when the wall resounded louder than usual, the cooks exclaimed, "Those are the Irishman's balls," and the joints trembled on the spit!

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* John Cavanagh died in January, 1819, in Burbage Street, St. Giles's.

Goldsmith consoled himself that there were places where he too was admired; and Cavanagh was the admiration of all the Fives Courts where he ever played. Mr. Powell, when he played matches in the Court in St. Martin's Street, used to fill his gallery at half-a-crown a head, with amateurs and admirers of talent in whatever department it is shown. He could not have shown himself in any ground in England, but he would have been immediately surrounded with inquisitive gazers, trying to find out in what part of his frame his unrivalled skill lay, as politicians wonder to see the balance of Europe suspended in Lord Castlereagh's face, and admire the trophies of the British Navy lurking under Mr. Croker's hanging brow. Now Cavanagh was as good looking a man as the Noble Lord, and much better looking than the Right Honorable Secretary. He had a clear, open countenance, and did not look sideways, or down, like Mr. Murray the book-seller. He was a young fellow of sense, humour, and courage. He once had a quarrel with a waterman at Hungerford-stairs, and, they say, served him out in great style. In a word, there are hundreds at this day who cannot mention his name without admiration, as the best fives player that perhaps ever lived (the greatest excellence of which they have any notion), and the noisy shout of the ring happily stood him instead of the unheard voice of posterity. The only person who seems to have excelled as much in another way as Cavanagh did in his, was the late John Davies the racket-player. It was remarked of him that he did not seem to follow the ball, but the ball seemed to follow him. Give him a foot of wall, and he was sure to make the ball. The four best racket-players of that day, were Jack Spines, Jem Harding, Armitage, and Church. Davies could give any one of these two hands a time, that is, half the game, and each of these, at their best, could give the best player now in London, the same odds. Such are the gradations in all exertions of human skill and art. He once played four capital players together and beat them. He was also a first-rate tennis player, and an excellent fives player. In the Fleet or King's Bench he would have stood against Powell, who was reckoned the best open-ground player of his time. This last-mentioned player, till lately, was keeper of the Fives Court, and might have used for a motto over his door—"*Who enters here forgets himself, his country, and his friends.*" And the best of it is, that by the calculation of the odds, none of the three are worth remembering! — Cavanagh died from the bursting of a blood-vessel, which prevented him from playing for the last two or three years. This, he was often heard to say, he thought hard upon him. He was fast recovering, however, when he was suddenly carried off, to the regret of all who knew him. As Mr. Peel made it a qualification of the present Speaker, Mr. Manners Sutton, that he was an excellent moral character, so Jack Cavanagh was a zealous Catholic, and could not be persuaded to eat meat on a Friday, the day on which he died. We have paid this willing tribute to his memory:—

"Let no rude hand deface it,
And his forlorn—*Hic jacet.*"

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## THE GAMBLER.

"SEVEN'S THE MAIN!"

The lamps refract the gleam of parting day,
The weary vulgar hail the friendly night,
The GAMESTER hies him to his darling play,
And leads the way to deeds that shun the light.

Now reigns a dreary stillness in each street,
And mortal feuds are hush'd in breathless calm,
Save where the votaries of *Hodges* meet,
And springing rattles sound the shrill alarm.

Save that from yonder lantern lighted walk,
The drowsy watchman bawls with clam'rous din,
At such as stopping in the streets to talk,
Omit the tribute of a glass of gin.

Beneath that roof, that ruin fraught retreat,
Where beams the fanlight o'er the guarded door,
Each wedg'd by numbers in his narrow seat,
The *faithless* gamblers chink their current ore.

The trist entreaties of empassion'd grief,
The piteous tale of family distress'd,
The stranger's ruin, or the friend's relief,
No more shall raise compassion in their breast.

For them no more the midnight rush shall burn,
Or wearied menial be detain'd from bed:
No wives expectant watch for their return,
Or anxious listen to each passing tread.

Oft do the purses of the victims fail,
Their fury oft on box and dice they wreak;
How jocund look they if their luck prevail!
How grand their manner when they deign to speak!

Let not the legislator deem it harm
That *others* trifle with the laws *he* breaks;
Nor rich knaves hear, with counterfeit alarm,
That men distress'd will often *make mistakes*.

The boast of honesty, the law's dread pow'r,
And all that pride of feeling can achieve,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The rage for gaming leads us all to thieve.

Nor scorn, ye rulers of the state's finance,
The prompt expedients of these pilfering scenes,
Where thro' the aid of rapine they enhance
The scanty budget of their ways and means.

Can stories sad, or supplicative grief,
Back to the owner bring his valued dross!
Can blunt rebuffs administer relief,
Or aidless pity compensate his loss!

Perhaps, amidst that motley groupe there stand
Some who once graced far other scenes of life;
Dupes that have mortgaged the last rood of land,
Or lost the fortune of some hapless wife.

But rife examples, which bid wisdom think,
Their frantic folly never can appal,
Blind av'rice leads them to the ruin's brink,
And dark *despair* accelerates their fall.

Full many a trinket, pledged for half the cost,
Hath raised the means of venturing *once* more:
Full many a *watch* is destined to be lost,
And run its time out in some broker's store.

Some fancy shirt-pin that hath deck'd the breast,
On plaited cambric, starch'd in spruce array;
Some ring, memento of a friend at rest,
Some seal, or snuff-box, of a better day.

The servile tongues of borrowers to command,
The tributary dues of boxes to evade,
To spread the paper'd plunder in the hand,
And read their consequence in homage paid.

Their luck forbids; nor circumscribes alone
To them its evils, but its range extends;*
Forbids the needful purchases at home,
And shuts the door of welcome on their friends.

The petty processes of law to stop,
To prove how groundless are the landlord's fears;
Or gain fresh credit at the chandler's shop,
By paying off the grocery arrears.

Far from all dreams of splendid opulence,
Their wish is answered if their way they clear;
Well can they dine for twelve or thirteen pence,
Including waiter, and a pint of beer.

Yet e'en their painful efforts to exist,
Some *knaves in heart*, as yet *unskilled* to cheat,
With secret whisper when a piece is miss'd,
Will strive from pique, or envy, to defeat.

Their *names*, their means, on which at large they dwell,
Invade at intervals the startled ear,
And many an anecdote in point they tell,
That teaches gaping *novices* to fear.

For who, to damn'd fatality a prey,
Gives his last piece without concern or pain,
Leaves the warm circle of the crowded play,
Nor asks the table if a chance remain.

To some stanch friend is the decision left,
Some sturdy swearing the event requires;
E'en the chous'd fools are conscious of the theft,
E'en on their oaths would not believe such liars!

For thee, who, absent from the wonted game,
Dost think these lines some pointed truths relate,
If, when is heard the mention of thy name,
Some fellow-sufferer shall ask thy fate;

Haply some wight loquacious may reply,
"Oft-times we met him at approach of night,
"Brushing with haste along the streets hard by,
As if all matters were not going right.

"There, in some house where charges are not high,
"And penny candles shed a glimm'ring light,
"He'd give the maid some cheap-bought scrap to fry,†
"Of which he'd eat with ravenous delight.

"There, in some corner, shunning to be seen,
"He'd draw his hat down o'er his prying eyes,
"Or with a handkerchief his visage screen,
"Like one who fear'd a caption by surprise.

"One night we miss'd him in his usual seat,
"We search'd both kitchen and the scullery;
"We search'd again, nor in his old retreat,
"Nor at the *Tun*, nor at the *Bell* was he.

"At length a letter to discovery led,
"With separate notice serv'd at each friend's door,
"Reminding his creditors he was not dead,
"But meant to *live* to owe them something more."

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* One of the largest folio volumes ever published would not be capacious enough to depict one half of the *miseries* and *vicissitudes* which are daily brought on the *Gambler* by himself; and, but too frequently, visited upon his family, connections—his wife, his children, and his friends. Indeed, all must be sufferers from this *propensity* towards gambling! and, notwithstanding the numerous awful examples of SUICIDES, in a variety of shapes—the destruction of property of the most splendid description, reducing the once owner of it down to absolute *pauperism* of heart-rending character—UP one day, and *down* the next—until the final throw completely ousts him from the table; and, too late to regain his errors—it ultimately drives him to despair and madness. Alas! it should almost seem that nothing but death can put a *climax* to the *penchant* of the real and determined *Gambler*. Such instances are numerous beyond recital.

† The following truly singular anecdote most completely verifies the assertion of the poet.—"It appears that Shelton was indicted at the Quarter Sessions for the city of London, on the 14th of September, 1812, in consequence of having assaulted Croker, one of the police officers, on the Hampstead road, a short time previous to the above date, when the defendant was prevented FROM HANGING HIMSELF AT A LAMP-POST! through the interference of this spirited officer.

Shelton, in company with a staunch *pal* (according to the acceptation of the term), had determined on a day's spree in the country; and the place fixed on, where the cares of life were to be relaxed over a cloud of the "best Virginia," was at the delightful village of Hampstead. To fill up the time, which, it seems, dragged somewhat heavily upon the hands of these "non-descripts," notwithstanding much fun and larking had occurred between them during their excursion, assisted with most copious libations of heavy wet to prevent their arguments from becoming too dry, and also numerous invigorating flashes of blue ruin to give point to their oratory, still the amusements they had experienced were not considered altogether complete, and therefore, by way of putting a finish to the day, the old pot-house recreation of *gaffing* was the expedient hit upon. That slippery jade, Fortune, had tantalized Shelton with alternate successes for some hours, when, at length, his luck turned, and he lost every thing that he possessed about his person—the blunt having first vanished, the togs followed in succession, and the last desperate stake produced (having nothing else left), was—HIS LIFE, upon the cast of a die!!!

Can such things be, and overcome us
Like a summer's cloud, without our special wonder?

The destructive effects of profligate gaming were never seen in a more horrid point of view, than in this transaction between Shelton and his associate. To what dreadful extremities men of superior education and mind are often hurried into from its pernicious effects, even when their imaginations have not bean heated with the juice of the grape; but the desperate conduct of the above characters (though evidently labouring under a state of inebriation), exceeds every thing upon record. It is scarcely possible to admit of the reality of the circumstance in question—to witness one man "staking his life," with the most perfect indifference as to the event, and viewing the other equally as callous, not only in winning the precious life of a human being with as much satisfaction, apparently, as he would a piece of inanimate metal, but claiming the performance of the contract, with all the barbarous rigidity of a Shylock, by having the defendant hanged at the first lamp, on their getting to the road across the fields!

Shelton, strange to remark, with the utmost alacrity and cheerfulness, anxious, as he thought, to do the thing that was right; or, in other words, fulfil the character of an honorable Gambler, with a composure and fortitude that would have done honor to a better cause, ascended the lamp-post, tied a Belcher handkerchief round his neck, which he affixed, by the command of the winner (his intimate friend), firmly to the post. Pending the suspension, however, the handkerchief gave way by the knots getting loose, not being tied by a more skilful Jack Ketch, and the intended victim dropped—not into Eternity, but to the surface of the earth!

And that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

"Up again, quickly," cries his friend, insisting upon the full performance of the condition of the wager, to which Shelton assented without the slightest murmur, and again mounted to fix the knots more securely!

While in this act, Croker accidentally passed the spot, and, upon being called, he immediately interposed, *sans ceremonie*, with the cudgel he held in his

### THE LETTER.

Here rots in jail, with scarce one hope on earth,
A wretch that's sacrificed to love of play;
Success, *at first*, to golden dreams gave birth,
And fortune flatter'd *only* to betray.

Large were his LOSSES, yet no *loss* deterr'd.
Those mischiefs follow'd, such as seldom fail:
He gave his friends (*'twas all he'd left*) his *word*,
He gain'd by HAZARD (*as most do*) a JAIL!

Seek not his future projects to reveal,
Nor draw conclusions to prejudge the fact;
In anxious dread (which *most of you* must feel).
He waits the *benefit* of the INSOLVENT ACT.

## THE PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF THE CELEBRATED MARE, FLEUR DE LIS.

We perfectly agree with the observations of TYKE, of York, in '*Bell's Life in London*,' in March, that departed pugilists having been honored with biographical sketches a similar notice of the above old mare would not be out of place; her honesty—a rare quality in these piping times of cholera and cant—would alone entitle her to a corner in the BOOK OF SPORTS; but as this quality seems to be exploded, as well on the Turf as in the Ring, I shall rest her claims to superiority on her performances, which will be found to possess recommendations of no ordinary stamp. To be *secundem artem*, it is requisite that I should introduce her genealogically: her blood—royal on one side, and aristocratic on the other, is unexceptionable, and is traced up to Highflyer; she was got by Bourbon, out of Lady Rachael (bred in 1805 by Sir M. Sykes), by Stamford, her dam Young Rachael, by Volunteer, out of Rachael, sister to Maid of All Work, by Highflyer, &c. The Stud Book states Fleur de Lis to have been bred by Sir M. Sykes; but, on enquiry, I find that she was bred by a Northumberland farmer, who, ignorant of the gem he was casting away, sold her to Sir M. W. Ridley, for £100. In that part of the country the Two-year-old stakes are, generally speaking, of little value or importance; Sir M. W. Ridley, therefore, instead of stumping her up, as is too often the case, wisely suffered her strength to mature itself, and did not bring her out till she was three years old. There can be no doubt that to this her subsequent excellent running is in a great measure to be attributed. Her first race was at Newcastle, 1825, where she won the Filly Stakes, beating Figurante and Bird of Passage. She followed this up by defeating Vicissitude filly, Beatrice, and sister to Diadem, for a similar stakes, at Pontefract. She won both cleverly, but they had not the effect of bringing her

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hand, and gave Shelton several hard blows that brought him to the ground before he could accomplish the SECOND SUSPENSION! For this humane interposition—this stepping-in between a man and Eternity, with all his imperfections upon his head, Croker was requited with a pair of black eyes, and his nose broken!

In a false quarrel there's no true valour.

It was for this breach of the peace that Shelton was now placed at the bar; and, after the case was fully proved against him, he pleaded *son assault de main*, and called witnesses to prove that Croker had first struck him three times before he retaliated, adding that the officer had not shown his staff of authority before he had struck him, and INSISTING that he had A RIGHT TO HANG HIMSELF, as he lost the wager, and it would have been considered unfair if he had not fully performed the bet!!!

By heav'ns! methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd moon!
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks,
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without co-rivals all her dignities;
But out upon this half fac'd fellowship!

After the learned chairman had most humanely observed upon the folly and obstinacy of Shelton in accusing the officer for an act of imperative duty, in preventing the impious act of intended suicide, the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

Upon the sentence being promulgated, the wife of Shelton, in person, addressed the bench, stating, that from this prosecution she was ruined in her little shop and business, and her four young children were deprived of the means of subsistence, which had cost her no less than £18, and left her unable to defray farther expences, in case the sentence should require it: but added, with considerable feeling, that, excepting some such irregular fits and frolics, he was a good husband, and laborious and attentive to his duties.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad; so may my husband.

The bench, in consequence of the good character given of her "lord and master" by the female pleader, were induced to grant Shelton his immediate liberation.

The gameness displayed by men in the ring, in comparison with the "daringness" or "hardihood" evinced by Shelton in the above unparalleled "transaction," is as snow before the sun: and the usual mode of expressing courageous acts with the phrases of fortitude, resignation, &c., in this instance is quite out of the question: in fact, a term is wanting, not to be found even in any of our copious modern dictionaries, emphatically to designate this species of "action," that upon the toss up of a halfpenny, the finest feelings of nature were in an instant obliterated—the important ties of husband and father forgotten—no compunctions for the past transactions of life manifested—and the important consequences of the FUTURE not even thought of! It is a subject so *nouvelle* in its kind, that sets all theoretical researches into the human character at defiance; and only reminds us, that with all our experience, still, "the proper study of mankind is man!" BOXIANA, vol. ii, p. 185.

Tom repented of his bad conduct; acknowledged his errors, and the crime he was about to commit; and also promised that his future behaviour in society should recommend him to the notice of his friends. In the course of three years after the above transaction, Shelton became a Prize Pugilist, and likewise distinguished himself in his various contests with Harry Harmer, Bill Richmond, Big Burns, George Cooper, Josh. Hudson, and Tom Brown. After his battle with the latter Hero he retired from the P. R., as an acknowledged scientific and brave boxer. Shelton opened a Tavern in the vicinity of the town, where his good conduct and civility obtained for him a decent livelihood; and he was also chosen to act as a juryman in the Court of King's Bench, Guildhall, before my Lord Tenterden. But, in consequence of poor Tom's betting more money than he was able to pay on the Derby Race, the chance being against him—in a moment of despair and frenzy he committed suicide by swallowing *poison* in a strong glass of gin and water. Such were the horrid effects which operated on his feelings from *gambling* transactions—that we can only observe—"Alas! poor human nature!"

into the betting for the Great St. Leger. She was literally unnoticed. She started for that stakes with scarcely a friend out of her own stable, and it is not improbable that, but for an accident, she would have been "there or thereabouts." This, however, was prevented by the unprincipled conduct of one of the north country jocks (a mere leather-plater, who had been found useful on more occasions than one of a nearly similar nature), who rode against her and knocked her down. It is extraordinary how she or her rider escaped unhurt; still more so, how she should get so good a place at the finish. In the same meeting she won the Filly Stakes, beating Conviction, a filly by Walton, out of Altisidora, Hybla, and Jessy. In 1826 she won a Sweepstakes on the first day of York Spring Meeting, beating Actæon, Catterick, Rothelan, Florismart, and Lottery; and on the following day she carried off the gold cup, beating Actæon. The Alderman (who ran a good second to Memnon for the St. Leger), Der Freischutz, and Jerry. At Newcastle, same year, she won the Gold Cup, and the Town Plate of £100, beating Canteen and Abron, in the former, and Billy Watson in the other. At Doncaster she won the Doncaster Stakes, beating Actæon (the third time of his running second to her this season), Zirza, br. g. by Androssan, Crowcatcher, and Lottery. She also won the Cup in the same meeting, beating Mulatto, Humphrey Clinker, Helenus, and Jerry. She closed her four-year-old performances, by walking over for the Gold Cup, at Lincoln—having, up to this period, won ten races out of eleven! In 1827, at York Spring Meeting, she won the Constitution Stakes, beating Jerry, Humphrey Clinker, and Sirius. At Manchester she was defeated by a head, for the Cup, by Longwaist, in consequence of having slipped, and nearly fallen on her side, in making the last turn. At Preston she won the Cup, beating Signorina and Euphrates. At Doncaster she was opposed by Memnon, for the Doncaster Stakes, 27 others having paid forfeit; the race excited considerable interest, the two not having met since the St. Leger in 1825. The betting was even, and the mare won cleverly—thus giving countenance to the opinion I have expressed above, that accident alone prevented her running him pretty closely for the St. Leger. In the same meeting she started for the Cup, and ran a dead heat with Memnon, for the second place—this was one of the most spirited races of the week, nor did any of the horses suffer in reputation by their defeat: Mulatto won it rather cleverly, the four-year-old weight being decidedly more favorable than that put on any other age. She also won the Cup at Lincoln, beating Sweepstakes and Tinker, and immediately afterwards was added to the Royal stud, his Majesty having, in the course of the season, purchased her for 1,500 guineas—a sum much below her actual worth; Sir M. has declared that he should not have sold her but at the express solicitation of the king.—In 1828, she started for the Cup at Ascot, and was not placed; on this occasion his Majesty honored Sir M. Ridley with an invitation to witness the race from the Royal Stand, and was pleased to express a concurrence in his opinion that "she was too thin to justify an expectation of success." At Oxford she won the Cup in a canter, beating Liston, who was in great force that season. In the second October week, with 9st. on her back, she won the Second Class of the Oatlands, beating Helas, 5yrs., 7st. 12 lb.; Bee-in-a-Bonnet, 3yrs, 7st. 2lb.; Miss Craven, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.; and f by Andrew, 3yrs, 7st. In the Houghton Meeting she beat Belzoni, in a match, giving 6lb, Ab. M.—In 1829 her first race was for the Craven Stakes at Newmarket, in which Zinganee beat her by about half a head, entirely through superior jockeyship. At Epsom she won the Craven Stakes, beating Conrad, Pegasus, and several others of "low degree." At Stockbridge she won the Five Sovs. Stakes, beating Brownlock and Colleger. At Goodwood she proved her great superiority by beating easily Mameluke, Varna, The Alderman, Lamplighter, and Rough Robin, for the Cup. She was then sent to Doncaster, and started for the Cup, although it was well known she was horsing at the time; of course she had not the slightest chance. She then went to Lincoln, and for the third time carried off the Gold Cup (the Grand Falconer's), beating Lugrel, Bessy Bedlam, Ballad Singer, Robin Hood, and a colt by Tiresias; it is worthy of remark, that Laurel had defeated her in the race at Doncaster the preceding week. In 1830 she ran but twice; on the first occasion for the Goodwood Cup, which she won cleverly; the "Gentleman of the Horse," to "make assurance *trebly* sure," also started Zinganee and The Colonel, and these three had the race to themselves, for the others had not a chance in any part of it; this lot consisted of Green Mantle, Lady Emily, Refugee, Glenartney, Tranby, and Hindoo. She was again sent for the Cup at Doncaster, and with a similar result. She was now "bottled up" for the Goodwood Cup, 1831, which was selected as the finale to her performances; it was her fate, however, to be opposed to Priam, and in spite of stoutness, honesty, and first-rate condition, her defeat was unequivocal. In all, she ran thirty races, twenty-two of which she won, and as her antagonists on almost every occasion were horses of very superior character, I may fairly pronounce her to have been one of the stoutest and best mares, as she was the finest, that ever appeared on the English Turf. It will be long before we look upon her equal.

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## A BEAR CAUGHT "NAPPING."

In the setting-in of the winter (says Mr. Lloyd, in his Field Sports of the North of Europe), and when the ground was but slightly covered with snow, that Elg and another peasant started off in company for a very wild range of country to the southward of Brunberg, in the hopes that they might fall in with, and ring the track of a bear; this being, as I have said, the most proper season for that purpose. But their search proved unsuccessful; and after the lapse of four or five days, during which they had either bivouacked on the ground, or quartered at Satserswells, their provisions being exhausted, they separated for their respective houses. In the afternoon of the same day, and when Elg was alone in a very wild part of the country, covered with much fallen timber and immense fragments of stone, he suddenly came upon the track of a bear; the next minute, and within a short distance from where he stood, he discovered, in a cleft of a great mass of rocks, the den of the animal. As he had no confidence, however, in the lock of his rifle, he did not care to go immediately up to the den; he therefore mounted a pretty high stone, immediately overlooking it, at about fifteen paces distant. From this position he discovered the bear lying fast asleep near the entrance of the den; and as he got sight of her ear, under which is one of the most fatal places, he lost no time in levelling and discharging his rifle. For a moment after he had fired, the bear lay still, and, in consequence, Elg almost imagined she (for it was a female) was killed; had he thought otherwise, he would have had ample time to get out of her way; but presently the beast raised herself up, when, fixing her eyes steadily upon him, and uttering at the same time a terrific growl, she dashed at him (to use his own expression) "with the rapidity of a bullet out of a gun," and was close upon him in almost the twinkling of an eye. Very fortunately for Elg, the stone on which he was standing was situated in a declivity, the after part of it being some five or six feet from the ground; down this, in his hurry to escape, he tumbled all but headlong. It was well he did so, for the bear, followed by two of her cubs, which were more than half as large as herself, almost at the same instant made her spring, and passed clean and far over him. In this situation Elg lay for a short while, frightened, as he said, almost out of his senses; when, finding all quiet, and supposing, as was the case, that the bears, from not seeing him, had taken themselves off to another part of the forest, he ventured to get up, and to reconnoitre the den: he then discovered that besides the three which had made a leaping bar of his person, a fourth had taken an opposite direction. Though all four bears for this time made their escape, yet, in the course of eight or ten successive weeks, Elg, with the assistance of several other peasants, managed to kill the whole of them. On taking the skin from the old bear, which he described to have been of a very large size, he found the ball which he had fired at her flattened out, and set fast on the back of her skull. By this it would appear that he had mistaken the position in which she was lying, so that, instead of aiming at the root of her ear, as he imagined was the case, he had fired at her lengthwise. Had his ball, however, been of any moderate size, this would not have been of much consequence; for if his gun was properly loaded, I take it that, at so short a distance, her head would have been split in pieces."

## WHISKER—A Celebrated Stallion.

In consequence of the recent death of the above racer, we present our readers with a sketch of his pedigree and performances.

Whisker was bred by his Grace the Duke of Grafton, in 1812, and was got by Waxy, out of Penelope (bred by the late Duke in 1798), by Trumpator; her dam Prunella, by Highflyer, out of Promise, by Snap—Julia, by Blank—Spectator's dam, by Partner—Bonny Lass, by Bogtrotter—Darley's Arabian—Byerby Turk—Taffolet Barb—Place's White Turk—Natural Barb Mare. Whisker was own brother to the following celebrated racers:—Whalebone, Web (dam of Glenartney and Middleton), Woful, Wilful, Wire, Wildfire, Windfall, &c. &c.

Performances:—1815: Craven Meeting, received forfeit in a Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, three subs, one of whom (Lord Darlington) withdrew his stake. Same meeting, received 50gs from the Duke of Portland's c by Orville, out of Sligo's dam. First Spring meeting, was beaten by Tigris for the 2,000gs stakes, and not placed. Same meeting, ran second to Busto for the Newmarket stakes. At Epsom, won the Derby stakes (value 1,500 gs), beating Raphael, Busto, and ten others [Minute, a half-sister of Whisker's, won the Oaks the following day]. First October meeting, beaten by Quinola, by Waxy, for the St. Leger, and not placed, the famous Sir Joshua was second. Second October meeting, he beat Equator in a match for 200gs, B.M., giving 9lb. Houghton meeting, he beat Donkey in a match for 200, A.F., 8st 7lb each, Same Meeting, was beaten by Sir Joshua in a match for 300 gs. A. F., receiving 4lb—1816: Craven meeting, he won the Port stakes of 300 gs, beating Equator. First Spring meeting, he beat Paulus in a match for 200gs, R.M. receiving 5lb. Second Spring meeting, beat Sir Joshua in a match for 300gs, A.F., receiving 6lb, First October meeting, ran fourth to Bourbon for a sweepstakes of 200gs. each, D.M., in which he received 9lb from the winner, and gave 10lb to Sir Thomas, and 9lb to Quinola. Second October meeting, received 70gs. from Paulus. Houghton meeting, was beaten by Equator in a match for 200gs. giving 7lb, Ab. M——1817: he did not run.——1818: Craven meeting [now the property of the present Marquis of Cleveland], beaten by Skim, and not placed, for the Craven stakes. First Spring meeting, ran 3d to Skim for a plate of

50 sovs. Same Meeting, beat little Dick in a match for 200, D.M., giving 10lb. Second Spring, he received 100gs from Cannon Ball. Same meeting, ran third to Merrymaker for a Handicap. Same meeting, beat Manfred in a match for 200, T.Y.C., giving 10lb. Same meeting, ran fifth to the Flyer in a Cup Handicap. First October, beaten by the Student in a match for 200, Ab. M., allowing 14lb. This terminated his career as a racer.

As a stallion he was eminently successful, as the following summary of the winners got by him will abundantly testify:—In 1822: 2 winners, 2 prizes, value £577. 10s.—1823: 6 winners, 17 prizes, value £3,936.—1824: 9 winners, 25 prizes, value 3,607*l.* 11s.—1825: 10 winners, 29 prizes, value 6,364*l.* 15s.—1826: 10 winners, 19 prizes, value 3,141*l.* 10s.—1827: 10 winners, 23 prizes, value 3,561*l.*—1828: 17 winners, 43 prizes, value 6,719*l.* 5s.—1829: 16 winners, 44 prizes, value 5,213*l.*—1830: 26 winners, 61 prizes, value 7,847*l.* 10s.—1831: 17 winners, 46 prizes, value 4,993*l.* 6s. 8d. Making a total of 123 winners, and 309 prizes, amounting to the sum of 45,961*l.* 7s. 8d.

Whisker was sire of Memnon, the Colonel (both St. Leger winners), Abron, Mustachio, Maria, Stratherne, Caccia Piatti, Emancipation, Sarah, Jenny Mills, Coulon, Reformer, Whisk, Lunaria, Whiskerandos, &c. &c.

## THE INVENTIONS OF MAN TO SAVE LIFE.

### *A Shark deprived of his prey.*

Mr. Hardy, in his travels through Mexico, gives the following lively account of an escape from a shark:—"The Placer de la Piedra Negada, which is near Loretto, was supposed to have quantities of very large pearl-oysters around it—a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, succeeded in sounding it, and, in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms water. The rock is not above one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in circumference, and our adventurer swam round and examined it in all directions, but without meeting any inducement to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water; but first he cast a look upwards as all divers are obliged to do, who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the coast is clear, they may rise without apprehension. Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found that a tinterero had taken his station about three or four yards immediately above him, and, most probably, had been watching during the whole time that he had been down. A double-pointed stick is a useless weapon against a tinterero, as its mouth is of such enormous dimensions that both man and stick would be swallowed together. He therefore felt himself rather nervous, as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But, under water, time is too great an object to be spent in reflection, and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this artifice to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What was his dismay, when he again looked up, to find the pertinacious tinterero still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird! He described him as having large, round, and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to dart from their sockets with eagerness, and a mouth (at the recollection of which he still shudders) that was constantly opening and shutting, as if the monster was already, in imagination, devouring his victim, or, at least, that the contemplation of his prey imparted a foretaste of the *goût*. Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don Pablo; one, to suffer himself to be drowned, the other to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost, with as much philosophy as he possessed. But what is dearer than life? The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in case of great extremity. On a sudden he recollected that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed; his attentive friend still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with him. As soon as he reached the spot he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, in such a way that the fine particles rose, and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, nor the monster him. Availing himself of the *cloud* by which himself and the tinterero were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transvertical direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Fortunately he rose close to one of the boats; and those who were within, seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that by some artifice he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the water; and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive."

## LOVE-SICK SPORTING WILLY.

The following, after Hood's style, the author of "Whims and Oddities." is from a *Yankee paper*:

One Willy Wright, who kept a store,
But nothing kept therein,
Save earthen jugs, and some few kegs,
Of whiskey, ale, and gin.

Although he said, the times were hard,
He 'kept it up' like fun!
And 'on the sly,' he play'd the *card!*
Too fond of dog and gun.

Grew sick, and often would exclaim,
"Oh, how my heart does burn!"
And every week the poor man lived—
He had a weakly turn.

Now, when they saw him thus decline,
Some said that Death must come;
Some wonder'd what his ail could be—
Some said his ale was rum.

At last the very cause was known
Of every pang he felt—
Remote, at one end of the town,
Miss Martha Towns-end dwelt.

A portly, love-resisting dame,
Contemptuous, proud, and haughty;
But yet, though "fat and forty," too,
She was not two-and-forty.

And Willy long had sought and sighed,
To gain this pretty maid;
"I have no trade (said he), so sure
My love can't be betray'd."

To Martha, then, he trembling went,
And said, "My dear 'tis true,
Though I have nothing in my *store*,
I've love in *store* for you.

"And if thou wilt, thou may'st become—"
And here his tongue was ty'd!
And though she *willed*, yet she said,
She ne'er would be his bride.

Then, turning Willy out of doors,
She said, "go, go along;
I hate the man, who's always *Wright*,
Yet always doing *wrong*."

"I leave you, then (said he) farewel!
Of peace I'm now bereft;
If I am always Wright and wrong,
You must be right and left."

So then he clos'd his little store,
Shut up each door and blind;
And settled his accounts, and died:
And left no *Will* behind!

HEM!

## Zoology.

The collections recently brought from India, by M. Dussumier, for the Museum at Paris, are of great value. When the weather permitted, M. Dussumier never lost an opportunity of fishing; at Sechelles, the Isle of France, Bourbon, St. Helena, on the coasts of India, in the rivers, and even in the deep sea; in consequence of which he has obtained a vast mass of fishes, some of them entirely new, others of which only imperfect specimens had hitherto been procured. He has also brought from India quadrupeds which have never been seen in Europe in modern times, but with which the ancients were nevertheless acquainted—such as the four-horned antelope, mentioned by Ælian, and in cabinets; of which nothing is to be found in the collection of skulls, except an incomplete head. This animal, which M. Dussumier brought alive from Bengal, died on its way from Bordeaux to Paris: but its remains have been preserved. Another rare animal, the long-lipped bear, has been more fortunate, and is now in the Parisian menagerie. M. Dussumier is desirous of returning to Canton and Manilla to make farther researches; and M. Cuvier has proposed to the French Academy to defray a portion of the expense of the expedition.

## Extraordinary Hare Hunt.

The annals of hare-hunting scarcely furnish a more remarkable instance of sporting pleasure than that afforded in the admirable running of our Kilkenny harriers on St. Stephen's day. The hounds threw off at Bonnetts-town, and in a short time a hare was soho'd which afforded good sport for about twenty minutes, when the hounds were drawn off. Soon after a second hare was started in the bog of Monevidrew, adjoining Clonan. She ran over the hill of Ballydaniel, very near to Three Castles, and thence by the hill of Kilroe to the back of Bonnett's-town demesne; she then went in the direction of Knockroe-cover, where she crossed the road and made for Barrack-hill, passing by the house of Bouleshea, and through the bottoms to Curragh-hill, at which place she "gave a view," and shortly after was terminated the existence of one of the stoutest hares that ever ran. Poor puss, at the lowest calculation, ran a distance of twelve Irish (upwards of fifteen English) miles, in about an hour and twenty minutes. Several horsemen were thrown off as well as out, and but six sportsmen were in at the death, amongst whom was E. Cooke, esq., the public-spirited proprietor of the Kilkenny harriers; Mr. Cummins, of High Sreet, and the huntsman also rode well throughout. There was but one check, for a few minutes, during the entire hunt. Some of the country people, astonished at the rapidity with which the hounds were going, repeatedly asked, "Is it a fox?" The harriers have had nine splendid hunts this season, but the above was by far the most brilliant.

## Ingenuity of a Beaver at Paris.

A beaver from the Rhine is now in the Royal Collection in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, which exhibited as much ingenuity as has ever been ascribed to the species in a wild state, and more than enough to silence the incredulity of sceptics respecting the beavers' dams and their magazines of winter provisions. This beaver, for instance, we are informed by M. Geoffroi St. Hilaire, was, during the severe weather in winter, provided with fresh twigs of trees, to furnish exercise for his propensity of gnawing, and with apples, &c., as a more nutritive food. One night there came on a snow storm, and the snow beat into his domicile in considerable quantity, till he found out a plan of shielding himself from the inconvenience. For this purpose, he cut his supply of twigs into proper lengths, to be wove in the basket fashion, between the bars of his cage; chopped his apples in pieces to fill up the intervals between the twigs; and when even this did not appear sufficiently air-tight, or (if you will), storm-tight, he kneaded snow into the intervals. By the morning, it appeared that he had laboured hard all night, and had completed a very neat and ingenious barricado against the intrusion of the snow.

### MISERIES ATTACHED TO HUNTING: A BLANK DAY!

Thus are the feelings of the *disappointed* FOX-HUNTER described, in the Sporting Magazine for March, by Mr. GILBERT FORRESTER:—"Of all the miseries of human life, or indeed any other life, put me down a fine frosty day to a fox-hunter: 'tis the very acme of misery. Talk of the rack, that is a bed of down compared to the sensations of a hunter, who rises hastily in the morning in expectation of a brilliant day, and finds ice three inches thick in his water jug; who is obliged to rig himself in a dressing gown and slippers, and sit by the fire reading some dry Parliamentary piece of humbug, instead of sporting his top-boots, and scouring away at the rate of fifteen miles an hour after some precious varmint. Now I am a good-tempered fellow, Mr. Editor—indeed, I think I may flatter myself a *very* good-tempered fellow; but I confess, notwithstanding, it requires all my fortitude to bear this peculiar misery without letting some naughty words escape. However, this state of things, thanks to our variable climate, did'nt last long; and on the 19th, having sent my horse forward to the Borough of Dunhaved, near Lifton, I set sail for a meeting with Mr. Phillips's pack, and the first rate workmen who follow it. Our place of rendezvous was at Cobham brake, where I found Sir William Molesworth, Mr. Salisbury Trelawny, the DEVONIAN, Mr. Phillipps, and a strong muster of Yeomanry, who have an annual dinner on this day, given by the DEVONIAN for their services in preserving the *varmint*. The word of command given, away we scoured, and a goodly sight it was, the hounds being *riglar* trumps, steeds well trained, and their riders no flinchers.

> "Merrily, merrily see them ride,
> Hark forward! the well known cry!
> The hills resound, and the valleys wide
> Loud echo their quick reply."

We tried Cobham brake, a very likely patch of furze, but it was "no go." Reynard had been but was *gone*, and his apartment was to let *unfurnished*.

> "We show'd fight—
> *He* thought best to walk it."

Mr. *Newton's* hounds had been scouring the country a day or two before, and had managed to clear it pretty well, so that there was little chance of a find; and we feathered several well-looking coverts without success. The scent, which in the morning promised to be good, (like many other things) broke its promise, and turned out but so-so, therefore we did not unkennel. To some the day might have been tedious in consequence; but to those who, like myself, go two hundred miles into the "bowels of the land" for the mere sake of seeing hunting in all its varieties, the case was different. I like to see the working of the hounds; to see them in difficulty; to mark the threading, the stopping, the eagerness to find, the emulation of each to gain applause. This, I say, is no mean sight; and if men would follow at a proper distance, instead of loitering in "high-ways and bye ways," grumbling over the Reform Bill and other threadbare subjects, they would find themselves rewarded for the trouble of coming out, though not a single "Tally-ho" should be heard. But a word for the pack. In height they range about twenty-two inches, large limbed, deep chested, big ribbed, rather wide loined, and full lengthy in the body, which enables them to push along and keep moving at a slapping pace; the frontispiece, perhaps, rather too foxy; but on this point sportsmen differ; so I will say nothing about it. Their style of trying is good; and it is my opinion, if a hound is a good searcher, he will sooner or later attain perfection. I imagined when first the hounds were thrown off at Cobham brake, they did not *dash* the covert as speedily as I should have desired. In drawing covert, hounds can hardly be too quick, especially in furze, as such places are always tedious and galling, and are apt to make them hang back, unless urged to it by the workman, when in the eagerness to follow such obstructions will be forgotten. The fox does not at all times seek the deepest point, but will play about the outskirts, seeking a convenient kennel ere he takes up his abode. Hounds, therefore, which pass rapidly on, must hit the drag, and consequently seldom lose the varmint. Slow hounds may be made quick; and if they are not, it is the fault of the huntsman and nothing else. I am sure more foxes are lost through the tardiness of the guide than any other cause. Emulation is a prominent feature in the character of the dog; and when he finds his companions, by getting a-head, receive the jolly "gone away" cheer, it will teach him, if ever such a sluggard, to quicken his movements. Mr. Phillipps's style of hunting I like exceedingly; and with the greatest deference to the sportsmen of the West (many of whom are first raters,) I must say it is more than I expected to see. Patience, perseverance, quickness of eye, and great judgment, are the qualities conspicuous in that gentleman, and, in all his hunting, not a useless sound escapes his lips. I may, without the slightest flattery, add to these virtues, those of an agreeable companion and polished sportsman. His followers deserve equal credit for their silence in the field. Mr. Phillipps is always with his hounds; indeed, with such a Pegasus as he bestrides, this is no wonder. When I saw *Foster* at a little distance, he appeared a lumbering sort of prad: but on a closer inspection I found my mistake, for his move and shape are excellent. He is a bay, with capital sound forkals, big in bone, and head prettily set on; exceedingly deep in his forehand (which is good), with wide lengthy quarters to match; short in the joint, and famous middle piece; stands about fifteen hands and a half, and has a very quick and extended stride. In short, take him for all and all, I never saw a horse (for his country) combining so completely the three qualities necessary to constitute perfection—"one like an ox, one like a fox, and one like a bonny maiden." He has carried his master five seasons, and could not be purchased from him at any price: his sire Gainsborough, dam an excellent mare, and grandam an Exmoor poney, from which it is thought he inherits much of his lasting and sterling qualities, this breed being proverbial for those virtues. Sir W. Molesworth was mounted on a beautiful bay nag, as close to the wind as possible, bred by Mr. Leach, who is a good judge of these matters, out of a sister to Minna, by Amadis; sire Grey Comus. Though *Sunshine* is not above fourteen hands and a half high, he has sufficient power and action to carry the Baronet (who rides under ten stone, I think) to the fleetest pack. He is now only four off, and will be doubtless spared this season being pushed too hard in front, an indulgence which, in another season, he will amply repay; and, as his owner can gang along, he will be an ugly opponent to handle. The Devonian was mounted on his chesnut mare, *Puss*, a very excellent steady fencer, and speedy in her gallop. She was purchased, I heard, at Oxford, and had been a front player in the Duke of Beaufort's hunt. This gentlemen has a knowing finger and a steady fine seat, with abundance of nerve. I thought he hung ratherlong in the suspenders for up-and-down skirmishing; but I found he was a bruiser to the back bone. Capt. Salisbury Trelawney, I rejoiced to see apparently as well as ever, and a noble looking fellow he is. The Captain was once master of a capital pack of fox-hounds, and I may with truth assert, *no* man ever hunted them better, or had a keener eye for the steeples; and, I doubt not, in hard knocking, he would still prove a queer customer to the youngest clipper. M. Chas. Trelawney rode a slapping chesnut, son of old Gainsborough, which is only to be seen to be admired; he has great strength and substance, and freedom to get well out of the heavy. This gentleman has an extraordinary seat, savouring much of the jock as well as hunter; and, when I see him go, I predict he will be one who can do a trick worth copying. His move in the saddle reminded me much of Captain Beecher, and that is saying enough for any man. There was one little man out on this day, something below a feather, who deserves honorable mention. It was the Devonian's first-born, a boy rising six year's old, mounted on an Exmoor pony, and clad in the full costume of the hunt. The animated countenance of the tyro interested me extremely. The word *fatigue* seemed to have no place in *his* vocabulary; his whole soul was in the chase, and his ardour and *enjouement* such as are felt (like woman's love) but *once* in a life and that in its spring. I would have given a crown, had I possessed one (*I don't mean five shillings, dear reader!*) to have felt as that boy did; but 'tis impossible: the Rubicon is passed, and can never be retraced. Those happy feelings, those unclouded moments were once mine, but they have fled!! Late in the day I asked the little fellow how he got on, when he replied, "He had been galloping ever since he came out, and was not tired." I inquired where were his spurs? "I have none," said he; "but a friend of papa's has promised me a pair on my next birth-day, and then, you know, I can make the pony gallop *faster*." The sight of this little trump, in his scarlet coat and white collar, spanking along in the thickest of the *melee*, would have gladdened the heart of an expiring Meynel. The lady of the Devonian honoured us by appearing in her pony phaeton, and seemed well pleased with the noble and courageous bearing of her son, who might have said, in the words of Corneille,

> "Je suis jeune, il est vrai, mais au ames bien nees
> La valeur n'attend pas le nombre des annees."

In the course of the evening we adjourned from Hayne house to the inn at Broadwood, where two hundred of the first class farmers were making themselves supremely happy at the expense of the Devonian, who must, I am sure, have felt real pleasure in witnessing the happiness he had created. And to have heard them *chanting*, in the first style of jollity: —

Gadzooks, my dear boy, they're a hunting to day,
The birds are awakened in meadow and spray;
Then why should we linger—'tis Pleasure who knocks,
So e'en let us join in the chase of the *Fox*.

Humanity, pshaw! ask the poor cock, and then
You'll find was the rascal humane to his hen,
He has thrown on his back her poor carcase to box:
No, no, it won't do; and we'll hunt master *fox*.

He's a sneak, for he only appears in the night,
To take off our geese and our poultry outright;
No, no, for their sake, you're the cause of the shocks;
Come, let us away to your death, master fox.

## WILD PIGEONS.

The accounts of the enormous flocks in which the passenger, or wild pigeons, fly about in North America, seem to a European like the tales of Baron Munchausen; but the travellers are "all in a story." In Upper Canada, says Mr. Howison, in his entertaining "*Sketches*," you may kill twenty or thirty at one shot, of the masses which darken the air. And in the United States, according to Wilson, the ornithologist, they sometimes desolate and lay waste a tract of country forty or fifty miles long, and five or six broad, by making it their breeding place. While in the state of Ohio, Mr. Wilson saw a flock of these birds which extended, he judged, more than a mile in breadth, and continued to pass over his head, at the rate of one mile in a minute, during four hours—thus making its whole length about 240 miles. According to his moderate estimate, this flock contained two thousand two hundred and thirty millions, two hundred and seventy-two pigeons. In Persia, pigeons are kept wholly for the purpose of obtaining their dung, to rear and improve fruits; and immense flights of these birds are frequently to be met with.

### THE LAWS OF THE TURF.

The following trial between Mr. Jones and Mr. Breary is well worthy the attention of sportsmen in general, which took place at the Derby Assizes; it was an action against the defendant, the clerk of the Derby racecourse, in his character of stake-holder, for money had and received to plaintiff's use. The facts were these:—At the last Derby races, which took place in the month of August, Mr. (now Lord) Cavendish, and Mr. Thornhill, acted as stewards. When "The Dunnington Park and Fatbuck Stakes" was run for, Mr. Thornhill told the jockeys, eight or ten in number, as they were about to start, that they must be ready within ten minutes after they were weighed to start for the second heat. The first heat was won by a three-year old horse of Mr. Beardsworth's, named "Champion." Few, if any, of the horses were ready at the appointed time for starting for the second heat. At nineteen minutes after the first heat Mr. Thornhill gave the word "Off," there being then only five horses at the starting post. Of these the plaintiff's horse "Tommy Tickle," which was aged, came in first. Although the stewards are masters of the race, it is usual for the clerk of the course to start the horses, and it is also customary to allow an interval of half an hour between the heats, particularly for young horses, which take a longer time to recover their wind than aged ones. This heat, therefore, having been objected to as not being fair, the defendant refused to weigh the rider of Tommy Tickle, and ultimately the stewards decided that it was no race, and must, therefore, be run again. The horses accordingly started a third time, when Champion came in first, and a mare named Gazelle came second, Tommy Tickle coming in third. Under these circumstances, it was contended that Tommy Tickle won the race, because the second start, it was contended, was fair; and neither Gazelle or Champion having run that heat, they must be taken to be distanced, and therefore disqualified from running the third heat, thus leaving Tommy Tickle the winner of the third as well as of the second heat. It was, however, admitted by plaintiff's witnesses that the usual and reasonable interval allowed between heats at all races throughout the kingdom was half an hour, and also that it was customary for the clerk of the course, and not the steward, to start the horses; besides which, it was stated that the stewards were the proper persons to judge of the fairness of a start, and in this case they had decided that the start was not fair, and that therefore the second heat should be run over again. Upon these facts, Mr. Baron Bayley was clearly of opinion that the plaintiff must be nonsuited. If the stewards deviated from the usual course, they were bound to give notice of such deviation to the owners of the horses; and they were, moreover, bound to allow a reasonable time for young horses as well as old to recover their wind. On the present occasion they had not done so, and they had subsequently decided that they were wrong, and that the heat must therefore be run over again. In any point of view, there was no pretence for saying that the plaintiff was entitled to the stakes. His lordship would therefore beg leave to suggest that the next person called should be Mr. Michael Jones [a laugh.] Mr. Jones was accordingly nonsuited.

### STRANGE SAGACITY OF A RAT.

Nothing more clearly points out that "Necessity is the mother of invention." During a dreadful storm which occurred in the vicinity of Haddington, about the time the river Tyne was at its height, a number of people were assembled on its margin, gazing on quantities of hay, and the huge masses it was sweeping along in its irresistible course. A swan, at last, "hove in sight," struggling sometimes for the land, and at others sailing majestically along with the torrent. When it drew near, it was observed that there was a black spot on its snowy plumage, and the spectators were mightily surprised when they discovered that this black spot was a large live rat. It is probable that it had been flooded from its domicile in some hay-rick, and observing the swan, had made for it as an ark of safety, in the hope, no doubt, of prolonging its life. When the swan reached the land, the rat leaped from his back and scampered away, but it was pursued by about forty of "the lords of the creation," and the life that the tempest spared was instantly sacrificed—a merciless fellow laid it dead with the blow of a staff.

### THE PET GOAT.

In consequence of a most inveterate drunkard being reclaimed by a *Goat*, the following anecdote will be found extremely interesting:—

"There was a blacksmith, a very clever fellow, who had an excellent business, and could make by it just what he pleased; but, like many others, he could not keep himself well when he was well, but straightway he fell to drinking. Until then, he had been a kind father and an affectionate husband, and liked to see his wife and children well fed and well clothed; but how can a man, who has with his own hands destroyed his reason, and sent a fire raging through his veins, answer for what he will do, or will *not do?* While *he* was drinking or drunk, the work was at a stand; the smithy-door, locked or open, as chance directed; his tools and materials, articles left for repair, every thing it contained at the mercy of whoever chose to go in to steal or destroy. He burned one horse's foot, ran a nail through another, paired a third to the quick, and, in short, lamed and tortured many a worthy animal far more respectable than himself. Such things soon met their reward. His customers, some in wrath, some with regret, all left him, and got their work done elsewhere. Of course, poverty followed, and that did not either improve his temper, or make him the less outrageous for drink. When he went home, hungry and greeting bairns met him there, and also a sad and often an angry wife, who had no food to give either to him or them. Knowing and feeling in every fibre of his heart, and conscious that he had been acting like a monster, of necessity he was furious at her, and often concluded his visit to his own house by beating with his great forehammer fists the good and respectable woman so beloved in the days of his well-doing.

"It happened that he had a tame goat which was very fond of him, and, drunk or sober, it trotted at his heels wherever he went. If he sat in a public-house, so did it. If he lay all night on the street or on a stair-head, as the poor lost wretch often did, there too was faithful Nanny creeping close to him, and many thought that it was the heat of the poor dumb animal that kept the life in John when incapable of either knowing or feeling that he was about to perish. Well, it so happened one morning that John could get nobody to take a gill with him; he asked one and another, but they all refused; and it must be confessed that, by *that* time, his appearance was not a particular recommendation to the practice he pursued. He cursed them with all his might; and, in a pet, said to his goat—'Come, Nanny, come awa, since nane else will drink wi' me, ne'er a bit do I care, my wee faithfu' Nan, thou shalt do't.' And going into the public-house he got his gill, and offered some to the goat, which, to be sure, the goat would not take. 'What the devil, Nan,' said he, 'aye! and thou'st gaun to do like the lave o' them, and a' sorrow to thee! Na, na, mistress, come here wi' you, gie's nane o' thae airs;' and seizing the poor beast, he poured the whiskey over its throat. This cruel trick was followed by snorting, stamping, butting, and every other expression of its anger; but in a short time it began to reel, and stagger, and fall, and John roared with rapture at the glorious exploit of making the goat drunk, and looked to it as a boundless source of future diversion. Next morning, according to custom, he repaired to the same whiskey house, and the goat at his heels, but it stopt at the outside of the door, and farther it would not budge; no, not for all that John could do. 'What's this for, Nan? what the sorrow ails tu, that thou'll no come in?' said he. 'D'ye na see! it's because ye filled her fou yesterday,' quoth the fat landlady. John was smitten to the heart, and let go the goat. After standing a moment, he silently turned from the door with his conscience roused from its torpor, and armed against him with a thousand daggers. 'Am I reproved,' said he to himself,—'me, made after the image of the living God, am I reproved in my evil ways by a puir dumb beast! a creature to which he has denied that reason which I have so brutally abused. Reason granted me for a light to guide mysel' in fulfilling my ain duty,—my duty to my poor, ill-requited, faithful wife,—and my unhappy bairns, to whom I hae set sic an awfu' example,—my duty to God, the great God I have offended.

"He went home to his bed, silent and conscious stricken; there he lay for two days without food or drink; in agonies of deep and fervent prayer to God and his Redeemer, confessing his sins, and imploring grace and mercy to help him to forsake them; and his prayers were heard. Next morning he rose and went to his work. He trembled at the sight of a whiskey-house, and watched and prayed that he might be preserved from the temptation. He was found steadily at his work; no longer a reeling, red-nosed, ragged blackguard, blustering and swearing, worse than any heathen, but 'clothed and in his right mind.' In a short time his business returned, his health became good, his spirits good, he had peace in his heart, and peace in his home, and penury, and poverty, and weeping, and gloom had disappeared. His children were no longer afraid of him, and he felt the same affection for them and their mother as ever he did."

## THE SAILOR BOY.

AIR—"The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone."

The Sailor Boy on a tour is gone—
In an Oxford crib you'll find him;
His boxing gloves on his fives are drawn,
And care is cast behind him.
"Alic Reid," said the bouncing cove,
"Are you the man to fight me?
A turn-up let us have for love,
And to *floor* you will delight me."

But the Sailor Hero soon found out
That for once he had made a blunder,
For the Snob contriv'd to tap his snout,
And poor Harry Jones knock'd under.
"Ah!" he exclaim'd, to repine is vain,
Why to fight did I feel so eager?
I'll never set-to with the Snob again,
When my head is confus'd with *Seager*."[*]

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[*] Seager—a noted distiller for his fine flavoured *Old Tom*, considered the best in the Metropolis: whether tossed off *short*, or mixing for *grog*.

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# PIERCE EGAN'S
# BOOK OF SPORTS.

No. XVI.] [*Price Three Pence.*

## ARCHERY

'Twas one day at a fete giv'n at Jove's *sans souci ;*
The gods drinking nectar, the goddesses tea,
While many a whim did their pleasures beguile,
They at last talk'd of Britain, their favorite isle;
Of its loyalty, whence all its blessings increase ;
Of its glory in war, of its splendour in peace ;
Cry'd Jove, we'll *revive* one accomplishment more,
Thro' which Britain's sons gather'd laurels of yore—
When fame led her ARCHERS wherever they went,
Proudly perch'd on the plume of the Bowmen of Kent.

Come, name your endowments, cry'd Mars, for my meed—
I courage would give, if of courage they'd need ;
And I, cry'd out Vulcan, will gladly bestow,
Of well temper'd steel an *old tough English bow.*
The bold ARCHERS all offer'd some gift to adorn ;
Cynthia gave, as her meed, *a superb bugle horn :*
Mercury, skill and address ; Momus, mirth ; Bacchus wine ;
The care of their dress, cry'd gay Iris, be mine :
Thus no trophy that fancy or taste could invent,
Was neglected to grace the bold Bowmen of Kent.

Cry'd Venus, her words sweetly kissing the air,
Gift you your bold bowmen, whilst I gift the fair :
And first of my cestus each fair shall be queen,
Who sports a gay sash of toxopholite green ;
Next my son from his quiver an arrow shall draw,
Such as wounded my heart when Adonis I saw ;—
His bow shall be lent, and a lesson impart,
Expertly to shoot at their target, the heart ;
Then the trophy of love, that by Venus was sent,
Shall reward the brave faith of the Bowmen of Kent.

Thus bestow'd each celestial some tribute of worth,
And Mercury descended triumphant to earth ;
New Henrys and Edwards, that swarm'd on the plain,
New Cressys and Agincourts conquer'd again:
And many a fair, darting love from her eyes,
As captain of numbers, soon bore off the prize.
Favor'd thus by the gods, by your king, by the fair,
May ye Britons have peace—yet should trumpet speak war,
Of a nation united, beware—the bow's bent,
Then make from the shaft of the Bowmen of Kent.

THERE never was *a mistaken* notion more prevalent, than that the bow is too simple to require any study, says Mr. Waring; but, simple as it may appear, it will be found that without a theoretical knowledge, the practical part can never be obtained, and so many inconveniences arise to a person attempting one without having acquired the other, that he soon grows disgusted, because not able to overcome a few difficulties: it is these difficulties that the author wishes to remove by pointing out to the learner a proper method to pursue; for many thinking it too insignificant, as not worthy a moment's study, adopt what their own ideas suggest, and by that fall into such bad habits as to break bow after bow, till at last they get disheartened from pursuing the amusement any further, and lay it aside altogether as appearing to them trifling and childish, and in the end expensive. How any one could ever think the amusement of the long bow as childish, can only be from the recollection that it was once his juvenile recreation, and supposing no greater feats can be performed by a manly weapon, than was done by a boyish plaything: but supposing his contempt of the bow is founded upon that idea alone, it cannot justify him for the slur he throws upon all the lovers of ARCHERY, and those not a few; for travel into any part of the globe and he will discover that it is, or has been, the amusement of the Nobles and Sovereigns of every nation, and is the general amusement of many eastern countries to this day. But the bow need not travel out of this kingdom to obtain honors, for it has received sufficient to stamp its fame both as an instrument of war and amusement in its native soil; but at present it must be confessed, that the inhabitants of Turkey, Persia, and of various other countries, far excel the best of English archers, and the reason is obvious, "want of practice," and a few examples of feats and achievements; a novice witnessing the performance of an unskilful archer, wonders how a man can amuse himself with what he remembers was only looked upon at school as a toy; but when he beholds the shooting of an expert archer, and is shown the strength and powers of the bow, his wonder changes to the opposite side, and he admires with delight what he before treated with contempt.

As the use of arms is universally allowed to be an honorable profession, why should not the pursuit of an amusement founded upon that warlike weapon, preceded by the present, be deemed likewise honorable? and when it is recollected, that the deeds achieved by our forefathers, which secured to England its present constitution, were with the bow; it cannot be denied, but that it is the noblest amusement, and in its admirers seeming to draw forth a tribute of gratitude for past services too worthy to be buried in oblivion. Be this as it will, it was in former times thought of such importance as to become the object of the legislature's care, many acts of parliament having at various periods passed in support of it, long after it was laid aside as a weapon of war, and which even went so far as to compel every man, except the clergy and the judges, to practice shooting, and to have continually in his possession a bow and at least three arrows; the City of London was obliged by other acts to erect butts and to keep them in repair; and when, after a lapse of a few years, ARCHERY began to decline, and shooting to be discontinued, the bow-makers petitioned Queen Elizabeth for authority to put the acts of Henry VIII. in force, by which they obliged every man who had not a bow and three arrows in his possession to provide himself accordingly; if the bow-makers of the present age could again enforce the act, they might raise a sum that would go nigh to pay the debt of the nation.

Archery began to decline after the death of Charles II., and was confined in practice to a few counties only, till about forty years ago, when it was revived with increased splendour[*]

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[*] On Wednesday, May 29, 1793, the general meeting of Archers of Great Britain, took place on Blackheath, for a trial of skill for the silver bugle.

*General Orders for the Meeting on Blackheath, this day.*

"At eleven o'clock, the leaders of the targets to arrange the archers to shoot at their respective targets, and to set down their names; and that every gentleman, previous to his name being inserted in a target card, produce his ticket to the leader of such target, with his name thereon.

"No greater number than ten to shoot at any one pair of targets.

"Two arrows to be shot at each end.

"Two target-papers to be kept at each target.

"At twelve, the shooters to form a line in the front of the tents, in the order of shooting; the signal for forming the line to be a march of the music playing the whole length of the line: the line being formed, the signal to face to the right and march, to be three beats of the great drum.

"The different societies will then march to their respective targets, and begin shooting when the music ceases.

"The leader of each target to advance ten paces when his party have done shooting, and begin to march to the opposite target, on hearing the music, which will play until the shooting recommences.

"At three, refreshments to be taken into the tents.

"The signal to go to the tents will be by the music halting in the centre of the ground until the arrows are collected, when each society will fall into its own station; the line will then be formed, and to march back to the tents, the same signal being used as for the march to the targets.

"At half-past three, the same signal as before used will be repeated for forming the line, and recommencing the shooting.

"At six, the shooting will cease by the same signal as before used for going to refresh; the whole line to halt in front of the tents, while the stewards collect the target papers; the whole party are then to be dismissed, and proceed to dinner."

In the morning, six beautiful marquees were raised with banners flying, and at 100 yards apart the targets were erected in the following order:

| | |
|---|---|
| Royal Surrey Bowmen . . | 4 targets |
| Saint George's Bowmen . . | 2 ditto |
| Royal Kentish Bowmen . . | 4 ditto |
| Toxopholites . . . . | 2 ditto |
| Woodmen of Arden . . | 2 ditto |
| Robin Hood's Bowmen . . | 2 ditto |
| Woodmen of Hornsey . . | 2 ditto |
| Bowmen of Chevy Chase . . | 2 ditto |
| Suffolk Bowmen . . . | 4 ditto |

throughout every part of England, as will appear by the number of societies that were instituted, many of which exist, and continue their yearly and monthly meetings to this day.

As an amusement, ARCHERY has these advantages over all others as a field diversion, which is not only approved of by our ablest physicians, but strongly recommended by them as being the most healthy exercise a man can pursue, strengthening and bracing the bodily frame without that laborious exertion common to many games, every nerve and sinew being regularly brought into play without the danger of being exposed to those alternate heats and colds incident to many diversions, as in cricket, tennis, &c.

On Sir William Wood's tomb-stone were these two lines :—

> Long did he live the honor of the bow,
> And his long life to that alone did owe.

ARCHERY is an amusement which steals (if it may be so expressed), upon a man's affections, and often makes him perform more than he thinks in his power: for many an archer who would not undertake to walk five miles

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About twelve o'clock, according to general orders, the bowmen entered the field with their band of martial music, and having paraded the enclosure, a signal was given for the archers to assemble at their respective targets, and the shooting instantly commenced, which the shooters followed up with prodigious dexterity, till three o'clock, amidst a vast concourse of genteel company; and then with their band playing, marched to their tents for refreshment. About half-past four, they returned in order, and at half-past five the shooting was given up by consent. The company, who were become too numerous, having broke the line of order, and so deranged the shooters, that the Royal Surrey Bowmen could, towards the conclusion, seldom see their own targets.

The Right Honorable the Earl of Aylesford, with the stewards, having collected the target papers, a temporary suspension took place, on account of the difficulty to decide between the shot of Dr. Leith, and the shot of Mr. Jarvis. After a nice investigation, the prize was declared (by his Grace the Duke of Leeds, president for the day) in favour of Dr. Leith, of Greenwich, for having split the central mark of the goal at the distance of 100 yards, with the greatest exactness.

The following is an exact list of the successful competitors :—

Mr. Anderson, Robin Hood Bowman, captain of numbers.

Dr. Leith, Royal Kentish Bowman, captain of target.

Mr. Jarvis, Woodman of Hornsey, lieutenant of target.

After this distribution of prizes, the members returned to town, and at eight o'clock sat down to a splendid dinner at Willis's Rooms. The beauties in the circle of carriages which surrounded the enclosure upon the Heath, out-numbered and out-shone those of any assembly we ever saw.

*Description of the Banners.*—Robin Hood's Bowmen, had on a wreath, three arrows surmounted with an oak wreath.

Woodmen of Arden.—On a yellow field, a silver arrow in flight, with the letters A R above the arrow, and DEN below, surrounded with a broad leaf of oak leaves.

*Toxo*pholites.—*Sable*, between a chevron, charged with bugle horns, three silver arrows.

Royal Bowmen of Kent.—Or, in a canton the arms of Kent, the field charged with three piles of arrows. *Crest*, an arm rising from a wood INVICTA. *Motto, Leges teneamus avitas:* an ancient bowman on the dexter side, a modern ditto on the sinister.

Saint George's.—Or, three arrows in pile. *Crest*, a stricken deer.

Hornsey.—Vert, between a chevron, two golden bows in chief, a bugle horn in bare. *Crest*, three arrows in a thicket, entwined with a serpent.

The following song, appeared at the time, written by the Poet Laureate, T. N., to the Royal Kentish Bowmen.

### THE BOWMAN'S PRIZE

*Won by Dr. Leith, on Blackheath.*

Survey the gay heath, what bright beauties appear,
  And hark to the musical horn :
The Archers are coming, behold, they appear
  As brilliant as Phoebus at morn,
Near Surrey, advances the bows of St. George,
  Old Hornsey her woodmen has sent,
And next Chevy Chase boys, see Aylesford's kind Lord,
  Lead up the bold Bowmen of Kent.

The Toxopholite's come with the Robin Hood's bows,
  Next Suffolk, there's Arden so neat,
With gay Royal Artillery, Archers they close,
  And make the procession complete :
Who Captain of targets, and numbers shall be,
  Full quickly their bows shall be bent;
Here's Jarvis for Hornsey, none better to see,
  And Leith for the Bowmen of Kent.

Hark! the signal is given, to targets they run,
  E'en swift as the arrow that flies;
Their bows are all bent, and the pastime begun,
  A bugle of gold is the prize.
The Woodman[*] of Arden, how graceful he draws,
  For the goal his arrow was vent,
Hark! hark! from above, what a burst of applause,
  'Tis hit by a Bowman of Kent.

How eager around for the honors they strain,
  Ah! prythee, dull Poet forbear,
For the brightest of honors they strive to obtain,
  The smiles of applause from the fair.
See Anderson[†] triumph like Robin of old,
  His arrows with judgment are sent;
And Jarvis like Midas,[‡] turns all into gold,
  While Leith fills the targets for Kent.

The pleasures of harmony[‖] sweeten the toil,
  While Phœbus the archer above,
At the twang of the bow looks down with a smile
  And that cunning Toxopholite Love :
Now Sol quits the gay scene for his Thetis's bed,
  When Leith[§] his unerring bow bent;
The shaft seem'd exulting to cry as it fled,
  I win for the Bowmen of Kent.

The day's sport is over, the targets are told,
  When Anderson mounts o'er the rest :
While Jarvis of Hornsey for merit enroll'd,
  And Green[¶] win the gems[**] for the breast :
The signal is given—to dinner each flies,
  Where Willis[††] gives hunger[‡‡] content;
Where the good Duke of Leeds presented the prize
  To Leith, the bold Bowman of Kent.

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[*] Earl Morton led the Woodmen of Arden, and shot with great skill.

[†] Anderson, Robin Hood's Bowman, declared Captain of Numbers.

[‡] Alluding to his frequently piercing the golden goal.

[‖] The band of music.

[§] Dr. Leith of Greenwich, Captain of Target.

[¶] Mr. Green, St. George's Bowman, Lieutenant of Numbers.

[**] The Medals.

[††] Master of the rooms.

[‡‡] His Grace the Duke of Leeds, President for the day.

in a journey has walked six at the targets; for in shooting forty-eight times up to one target, and forty-eight times back again to the other (the number of rounds the Toxopholite Society shoot on grand days), besides walking to the arrows shot beyond the targets, which upon a reasonable calculation may be reckoned five yards each time, and that five back again, makes ninety-six times one hundred and ten yards, which is exactly six miles. Another advantage attending the amusement of archery is that it is equally open to the fair sex, and has for these last thirty years been the favorite recreation of a great part of the female nobility, the only field diversion they can enjoy without incurring the censure of being thought masculine. It will be needless to enumerate the many advantages received in pursuing this amusement; those who have tried, do not require any further encomium in support of it, than what their own experience has already convinced them of.

Madame Bola, formerly a famous Opera dancer, upon being taught the use of the bow, declared that of all attitudes she ever studied (and surely some little deference of opinion ought to be paid to one whose whole life was spent in studying attitudes), she thought the position of shooting with the long bow was the most noble; certain it is that the figure of a man cannot be displayed to greater advantage, as when drawing the bow at an elevation; every archer ought to study well this part of archery.

It will be observed that every bow has generally a number immediately over the handle, which is the number of pounds it takes to draw the bow down to the length of an arrow.

The way this is ascertained is thus,—the bow being strung is placed horizontally on a ledge; a scale is hooked on the string, in which weights are put, and that quantity which bears the string down till it is the length of an arrow from the bow, is its weight. Thus a man, according to the bow he can pull, may judge of his own strength—fifty-four pounds is the standard weight of a bow; and he who can draw one of sixty with ease, *as his regular shooting-bow*, may reckon himself a strong man; though a great many archers can draw one of seventy and eighty pounds, and some ninety, but they are very few.

Ladies' bows are from twenty-four pounds to thirty-four.

The Cross Bow.—This can hardly be said to come under the head of archery; but those who used them in former times in battle, were always stiled *Archers*, or Cross-Bow Men, and indeed they might be called so with more propriety than those who use them now, for those archers discharged arrows from their bows, the present ones shoot only bullets. Whatever might have been its powers as a weapon of war, it is now, like the long-bow, reduced to an instrument of amusement; and that amusement is chiefly confined, and for which it is well adapted, to shooting rooks, hares, rabbits, and game in general.

The modern cross bow, for that purpose, possesses one great advantage over the fowling piece, which is, that in the discharge it is free from any loud noise; for a person when shooting with a fowling piece in a rookery, or warren, is sure to alarm the whole fraternity by the report of the first fire, which makes it a considerable time before he can get a second, but a cross bow has only a slight twang in the loose.

It likewise possesses an advantage equal with the rifle, the arm being guided by the position of a small moveable head, and which can be placed to such an exactness as to bring down at ninety, or one hundred and twenty feet, to a certainty, the object aimed at.

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Archery was kept up with great spirit in the year 1793. The birth-day of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Saint George's Bowmen, August 12, met together and shot for the prize; a handsome gold bugle horn was won by William Forster, Esq.

The late Duke of York's birth-day was also kept by the Old Sarum archers, who shot their annual target, a gold and silver medal. The contest for the first prize lasted for upwards of two hours and a half, between Mr. Goldwyer, and Mr. Ogden, and was at last won by Mr. Goldwyer; the silver medal by Mr. Wyche.

The Toxopholite society, on September 4, shot for the silver bugle horn, given by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and won by Hastings Elwin, Esq.

The society of the royal bowmen, shot for the annual prize given by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, at their Lodge on Dartford Heath, when, after a contest of four hours, it was won by the Rev. Robert Wright. The day being exceedingly fine was honored with the company of most of the ladies of beauty and fashion. The Duke of York's band attended upon the occasion—several of the first musical professors attended—also many excellent glees were sung, and amongst a variety of songs the following one was received with great applause:—

Bright Phœbus, though patron of poets below,
Assist me of Archers to sing:
For you we esteem as the god of *the bow*,
As well as the god of the string,
My Old Buck.

The fashion of shooting 'twas you who began,
When you shot forth your beams from the skies,
The sly urchin Cupid first followed the plan,
And the goddesses shot with their eyes,
The bright Girls!

*Diana*, who slaughter'd the brutes with her darts,
Shot only one lover or so;
For Venus excell'd her in shooting at *hearts*,
And had always more *strings to her bow*,
A Sly Jade!

On beautiful *Iris*, APOLLO bestow'd,
  A bow of most wonderful hue;
It soon grew her *hobby horse*, and, as she rode
  On it, like an *arrow* she flew,
GAUDY DAME!

To earth came the art of the ARCHERS at last,
  And was follow'd with eager pursuit;
But the sons of APOLLO all others surpass;
  With *such very long bows do they shoot*,
LYING DOGS!

ULYSSES, the hero of Greece, long ago
  In courage and strength did excel;
So he left in his house an *inflexible bow*,
  And a far more *inflexible belle*,
LUCKY ROGUE!

The Parthians were bowmen of old, and their pride
  Lay in shooting and scampering too;
But Britons thought better the sport to *divide*,
  *So they shot*, and *their enemies* flew,
THE BRAVE BOYS!

Then a health to the brave British bowmen be crown'd;
  May their courage ne'er sit in the dark;
May their strings be all good, and their bows be all sound,
  And their arrows fly true to the mark!
BRITISH BOYS!

The Royal Surrey Bowmen, also, in the above year, held their last meeting for the season on Epsom Downs, when they shot their Autumn target. The elegant bugle horn, given to the society by the Right Hon. Lady King, then patroness, was adjudged to Thomas Woodman, Esq. for the most central shot; as was likewise the medal for Captain of the target.

In 1824, his late Majesty's purse of twenty guineas, given to the Royal Company of Archers, was shot for in July, in Hope Park, Edinburgh, and won by G. H. Watson, Esq., Accountant of Excise.

In the above year, with the exception of the fete given by the Right Hon. the Earl of Bradford, in Nesscliff, last year, the largest meeting of the Shropshire bowmen took place on Friday the 6th of July, 1824, at Brado, the hospitable mansion of the Hon. Thomas Kenyon. Soon after eleven the shooting commenced, the ladies at two butts contested for the King's prize, which was won by Miss Maria Neuxome; and the gentlemen, at two butts also, for the King's prize, which was won by Capt. Greville. Both these prizes were very handsome ones of the kind—that for the ladies consisting of necklace, earrings, armlets, and brooch; and that for the gentlemen a gold chain.

In 1825, at the Derbyshire Bow Meeting at Keddleston, Miss Bent won the gold medal; and Miss F. Strutt the silver ditto. Also, the Rev. C. R. Hope, won the gold medal; and Mr. W. H. Holden, the silver one.

In July 1826, the prize given by his late Majesty was shot for in Hope Park, Edinburgh, by the Royal Company of Archers, the King's body guard, and won by J. C. Wilson, Esq., W. S.

A very delightful exhibition of archery also took place in the above year, in a field at West Mackton, in the neighbourhood of Taunton, under the auspices of the Rev. Mr. Maddison, rector of that village. The ladies, in general, evinced great adroitness in the management of their bows.

In August 1826, the Tottenham archers at the society's ground, Tottenham, on which occasion a splendid silver medal, manufactured by Messrs. Hamlet, bearing the arms of the society, richly chased on the face, and a suitable inscription on the reverse, was shot for by the members; and after a close and well contested struggle was won by Mr. J. Fourdrinier, of Tottenham, by a majority of a single arrow only. The ground was most numerously attended by all the beauty and fashion of Tottenham and places adjacent.

On August 31, in the above year, the last meeting of the West Somerset Archery Society, for the season, was held at Ralt's Place, the seat of R. G. Ayerst, Esq. The ladies' target was placed at fifty yards, and the gentlemen's at ninety-two; the prize for the ladies, consisting of a handsome gold brooch, in the shape of an arrow, appropriately studded with pearls and emeralds, to imitate the feathers, was most skilfully contested, and eventually won by Miss Shouldham, Miss Barnett being the next in excellence. The gentleman's prize, a handsomely ornamented bow with a suitable inscription, with quiver and arrows complete, was decided in favor of R. Beadon, Esq., of Fitzhead Court, Mr. Ayerst being the second best shot. The scene was enlivened by the band of the West Somerset Militia playing during the day.

In September, 1827, the West Essex Archers assembled for their last public meeting for the season on Harlow Bush Common, after some of the best shooting we ever witnessed, the ladies' prizes were adjudged to Mrs. Johnstone, and Miss Welch. Robert Glyn, Esq. of Darrington House, and the Rev. Mr. Johnston, of Farndon, bore off those allotted to the gentlemen.

In the same month and year, an annual meeting took place at the seat of J. Cunie, Esq., at Essenden, Herts, under the auspices of Mr. Rickets. A booth on the lawn was very tastefully decorated with all sorts of flowers: Miss Byron gained the ladies' prize.

On Wednesday Sept. 12, 1827, the park of Sir Henry Bunbury, at Barton, near Bury, exhibited an elegant assemblage of ladies and gentlemen of the neighbourhood. After two trials, every lady and gentleman discharging four arrows at the target at each inning, the ladies' first prize (an archery brooch) value nine sovereigns, was won by Miss Lawton, of Elmswell, the second ditto by Mrs. H. Heighham, of Hunston. The gentleman's first prize was won by Mr. Wm. Colville, of Lanstall, who in the first innings laid three arrows in one in the centre, and two in the next circle, counting twenty-three. The second prize was won by George Blake, Esq.

The sixth meeting of the Herefordshire Bow Meeting took place on Wednesday, Sept.

19,1827, in Stoke Edith Park, the seat of E. J. Foley, Esq., M.P. The shooting throughout the day was excellent, and at a long distance four arrows were placed in the golden centre of the targets, two of them from the bow of J. Arkwright, Esq. of Hampton Court. The prizes were awarded to Miss F. Salway, Miss Money, Mr. Arkwright, and Mr. Money.

At Newick Park, in the same year, a grand display of archery took place at the residence of H. Slater, Esq. The shooting was very fine, and the whole of the assemblage extremely elegant.

In the musical Opera of the *Woodman*, written by the late Reverend Bate Dudley, and produced several years since at Covent Garden Theatre, the scene in which the female archers were introduced had a most pleasing and attractive effect, and was highly applauded by the audience. And within the last two or three years a similar scene was introduced at Ducrow's Amphitheatre, in a Sporting Burletta, with great success. The fine figure of Mrs. Pope, in the character and dress of a Lady Patroness to a Society of Archers—and in which her attitudes were much admired for their elegance and spirit which she displayed in shooting at the target. In the above Burletta a characteristic dance was likewise performed by the whole group of female archers, adapted to the skill required, and movements of the bow—this scene throughout was received with the loudest tokens of approbation from the spectators.

In 1829 a new Society of Archers was formed, under the patronage of Sir Edward Lee, of Somerset House, and who held their meetings at the Wellington Cricket Ground, Chelsea. The uniform of the above society was much admired for its elegance and taste. Mr. Robert Cruikshank, the celebrated artist, was the honorary Secretary to the above institution: as a *marksman* he also distinguished himself with the bow, as he had obtained merit by his pencil—and according to the old adage in his trials of skill—he won the gold medal, and on their days of meeting he always *sported* this honorary badge of distinction.

"Why is shooting with a bow and arrow called archery?—Because the bow, when drawn, is in the shape of an arch.

Why is it inferred, that the bow was the most ancient and most common of all weapons?—Because Ishmael, we are told, became a wanderer in the desert, and an archer: so were the heroes of Homer; and the warriors of every age and country have been acquainted with the use of similar arms.

Strutt has copied from a Saxon manuscript, representations of Esau, going to sell venison for his father; and Ishmael, after his expulsion from the house of Abraham, and residing in the desert.

Why were the English formerly expert in archery?—Because, as far back as the thirteenth century, every person not having a greater annual revenue in land than one hundred pence, was compelled to have in his possession, a bow and arrow, &c.; and all such as had no possessions, but could afford to purchase arms, were commanded to have a bow with sharp arrows, if they dwelt without the royal forests, and a bow with round-headed arrows, if they resided within the forests, to prevent the owners from killing the King's deer.

His skill in the use of the long bow was the proud distinction of the English yeoman, and it was his boast that none but an Englishman could bend that powerful weapon. Chaucer describes his archer, as carrying 'a mighty bow;' and the 'cloth-yard shaft,' which was discharged from this engine, is often mentioned by our old poets and chroniclers. The command of Richard III. at Bosworth, was this:

> "Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head."

To the use of the bow as a warlike weapon, we need here refer but briefly. The bow, too, claims part of the glory of the conquest of England, by William, Duke of Normandy. The Norman army was fronted by 'footmen clothed in light armour, worn over a gilted cassock, and bearing either long-bows, or steel cross-bows;' and the celebrated onset of Taillefer, gave note for the attack by showers of arrows, returned by tremendous cuts of steel axes. Harold, himself, too, had his eye struck by an arrow; notwithstanding which, he continued to fight at the head of his army. The bowmen were also the chief reliance of the English leaders in our bloody battles, for the succession to the Crown of France. At Agincourt, Cressy, Poitiers, and Flodden, it did terrific execution; and many of its effects are graphically described in the sparkling pages of Froissart.

Why were the English archers so superior to those of other countries?—Because it seems there was a peculiar art in the English use of the long-bow; for our archers did not employ all their muscular strength in drawing the string with the right hand, but thrust the whole weight of the body into the horns of the bow with the left.

Why was archery first practised as a holiday pastime?—Because of a command of Edward III., that the leisure time upon holidays should be spent in recreations with bows and arrows. Richard II., and Edward IV., made similar ordinances: the latter, that 'every Englishman, and Irishman dwelling in England, should have a long-bow of his own height, that butts should be set up at every township, at which the inhabitants were to shoot upon all feast days,' or be fined one-halfpenny for each omission. In the 16th century, the use of the long-bow was much neglected. Henry VIII., however, made laws in favour of archery; instituted a chartered society for shooting, and with waggish humour dignified a successful archer, named Barlow, by saluting him as Duke of Shoreditch, at which place the man resided. This dignity was long preserved by the captain of the London archers, who used to summon the officers of his several divisions by the titles of the Marquises of Barlow, Clerkenwell, Islington, Hoxton, Earl of Pancras, &c. Stow informs us, that before his time, (he died 1605) it was customary for the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, to go into Finsbury Fields, where the citizens were assembled, and shoot at the standard with broad and flight arrows for games. After the reign of Charles I., archery fell into disrepute. Sir William Davenant satirizes the attorneys and procters shooting in Finsbury Fields. The Artillery Company, or Finsbury archers, revived in 1610, retaining the use of the bow, as well as their place of exercise. About 1753, a society of archers erected targets in Finsbury fields during Easter and Whitsuntide, when the best shooter was styled captain for the ensuing year, and the second, lieutenant. About 1789, archery was again revived as a general amusement; and societies of bow-men, or toxopholites, were formed in almost every part of the kingdom. Moreley, in his Essay on Archery, 1792, enumerates twenty of the principal societies then existing. In the present century archery has been occasionally revived, more as a private than a public amusement. About five years since there were companies in the neighbourhood of Taunton; at Harlow, in Essex; Bury, in Suffolk; and at Westminster; and about a month since a society was formed at Newbury in Berkshire.

Archery, as a branch of school amusements, existed at Harrow within the last sixty years. In the original regulations for the endowment of the school, date 1590, the benevolent founder specifies the only amusements allowed at Harrow :—' Driving a top, tossing a handball, running, and *shooting*.' For this latter exercise all parents were required to furnish their children 'with bow-strings, shafts, and breasters.' In consequence of this regulation it was usual to hold an annual exhibition of archery, on August 4, when the scholars contended for a silver arrow. Of this sport we have seen an etching, now become somewhat scarce. This custom has been abolished, and in its room has been substituted the delivery of annual orations before the assembled governors.

Why are the heroes of romance usually praised for their skill in archery?—Because, in the early ages of chivalry, the usage of the bow was considered as an essential part of the education of a young man who wished to make a figure in life.—*Strutt*.

Why was the long-bow so called?—Because it might be distinguished from the arbalist or cross-bow, which was not only much shorter than the former, but fastened also upon a stock, and discharged by means of a catch or trigger, which probably gave rise to the lock on the modern musket.—*Strutt*.

Bayle, explaining the difference between testimony and argument, uses this laconic simile. 'Testimony is like the shot of a long-bow, which owes its efficacy to the force of the shooter; argument is like the shot of the cross-bow, equally forcible, whether discharged by a dwarf or a giant.'

Why was the arbalist, or cross-bow, also called a steel-bow?—Because the horns were usually made with steel.

Why were cross-bows also called stone-bows?—Because they were modified to the purpose of discharging of stones.

Why were cross-bows much less common than long-bows?—Because of several laws for the prohibition of the former. In the time of Henry VIII., a penalty of ten pounds was inflicted on every one who kept a cross-bow in his house.

Why was a certain arrow called a bolt?—Because it had a round or half round bolt at the end of it, with a sharp-pointed arrow head proceeding therefrom. When it had only the blunt bolt, without the point, it was a bird bolt. Hence the phrase, bolt upright, and the sign of the *bolt*-in-tun,(or tub,) in Fleet-street, London. The bolt thus differed from a shaft, which was sharp or barbed. Hence the proverb, 'to make a *bolt*, or a *shaft* of a thing.' We have the first also in the proverb, 'A fool's *bolt* is soon shot.' Nares says, 'see also Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 2, for the exquisite beauty of the passage.' Here it is, from one of the most splendid pages of Shakspeare:

(*Oberon to Puck.*) I saw (but thou couldst'not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certain aim he took,
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell;
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white; now purple with love's wound—
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.

Why was the word 'aim' formerly used for applause or encouragement?—Because, to cry aim, in archery, was to encourage the archers by crying out aim, when they were about to shoot.

Why was to 'give aim,' an office of direction and assistance?—Because the person chosen stood within a convenient distance of the butts, to inform the archers how near their arrows fell to the mark; whether on one side or the other, beyond or short of it. The terms were, *wide* on the *bow* hand, or the *shaft* hand, i. e. left and right; *short* or *gone*, the distance being estimated by bows' lengths. This was, in some measure, a confidential office, but was not always practised.—*Nares*.

Maria gives aim in *Love's Labour Lost*, when she says,—

*Wide* o'er the *bow-hand!* I'faith your hand is out.

So Venus assists Cupid:

> While lovely Venus stands *to give the aim*,
> Smiling to see her wanton bantling's game.—
> *Drayton's Eclogues*, 1420.

Why was 'too much o' the bow-hand' used to denote a failure in any design?—Because the bow-hand is the left hand, in which the bow was held.

Why was a certain arrow called a butt-shaft?—Because it was used for shooting at butts; formed without a barb, so as to stick into the butts, and yet be easily extracted.—*Nares.*

> The very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow boy's but-shaft.—*Romeo and Juliet.*

Why was an archer said to hit the white?—Because the centre part of the mark upon the butts was *white*. The whole was painted in concentric circles of different colours, the interior circle being white; and in the centre of the white was a pin of wood, to cleave which with the arrow was the greatest triumph of a marksman. Hence, *to hit the white*, was used to signify, 'to be right,' 'you have hit the mark;' expressions common in old authors, as shooting was in their time a daily practice.

Why was the yew preferred for bows?—Because of the compactness, hardness, and elasticity of the wood; and so much of it was required for the above purpose, that ships trading to Venice were obliged to bring ten bow-staves along with every butt of malmsey.

Why were young archers recommended to shoot in the dark, at lights set up for that purpose?—Because one great fault which they generally fell into, was the direction of the eye to the end of the arrow, rather than to the mark.

Why was it necessary for an archer to have several arrows of one flight, plumed with feathers from different wings?—Because they might suit the diversity of winds.—*Strutt.*

Why is the term 'upshot' so commonly used?—Because, in archery, it formerly signified the decision, and, though archery is now so much in disuse, the above word, in the sense of the end or conclusion of any business, is still retained.

Why was the bow, even in Elizabeth's time, thought to be more advantageous than the musket?—Because the latter was at the period very cumbrous, and unskilful in contrivance, while archery had been carried to the highest perfection. Mr. Grose tells us, that an archer could formerly shoot six arrows in the time necessary to charge and discharge a musket, and even in modern days a practised bowman has been known to shoot twelve arrows in a minute, into a circle not larger than the circumference of a man's hat, at the distance of forty yards.*

At the present period (May, 1832), through the kindness of Mr. Wales, proprietor of the Archery Warehouse, Gilbert Buildings, Westminster Road, Lambeth, we are enabled to state that the following Societies of Archers are kept up with great spirit and splendor. The Southampton Archers are under the high patronage of his Royal Highness, the Duke of Gloucester. The Yorkshire Archers are patronized by the venerable Earl Fitzwilliam, and the Countess of Mexborough. The Hatfield Archers are also under the patronage of the Marchioness of Salisbury. St. George's Bowmen, Lewisham; South Saxon Archers; Toxopholite Society, London; the Robin Hood Bowmen, Highgate; the Hereford Archers; John of Gaunt's Bowmen, Lancashire; the Preston Archers; and there are several other societies who hold their meetings in different parts of the country, but whose names we are not in possession of. However, we are well assured that ARCHERY has been rapidly gaining ground in the estimation of the lovers of rural recreation all over the kingdom during the last seven years; and has likewise to boast of the high patronage of Royalty, and also supported by several of the most noble and distinguished personages in society. It appears that a gentleman's bow may be procured from £1 5*s*. to £2 10*s*., and one for a lady, from £1 to £1 15*s*. Arrows £1 per dozen; and Targets from £2 10*s*. to £4 10*s*.

### The Queen of the Bow.

Refresh'd like Aurora when Cancer prevails,
And the perfumes of Nature make charming the gales:
Clorinda came forth from her forest of oaks,
Like Dian, the huntress whom Corinth invokes:
More keen than her arrows her heart-piercing eye,
And more certain to wound as her lovers pass'd by.

O'er the daisy-dress'd mead as her nimble foot trips,
Her silver-bound bugle she rais'd to her lips;
At the musical blast busy Echo awakes,
And tells her approach to the rivers and lakes;
Each nymph of the streamlet unmantles her face,
And looks with a smile to the Queen of the chace.

From the mansion of Peace, on the side of a hill,
Where the fountains of health their pure waters distill:
Bold Robin the Bowman came forth to the plain,
And return'd his Clorinda the melod'ous strain—
Where wanders my charmer?—I go, cries the fair,
To kill a fat buck, then to Nottingham fair.

From a covert, with woodbines and dog-roses drest,
Where the ring-doves were feeding their young in the nest;
A pricket burst forth, not a finer could be,
Like a sun-beam he flitted the stream and the lea;
But swifter the dart of Clorinda was thrown,
She pierc'd his warm heart, and he sank with a groan.

John Little came running with Clim of the Clough,
Applauding Clorinda, the *Queen of the Bow!*
While Robin directed his men to repair
With the buck she had slain to the booth in the fair;
Where quickly the maid with her Robin was seen,
To dance the pipe round the pole on the green.

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* The above *Questions* and *Answers* respecting the Science of Archery, are extracted from a very clever and useful work, called "Knowledge for the People; or the plain Why and Because." The above work is edited by Mr. John Timbs, a gentleman of immense research in literary matters, and who not only possesses the talent of communicating these enquiries in the most pleasing and satisfactory manner to his readers, but also produces the desired effect, by rendering them perfectly intelligible to the meanest capacity.

The tread being over, the song and the dance,
And to sleep the dull hours seem'd in haste to advance;
For the mansion of Peace was the signal to go,
And *Love* with his torch led the *Queen of the Bow*.
Peace, pleasure, and love, may our archers still share,
Like ROBIN the Bold, and CLORINDA the FAIR.

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In the olden times, the fletchers, bowyers, bowstring makers, and makers of every thing relating to ARCHERY, inhabited *Grub-street.* It is the last street, in this part of the town, which was in being about the time of Aggas's map; all beyond, as far as Bishopsgate-street Without, were gardens, fields, or morass; the last—the original state of this part of the present London. This tract was in the manor of Finsbury, or rather Fensbury; and in the days of Fitzstephen, the historian, was an absolute fen.

The disuse of ancient pastimes, and the consequent neglect of Archerie, are thus lamented by Richard Niccols, in his *London's Artillery*, 1616:—

"How is it that our London hath laid downe
This worthy practise, which was once the crowne,
Of all her pastime, which her Robin Hood
Had wont each yeare when May did clad the wood
With lustre greene, to lead his young men out,
Whose brave demeanour, oft when they did shoot,
Invited royall princes from their courts
Into the wilde woods to behold their sports!
Who thought it then a manly sight and trim,
To see a youth of clene compacted lim,
Who, with a comely grace, in his left hand
Holding his bow, did take his steadfast stand,
Setting his left leg somewhat foorth before,
His Arrow with his right hand nocking sure,
Not stooping, nor yet standing streight upright,
Then, with his left hand little 'bove his sight
Stretching his arm out, with an easie strength
To draw an arrow of a yard in length."

The lines

"Invited royall princes from their courts
Into the wilde woods to behold their sports,"

may be reasonably supposed to allude to Henry the VIIIth, who appears to have been particularly attached, as well to the exercise of archery, as to the observance of Maying. "Some short time after his coronation," says Hall, "he came to Westminster with the quene, and all their traine, and on a tyme being there, his grace, therles of Essex, Wilshire, and other noble menne, to the number of twelve, came sodainly in a mornyng into the quenes chambre, all appareled in short cotes of Kentish kendal, with hodes on their heddes, and hosen of the same, every one of them his bowe and arrowes, and a sword, and a bucklar, like outlawes, or Robyn Hodesmen; whereof the quene, the ladies, and al other there were abashed as well for the straunge sight, as also for their sodain commyng, and after certayn daunces and pastime made, thei departed."

The same author gives the following curious account of a Maying, in the 7th year of that monarch, 1510: "The king and quene, accompanied with many lords and ladies, rode to the high ground on Shooter's Hill to take the air, and as they passed by the way, they espied a company of tall yeomen clothed all in green, with green whodes and bows and arrows, to the number of ninety. One of them calling himself Robin Hood, came to the king, desiring him to see his men shoot, and the king was content. Then he whistled, and all the ninety archers shot and losed at once, he then whistled again, and they shot again; their arrows wistled by craft of the head, so that the noise was strange and great, and much pleased the king, the quene, and all the company. All these archers were of the king's guard, and had thus appareled themselves to make solace to the king. Then Robin Hood desired the king and quene to come into the green wood, and see how the outlaws live. The king demanded of the quene and her ladies, if they durst venture to go into the wood with so many outlaws, and the quene was content. Then the horns blew till they came to the wood under Shooter's Hill, and there was an arbour made of boughs, with a hall and a great chamber, and an inner chamber, well made and covered with flowers and sweet herbs, which the king much praised. Then said Robin Hood, 'Sir, outlaws breakfast is vensyon, and you must be content with such fare as we have.' The king and quene sat down, and were served with venison and wine by Robin Hood and his men. Then the king and his party departed, and Robin and his men conducted them. As they were returning, they were met by two ladies in a rich chariot, drawn by five horses, every horse had his name on his head, and on every horse sat a lady, with her name written; and in a chair sat the Lady May, accompanied with Lady Flora, richly appareled, and they saluted the king with divers songs, and so brought him to Greenwich."

The following comparative view of the *use* of the Bow and the MUSKET, will be found rather interesting:—The decline of the use of the bow in this country, so much regretted by English writers, was attributed to two causes: first, the fascination of several games and diversions to which the yeomanry were partial; and, secondly, the introduction of fire-arms. We cannot wonder that the unwearied use of the bow should, in the process of time, become irksome; and it is reasonable to suppose that soldiers, tired with war, would feel greater pleasure in trivial amusements, if new, than in the familiar practice of archery. The natural love of variety would soon operate so as to require compulsive laws.

With respect to the second cause, the introduction of artillery, it was slow, but at length efficacious in subverting the use of the bow in battle.

It long remained a doubt which was the most advantageous weapon, the musket or bow. The doubt continued more than two centuries after the use of artillery in action; and even in the time of Elizabeth, the preference was, by many, given to the bow.

Sir John Hayward, in his lives of Norman Kings (printed 1613), after speaking of the effects of archery at the battle of Hastings, compares the advantages of fire-arms with those of the bow, and assigns four reasons for deciding in favor of the latter. First, says he, "for that in a reasonable distance, it is of greater certainty and force. Secondly, for that it dischargeth faster;* thirdly, for that more men may discharge therewith at once; for only the first ranke dischargeth the piece, neither hurt they any but those that are in front; but with the bow ten or twelve ranks may discharge together, and will annoy so many rankes of the enemies. Lastly, for that the arrow doethe strike more parts of the body; for in that it hurteth by discent (and not only point blanke like the bullet), there is no part of the body but it may strike, from the crown of the head to the nailing of the foot to the ground. Hereupon it followeth, that the arrows falling so thick as hail upon the bodies of men, as less feareful of their flesh, so more slenderly armed than in former times, must necessarily worke most disastrous effects."

An old writer (quoted by Dr. Johnson), says,—

> The white faith of history cannot show,
> That e'er a *musket* yet could beat the *bow*.
> *Alleyn's* HENRY VII.

If we consider the unskilful contrivance of the musket, at the time archery was in use in war, we shall not be surprised that the bow remained in favor so long; indeed, in the present day, though fire arms are much improved, there is reason to suppose the bow would be of great use on many occasions, and particularly against cavalry. Sir John Hayward observes, "that a horse stroke with a bullet, if the wound be not mortal, may performe good service; but if an arrow be fastened in the flesh, the continual stirring thereof, occasioned by the motion of himselfe, will enforce him to cast off all command, and beare down, in disorder, those that are neere."

He then adds, "that some thought the cracke of the piece strikes terror in the enemy; but we," says he, "will extinguish these terrours. And if it be true, which all men of action do hold, that the eye in all battailles is first overcome, then against men equally accustomed to both, the sight of a shower of arrows is more available to victory than the cracke of the piece.

There is a well known reply of Dioneces, to a person who informed him at the battle of Thermopylæ, that the Persian army was so numerous as to obscure the light of the sun with their arrows:—"We shall then fight in the shade, said he, and not exposed to the heat."—*Herod*, p. 522.

A sporting traveller thus describes the manner in which the people of *Ghent* pursue the diversion of ARCHERY. On St. Peter's Hill, close by the church, he remarks,—I observed a large pole standing high in the air, at the top of which was a kind of small ladder, and on the step several birds were placed as marks for the expert in bow shooting. The archer who knocks the top bird off has the capital prize, which is in general a silver cup, or other small piece of plate. This is an encouragement to the young men to render themselves proficient in this science. I observed, that the encouragement of archery, and the exercise of the cross-bow, was not particularly confined to this place, but in general prevailed throughout the Netherlands.

Barrington, in the 7th volume of his Archæologia, mentions, that in the reign of Queen Anne, General Oglethorpe, the Duke of Rutland, and several other noblemen and gentlemen, used frequently to shoot with the cross-bow in the neighbourhood of London; yet I do not find, either from this or any other author, that since the reign of the unhappy Charles the First, archery was so much countenanced in England as at the present period. In proportion to the encouragement of the arts and sciences, the more robust and manly exercises decreased—the warrior gave way to the artist; and the dissolute reign of the second Charles extended its influence so far over the kingdom, as to introduce that extensive spirit of luxury—that effeminacy of manners which bid adieu to every war-like exercise. His father was remarkably fond of archery, patronised the science, and more than once prosecuted those who showed themselves enemies to it, by shutting up the grounds, before open for their use. In the history of the Netherlands we are told of the motley crowd of Kings, Queens, Noblemen, and even Bishops, who took a pride in showing their dexterity in this art. A society of archers, under the title of the Grand Association, existed at Brussels in the sixteenth century, who carried in great triumph through the streets the several Princes of their Association, who were so termed by being fortunate enough to hit the bird from off the place on which it was fixed, and by this means evinced their skill in archery. Amongst this number were the Infanta Isabella, Duke of Parma, Elector of Bavaria, the Archduke Leopold, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and though last not least in dignity, Robert de Croy, Archbishop of Cambray, who did not think his episcopal dignity disgraced by bringing down a bird which was placed on the tower of Woollendnes; nor disdained to be carried in triumph, and proclaimed King of the Society; and, in addition to this, wore a gold collar, in which was inscribed the occasion of the gift, and which on all public occasions their kings took every opportunity to display.

Among the various appendages which have been attached to the arrow (observes Mr. Moseley in his Essay on ARCHERY) the most formidable seems to be that of POISON. We are told that a fluid is prepared, and loaded with such powerful infection, that the animal system shrinks under its effects almost instantaneously, if it be once introduced deeper than the skin.

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* Mr. Grose informs us, that an archer could formerly shoot six arrows in the time necessary to charge and discharge a musket.

The vegetable and mineral poisons known in Europe, if administered in small portions, require time to operate, and seldom produce immediate death; but in other parts of the world, nature has infused so deadly a venom into the cells of some vegetables, as cannot be equalled by the wound of the most virulent serpent.

The use to which this poisonous quality was first applied, seems to have been the envenoming of arrows, which were employed for the destruction of wild beasts. For this purpose it was a valuable acquisition, as it was seldom that the wound only of an arrow would prove instantly mortal. The use of poisoned arrows is of high antiquity; they were common in the time of Alexander, as Justin relates.[*] And Virgil, in the 9th Æneid, celebrates Amicus for this art:—

> Inde serarum
> Vafiatorem Amycum, quo non felicior alter,
> Ungra tela manu, ferrumque armore venene;
> Æneid 9, 771.

Pliny informs us that the Gauls shot poisoned arrows in hunting stags, which were made from a tree called Limæumn.

Part of the inhabitants of America are said to arm their darts with poison prepared from a tree called Mancanilla. It is also said to be death to take in the effluvia of this poison by inspiration, and therefore only old people and criminals are sent to gather the juice, protecting their nose and mouth as well as they can. The last observation is probably fabulous; a similar story is told of a tree in the Island of Java, called the Upas, and of another in Makassar, which Gamilla mentions.[†] Others say, the poison applied to arms is furnished by a certain serpent, which, when irritated, vomits a noxious liquor; and, if the point of an arrow be stained with it, the wound inflicted by that weapon will prove instantly mortal.[‡]

But, by whatever method these venomous ingredients are procured, it is certain that the effects are often violent and dreadful. The American savages pretend that, by compounding the liquor, into which they dip their arrows, with a greater or less portion of the poisoning quality, they can cause immediate death from a wound, or protract the effect to a few days, a week, or a fortnight. The advantage derived from the use of poisoned arrows in war seems to have been trivial; for though Alexander and Cortes, as well as many warriors, have been exposed to these doubly armed instruments of death, we do not find that they have ever attested the double efficacy of them. The natives of the East, and America, who practise the poisoning of arrows, employ those instruments in the hunting of wild beasts; but their arrows are differently constructed from those which are usually shot from the bow. They are simple sticks of hard wood, poisoned at the end, and are so light as to be blown through a tube, in the manner we often see children blow peas, or other substances, in this country.

Bancrof, in his History of Guiana, says,—"The poisoned arrows are made of the splinters of the hard and solid outer substance of the Cokarito tree, and are usually about twelve inches in length, not larger in bulk than a large common knitting-needle. One end of the arrow is formed into a sharp point, and envenomed in the poison of Woorara; round the other end is wound a roll of cotton, adapted to the cavity of the reed through which the arrow is to be blown. The arrow, thus decked and armed for destruction, is inserted in the hollow straight reed, several feet in length, which being directed towards the object, the arrow is, by a single blast of air from the lungs, protruded through the cavity of the reed, and flies with great swiftness and unerring certainty, the distance of thirty or forty yards; conveying speedy and inevitable death to the animal from which it draws blood. Blowing arrows is the principal exercise of the Indians from their childhood, and by a long use and habitude they acquire a degree of dexterity and exactness which is inimitable by an European, and almost incredible."

The same is practised almost universally in the east. The inhabitants of Makasser, in particular, poison their arrows. Mr. Tavernier (brother to the celebrated French traveller) had a remarkable proof of the activity of this poison exhibited to him while in India. An Englishman, who then resided at Makassar, had in a rage killed a subject of the king of that island, but his offence was pardoned, in consequence of which the other English, French, and Dutch inhabitants of the island, fearing the resentment of the natives might be exercised against them, entreated the king that the offender might suffer for the crime he had committed, that no future revenge might be meditated by his subjects against the Europeans, as was sometimes the case. The king complied, and, wishing the criminal to suffer as little pain as possible, he said he himself would inflict the stroke with a poisoned arrow. He desired Mr. Tavernier (with whom he was very intimate) to attend him to the execution. When the man was brought, the king asked him what part he should wound; and he answered, "the great toe of the right foot." The king then took an arrow, properly poisoned, adapted it to the tube, and blew it with incredible exactness to the point. Two European surgeons, on the spot, immediately exerted their skill; but, though they amputated the part far above the wound, with great dispatch, the man died in their hands.

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[*] Justin, lib. 12, chap. 6.
[†] Hist. de l'Orodoque, iii. 16.
[‡] Viaggi da Ramusio, iii. 155.

All the eastern kings collect this poison to tinge their arrows, and keep them a long time ready for use. The king of Achen gave a dozen of these arrows to a Mr. Coke, envoy at Bavaria, with whom Mr. Tavernier was well acquainted. One day, when these gentlemen were together, they had the curiosity to try whether those weapons retained their virulence or not, as they had not been used for several years. They shot some of them at squirrels and other animals, all of which dropped the moment they were wounded; a circumstance which sufficiently proved the permanence, as well as the violence of this most terrible poison.*

"I cannot," says Mr. Mosely, "authenticate the violent effects of poisons applied to arrows, better than by producing the result of some experiments which were made on the poisons of Lama and Ticunas, brought to France by M. de la Condamine, from South America. This gentleman gave a part to Mr. Herissant, who wished to ascertain whether the reports concerning the violent effects of these species of poison were true or false. He accordingly began to prepare the poison in the way M. de la Condamine informed him the Americans did; but in his proceedings he met with two accidents, either of which might have cost him his life.

He understood that the proper method was to dissolve the poisonous substance he received in water, and to evaporate the solution till it became thick and dark coloured. He began the process, but the fumes almost deprived him of his senses, and had he not have taken a large quantity of sugar dissolved in wine, which was prescribed as an antidote, he might have fallen suffocated and lifeless on the floor of his room.

At another time he effected the process completely, and corked the liquid in a small bottle, and locked it up; but, wishing to begin his intended course of experiments, he one day took the phial containing the poison into his hand; when in a moment the cork flew to the ceiling of the chamber, and the liquor ran streaming over his hand. In this second dilemma he consigned himself to an inevitable and speedy death. It happened, however, that there was no wound or puncture on his skin, by which the poison could penetrate to the blood, therefore washing effectually removed the danger.

Having escaped these misfortunes, he began his experiments on the 6th of June, 1748. He made a little wound, about three lines† in length, in the hinder leg of a rabbit, and put a bit of cotton moistened in the poison of Ticunas to the place; the creature died suddenly in his hand, without exhibiting any sign of pain, before he had time to put a bandage on, as he intended. This experiment was repeated the same day on seven different animals, all of which died in less than a minute.

June 7, he dipped the point of a lancet into the poison, and pricked some cats with the instrument, all of which died in less than three minutes. June 8, he made an incision with a lancet between the ears of a cat, and with a pencil put into it a drop of the poison of Ticunas, mixed with that of Lamas: in an instant the creature died in his hands.

June 9, he tried experiments in the same manner on fish, reptiles, and insects, none of which were affected by the poison.

There are many more experiments of the same kind mentioned by Mr. Herissant, but these will clearly show the accounts we have often read not to be fabulous. This gentleman observes also, that the animals which have been killed by the means here spoken of, are not in the least unfit for use: they may be eaten without any ill consequences.

In the preparation of the poison of Ticunas, it is said, the care of the boiling is entrusted to a criminal; and at the time the person becomes suffocated by the fumes it is concluded to be sufficiently boiled."*

Bows and arrows were the arms used by our Militia in the olden times; and in order to show the usefulness of that body of men, and how much care our forefathers took to train the subject to defend the kingdom and its own property, we here insert an extract from an ancient statute, made in the 33d year of Henry VIII., when long bows were the offensive weapons.

"It is enacted, every man being the king's subject, not lame, decrepyde, or maymed, nor having any other lawful or real cause or impedimente, being within the age of threescore yeares (except spiritual men, justices of the assyse, and barons of the exchequer), shall from the feaste of Pentecoste next ensueing, use and exercise shooting in long bows: and also have a bow and arrows ready continually in his house, to use himselfe in shooteing; and also that the fathers and governours of such as be of tender age, do train them up in the knowledge of the same shooting. And that every man shall provide for every man childe in his house, being of the age of seven years and above, untill he shall come to the age of seventeen years, a bow and two shafts to bring them up in shooting; and if the same young men be servants, that then the masters shall abate the moneye that they shall pay for the same bows and arrows, out of their wages. And after all such young men shall come to the age of seventeen years, every one of them shall provide and have a bow and four arrows continually for himself at his proper coste and charges, or else of the gift and provision of his friends, and use and occupy the same in shooting, as before rehearsed.

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* Voyages de Tavern, ii.

† A line is one-twelfth of an inch.

* *Bancroft*, p. 290., Gumilla, iii. 12.

"And if a master suffer any of his servants taking wages, being in the household, and under the age of seventeen years, or the rather suffer any of his sons being in the household, and under the age of seventeen years, to lack a bow and two arrows, contrary to the forme of this statute, by the space of one month together, then the master or father, in whom such negligence shall bee, shall for every such default, forfeit and lose six shillyngs and eight pence."

By this it appears our forefathers were of opinion that *military*, like *moral* virtue, was best acquired by use and habit, and though a man may be naturally both brave and good, yet these qualities fit more gracefully, and are more advantageously exerted, when in a course of continual practice.

The English had formerly ARCHERS, both on *foot*, and mounted on *horses;* but the latter do not appear to have been very generally introduced in war before the fourteenth century. Lord Lyttleton says,* "I read of no archers on horseback in the reign of Henry II., unless they are comprehended under the term *servientes*, some of which were light-horsemen; but in the time of Edward III. mention is made in a roll of parliament, of two hundred archers on horseback; and in the seventh year of Richard II. the bishop of Norwich offered to serve the king abroad with three thousand men at arms, and two thousand five hundred archers, *well horsed and appointed!* And when Lionel, Earl of Clarence (son of Edward III.) went with an army into Ireland, he carried with him thither many archers on horseback, whose pay was sixpence a man *per diem;* squires in the same army being rated at a shilling a man *per diem*, the knights at two shillings, and the baronets at four shillings. There were likewise some archers at four pence *per diem*, who, I presume, served on foot. The Earl of Ormonde had under him, besides his knights and 'squires, twenty *hoblers* armed, and twenty not armed; the pay of the former being sixpence a-piece *per diem*, and of the latter fourpence. These *hoblers* were Irish horsemen, so called because they served on *hobbies*.

There is an arrow which, from the construction of its head, is called the WHISTLING ARROW; and there are two methods in which the heads are made. The one is by having a ball of horn perforated with holes at the end, and fastened to the arrow, by the wood passing through it, and fitting tight. But this is not the most desirable kind; for, as the perforations are liable to become choked up by the arrow falling to the ground, the head must be taken off whenever the holes are thus filled; and as the horn ball does not adhere very firmly, if the arrow should penetrate the earth to any depth, it is difficult to draw it back without losing the head. Another sort, which are usually larger, and which have a deeper tone, are made with a screw in the middle of the ball; by which means all the inconveniences attending the smaller kind are removed: as the ball is, in the latter case, glued firmly to the body of the arrow, and may be drawn from the ground without danger of separating. These arrows, it is supposed, were formerly applied to some military uses, and particularly to giving signals in the night. The Chinese, it is said, have used them for this purpose, time immemorial.

How long these arrows have been known in England is uncertain; but I have found no passage referring to them earlier than the time of Henry VIII.

Holingshead informs us* "that in the year 1515, the court lying at Greenwich, the King and Queen, accompanied by many lords and ladies, rode to the high ground of Shooters'-hill, to take the open air; and as they passed by the way, they espied a company of tall yeomen, clothed in green hoods, and bows and arrows, to the number of two hundred. Then one of them, which called himself Robin Hood, came to the king, desiring him to see his men shoot, and the king was content. Then he whistled, and all the two hundred shot, and lossed at once; and then he whistled again, and they likewise shot again. Their arrows whistled by craft of their head, so that the noise was strange and great, and much pleased the king and queen, and all the company. All these archers were of the king's guard, and had thus apparelled themselves to make solace to the king."

From the manner in which this story is related, we may be induced to think the whistling arrow to have been a new thing in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and perhaps just introduced; otherwise the exhibition would have been hardly worth performing before the king and his company.

## FIELD SPORTS FOR MAY.

"Whoop! whoop! he's dead—the glorious sounds
Of Tally-ho, and horn, and hounds,
And tramp of rival steeds—
Of 'broke away, the madd'ning shout,
The crush in covert, and without,
The stretch o'er hills, through meads—
Must rest awhile 'neath silence doom,
And bursts give place to bud and bloom!

"Yet other pastimes, that inure
The frame to health, that needs no cure,
Our merry MAY days bring:
The crowded Course, the creeping Stream
That glitters in the noon-tide beam,
The Turf, the Town, the Ring—
These give delight to those who court
The generous atmosphere of sport."

As in the Fashionable, so in the Sporting world—and, thanks to the taste of the times, they are pretty intimately allied—one amusement follows another, in accordance with the aptitude of the seasons; and, no sooner is one recreation or pastime bowled down, as it were, for a period, than, like the succession to kingly power, another is ready to take its innings, and to score notches against shrivelled care and pettish discontent.

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* Lyttleton's Hist. Henry II., Vol. iii. p. 90.

* Holingshead, iii. 836.

Let no supporter, then, of our country's amusements repine that fox-hunting must for a while be considered an interdicted amusement—that his gallant steed should be permitted the ease and dignity of a summer's stabling, or the freshening qualities of a summer's run in a verdantly carpeted paddock (according as he may approve or the contrary modern Nimrod's system)—that his scarlet coat, bearing the glorious stains of many a well-worn day, must be exchanged for a less brilliant livery, and reynard be left quietly in his lair at the covert; and Gayless, and Playful, and Prettymaid, to rear their whelps amidst the warmth and comfort of the breeding-rooms.

In lieu of the "Yoicks! hey, wind and cross him," or the "Hark-forward, hark-forward, tantivy—this day a stag must die!" those who are on our side may repair to the peopled course; and, from the exertions of the high-mettled racer and neatly-togged jockey, glean gratification—it may be profit; for, now that the Newmarket Craven has come off, turf meetings will follow each other in business-employing and actively consecutive order—and from the entries (Liverpool and York Spring, soon to take place, are particularly rich in such), and quality of the nags engaged, we feel persuaded the word of promise will not be a mere empty sound.

Soon, too, will the geniality of the season admit of many of those manly, though perchance rustic, ancient, though spirit-stirring, pastimes, which patriotic monarchs have graciously condescended to patronize, and wise statesmen publicly to applaud. It will be time, when these fail, to echo the words of a nervous (the term is not used as indicative of strength) though consistent Nobleman, and say, "the sun of England is set for ever," and not till then. Foreign feud, and malice domestic, will find foes from out the ranks of those who uphold sport in all its branches too sturdy for the arm of the one or the hate of the other.

The Angler, he who is no man's foe, if man trample not upon his unobtrusive rights, must also "up up, and be doing." His palmer-worms, his spinners, his dun-fly, will now rise the yet unwary trout; or his running-tackle, his worms, and his minnows, invite the spotted prize to gorge the hook in deep waters or stiller streams.

Thus, then, for sportsmen, as for fashionables, garland-fanciers, may-pole merriments, and our sooty sons of labour (the chimney-sweepers), the month is a cheerful and a busy one—may our friends and subscribers (and we hope all of the latter are the former) have good health, good spirits, and good luck, to get through it satisfactorily, whether the turf or the town, the ring or the river-side, or all these, give them occupation.

## HORSE RACING IN AFRICA.

"At Kiáma, in the kingdom of Borgoo, it is stated, in '*Landers*' Discovery of the Termination of the Niger,' that in the afternoon all the inhabitants of the town, and many from the little villages in its neighbourhood, assembled to witness the horse-racing, which takes place always on the anniversary of the 'Bebun Sàlah,' and to which every one had been looking forward with impatience. Previous to its commencement, the king, with his principal attendants, rode slowly round the town, more for the purpose of receiving the admiration and plaudits of his people than to observe where distress more particularly prevailed, which was his avowed intention. A hint from the chief induced us to attend the course with our pistols, to salute him as he rode by; and as we felt a strong inclination to witness the amusements of the day, we were there rather sooner than was necessary, which afforded us, however, a fairer opportunity of observing the various groups of people which were flocking to the scene of amusement.

"The race-course was bounded on the north by low granite hills; on the south by a forest; and on the east and west by tall shady trees, among which were habitations of the people. Under the shadow of these magnificent trees the spectators were assembled, and testified their happiness by their noisy mirth and animated gestures. When we arrived, the king had not made his appearance on the course; but his absence was fully compensated by the pleasure we derived from watching the anxious and animated countenances of the multitude, and in passing our opinions on the taste of the women in the choice and adjustment of their fanciful and many-coloured dresses. The chief's wives and younger children sat near us in a group by themselves; and were distinguished from their companions by their superior dress. Manchester cloths of inferior quality, but of the most showy patterns, and dresses made of common English bed-furniture, were fastened round the waist of several sooty maidens, who, for the sake of fluttering a short hour in the gaze of their countrymen, had sacrificed in clothes the earnings of a twelvemonth's labour. All the women had ornamented their necks with strings of beads, and their wrists with bracelets of various patterns, some made of glass beads, some of brass, others of copper; and some again of a mixture of both metals: their ancles also were adorned with different sorts of rings, of neat workmanship.

"The distant sound of drums gave notice of the king's approach, and every eye was immediately directed to the quarter from whence he was expected. The cavalcade shortly appeared, and four horsemen first drew up in front of the chief's house, which was near the centre of the course, and close to the spot where his wives and children and ourselves were sitting. Several men bearing on their heads an immense quantity of arrows in huge quivers of leopard's skin came next, followed by two persons who, by their extraordinary antics and gestures, we concluded to be buffoons. These two last were employed in throwing sticks into the air as they went on, and adroitly catching them in falling, besides performing many whimsical and ridiculous feats. Behind these, and immediately preceding the king, a group of little boys, nearly naked, came dancing merrily along, flourishing cows' tails over their heads in all directions. The king rode onwards, followed by a number of fine-looking men, on handsome steeds; and the motley cavalcade all drew up in front of his house, where they awaited his further orders without dismounting. This we thought was the proper time to give the first salute, so we accordingly fired three rounds; and our example was immediately followed by two soldiers with muskets which were made at least a century and a half ago.

"Preparations in the mean time had been going on for the race, and the horses with their riders made their appearance. The men were dressed in caps and loose tobes and trousers of every colour; boots of red morocco leather, and turbans of white and blue cotton. The horses were gaily caparisoned; strings of little brass bells covered their heads; their breasts were ornamented with bright red cloth and tassels of silk and cotton; a large quilted pad of neat embroidered patchwork was placed under the saddle of each; and little charms, enclosed in red and yellow cloth, were attached to the bridles with bits of tinsel. The Arab saddle and stirrup were in common use; and the whole group presented an imposing appearance.

"The signal for starting was made, and the impatient animals sprung forward and set off at a full gallop. The riders brandished their spears, the little boys flourished their cows' tails, and the buffoons performed their antics—muskets were discharged—and the chief himself, mounted on the finest horse on the ground, watched the progress of the race, while tears of delight were starting from his eyes. The sun shone gloriously on the tobes of green, white, yellow, blue, and crimson, as they fluttered in the breeze; and with the fanciful caps, the glittering spears, the jingling of the horses' bells, the animated looks, and warlike bearing of their riders, presented one of the most extraordinary and pleasing sights that we have ever witnessed. The race was well contested, and terminated only by the horses being fatigued and out of breath; but though every one was emulous to outstrip his companion, honor and fame were the only reward of the competitors.

"A few naked boys, on ponies without saddles, then rode over the course, after which the second and last heat commenced. This was not by any means so good as the first, owing to the greater anxiety which the horsemen evinced to display their skill in the use of the spear, and the management of their animals. The king maintained his seat on horseback during these amusements, without even once dismounting to converse with his wives and children, who were sitting on the ground on each side of him. His dress was showy rather than rich, consisting of a red cap, enveloped in the large folds of a white muslin turban, two under tobes of blue and scarlet cloth, and an outer one of white muslin; red trousers, and boots of scarlet and yellow leather. His horse seemed distressed by the weight of his rider, and the various ornaments and trappings with which his head, breast, and body were bedecked. The chief's eldest and youngest sons were near his women and other children, mounted on two noble-looking horses. The eldest of these youths was about eleven years of age: the youngest being not more than three, was held on the back of his animal by a male attendant, as he was unable to sit upright in the saddle without this assistance. The child's dress was ill-suited to his age. He wore on his head a tight cap of Manchester cotton, but it overhung the upper part of his face, and together with its ends, which flapped over each cheek, hid nearly the whole of his countenance from view; his tobe and trousers were made exactly in the same fashion as those of a man, and two large belts of blue cotton, which crossed each other, confined the tobe to his body. The little legs of the child were swallowed up in clumsy yellow boots, big enough for his father; and though he was rather pretty, his whimsical dress gave him altogether so odd an appearance, that he might have been taken for any thing but what he really was. A few of the women on the ground by the side of the king wore large white dresses, which covered their persons like a winding-sheet. Young virgins, according to custom, appeared in a state of nudity; many of them had wild flowers stuck behind their ears, and strings of beads, &c., round their loins; but want of clothing did not seem to damp their pleasure in the entertainment, for they appeared to enter into it with as much zest as any of their companions. Of the different coloured tobes worn by the men, none looked so well as those of a deep crimson colour on some of the horsemen; but the clean white tobes of the Mohammedan priests, of whom not less than a hundred were present on the occasion, were extremely neat and becoming. The sport terminated without the slightest accident, and the king's dismounting was the signal for the people to disperse.

"We have here endeavoured, to the best of our ability, to describe an African horse-race, but it is impossible to convey a correct idea of the singular and fantastic appearance of the numerous groups of people that met our view on all sides, or to describe their animation and delight; the martial equipment of the soldiers and their noble steeds, and the wild, romantic, and overpowering interest of the whole mass. Singing and dancing have been kept up all night, and the revellers will not think of retiring to rest till morning."

## Royal Plates and 100 Guineas,

*Run for in Great Britain in* 1831, *with the names of the winners, weight, &c.*

Newmarket, April 19th; Lucetta, by Reveller, 4yrs, 9st 4lb, R. C.—April 21st: Oppidan, by Rubens, 5yrs, 11st. R. C.

Chester, May 3d: Cupid, by Tramp, 4yrs, 8st 2lb, thrice round.

Manchester, May 25th: The Earl, by Percy, 6yrs, 11st. 5lb, three miles and a distance.

Ascot Heath, May 31st: Oppidan, 6yrs, 11st 12lb, four miles.—June 3d: Falconbridge, by Manfred, 5yrs, 11st 7lb, 2 miles and dis.

Hampton, June 8th: Bustle, by Whalebone, 4yrs, 8st 7lb; heats, twice round and a distance.

Newcastle, June 21st: Carolan, by Catton, 4yrs, 10st 7lb, 4m.

Guilford, June 28: Abel, by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb, four mile heats.

Ipswich, July 5th; Brown colt by Comus, out of Rotterdam, 4yrs, 10st 7lb, four mile heats.

Salisbury, July 28th: Jocko, by Filho da Puta, aged, 12st, four mile heats.

Chelmsford, July 26th: Schumla, by Sultan, 4yrs, 8st 5lb, two mile heats.

Edinburgh, July 27th: Round Robin, by Borodino, 5yrs, 8st 2lb, four mile heats.

York, Aug. 2d; Windcliffe, by Waverley, 4yrs, 10st 7lb, 4 miles.

Lewes, Aug. 4th: Mahmoud, by Sultan, 4yrs, 10st 7lb, 4-m. h.

Weymouth, Aug. 17, ocko, aged, 11st 7lb; heats, about 2 m.

Goodwood, Aug. 19th: Midhurst, by Whalebone, 3yrs, 7st, 3m.

Canterbury, Aug. 24th: Camillus, by Cannon Ball, 6yrs, 11st 12lb, four-mile heats.

Winchester, Aug. 24th: Jocko, aged, 12st, four-mile heats.

Warwick, Sept. 8th: Jocko, aged, 12st, two-mile heats.

Lichfield, Sept. 13th: Jocko, aged, 12st, four-mile heats.

Doncaster, Sept. 19th: Windcliffe, 4yrs, 10st 7lb, four-miles.

Shrewsbury, Sept. 22d: Hazard, by Waverley, 5yrs, 9st 8lb, thrice round and a distance.

Carlisle, Sept. 28th: The Earl, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb, four-miles.

Lincoln, Sept. 28th: Maria, by Whiskey, 4yrs, 8st 4lb, 2-m. h.

Richmond, Oct. 5th: Lady Sarah, by Tramp, 5yrs, 10st. 4 m.

Newmarket, Oct. 6th: Schumla, 4yrs, 10st 7lb, R. C.

Caledonian Hunt, Oct. 14th: Charley, by Percy, aged, 10st, 4 m.

N.B.—The King's Plate, at Nottingham, was not run for this year.

### Ditto in Ireland.

Curragh, April 26th: Vat, by Langar, 4yrs, 8st 7lb, four miles.—April 28th: Skylark, by Waxy, 4yrs, 10st, four-mile heats.—April 30th: The Distingué, by Waxy, 3yrs, 7st 11lb, three miles.—June 14; The Distingué, 4yrs, 8st 7lb, two-mile heats.—June 16th: Mount Eagle, by Waxy, 5yrs, 12st 4lb, four-mile heats.—June 17th: Skylark, 5yrs, 9st, three-mile heats.—June 18th: Mount Eagle, 5 yrs, 9st, four-mile heats.

Bellewstown, June 30th: Skylark, 5 yrs, 8st 9lb, three-mile heats.

Royal Corporation, July 20th: Skylark, 5yrs, 9st 7lb, four-mile heats.—July 23d: Skylark, 5yrs, 9st two-mile heats.

Curragh, Sept. 7th: Mount Eagle, 5yrs, 12st, four-mile heats.—Sept. 8th: Cinnamon, by Middleton, 3yrs, 8st, two-miles.—Sept. 9th: Urganda, by Tiresias, 6 yrs, 10st, four mile heats.—Oct. 19th: Mount Eagle, 5yrs, 10st 5lb, three miles.

The Lord Lieutenant's Plate, Sept. 10th: Mount Eagle, 5 yrs, 8st 8lb, four miles.

The King's Plate, at Londonderry, was won by Skylark.

## A Capital Pointer.

A dog belonging to a gentleman in Dumfries, at once pointed a hare, a brace of partridges, and a black cock. Upon the gentleman's going up, the hare rose and was shot; upon reloading, the dog still stood fast, when the partridges got up and met with the same fate; and in the act of reloading, and the dog still pointing, the black cock sprung from a bush within a few yards, and escaped, from the shot of the gun.

### The Sportman's Mistress!

All good, like the woodcock, a mistress I boast,
Like the snipe, she will make a most *excellent toast*;
Like the quail, she's compact, and as smooth as a partridge
That never was ruffled by sound of a cartridge;
Like a well-fatted landrail, she's gentle and pleasant,
And, in external ornament, shines like the pheasant;
Like the hare, and the rabbit, she's prudent and shy,
But sometimes, like them, is *found out* by her *eye*.
What more need be said? I must take her to house,
For her hands are as soft as the feet of a grouse.

Tally-ho

Printed for Thomas Tegg, Cheapside, by John Haddon, Castle Street, Finsbury.

# PIERCE EGAN'S
# BOOK OF SPORTS.

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No. XVII.] [*Price Three Pence.*

## OLD ENGLISH RUSTIC SPORTS:

> "We ought to take care," animatedly observed *Sergeant Best,* now LORD WYNFORD, "to preserve our NATIONAL HABITS, MANNERS, and CUSTOMS. From the union of these has arisen our national spirit, our love of independence, of justice, and of our country—THE TRUE AND ONLY SOURCES OF ALL OUR GREATNESS AND ALL OUR HAPPINESS. Wakes and their amusements are amongst the customs, and are the fruits of our liberty. He who would destroy them, would make a change in our manners and habits, the extent of which we cannot see, and for the consequences of which no good man would choose to answer."

THE above sentences are so truly English-like, in our humble opinion, that they cannot be too often repeated; neither can they be too animatedly impressed upon the minds of all those persons holding official situations, more especially country magistrates. We feel quite assured those individuals who love their country, and who also wish to see the inhabitants of it living contented and happy under a government where such rational and pleasant principles of liberty are recognized and patriotically encouraged, that the old British Rustic Sports will never want supporters. The minds of the middling and lower classes of society must be relieved from the cares and fatigue of business; relaxation at times is positively necessary, both for the body as well as the senses, in order to create fresh vigour amongst hard-working men to return to their employments with spirit and cheerfulness; and to quote an old couplet on the subject—

All WORK and no *alloy*,
Will make Jack—a dull boy.

Then, if the middling or lower classes cannot partake of the fascinations of the Opera, the attractions of the Theatre, or dress sufficiently well for the splendid Ball, surely they ought not to be deprived of those harmless pleasures which (however *rude* and uncultivated they may appear in the eyes of persons who move in a superior sphere of life) to the industrious part of society prove such a source of pleasure and enjoyment. Indeed, our legislators and magistrates ought always to bear in mind those four delightful lines of the late Dr. Goldsmith, abounding with so much poetic simplicity and animated truth, and which have been quoted so many times with such great effect, to support the above positions in the scale of society, and in no places have they been insisted upon with more strength and good feeling than in both Houses of Parliament:—

Princes and Lords may flourish or may fade:
A breath can make them as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

Then such sports, the Rustic Sports, as we are about to describe, we trust will always be supported by the Government of the country; and that the poorer classes of society may enjoy them without the slightest infringement being attempted by any would-be overbearing Aristocracy!

Some few years since, in a trial where a few individuals in the country were indicted for a riot, in consequence of their having started donkey-races, running for shifts, &c., merely for *amusement*, whom the learned Sergeant Best, designated the Prosecutors, in his address to the Jury, by the title of the Decemvirate of Plaistow:—"This Decemvirate," said Sergeant Best, "declaring to the astonished inhabitants what those persons think, or wish others to think of the law with regard to wakes and fairs. Such a law, if it exists, has made those inhabitants, and the inhabitants of most other villages and towns in the kingdom, and their forefathers, from the earliest periods of history down to this moment, transgressors. The law promulgated by them is, that 'all such pastimes (donkey-racing, women running for shifts, and men jumping in sacks) are *breaches of the peace*, and therefore illegal.' Where do these men find any such doctrine, or that those pastimes are breaches of the peace? Who but the learned Plaistow Decemvirate has ever said that merriment, producing no violence to any person, and exciting no terror, breaks the peace? Men assemble at wakes for the purpose of merriment, and they have been allowed so to assemble in all times, and in all parts of the kingdom. Wakes, and such amusements as were had at Plaistow, are as old as the law itself; they cannot, therefore, be contrary to law. Can any man point out any mischief that results from them? It is true they may for a while make the labourer forget the aching of his weary limbs, and the poor man forget the wretchedness of his poverty. But surely there is nothing repugnant either to law or to religion in this. The law in a free government allows every man to do whatever he pleases, provided it be not injurious to himself or his neighbour. In the permission to do what does not injure ourselves or others, and the restraint that prevents us from what does, consists true British Liberty. God forbid that bigotry or superstition should ever break in on the principles that secure this blessing to every part of our community. It is this which has made us a happy people among ourselves, and a great, a dreaded, and envied nation amongst the powers of the earth. In this proud situation shall we always continue, as long as we look to the laws of our forefathers as the rule of our rights and the regulator of our conduct; and take care to preserve our national habits, manners, and customs. From the union of these has arisen our national spirit, our love of independence, of justice, and of our country—the true and only sources of all our greatness and all our happiness. Wakes and their amusements are amongst these customs, and are the fruits of our liberty.—*He who would destroy them would make a change in our manners and habits*, the extent of which he cannot see, and for the consequences of which no good man would choose to answer. He would take away the whole of the amusements of the lower orders—and he must be a shallow politician who does not perceive that, so far from preventing order, by allowing these amusements, order can only be preserved by permitting the great body of the people to enjoy themselves in their own way, the way into which they have been led by the privileges of their forefathers, and which continues to delight them because it is known to have always delighted. Therefore, it clearly follows that assemblies at wakes, or other festival times, or meetings for exercise of common sports and diversions, as bull-baiting, wrestling, and such like, are not riotous. People assembled at a festival time, for the exercise of common sports, and I must say of sports that, however ridiculous they may appear to persons of great austerity of manners, must be allowed even by such persons, to be less cruel than those which, according to the great authority to which I have referred, are permitted by the law.

But what is there in donkey-racing, jumping in sacks, or running for shifts, that can strike terror into the minds of the king's subjects? These amusements may be followed with noise; but it is a noise that exhilarates the mind instead of occasioning terror. Gentlemen, I boast no great strength of nerves—much of my life has been spent under the pressure of the disease with which I am at this moment afflicted; but I am not so subdued as to be frightened at the noise of mirth, or so fretful as not to be delighted with seeing happy faces; and, Gentlemen, although donkey-racing is not exactly the sport that I should choose for my own amusement, yet, as I know it makes many people very merry, if this diversion ever wants a patron in the country in which I live, it shall find one in me. As to the running for shifts, I do not know any way in which one can with so much delicacy present our poor countrywomen with so comfortable an article of dress.

This, and this only, was the purpose of my clients assembling. Nothing else was intended. If any thing further happened, it was occasioned by the rude, the insolent, the illegal interference of the London constables. If there was any violence, the constables were the authors of it. Indeed, their conduct was calculated to provoke greater violence than it produced. Before they interfered there was not the least appearance of tumult. One of the prosecutor's witnesses describes what he saw and heard, by saying it resembled what usually passes at fairs and wakes, that there was no concert amongst those assembled to insult any one, or do mischief to any person.

I trust, Gentlemen, his Lordship will confirm to you what I have said respecting the law that must be the rule of your decision in this case. I trust that you will find that I have fairly and candidly commented on the facts: it was my intention so to do; there is nothing in the case that I wished to keep back from your view. You will perceive that this prosecution is the offspring of a gloomy disposition, which is unfortunately becoming much too prevalent. I wish I could persuade those who indulge it of the folly of their conduct. But, if I cannot persuade them to be happy, I hope I shall have persuaded you not to allow them to make others miserable. Let not any inconsiderable portion of the people dictate to the rest how they are to conduct themselves. Preserve to us the manners, the laws, and the religion of our forefathers; let not them be broken in upon by visionary theory or sullen bigotry."

Mr. Justice Heath observed that no man will say that a fair is an illegal assemblage: and that persons in assembling to amuse themselves with donkey-racing, women running for shifts, and a variety of diversions, are no breaches of the peace, it is no riot, and there is nothing at all in it criminal. I again repeat that such conduct amounts to no breach of the peace.

In the case alluded to, the Jury immediately found all the defendants—not guilty.

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## Rural Sports at Northfleet!

The above interesting village is distinguished for Rustic Fetes during the summer months; indeed, there is scarcely a landlord either in Upper or Lower Northfleet, but sends forth his bill of fare, in turn, during the season, for a sort of *jollification*, in order to make the country folks merry and happy, and also to render their labour light and cheerful. A variety of Prizes are given by the Bonifaces for donkey-racing, climbing a greasy pole for a leg of mutton, jumping in sacks, &c., and the candidates in general are very numerous, and their exertions likewise produce considerable fun and laughter:—

How often have I blest the coming-day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contendiug as the old surveyed:
  And many a gambol polish'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These are thy charms, sweet village! Sports *like these*
With sweet succession, taught e'en toils to please:
Here round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These are thy charms!

The Village of Northfleet, which has within the last three or four years become rather a fashionable place of resort, in consequence of its short distance from London, but principally owing to the facility and cheapness of the steam boats going to and from the Metropolis at all hours of the day, is situated upon a small creek, or arm of the Thames, and, like Greenhithe and Purfleet, is famous for its chalk and lime, which are articles of considerable traffic, not merely to London builders, and as a manure to the farmers of Suffolk and Norfolk, but are exported in great quantities to the opposite coast of Flanders and Holland.

The valley through which this small branch of the Thames flows was once covered with water; and, being completely environed with hills, formed a secure harbour for small ships; and here, during the invasion of this country by the Danes, their navy was laid up in the winter season. The chalk cliffs amply reward the researches of the naturalist, in the strata of flint, of which great quantities are wrought for muskets. Cockle-shells of an extraordinary size are found, completely filled with chalk.

On the summit of the cliff, and to the north of the village, stands St. Botolph's church, an extensive building, containing several monuments, particularly a fine alabaster one, to Dr. Brown, physician to Charles II., eminent for his skill in Natural History. At the distance of a mile across the valley, westward, is seen the white spire of Swainscomb, from the wood near which the men of Kent advanced with boughs to meet the Conqueror, and demand the rights of Gavel Kind, which he confirmed to them. This is a tenure peculiar to the county of Kent, and consists in an equal division of the father's lands among all his sons; or, if a brother die without issue, among all his brethren.

Northfleet, by land, is distant from the metropolis twenty miles, and by water about twenty-eight. The population of which are estimated at about 3000, and who are principally employed in agriculture, or in the chalk works. It is tolerably well-supplied with fish, and rather distinguished for its fine shrimps. The walk from Northfleet, by the side of the river, to Gravesend, one mile and a half, is truly delightful and interesting; and the "*Groves*," as they are called, are situated on a hill, about midway, in which seats are placed to rest the lounging or inquisitive traveller. In the "Groves" may be seen numbers of the fair sex, who, if circumstances deprive them of a chevalier to guard them in their strolls, nevertheless they are not seen without a "PELHAM" to claim their attention; while other ladies, perhaps, are dropping a tear over the amiable but unfortunate attachment of poor Alice, in *Eugene Aram*. Some of the *Swells* of the day, who are out upon a cruise, may likewise be witnessed enjoying all the comforts and luxuries of the "Groves" with a *Cigar* in their 'upper works,' beholding some of Britain's best bulwarks proudly sailing to and fro—and other 'lads of the village' are also amusing each other by reading out aloud to some of their party, those choice anecdotes which are to be met with in the BOOK OF SPORTS.

It is true that Northfleet, at the present moment (May, 1832) cannot boast of any increase of new streets, nor, indeed, the erection of new houses, which the public, it should seem, rather anticipated from the patronage which the above place received during the last Summer; but nevertheless it is said that "GREAT DOINGS" are in *embryo*, and some rapid changes will be effected to meet the expectation of its patrons. The spirited proprietors of the Dock-yard (which is now little else but a barren waste, although at one period some of the first class of ships in the British Navy, and in the East India service, were built, and where the Russian fleet was refitted in 1813) Messrs. Pitchers, are the 'Great Creatures' of Northfleet, and who have employed several persons of talent and taste to take a synopsis of the most fashionable squares and buildings at Brighton, Margate, Hastings, &c., in order that Northfleet, sooner or later, may vie in competition either for splendour or accommodation with any other places of fashionable resort in the kingdom.

Several spots of ground, it appears, have already been marked out for the erection of new houses, also for commodious baths, which the water here is considered better than most other parts of the river, on account of its purity, as a commencement of the "great doings," upon a large mound, or mount, near the lime walks, and delightfully surrounded with gardens; indeed, it is a most interesting and picturesque spot of ground altogether, the top of which has been secured by railing to render it prefectly safe to the visitors. A sort of battery has also been made, to give it the appearance of a tower, with port holes for the reception of guns; and on which a flag pole is already hoisted. This mount has been preparing all the winter for the amusement of the "*Russian Mountains*," for those persons who have courage to partake of such velocity; and similar to those mountains, which were very prevalent in Paris a few years ago, and also first introduced into England by Mr. Thomas Rouse, the spirited proprietor of the Eagle Tavern, City Road.

However, if Northfleet does not contain many very magnificent edifices, it nevertheless has lots of small houses, the very essence of *accommodation;* more especially for those persons who bring with them their own refreshments from London. Hot water can be purchased at a trifling expense; the loan of tea cups and saucers at a reasonable rate; knives and forks and a clean table-cloth in the same proportion: but to those individuals who are not particular to a shade, and who can relish 'content in a cottage,' and who have only time to pass away few hours, before they are absolutely compelled to return to the metropolis to business, Northfleet affords every accommodation and comfort. The lodgings are also very clean at the above houses; and within the reach, as to price, of persons in general.

Northfleet, in the eyes of the Sporting people, who speak highly of it as a place well adapted for TRAINING—the breezes from the river, they assert, are truly renovating; the ground is also high and dry; and it abounds with walks not only calculated to make the healthful person doubly strong and vigorous, but likewise to restore the valetudinarian once more to the comforts of health and spirits—by the inviting modes to exercise which it continually affords to him.

Fruit of the finest description can also be had in this village, and extremely cheap, numbers of gardens being devoted by their proprietors to accommodate the visitors.

The Inns are respectable in both Upper and Lower Northfleet—the Queen's Arms and the Leather Bottle on the hill, the Plough and Harrow, at the foot of Stonebridge; the India Arms, on the shore; and the Royal Charlotte, near the Dock Yard; and the Red Lion[*]—the Shipwright's Arms,[†] Half

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[*] Mr. Rosling, a capital breeder of game cocks; and also a first-rate cocker. Although "mine host" has but one arm in the service, "yet his soul and body's on the action,' towards those persons who visit the Red Lion, in order to make them comfortable, and also at a moderate expense.

[†] The landlord of the Shipwright's Arms is the well known Tom Owen. In consequence of the improvements made in the East End of the Town to form St. Katherine's docks—the *domus* of Owen being *scuttled*, he was compelled to get fresh quarters;

Moon &c., and all of which are kept by well-behaved and accommodating landlords.

Northfleet has no splendid Libraries to boast of; the sounds of the Grand Piano Forte have not as yet been heard in the Library at this village; nor the warblings of some of our celebrated vocalists have not lent their assistance to attract company; but although the reading room is small it is not des-

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but Tom had scarcely fitted up his new habitation when the New Brunswick Theatre was destroyed, and blasted all Owen's prospects in the vicinity of Wellclose Square. He then bade adieu to the metropolis for ever, to finish the remainder of his *innings* in this life in a quiet retired sort of manner, and during one of our 'tiny trips' by steam, we found him in the character of "mine host," at the above sign. Tom has been denominated by the whole of his friends as a *character*—to which we add, without the slightest hesitation—a SPECIAL ORIGINAL; and one of the LIONS upon two legs in the Sporting World: yet there is nothing like him to be found in the Zoological Gardens, in Regent's Park; or in Mr. Cross's New Surrey arrangement for the *rarities* and *curiosities* of this life:—

TOM OWEN was a boxer brave,
  As any on the list?
Could *stop* and *hit*, and chant a stave,
  And *handled* well his fist.

Many's the time, *Tom* sent 'em *down*—
  And sometimes "pick'd 'em up!"[*]
But he's no longer "on the Town!"
  Contented with a *sup*.[†]

Tom once was famous for *his* "prop!"[‡]
  To us—the Ould Ones tell!
Hooper! he made to shut up shop—
  Rare pugilistic *swell*.[‖]

Well known was Tom in days of *Cribb*—
  Tom Belcher and "the *Black!*"
Fond of the truth, yet lov'd to "*fib!*"[*]
  His '*yarn*,'[†] about Jack Slack.

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[*] Tom Owen was considered a very capital second in the P. R., indeed, much better than most of his brethren of the fist. It was not the fault of Owen if the man that he *handled* did not win; but it was a rich treat to hear him give advice to his *protegee* in the Ring. The celebrated Walker, and his pronouncing dictionary, would have been *floored* a hundred times, to nothing, by comparison with Tom's *cucophony!* But there was a great deal of judgment displayed by Tom towards bringing his man "through the piece," as it is termed—he well knew when his man should fight shy, or play at "long bowls;" or, to go in, and "*tip all nine.*" But Tom Owen is an old Cocker—and to use his own words upon such occasions, "if there is no *breed* in the cove, why then, you know, we must leave it all to the cook, to *dress* the joint as he thinks proper."

[†] "I shall be perfectly contented," said Tom, "to get a crust for myself, as I have collected together a few crumbs of comfort in my time, against a rainy day; and so that I give my visitors and old pals satisfaction, when they give my crib a turn, I shall be happy. As both myself and old woman have set our faces against *nailing*, imposition shall not be in Co. with the sign of the Shipwright's Arms. "Live and let live," is our motto—as we wish to see our friends again and again, and as often as they can make it convenient to visit Northfleet. We do not wish to *sell* them at starting.

[‡] Tom claims this feature in the P. R. to be decidedly his own invention: "to put the *prop* on your antagonist," is to lay hold of one of his arms in the struggle in closing, and to prevent him from hitting you. A most desirable circumstance, when it can be effected.

[‖] The *swell* tinman, HOOPER, was one of those "*playthings*" of the great; and, sheltered under the wings of nobility, he became pampered, insolent, and mischievous. His courage was undoubted, and though his frame was but small, it contained the heart of a lion; big men struck no terror to his feelings, and he opposed them with all the hardihood of an equal competitor determined to conquer, without reflecting on the inequality of his own make; and, at one time, was considered, as to size, one of the best "*bits of stuff*" in the kingdom. The late Lord BARRYMORE, whose eccentricities would fill a volume, was his patron; and at whose country seat he principally dwelt. Here poor HOOPER lost himself; the station was too high for his mind, and he fancied himself a great man. His Lordship was fond of *larking*, and whenever he could not come through the piece in style, HOOPER appeared as his bully—whose name overawed, and, many a time he has saved his patron a good *milling*. HOOPER's insolence at length became intolerable; and, unfortunately, for a *prime squad of spunging coves*, that stuck to his Lordship like so many leeches, he began to reform, or more properly speaking, he was *bowled out*, and these enviable characters were *turned up!* HOOPER soon afterwards became wretched—disease overtook him. and repeated intoxication brought him to the brink of the grave; and, one evening, a few years since, he was found insensible on the step of a door in St. Giles's, and conveyed to the watchhouse; and, on enquiring who he was, he could very faintly articulate, '*Hoop—Hoop*;' but, being recognized as the miserable remnant of that once powerful pugilistic hero, he was humanely taken to the workhouse, where he immediately expired." - BOXIANA, vol. i., p. 5, 6.

Lord Barrymore, for a *lark*, as he afterwards termed it, dressed up Hooper as a clergyman, and took him, on a crowded gala night, to Vauxhall. His Lordship and his *pal* kept the 'game alive' pretty briskly, when a *row* was designedly got up, in which the *pretended* clergyman was to astonish some of the visitors, not with his *words*, but with his actions. Hooper 'served it out' most gloriously to his surprised congregation, and he would, no doubt, have retired from the noisy scene in the character of a '*good*' man, had he not been discovered by the late Felix Macarthy, Esq., (one of the late Brinsley Sheridan, Esq's., M. P., most intimate friends) a gentleman connected with the Press. "Never mind," said Hooper, laughing heartily, on being discovered, "I have only been *punishing* the wicked ones for their evil ways; and I have *tipped* it to them, right and left, to show that I am no *respecter* of persons." "Most certainly," whispered his Lordship, "and you have made some of the best *hits*, this season, at Vauxhall.

[*] *Technical*, in the P. R. to *hammer* your opponent repeatedly in close quarters; and to get no *return* for the compliment you are bestowing upon him.

[†] Owen observes, "he always likes to talk about the good '*Ould Ones*,' the remembrance of them is as good as a reviving cordial to his feelings; and something after the manner of the chickens following the hen, the young pugilists may be seen listening to the '*long yarn*' of Tom Owen, about the exploits and victories of the boxers of the Olden Times. 'D'ye mind me,' says Tom, 'that old Broughton was a broth of a boy—he certainly was a rum one in *his* day; but he unfortunately gave a *chance* away, and that *floored* him for the remainder of his life; therefore, my chicks, when you become *game* cocks, you must give no *chances* away if you intend to climb up to the top of the tree, and try to keep there, when you are at the top—one false step, my young ones, and it's all my eye and Betty Martin with you afterwards. That Jack Slack, too, was a rare man, brave to the back bone—he hit his opponents hard and fast, and took the conceit out of them before they could count fifty—how he *tipped* it to that ere Frenchman, one Pettit, he made *olly*-mode of him in no time. I am always delighted when I think upon it. A Frenchman to have the impudence to think he could lick an Englishman! none of your *parleys wooes* for me! Slack is a good model my chicks, for you to copy—the '*Bel-shaws*'

titute of attraction, and the patronage of the public can do much to increase its size and fill its shelves with all our modern works of consequence. However, it is but common justice to say, that the librarian, Mrs. Thornton, is a female of talent, truly polite, and respectable in her manners, and well calculated to manage a library and to give satisfaction to

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And Dan Mendoza, of great fame,
He '*cut up*' in the Ring;
Thus—Tommy Owen raised his name,
Which made his friends to sing.[*]

Tom, had three boys, he taught to fight—
TURNER, JOSH, and DAVY;[†]
To see them *mill* was Tom's delight!
And serve out—"the gravy!"[‡]

The JOHN BULL fighter, full of *pluck*—
Of right—true English breed!
Always brave! tho' out of luck
The NO! was ne'er *his* creed.[‖]

The *game* NED TURNER once a toast,
No better man alive![§]
He was 'the Fancy's' pride and boast,
On victory did thrive.

And brave young DAVY ne'er did bolt,
But boldly *fac'd* his men!
He won with Dick and Harry Holt—
A hero for the Pen![¶]

But Tom's retired from the Street
Of London? dashing place!
To serve his friends at NORTHFLEET,
Tom sports a vet'ran's face!

Yet Tom does not forget 'Old Times!"[*]
Oft of P. R. doth sing!
And like the bells' merry chimes—
He chants—"God save the King!"[†]

The "SAGE OF THE EAST" quite "at home;"[‡]
But not inclin'd to *spar!*
To meet his friends when they do roam,
And *try* 'em at *his* Bar![‖]

Tom is '*the* one' to patter *flash*,[§]
And make the Coveys laugh,

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are descended from him—Slack is worth remembering," &c.

[*] Tom Owen had arrived at the age of fifty-one years, when he entered the ring to fight the celebrated Dan Mendoza—the present father of the P. R. His friends, as a matter of course, were delighted with his victory.

[†] And '*good* boys' they were, according to the term of *goodness* in the P. R. Ned Turner, Josh, and Davy Hudson—must come under the denomination of "OUT-AND-OUTERS."

[‡] Politely termed the "*Claret.*"

[‖] "*No*, NO, never!" as the song says—Josh Hudson never said NO—the John Bull fighter's *heart* was too big to permit him to do so, and his *chaffer* refused to give utterance to such a phrase so terrifying to a brave mind; he therefore, left that disagreeable unwelcome sound to his seconds, who, when they could not get a word from him—were compelled to allow the battle was at an end.

[§] Of his weight—one of the bravest of the brave—as good as gold—his memorable battle with the late Jack Randall, the Nonpareil, stamped Turner's character for nothing else but a "good one." However, as both of them are now gone to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," perhaps the following lines, from one of our old sporting chants, may appear not unacceptable as a short epitaph to both of their memories:—

*Pats* who saw *Jack Randall* fight,
That filled the FANCY with delight,
Oh! it was a manly sight,
Such game lads to see,

Back'd by the *Welch*, Ned took his ground,
A better man could ne'er be found,
Showing fine science ev'ry round,
And not a flincher he!

An *Out-and Outer* is Randall's due,
And Turner's an *Out-and-Outer* too,
Like such Trumps there are but few—
T'wards Victory.

[¶] This was a battle indeed—scientific and game on both sides, until the end of the chapter; and so *touched* was Jack Randall, who acted as second to Holt, that on the defeat of the latter boxer, he wept like a child.

[*] "*There never was such times!*" used to be the phrase a few years ago; but the case is rather altered now as to *milling*—indeed, the boot is on the other leg. But a lucky *hit* or two may make it 'all right' once more. So as the man says at the Playhouse, "True hope ne'er tires?"

[†] "Sing it," says Tom, "aye till I am hoarse!" It is true Tom does not break out perhaps with that sort of fervour which distinguished the great Lord Thurlow in the House of Lords, during the illness of King George III.—who electrified the Peers, by his mode of delivery—"When I forget my King, may God forget me!" But nevertheless, Tom is as heart whole towards his Majesty King William—"God bless him—and his old cocked hat too—all, all, and every thing about or belonging to him—I likes him—he is the right sort of a King—and a man into the bargain—which does not always follow, you know, when we are talking about the *Nobs* of Society—I begs pardon, I should have said Crowned Heads—but havn't I seen him at a *mill*—his conduct so like an Englishman—no pride—but he is a true Blue—an honor to his country, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, and no mistake—I loves all right ones—and I say, may the King live for ever, for he wishes to make all his subjects happy.

[‡] Tom, in his peculiar line of life is quite as much 'at home,' as to the '*patter* of the thing,' as the celebrated Mr. Mathews; and some of Tom's *Nancy*-dotes, as he calls them, are rich in the extreme, as to colouring and character, and he relates them with so much *naiveté*, that roars of laughter always follow his recital.

[‖] An acquittal is, very easily obtained at Tom Owen's bar—if the '*givers*' and the '*takers*,' only mix together spirit with generosity.

[§] Mr. Thomas Moore is universally admired for the beautiful imagery he displayed in *Lallah Rook;* and also for his superior knowledge of the idiom of the Eastern dialect, which appears conspicuous throughout the Poem. But forbid it presumption! Forbid it egotism! and forbid it in the shape of personal vanity that we should attempt to follow in the wake of this justly celebrated and delightful Poet: but he has also proved himself equally successful in his acquaintance with the *slang*, or flash language, in a work attributed to him, intitled "Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress." Respecting the *slang* of the day, he thus observes, (p. xxix), "To the cultivation in our times, of the science of Pugilism, the *flash* language is indebted for a considerable addition to its treasures. Indeed, so impossible is it to describe the operations of the FANCY without words of proportionate energy to do justice to the subject that we find Pope and Cowper, in their translation of the set-to in the Iliad, pressing words into the service which had seldom, I think, if ever, been enlisted into the ranks of poetry before. Thus Pope,

"Secure his hand, his whole frame confound,
*Mash* all his bones and all his body *pound.*"

Therefore, we only stand up for the character of the thing; or, in other words, when we are "at Rome," we are compelled "to do as Rome does." But to render ourselves perfectly intelligible on the subject, when we are amongst the 'Fancy,' we like to exall her subscribers—we need not be told, that St. Paul's was not built in a day.

The shore at Northfleet is extremely attractive, and in that part of the river called the Hope, in which the largest East Indiamen frequently make their anchorage, renders the view at all times much better seen than can be described : there are several decent shops

With 'whites' and 'tops' he cuts a dash,
  And like a *Beak*—can *chaff!*[*]

O'er 'heavy whet,' or glass of grog,
  Tommy is no starter—
With his rich chant of—"Rum Ould Mag!"[†]
  And "wot are you arter?"

The *Magnet*, *Venus*, and the *Dart*,
  The Hero cuts along,
With Companies so nice and smart,
  A jolly, merry throng.

Here steamers gay like any crowd,
  With Sue, Jane, and Nancy—
And lots of Dons so high and proud,
  With the *knowing*—"Fancy!"

The trip's delightful! quite a treat!
  View Greenwich and her halls;
Behold ships—mark'd not with defeat,
  "Old England's Wooden Walls!"[*]

For rural walks none more complete
  Than round this fav'rite spot;
The water, scenery, at Northfleet—
  With humble Peasant's cot!

All unite! to please and attract,
  And make the mind so gay;
Both '*up*' and '*down*' with so much *tact*—[†]
  To spend a pleasant day!

To dance, and sing; or make a feast,
  The 'Summer Season' courts;
Welcome to Tom, 'late of the East!'
  Famous for Rustic Sports!

Take notice, lads! the Shipwright's Arms,
  The Sportsman's leading *star*:[‡]
To the *Fancy* has many *charms*,[‖]
  Besides—"a gay ould Tar!"

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press ourselves like 'one of the Fancy,' and if we might be permitted to say a word or two in behalf of ourselves, to remove a sort of unjust prejudice which hangs over our character, that we are Flash, and nothing else but Flash. We are extremely anxious to remove this prejudice against us—and we boldly assert, that in all our *scribblings*, we have endeavoured to portray real life in every shape as it has appeared before us in the world; and such as an individual should comport himself, when placed in the following situations in society. To behave with propriety at a funeral; to act with gravity at a wedding; be lively at a christening; cheerful over the glass; full of spirit and agility in a ball room; attentive and respectful in a court of justice; and so on to the end of the chapter of circumstances. To steer clear at all times of a jaundiced eye, and always to bear in mind that there is a time for every thing. But in no situation of life to appear like a *dummy*, and be insensible to the surrounding scene; nay, on the contrary, we have always endeavoured to "catch the manners living as they rise."

[*] Of all the "*chaff-cutting*" likely to prove unwelcome to the Fancy, that of the (*Beak*, or) Justice *hits* the hardest; indeed, it is any thing but a joke or fun; for if a man does not commit himself, it is not two to one, but he may stand committed before his betters.

[†] For the *richness* of its peculiar style, and a fine specimen of low-life, such songs as are relished by the *flash* part of society—it has been considered, in point of taste and character, equal to Ambroghetti's "Vivan le femine," at the Italian Opera, in Don Giovanni: but to prevent disputes, *Rum Ould Mog* shall speak for herself :—

Rum Ould Mog was a *leary* flash mot, and she was
  round and fat,
With *twangs* in her shoes, a wheel-barrow too, and an
  oil-skin round her hat;
A blue bird's eye o'er her dairy fine, as she *mizzled*
  through Temple Bar—
Of vich side of the vay, I cannot say, but she *bon'd*
  it from a Tar.
      Singing Fol-lol-lol, de-rol-lol-lol, de-rol-lol-
        lol-de-lido.

Now Mog's flash companion was a Chick-lane gill,
  and he garter'd below his knee,
He had twice been *pull'd*, and nearly *lagg'd*, but got
  off by going to sea;
With his pipe and quid, and chanting voice, Potatoes
  he would cry;
For he valued neither *Cove* nor *Swell*, for he had
  *wedge* snug in his *die*.
      Singing, fol-lol-lol, &c.

One night they went to a Cock and Hen club, at the
  sign of the Mare and Stallion,
But such a sight was never seen as Mog and her flash
  companion;
Her Covey was an am'rous blade, and he buss'd young
  Bet on the sly,
When Mog up with her *daddle* bang-up to the mark,
  and she black'd the Bunter's eye.
      Singing, Fol-lol-lol, &c.

Now this brought on a general fight, Lord, what a
  gallows row—
With whacks and thumps throughout the night, till
  drunk as David's sow—
Milling up and down with cut heads, and lots of
  broken ribs,
But the *lark* being o'er—they *ginned* themselves at
  jelly Tom Cribb's.
      Singing, Fol-lol-lol, &c.

[*] If we cannot praise the poetry, (rather say *crambo*) which we do not feel ourselves inclined to do; but viewing it as a mere vehicle for the introduction of these notes, we flatter ourselves there is a bit of good truth attached to the remark; and we sincerely hope it will hold good to the end of time :—

Let us see on their vessels Old England's flag wave,
They shall find British Sailors *only* conquer to save.

[†] Only "three *bob*," up and down, with sun-shine into the bargain; accompanied with delightful breezes, plenty of fresh air, music, good company, scarcely missed from business, the landing place as safe as walking upon a carpet, and free, gratis, into the bargain. A voyage of 'pleasure,' neither too long nor short—it is the thing to a nicety. "D'ye mind me," says Tom, "the name of the place is Northfleet, rurality in perfection. And where can you lay out your money better? Where can you lay it out so well. Think of that my worthy mistresses and masters, when you don't see me."

[‡] The name of a Sporting man attached to any sign, either in town or country, is always an object of attraction to the members of the Sporting World. His house of accommodation is sure to be the resort of travellers, and also visited by the town's folks; not merely to obtain a sight of the individual who has obtained a certain sort of notoriety from his exertions in the P. R., Hunting, Racing, &c., but the house kept by a public man is considered always to contain company of the liveliest description, and where an hour or two, or an evening, may be spent in the most pleasant and agreeable manner, with songs, anecdotes, &c.

[‖] The parlour of Tom Owen, in this part of the world, contains many charms for the country-folks; indeed, it might be fairly termed a Sporting Gallery! the walls of which are covered with Sporting subjects, elegantly framed; and which has recently been christened by a great Sportsman in the neighbourhood, as "Owen's *Museum*." The likenesses of our most gracious Sovereign and his Queen have a conspicuous place; and as Tom declares himself to be a lover of talent, and likewise fond of fighting heroes, the immortal Nelson and Napoleon are placed very near to each other. Whole-length portraits of "good men," and nothing else "but good ones," as Tom denominates them, are likewise to be seen in succession—Messrs. Jackson, Gulley, Tom Cribb, Tom Belcher, and Fuller; all "gentlemanly sort of men," as Scrogin the village, and a post-office is also to be met with at Northfleet. The landing is extremely convenient to every person, and perfectly safe. Northfleet only requires some good houses to give it a name, and to afford accommodation to some of the tip-top folks of society to become residents during the summer season. This much-wished-for change, we are well assured, is about to take place; and the trowel of the bricklayer, and the hammer of the carpenter, will very soon give "note of preparation."

In order, perhaps, to operate as a source of attraction, and to produce something like a feature, and to give a character to Northfleet, and to bring it into notice with the London Public—two Rustic Fetes and public breakfasts were given last season, to make the people all alive, and one of which we witnessed:—

Public Breakfast.—Plates were laid for two hundred (in Mr. Pitcher's long room, formerly used for ship-building), to be in readiness when the steamers discharged their cargoes—or rather, when the company disembarked, and the guns announced the arrival of the visitors from London. Never was '*cutting* and *coming* again' performed in better style upon any occasion—and the advantages of a trip by water was conspicuous in the extreme, respecting an increase of appetite. The visitors came to be happy, and they were happy; *etiquette* was out of the question, and "helping one's self" was the order of the day; and it was a lucky thing for some of the party who could help themselves, as *niceties* were not stood upon—but there was no *grumbling*—the '*wisit*' was made pleasant—and scarcely was the breakfast finished when the Ball commenced, in order that digestion might go on quickly,—and that nothing like apoplectic fits might occur, or a coroner's inquest be necessary.

The Ball—Assembly—Dance—or Hop;—call it what you please; or by any of the above names you may like best. The room was crowded to excess; but nevertheless it was a fine specimen of good-nature, pleasure, and happiness. It is true that a master of the ceremonies attended from the metropolis to keep good order; but the fact is, there was nothing like *ceremony* about it. Pride was out of the question; every man was as good as his neighbour; and the female part of the company were all alive and merry on the 'fantastic toe!' The assembly commenced with Quadrilles, but finished with Country Dances; and there was no time nor room for criticism respecting the *steps*; every one did their best—and hops, skips, and jumps were not noticed. Two or three songs from professionals, engaged by the proprietors of the Fete, not only afforded considerable pleasure to the lovers of harmony, but gave a variety to the scene; which was also enlivened by a celebrated ventriloquist from London, whose imitations of birds, and the inhabitants of a farm-yard, not only astonished the natives, but kept the *genteel* part of the company in roars of laughter. The dancing was kept up with great spirit until the announcement of cannon from the steamers that "time and *tide* wait for no man, nor woman neither!"

The Donkey Races.—This was one of the *rudest* traits of Nature ever witnessed: the *donkeys* were as rough as hedgehogs, and their riders quite in keeping with the animals they were selected to mount, being Johnny Raws of the roughest description. It is totally impossible to communicate the fun and noise to our readers, which the above terrible 'low bred' cattle produced amongst the visitors at this rustic fete. The names of the donkeys, and the colours of the riders, were dispensed with upon this occasion, as the subscribers to the prizes were not *nice* about trifles: however, it perhaps may be necessary

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gins insists upon they are, according to the rule of *Etiquette*, and in this assertion we perfectly agree with him. Portraits of Haphazard and Baronet, well-known Race-horses. A painting of the late celebrated George Morland, enjoying his pipe in a farmyard. Dick Humphries, the brave competitor of Dan Mendoza, and distinguished as the gentlemanly boxer. Also a portrait of George Nicholls, the Bristol Nonpariel. A remarkably handsome poodle-dog, cream-coloured, stuffed so as to resemble life; likewise a fine game-cock, that had won 27 times in the Cockpit Royal, a dun red, and was bred by the well-known Miser, John Elves, Esq. The bird of paradise—a creeper—and a humming-bird. A green parrot, well known once as "Polly Owen," and two grey ditto, all rarities, and beautifully preserved. A very scarce print of the match of 19 miles within one hour, done by four horses and a carriage, by which the late Duke of Queensbury netted some thousands of pounds. A fine whole-length portrait of the Father of the Turf in the reign of Queen Anne, Mr. Frampton. Two copies from Wilkie—the inside and outside of a cottage. Games at drafts and cards—a portrait of the late James Belcher—and likewise of Dan Mendoza. A variety of other sporting subjects—such as celebrated game cocks, and those well-known dogs—Gas, Boxer, and Spot; prize rabbits, &c., well calculated to interest the most indifferent observer. Tom, anxious to please all his customers, has not neglected to furnish amusement for the poorer class of his visitors to the "*heavy whet*" apartment; or vulgarly called the "Tap!" The scarce and beautiful mezzotinto line engraving, done by the late celebrated artist, Mr. Young, of the fight between Broughton and George Stevenson—also between Johnson and Perrins—a whole length portrait of the game chicken; shipping, and views in Canton in China. Likewise the following touches of poetry, as maxims for his visitors to conduct themselves:

Meet friendly,
Drink moderately,
Pay honestly,
And part quietly!

My Liquors are good,
My Measures are just,
Pay to day,
To-morrow I'll trust!

Life's but a Journey—but live well on the road.

*The Snuggery*, otherwise, Tom's observatory, up stairs, is full of pictures; and his bar also exhibits some fine likenesses of the late Dutch Sam, painted by Slater; Jack Randall, Josh Hudson, Dick Curtis, &c. Indeed, there is scarcely a room in Tom's house but a variety of pictures decorate the walls; and persons, in general, who have not been acquainted with the pursuits of life of the worthy host, would consider Tom Owen more of a Connoisseur in the fine arts, from his collection of pictures, shells, &c., than a member of the P. R. At all events, Tom Owen must be viewed as a Man of Taste, and a supporter of the Fine Arts: but then Tom says, "I have done it to please *my* Fancy!"

to observe that five donkeys appeared ready to start: it is true that we did not discover any thing like a *Priam*, a *Memnon*, a *Jack Spiggot*, a *Highflyer*, or an *Eclipse*, amongst the lot; but, nevertheless, we must allow they were most certainly '*rum ones* to look at,' whatever they might be '*to go!*' But, for *kickers*, they could not be excelled, and also for making *turf*-ites of their Jockeys, by *grassing* most of them. But the *Don*, as he was called, a fine Spanish ass, distanced them all, who not only showed some good qualities about his outside, as to *points*, but likewise it was thought by the judges of donkeys that he had a 'bit of breed' inside of him." The proprietor of the Don said "as how he comed from Spain, as he had been told, and that he had been *bred* in good company, until he had been turned out of the king of Spain's establishment, but that he, his master, would back the Don, with all his tricks and fancies, against all the *bolters* and *kickers* in the county of Kent!"

Running for a Shift.—This *item* in the Sporting list excited some little demur among the old *Tabbies* on the spot: "it was a *shame* that such doings should be suffered," observed an old maid who stood by, with a precious frosty face, who had never been asked once to alter her situation in life, and a scowl upon her brow quite strong enough to have turned all the milk in the dairies for twenty miles round: "it ought to have been called an *inner garment;*" but although it might have brought a *blush* upon some of the very fastidious part of the fair sex present, yet it had no effect upon the native modesty of the young candidates who had made up their minds to *shift* for themselves upon this sporting occasion. Therefore, upon the start being given, *Molly* run off in good style; *Kate* turned out her toes like a swift one; *Peg* made nothing more than a *hop* of it, having to contend against tight shoes and bad corns; *Saucy Fan*, who stood to no repairs, but determined to have the *shift* at all events, neck or nothing, made a gallop of it, and, in endeavouring to pass by, in the cross and jostle system, tripped up *Molly*, but nothing was the matter, to the great disappointment of the *joskins*, who grinned like fools at the accident. But Sally was the crack of the day, she was the favorite amongst the lovers of quick work; her movements were much admired; she shot by the whole of the above 'sprigs of womanhood' like an arrow—got the lead, kept it—and won the 'inner garment' in good style; but refused to wear it in public, according to the usual custom at these fetes, on the plea that the *shift* was considered an 'inner garment,' and that it was a *private* thing altogether. The stewards applauded her modesty—and Sally was permitted to walk off with the *shift* under her arm! The above "rum one to go" has *shift*-ed for herself fifteen times with success.

The Gingling Match.—This species of amusement afforded the spectators considerable fun and laughter. Twenty *Beaus*, with bandages over their eyes, like blind man's buff, in a small ring, teazed by only one *Belle* (as one of the cockney jokers termed it, who was determined to show off his knowledge of punning at any price), who rang the changes so cleverly and so often to the great disappointment of the Beaus—that a great deal of hugging and violent embracing quite out of nature took place, in consequence of the great agility displayed by the *Belle*, who was determined not to be conquered without giving her followers a great deal of trouble. This was one of the best gingling matches we ever witnessed; and twenty minutes elapsed before the bell was *silenced;* or the gingler caught.

Jumping in Sacks.—Nothing can convey to the reader, however sketchy and well written it might be, the fun and laughter amongst the spectators produced by this *crippled* sort of agility—several of the candidates went down never to rise again without the assistance of some friend; in truth, their exertions could not come under the denomination either of a *hop*, *skip*, or a *jump*. The appearance too of the candidates was of the most ludicrous description—to see only their Johnny Raw *nobs* peeping out of the sacks—beggared all description. But one of the candidates, more knowing than any of the rest, observed, *grinning* to the crowd, that he would not be *sacked* this time, and was determined to win. He held the *sack* tight under his feet, never lost his balance, and took very small, but steady and firm jumps, by which means he was also enabled to keep his feet upon the ground, and won the prize amidst loud shouts of applause from the crowd. The winner was also a bit of a punster in his way, and laughed heartily at his own joke, when he told the losing ones, he called it *sacking* the prize!

Climbing up a Greasy Pole for a Leg of Mutton.—The above feature, for fun, frolic, and laughter, beat all the other sports of the day, two to one. It was a *slippery* thing altogether, and the disappointments which occurred to the numerous candidates to *grapple* with the mutton, were of the most ludicrous description. All manner of *schemes* were resorted to obtain the delicious joint which was tied to the top of a long pole, about fifty feet from the ground. The country *hawbucks* had not the slightest chance whatever, although some of them threw resin and sawdust on the pole as they climbed up, to reduce its *slipperiness;* but all attempts were useless, and they came down much faster than they got up—indeed they all came down with *a run*, without moving their legs, to the great amusement of a very large multitude of spectators, who had assembled together for miles round to enjoy the humours of a Rustic Fete. But a young son of Neptune, a dreadnought hero, offered himself for the prize, and ascended the pole like a seaman; but he had scarcely got up half the way to the mutton, when he came down like a shot; but little Jack, too *game* to be denied, and well knowing that *nothing venture, nothing win*, he made another trial of skill and courage, obtained a few paces nearer to the leg of mutton than before, but down he came again to the ground before you could say Jack Robinson. A pyramid was then formed by three or four men at the bottom of the pole, and another pyramid also on them, when Little Jack again had another trial, amidst the shouts of the multitude, trying a different scheme; having a piece of rope in his hand with a noose at the end of it, he fastened the rope round the pole, and pulled himself up so successfully by it, that he *touched* the mutton with his left hand, receiving the loudest tokens of approbation, and several wagers were laid that the leg of mutton would soon be in his possession, but it was tied so tight to the pole, that Jack could not remove it, therefore his knife was necessary to release the leg from its confined situation; but as many things happen between the 'cup and the lip,' Little Jack, in searching his pockets for the bit of steel, lost his hold, when he came down with a run, and also knocked both his pyramids to the ground, to the great laughter and shouts of the crowd. However, nothing dismayed by the disappointment, the pyramids were again formed, and little Jack ascended once more the pole, determined on victory. He tied the rope as before, twisted his legs round the pole, and worked well with his knees, and after making three or four slips, but never exactly loosing his situation, he firmly ascended the pole, and clapping his left hand on the top of it, the critical minute again arrived, when Jack felt for his knife—the eyes of the crowd were now in suspense, and doubts and fears were expressed upon the subject, when little Jack flourished his knife, put an end to all surmises, and separated the leg of mutton from the pole. He remained in this situation for about a minute, enjoying the plaudits of the multitude for his exertions—when he descended in quick time, holding the mutton fast in his hand. Several persons were so pleased with little Jack's exertions, that a subscription was entered into for him, and his cap was soon filled with halfpence, when little Jack exclaimed, "the mutton would not go without *sauce* to it"—"nor *capers* neither," said an ould tar, who had been contemplating the Rustic scene.

Such were the humorous *features* displayed at one of the *Rustic Fetes* at NORTHFLEET—it was all happiness;—every body appeared pleased and satisfied;—and not the slightest disorder occurred: we therefore feel ourselves perfectly correct in asserting that no man can be viewed as a friend to his country, or a supporter of the government, who would endeavour in the slightest degree to *interfere* or *prevent* the people from enjoying *those* SPORTS which have been handed down to them from their forefathers, and which tend so much to lighten TOIL, and to promote HAPPINESS.—*Amicus humani generis.*

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### SINGULAR DEER CHASE.

An extraordinary day's sport at Spy Park, the residence of Colonel Thornton. October, 1815, in Spy Park, Wiltshire, notwithstanding the unexampled heat of the weather (which caused a thermometer to burst), a party of ladies and gentlemen riding and driving through the park, and the rides of the neighbouring coppices and woods, a milk-white, full-headed, aged buck, fat as an ortolan, made his appearance. The company were all anxious to hunt him, which was immediately complied with; a couple of blood-hounds were sent for, and notwithstanding the sun was at its height (one o'clock, merely to take a canter, and not to kill him) the hounds, not to be surpassed in symmetry and beauty, were then laid on the slot; they very faintly acknowledged the scent, but by perseverance they got up to his layer, and he was unharboured in view of all the company, and also at the same instant a six-year-old mennel-coloured heaver. To prevent the hounds dividing, they were rated up to the milk-white buck, which the ladies called Adonis; he made a circle, and, passing through several coppices, tried different modes of getting into the park, in sight of all the company and the hounds, which were stopped, and ordered to lay down; at last he seemed to have formed some *resolution*, and dashed over some very high palings, which he cleared, with a crash, into Foxbury copse. He shone like flying silver, beautiful to behold! The hounds were again laid on, when they ran him (now heated) merrily; their ardour was checked frequently by gleams of sun, and he was nearly lost in dry roads, hot sands, &c., but by perseverance, after running him through Bowden Wood, Loxley Heath, Sandy Lane, he crossed over to Bean Wood (Lord Lansdowne's). These unerring hounds, in spite of the above obstacles, killed him after a run of five hours. The names of Luther and Mahomet are worthy to be recorded, and drank in many a bumper. If a couple of hounds can afford the above sport, under all these circumstances, why have we such immense packs? they would save to a sportsman a fortune. When the crimson-stained sledge brought up the buck to the portico,—the ladies, then so gay, turned away from the scene, and with tears, exclaimed,—Alas! poor Adonis.

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### THE MELODIOUS RICE BIRD.

The cultivators of rice in America sometimes suffer severely from the depredations of the *rice bird* of Catesby (*emberiza oryzivora*), known familiarly in the country by the name of Bob Lincoln. This bird is about six or seven inches long; its head, and the under part of its body are black; the upper part is a mixture of black, white, and yellow, and the legs are red. Immense flocks of these birds are seen in the island of Cuba, where the rice crop precedes that of Carolina; but when, from the hardening of the grain, the rice in that quarter is no longer agreeable to them, they migrate towards the north, and pass over the sea in such numerous parties as to be sometimes heard in their flights by sailors frequenting that course. These birds appear in Carolina while the rice is yet milky. Their attacks upon the grain while in this state are so destructive as to bring considerable loss upon the farmers. The birds arrive in the United States very lean, but thrive so well upon their favorite diet, that during the three weeks to which their visit is usually limited, they become excessively fat, so as to fly with difficulty, and, when shot, to be burst with the fall. So soon as the rice begins to harden here, they retire to other parts, remaining in one place only so long as the rice continues green. When this food entirely fails, they have recourse for their subsistence to insects, until the maize begins to form its grains, and then the milky substance which these contain is devoured with the same avidity that marks their attacks upon the rice-plant. Extensive flocks of the oryzivora are found during the spring and summer in New York and Rhode Island; there they breed, quitting with their young for the southward, in time for the tender rice-grains of Cuba. It is remarkable that the males and females do not migrate in company, the females being always the first to perform their voyages. These birds are eaten as a great delicacy, and the song of the male is said to be melodious.

## THE DISAPPOINTED SPORTSMAN.

### AN ANCIENT STORY, IN VERSE.

One time, as 'twas my ordinary wont,
I went abroad into the fields to hunt:
Started a hare, pursued her with full cry,
And near wearied her; when by and bye,
Miso, because I hunted on his grounds,
Let loose his running dogs, and bang'd my hounds;
From thence that sport I utterly forswore,
Being so unkindly crost by such a bore;
So, shunning th' open fields, and forests wide,
My common haunt was by the water side.
For what, thought I, though lands enclosed be,
Yet seas and rivers questionless are free:
There will I sport me with a scaly fry,
Fearless, though all the world were standing by.
I had not scarce cast in my bait to take,
But straight one comes, it seems he haste did make,
That bids me pack, when first I did appear:
Away went I, it was no fishing there.
Scarce knowing now what sport to entertain,
Being banished both the earth and wat'ry plain,
Took a piece next time, and forthwith went,
To sport me in the aeiry regiment;
Where, having scarce discharg'd to kill a daw,
Another comes, and brings me Statute Law
Upon my piece, where I it lost: then swore
I ne'er would hunt, nor angle, nor shoot, more;
Then took I dice in hand, my heavy fate,—
Thus, crost in all, I lost my whole estate.

## PRESENCE OF MIND; OR AN ALLIGATOR DEPRIVED OF HIS PREY.

In the height of the dry season, when in those torrid regions all animated nature pants with consuming thirst, a party of the woodcutters, English and Irish, went to hunt in the neighbourhood of a lake called Pies Pond in Beef Island, one of the smaller islands of the bay of Campeachy. To this pond the wild cattle repaired in herds to drink, and here the hunters lay in wait for them. The chase had been prosecuted with great success for a week, when an Irishman of the party, going into the water during the day, stumbled upon an alligator, which seized him by the knee. His cries alarmed his companions, who, fearing that he had been seized by the Spaniards, to whom the island belonged, and who chose the dry season to hunt and repel their unwelcome neighbours, instead of affording assistance, fled from the huts they had erected. The Irishman, seeing no appearance of help, with happy presence of mind quietly waited till the alligator loosened its teeth to take a new and surer hold; and, when it did so, snatched away his knee, interposing the butt-end of his gun in its stead, which the animal seized so firmly that it was jerked out of the man's hand, and carried it off. He then crawled up a neighbouring tree, again shouting after his comrades, who now found courage to return. His gun was found next day, dragged ten or twelve paces from the place where it had been seized by the alligator.

## THE WHITE ELEPHANT OF AVA.

"A singularly absurd custom takes place in this country (observes Mrs. Judson), in certain forms of political homage shown to a white elephant, an animal kept for the purpose, superbly lodged near the royal palace, sumptuously dressed and fed, provided with functionaries like a sovereign, held next in rank to the king, and superior to the queen, and made to receive presents, and other tokens of respect, from foreign ambassadors.

"I dare not attempt a description of that splendid day when majesty, with all its attendant glory, entered the gates of the golden city, and amid the acclamations of millions, I may say, took possession of the palace. The saupwars of the provinces bordering on China, all the viceroys and high officers of the kingdom, were assembled on the occasion, dressed in their robes of state, and ornamented with the insignia of their office. The white elephant, richly adorned with gold and jewels, was one of the most beautiful objects in the procession. The king and queen alone were unadorned, dressed in the simple garb of the country. They, hand in hand, entered the garden in which we had taken our seats, and where a banquet was prepared for their refreshment. All the riches and glory of the empire were on this day exhibited to view. The number, and immense size of the elephants, the numerous horses, and great variety of vehicles of all descriptions, far surpassing any thing I have ever seen or imagined.

"Within the first gate of the palace is a very large court, on both sides of which are the houses for the king's elephants, which are wonderfully large and handsome, and are trained for war and for the King's service. Among the rest, he has four white elephants, which are a great rarity, no other King having any but he; and, were any other King to have any, he would send for it, and if refused would go to war for it, and would rather lose a great part of his kingdom than not have the elephant. When any white elephant is brought to the King, all the merchants in the city are commanded to go and visit him, on which occasion each individual makes a present of half a ducat, which amounts to a good round sum, as there are a vast many merchants: after which present you may go and see them at your pleasure, although they stand in the King's house. Among his titles, the King takes that of King of the white elephants. They do great honor and service to these white elephants; every one of them having a house with gold, and getting their food in vessels of gilt silver. Every day, when they go to the river to wash, each goes under a canopy of cloth of gold or silk, carried by six or eight men; and eight or ten men go before each, playing on drums, *shawms*, and other instruments. When each has washed, and is come out of the river, he has a gentleman to wash his feet in a silver basin, which office is appointed by the King. There is no such account made of the black elephants, be they ever so great; and some of them are wonderfully large and handsome, some being nine cubits high.

"While we were at Ava, a report was brought, that a white elephant had been seen; but it was stated, at the same time, that its capture, and transport on a sledge, over the cultivated country, would be accompanied by the destruction of ten thousand baskets of rice. His Majesty is said to have exclaimed, more with the enthusiasm of an amateur than the consideration of a patriot King, 'What signifies the destruction of ten thousand baskets of rice, in comparison with the possession of a white elephant?' and the order was given for the hunt.

"The lower order, however, it must be observed, perform the *shiko*, or obedience of submission, to the white elephant; but the chiefs view this as a vulgar superstition, and do not follow it. When the present elephant was taken, the event was considered a joyous one; and the late King, who was fond of money, taking advantage of the circumstance, issued an order to the tributaries and chiefs, to ask pardon of the white elephant (Ka-dau), accompanied, of course, by the usual presents, which his majesty deposited in his coffers.

"The establishment of the white elephant is very large; he has his Wun, or minister; his Wun-dauk, or deputy to that officer; his Saré-gyi, or secretary, &c., with a considerable endowment of land for his maintenance. In the late reign, Sa len, one of the finest districts in the kingdom, was the estate of the white elephant."

## "OH! FOR A GLASS OF MAX."

BYRON'S "DON JUAN.

Cheer up, fill your glass, for while fortune is brewing
An ocean of care, well a-day!
There is nothing in life, like a drop of "*blue ruin*,"
To drive the blue devils away.

When you start for the "*mill*;" a race; or to shoot,
Good judgment to keep out the cold;
'Tis the 'liquor of life,' with 'spirits' to boot—
"OLD TOM"—is better than gold.

When Love turns his back, and old friendships are failing,
And the spirits are sinking therefrom—
The only receipt, that is ne'er unavailing,
Is a jolly stiff glass of "OLD TOM."

When into the valley of years we're declining,
And age comes, our pleasures to tax;
When the fast-setting sun of our life's dimly shining—
Oh! brighten his beams with "*Old Max*."

Is the Poet ambitious of wreathing his tresses
With bays that shall ever be green?
Let him quaff at this spring, for e'en Byron confesses,
He found it the true Hippocrene.

Does the lover want words to address his dear maiden?
Let him straight to this fountain repair;
Is his mistress unkind, and he droops, sorrow-laden—
He will here find a spell 'gainst despair.

Then cheer up, fill your glass, for while fortune is brewing
An ocean of care, well a-day!
There is nothing in life, like a drop of "blue rui
To drive the blue devils away.

## A SKETCH OF THE SWALLOW.

The swallow, and other birds of passage—that is, birds who fly from one country to another, as the weather becomes unsuited to their natures—now begin to return to us. The swallow is a general favourite. He comes to us when nature is putting on her most smiling aspect, and he stays with us through the months of sunshine and gladness. "The swallow," says Sir H. Davy, "is one of my favorite birds, and a rival of the nightingale; for he glads my sense of seeing as much as the other does my sense of hearing. He is the joyous prophet of the year, the harbinger of the best season; he lives a life of enjoyment amongst the loveliest forms of nature; winter is unknown to him, and he leaves the green meadows of England in autumn, for the myrtle and orange groves of Italy, and fo the palms of Africa."

### THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOW.

BY MISS STRICKLAND.

Lo! Spring's gay herald, fluttering with delight,
The joyous swallow, is already here,

Who still proclaims her welcome visit here;
When first we hail him in the circling flight,
He tells of smiling skies and seasons bright,
Of vernal buds, and all that shall appear
When summer crowns with flowery wreaths the year;
And, dressed in rich luxuriance, charms the sight.
He hastes to meet her when her first soft gale
Sighs with sweet breath amidst her leafless bowers,
When early violets open in the vale
And April peeps through rainbow, suns, and showers,
Ere song of nightingale with thrilling strains
Floats on the evening breeze o'er moonlight plains.

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## THE DETERMINED ROBBER AND THE SNAKE.

The following anecdote, which is extracted from a work intituled, "*Tales of the North-West*," displays such unheard-of temerity, hardihood, daring, courage, bravado, and contempt of death in an individual, call it by any of those terms the reader may think proper, that it scarcely appears credible; and we do not know in the whole course of our experience, and great variety of reading, ever to have met with any thing like it. We recollect that upon the ex-pugilistic champion, Tom Cribb, (and a man possessing more real, or true courage, is not to be found in the whole world) once being tossed by a bull, that in his rage and surprise at the moment, Tom wished "*he was a Bull for the Bull's sake!*" that he might have tossed the bull into the air in his turn; but let the determined resolution of the robber in his struggle with the serpent speak for itself:—"The boat having arrived at the portage of the Wisconsin, on his return to the Sioux country, it was necessary to dry a part of the cargo, which had been wet by a shower the night preceding. The canvass used to cover Macinac boats was spread upon the ground to dry. While Le Duc and his men were engaged in eating, an enormous rattlesnake crept out of the grass, and stretched himself in the sun upon the canvass; thinking, it is probable, that it was placed there for his reception. It is well known that this reptile is a generous enemy, never doing any injury unless molested, nor then, without giving warning. When Pinchon and his comrade returned, they perceived the individual in question.

Le Duc seized a stick to kill it, but Pinchon held his arm, while the serpent regarded them with the utmost indifference. "Joe Le Duc," said Pinchon, "we are called brave men. Should you like to try which is the best entitled to the name of the two?"

"And how should that be tried! You do not wish to fight with me, I hope? I have no inclination of that kind myself; I would far rather drink with you."

"Nay, it can be tried without fighting. Dare you—will you catch that snake in your bare hands?"

"Despardieux! no! I will fight the Indians with you, as long and as often as you please, but I will not fight such an enemy as that."

"Well, then, it shall never be said that I feared man or beast. If you will not catch him, I will."

Disregarding all remonstrance, the desperado laid himself down within a few feet of the reptile. He moved his hand towards him as slowly as the hand of a clock, while the snake raised his head, and looked him steadily in the eye, without offering to strike. When he had advanced his fingers within six inches of the serpent, he snatched it up by the neck, as quick as thought, and sprung upon his feet, holding it out at arm's length. The reptile, after a few revolutions of its tail, fixed it firmly round the man's neck, and began to contract his body. Though one of the strongest of men, he felt his arm bend, in spite of all the force of his muscles. Still his iron nerves remained firm. He grasped his right wrist with his left hand, and resisted with all his might; but the snake was too strong for him; when, at last, he saw its white fangs within six inches of his face, his courage gave way, and he cried to Le Duc to come with his knife. The snake was severed in two, and Pinchon cast the part he held from him. The animal had attained the full growth of its species, and had thirty-two rattles.

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## ANOTHER DISPOSAL OF A SNAKE.

In Demerara, and the adjacent parts of South America, Mr. Charles Waterman, a most enterprising traveller, relates the following adventure he had with a snake; and, although not displaying any thing like the hardihood of Pinchon, the robber, yet, nevertheless, it will be found extremely interesting:—"The sun (says he) had just passed the meridian in a cloudless sky; there was scarcely a bird to be seen, for the winged inhabitants of the forest, as though overcome by heat, had retired to the thickest shades; all would have been like midnight silence, were it not that the shrill voice of the pi-pi-yo every now and then resounded from a distant tree. I was sitting with a Horace in my hand, when a negro and his little dog came down the hill in haste, and I was soon informed that a snake had been discovered; but it was a young one, called the bush-master, a rare and poisonous snake. I instantly rose up, and, laying hold of the eight foot lance, which was close by me, 'Well, then, Daddy,' said I, 'We'll go and have a look at the snake.' I was barefoot, with an old hat, and check shirt, and trousers on, and pair of braces to keep them up. The negro had his cutlass, and we ascended the hill; another negro, armed with a cutlass, joined us, judging, from our pace, that there was something to do. The little dog came along with us, and, when we had got about half a mile in the forest, the negro stopped, and pointed to a fallen tree; all was still and silent: I told the negroes not to stir from the place where they were, and keep the little dog in, and that I would go in and reconnoitre. I advanced up to the place slow and cautious. The snake was well concealed, but at last I made him out; it was a coulacanara, not poisonous, but large enough to have crushed any of us to death. On measuring him afterwards, he was something more than fourteen feet long. This species of snake is very rare, and much thicker, in proportion to his length, than any other snake in the forest. A coulacanara of fourteen feet in length is as thick as a common boa of twenty-four. After skinning this snake, I could easily get my head into his mouth, as the singular formation of the jaws admits of wonderful extension. A Dutch friend of mine, by name Brouwer, killed a boa, twenty-two feet long, with a pair of stag's horns in his mouth; he had swallowed the stag, but could not get the horns down; so he had to wait in patience with that uncomfortable mouthful till his stomach digested the body, and then the horns would drop out. In this plight the Dutchman found him, as he was going in his canoe up the river, and sent a ball through his head. On ascertaining the size of the serpent which the negro had just found, I retired slowly the way I came, and promised four dollars to the negro who had shown it to me, and one to the other who had joined us. Aware that the day was on the decline, and that the approach of night would be detrimental to the dissection, a thought struck me that I could take him alive. I imagined if I could strike him with the lance behind the head, and pin him to the ground, I might succeed in capturing him. When I told this to the negroes, they begged and intreated me to let them go for a gun, and bring more force, as they were sure the snake would kill some of us; but I had been in search of a large serpent for years, and now having come up with one, it did not become me to turn soft. So, taking a cutlass from one of the negroes, and then ranging both the sable slaves behind me, I told them to follow me, and that I would cut them down if they offered to fly. I smiled as I said this; but they shook their heads in silence, and seemed to have but a bad heart of it. When we got up to the place, the serpent had not stirred; but I could see nothing of his head, and I judged by the folds of his body that it must be at the farthest side of his den. A species of woodbine had formed a complete mantle over the branches of the fallen tree, almost impervious to the rain or the rays of the sun. Probably he had resorted to this sequestered place for a length of time, as it bore marks of an ancient settlement. I now took my knife, determining to cut away the woodbine, and break the twigs in the gentlest manner possible, till I could get a view of his head. One negro stood guard close behind me with the lance, and near him the other with a cutlass. The cutlass which I had taken from the first negro was on the ground close by me in case of need. After working in dead silence for a quarter of an hour, with one knee all the time on the ground, I had cleared away enough to see his head. It appeared coming out between the first and second coil of his body, and was flat on the ground. This was the very position I wished it to be in. I rose in silence, and retreated very slowly, making a sign to the negroes to do the same. We were at this time about twenty yards from the snake's den. I now ranged the negroes behind me, and told him who stood next to me to lay hold of the lance the moment I struck the snake, and that the other must attend my movements. It now only remained to take their cutlasses from them, for I was sure if I did not disarm them, they would be tempted to strike the snake in time of danger, and thus for ever spoil his skin. On taking their cutlasses from them, if I might judge from their physiognomy, they seemed to consider it as a most intolerable act of tyranny in me. Probably nothing kept them from bolting, but the consolation that I was to be between them and the snake. Indeed, my own heart, in spite of all I could do, beat quicker than usual; and I felt those sensations which one has on board a merchant vessel in war time, when the captain orders all hands on deck to prepare for action, while a strange vessel is coming down upon us under suspicious colours. We went slowly on in silence without moving our arms or heads, in order to prevent alarm as much as possible, lest the snake should glide off or attack us in self-defence. I carried the lance perpendicularly before me, with the point about a foot from the ground. The snake had not moved; and, on getting up to him I struck him with the lance on the near side, just behind the neck, and pinned him to the ground. That moment the negro next to me seized the lance, and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief. On pinning him to the ground with the lance, he gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for superiority. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and the additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail; and after a violent struggle or two, he gave in, finding himself overpowered. This was the moment to secure him. So, while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth. The snake, now finding himself in an unpleasant situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work, but we overpowered him. We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head, and held it firm under my arm, one negro supporting the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it, after resting ten times, for the snake was too heavy for us to support him without stopping to recruit our strength. As we proceeded onwards with him, he fought hard for freedom, but it was all in vain. The day was now too far spent to think of dissecting him. Had I killed him, a partial putrefaction would have taken place before morning. I had brought with me into the forest a strong bag, large enough to contain any animal that I should want to dissect. I considered this the best mode of keeping alive wild animals when I was pressed for daylight; for the bag yielding in every direction to their efforts they would have nothing solid or fixed to work on, and thus would be prevented from making a hole through it. I say fixed, for after the mouth of the bag was closed, the bag itself was not fastened or tied to any thing, but moved about wherever the animal inside caused it to roll. After securing afresh the mouth of the coulacanara, so that he could not open it, he was forced into this bag, and left to his fate till morning. I cannot say he allowed me to have a quiet night. My hammock was in the loft just above him, and the floor between us half gone to decay, so that in parts of it no boards intervened between his lodging and mine. He was very restless and fretful; and had Medusa been my wife, there could not have been more continued and disagreeable hissing in the bed-chamber that night. At daybreak I sent to borrow ten of the negroes who were cutting wood at a distance; I could have done with half that number, but judged it most prudent to have a good force, in case he should try to escape from the house when we opened the bag. However, nothing serious occurred. We untied the bag, kept him down by main force, and then I cut his throat. He bled like an ox. By six o'clock the same evening, he was completely dissected."

## THE HUMMING BIRD.

The above bird (according to the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*) is a pretty little feathered creature, no bigger than an overgrown wasp; with a black bill no bigger than a small needle, and with legs and feet in proportion to its body. This creature does not wave its wings like other birds when it flies, but keeps them in a continued quick motion, like bees or other insects; and like them makes a continued humming noise as it flies. It is very quick in motion, and haunts about flowers and fruit like a bee gathering honey; making many addresses to its delightful objects, by visiting them on all sides, and yet still keeps in motion, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, as often rebounding a foot or two back on a sudden, and as quickly returns again, keeping thus about one flower five or six minutes, or more.

## BEAVERS.

Such is the sagacity of the beavers (which we extract from *Cox's Colombia*) that a tribe of American Indians consider them as a fallen race of human beings, who, in consequence of their wickedness, vexed the Good Spirit, and were condemned by him to their present shape, but that in due time they will be restored to their humanity. They allege that the beavers have the power of speech, and that they have heard them talk with each other, and seen them sitting in council on an offending member. The lovers of natural history are already well acquainted with the surprising sagacity of these wonderful animals, with their dexterity in cutting down trees, their skill in constructing their houses, and their foresight in collecting and storing provisions sufficient to last them during the winter months; but few are aware, I should imagine, of a remarkable custom among them, which, more than any other, confirms the Indians in believing them a fallen race. Towards the latter end of autumn, a certain number, varying from twenty to thirty, assemble for the purpose of building their winter habitations. They immediately commence cutting down trees; and nothing can be more wonderful than the skill and patience which they manifest in this laborious undertaking. To see them anxiously looking up, watching the leaning of the tree when the trunk is nearly severed, and when its creaking announces its approaching fall, to observe them scampering off in all directions to avoid being crushed. When the tree is prostrate, they quickly strip off its branches; after which, with their dental chisels, they divide the trunk into several pieces of equal lengths, which they roll to the rivulet across which they intend to erect their house. Two or three old ones generally superintend the others, and it is no unusual sight to see them beating those who exhibit any symptoms of laziness; should, however, any fellow be incorrigible, and persist in refusing to work, he is driven unanimously by the whole tribe to seek shelter and provision elsewhere. These outlaws are, therefore, obliged to pass a miserable winter, half starved in a burrow on the banks of some stream, where they are easily trapped. The Indians call them "lazy beaver," and their fur is not half so valuable as that of the other animals, whose persevering industry and *prévoyance* secure them provisions and a comfortable shelter during the severity of the winter.

## THE BANK MARTIN.

The bill and claws of the above bird (says the author of the *Architecture of Birds*) are commonly hard and sharp, and admirably adapted for digging. The bill is small, but its shortness adds to its strength, as it suddenly tapers to a point like a sailor's marlinspike, or rather like the points of a pair of fine compasses when closed. The bank-swallow perforates the sand bank with its bill shut, it clings with its sharp claws and pegs in its bill as a miner does his pickaxe, till it has loosened a considerable portion of the hard sand, and tumbled it down among the loose rubbish below. Some of these swallows' holes are nearly as circular as if they had been planned out with a pair of compasses, while some are more irregular in form: but this seems to depend more upon the sand crumbling away than any deficiency in the original workmanship. It always scrapes out with its feet the sand detached by the bill, but so careful is this performed that it never scratches up the unmined sand or disturbs the plain of the floor which rather slopes upwards, and of course the lodgment of rain is thereby prevented. Bewick says that the nest of the Sand-Martin is carelessly constructed of straw, dry grass, and feathers; the female lays five or six white eggs almost transparent; it is said to have only one brood in the year.

## Desperate Struggle between a Man and a Mastiff for Life.

A short time since, Mr. Somerwill, the proprietor of the Pettington Lime Kilns, North Devon, arose from a little cabin he has fitted up on the spot, to attend to the process of his kiln, and, having effected his purpose, he lay down again without undressing, having over his clothes a smock-frock. Soon after the door of his cabin, which he had neglected to fasten, was thrust open, which alarmed his little dog lying on the floor, and caused him to bark, when the intruder, which proved to be a very large mastiff dog, seized the little animal, and shook it with great violence. On loosing his prey, the little dog leaped up on the bed, and sought the protection of his master; thither the mastiff pursued him, and, placing his paws on the bed, he laid hold of, not the dog, but his master, whom he dragged from the bed to the ground, where he held him for a while; at length Mr. Somerwill caught his assailant by the throat, and regained his legs, but it was with the utmost difficulty he could withstand his powerful enemy. Fortunately for him, a piece of hoop iron was within his reach, which served him for a weapon, wherewith he continued to beat the head of his shaggy antagonist till he had cleft his skull, and finally destroyed him. Mr. Somerwill received no other injury than the alarm and fatigue occasioned by the contest, the thickness of his clothes having proved a protection from the fangs of his canine foe.

## Hunting by Steam.

A friend of mine startled me a little by stating that he occasionally took the *same* horse *ninety-miles* to cover, and after a day's hunting, brought him home a like distance.—"Unless you hunt by steam," I exclaimed, "it is impossible!" "Why," says he, "that's the whole secret. I go with my horse on board the steamer at Quebec, and reached Trois Rivière in good time to breakfast, hunt with my father-in-law, who keeps a pack, and return to Quebec by the afternoon boat."—*Ferguson's Visit to the United States and Canada, in* 1831.

## Speed and Strength of Irish Horses.

The man who rode express from Cork to obtain Mr. O'Connell's assistance as Counsel, performed the journey on the *same* horse, in a most extraordinary manner. Mr. O'Connell lives in the wildest part of Kerry, and the country for half the journey is very mountainous. Burke left Cork at five o'clock on Saturday evening, and reached Mr. O'Connell's on Sunday morning at half-past eight o'clock. He rested and refreshed his horse two hours, and rode him back to Cork at eight on Monday morning; thus performing, within thirty-eight hours, a journey of 180 Irish miles, on very rough roads, upon the same horse. What say the Americans to this exploit. It resembles the flight of the wild animal that bore away Mazeppa in Lord Byron's beautiful poem.

## "TO A WATERFOWL."

*By William Bryant, an American Poet.*

"Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows: reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone—the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hast sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

# PIERCE EGAN'S
# BOOK OF SPORTS.

No. XVIII.] [*Price Three Pence.*

## THE JOLLY ANGLERS:

> "Dr. Nowell died February 13th, 1601, being aged NINETY-FIVE YEARS, forty-four of which he had been Dean of St. Paul's Church; and that his age had neither impaired his *hearing*, nor *dimmed* his EYES, nor weakened his memory, nor made any of the faculties of the mind weak or useless." 'Tis said, that ANGLING and TEMPERANCE were great causes of these blessings, and I wish the like to all that imitate him, and love the memory of so good a man.—IZAAK WALTON.

O! the jolly Angler's life, it is the best of any,
It is a *fancy* void of strife, and belov'd by many,
It is no crime, at any time, but a harmless pleasure;
It is a bliss, of lawfulness, it is a joy, not a toy,
It is a skill that breeds no ill, it is sweet and complete
Adoration to the mind, it's witty, pretty, decent,
Pleasant pastime, we shall sweetly find,
If the weather proves but kind, we'll enjoy our leisure.

In the morning up we rise, soon as day light's peeping,
Take a cup to cheer the heart, leave the sluggard sleeping,
Forth we walk, and merry talk, to some pleasant river,
Near the Thames, silver streams, there we stand, rod in hand,
Fixing right, for a bite, all the time the fish allure,
Come leaping, skipping, bobbing, biting,
Dangling at our hooks secure:
With this pastime sweet and pure, we could fish for ever.

As we walk the meadows green, where the fragrant air is,
Where the object's to be seen, O! what pleasure there is;
Birds do sing, flowers spring, full of delectation,
Whistling breeze runs through the trees, there we meet meadows sweet,
Flowers find to our mind, it is a scene of sweet content
From the sweet refreshing bowers,
Living, giving, easing, pleasing, vital powers,
Exhaled from those herbs and flowers,
Raised by the falling showers, for man's recreation.

Thro' the shady forest, where the horn is sounding,
Hound and huntsman roving, there is sport abounding;
A hideous noise, is all their joys, not to be admired.
While we fish, to gain a dish, with our hook, in the brook,
Watch our float, spare our throat,
While they are sweltering to and fro;
Tautivee, tantivee, the horn does loudly blow,
Hounds and huntsmen all a row, with their pastime fired.

We have gentles in our horns, we have worms and paste too,
Great coats we have, to stand a storm, baskets at our waists too,
We have line, choice of twine, fitting for our angle,
If it's so, away we go, seeking out carp or trout,
Eel or pike, or the like, dace or bleak, what we lack,
Barbel, jack, or any more,
Gudgeons, roaches, perches, tenches, here's the jolly Angler's store,
We have choice of fish galore, we will have our angling.

If the sun's excessive heat should our bodies swelter,
To bush or hedge we'll retreat for a friendly shelter;
If we spy a shower high, or the day uncertain,
Then we flee beneath a tree, there we eat victuals sweet;
Take a coge, smoke and foge,
If we can no longer stay,
We go laughing, joking, quaffing, smoking,
So delightful all the way,
Thus we conclude the day, with a cup at parting.

None but an out-and-out Angler, we are well assured, can enter into the "Joys of Angling;" many persons, it is true, are pleased with it as a mere *pastime;* accept of an invitation, *play* with the rod and line for a few hours, and may, perhaps, be induced to have another trial, if they are *lucky* enough to catch a dish of fish! But to other persons, *Angling* proves any thing but pleasing, nay, tiresome; and we have heard several individuals exclaim, in the words of the late elegant, but fastidious Lord Chesterfield, who gave his opinion in the following terms respecting hunting: "*Do they ever go a* SECOND *time?*" Therefore, we again repeat the above assertion, that it must be nothing else than an out-and-out Angler, who can fully enter into the "Joys of Angling." Indeed, something after the adage, that a man must be born a poet to excel in his art; or, in other words, that a man must be born an Angler or he will catch no fish; there is such a peculiarity of *thinking* attached to the sport—a matter of *taste* altogether, and totally different from all other kinds of Sporting.

An Angler, at all events, must possess one of our greatest virtues, namely, Patience; without patience, no man can become any thing like an Angler; and those persons who are destitute of this most admirable quality belonging to human nature must give up all ideas of amusement to be obtained by the use of the line and rod. But we have known many persons, within the circle of our sporting acquaintances, who have been perfectly contented with only a *nibble* in the course of a very long summer's day, much more the *lucky* chance of experiencing a *bite;* and who have packed up their baskets with as much coolness and composure as if they had the most extraordinary luck in the world, and have caught fish enough to have supplied Billingsgate Market. But then it is said, according to the old proverb, that "the *patient* man not only endureth, but he overcometh all things!" Be it so—the true Angler not only acts up to the extremity of the above sentence, but he also entertains a further opinion upon the subject, that however bad his luck might have been one day, he may experience better the next time he throws his line into the water.

Angling is most decidedly an art, and Anglers, in general, are entirely devoted to this contemplative pursuit; in fact, they never appear to *tire* at it. After the day's sport is over, bad or good, we have found most of the Anglers truly pleasant, and perfectly good-tempered. Neither distance, nor weather, at times operate upon the feelings of the Angler; and he trudges towards the scene of his delight, some favorite piece of water, or river, perhaps twenty miles, with as much ease and indifference as if it was only a few yards—contemplating on the healthful exercise and the enjoyment which free air affords with the above sport to the *Philosopher!* Yes, we must use the term Philosopher! for such we believe them to be, and have no hesitation, generally speaking, that all true Anglers come under that denomination of character.

In the course of our variegated life we have spent many very harmonious evenings in the company of Anglers after they have retired from their day's sport, to enjoy the company of their friends and acquaintances over the glass, cigar, or pipe, and we never found them tardy in telling their tale, or giving their song, when required to contribute to the conviviality of the night. We well remember we were very much pleased with Mr. Float's song, who gave the following verses in the true spirit and taste of an Angler:—

### TO ANGLE WE WILL GO.

Of all the sports and pastimes
Which happen in the year,
To angling there are none, sure,
That ever can compare.
Then to angle we will go, &c.

We do not break our legs or arms,
As huntsmen often do;
For when that we are angling,
No danger can ensue.
Then to angle, &c.

Cards and dice are courtly games,
Then let them laugh who win;
There's innocence in angling,
But gaming is a sin.
Then to angle, &c.

Then you who would be honest,
And to old age attain,
Forsake the city and the town,
And fill the angler's train.
Then to angle, &c.

For health and for diversion,
We rise by break of day,
While courtiers, in their down beds,
Sleep half their time away,
Then to angle, &c.

And then unto the river,
In haste we do repair,
All day in sweet amusement,
We breathe good wholesome air.
Then to angle, &c.

Our constitution sound is,
Our appetites are keen;
We laugh and bid defiance,
To vapours and the spleen.
Then to angle, &c.

The gout and spleen are often bred
By lolling in a coach;
But anglers walk, and so remain
As sound as any roach.
Then to angle, &c.

The trout, the pike, the salmon,
The barbel, carp, and bream,
Afford good sport; and so the perch
And tench will do the same.
Then to angle, &c.

So let us now remember
To praise the smaller fish:
Bleak, gudgeon, roach, and dace,
Will garnish well a dish.
Then to angle, &c.

Through meadows, by a river,
From place to place we roam:
And when that we are weary,
We then go jogging home.
Then to angle, &c.

At night we take a bottle,
We prattle, laugh, and sing:
We drink a health unto our friends,
And so God bless the King.
Then to angle, &c.

The above chant having been well received by the company present, and the toast having gone round, "May we float through life with pleasure and success!" Mr. ROD was solicited to favor his brother Anglers with a song to keep the game alive; to which Mr. R. readily consented:—

Come Anglers, come, for work prepare,
The scaly-race demands our care;
The tears of morn in rain-drops fall,
Sweet tears of bliss to anglers all,
Bring forth your tackle, bait, and hooks,
The watery world divinely looks!
Come, anglers, come, nor longer stay,
We must, we shall have sport to-day.

See yonder trout, how proudly shy—
But on the stream-king keep your eye;
He must be taken, hook'd ere long—
To raise the smile, and laud the song;
The fly-line plays—the fish bite well—
And who kills most, boys, time will tell;
Yes, anglers, yes, for truth to say,
Our sport, sweet sport, is good to-day.

How runs the time? Yet what care we
For care or time, while here we be.
Well caught! that jack prolongs our stay:
We cannot, must not, yet away.
Bravo! that greedy perch too cries,
We must have more, to feast our eyes!
Yes, anglers, yes, for fame to say,
Our sport, sweet sport, is good to-day.

The owl-bird flies the shade-scene falls,
And "home, boys, home," the night bell calls;
There, there to chaunt the festive strain,
And drink old Isaac o'er again!
Great Walton! whose piscatory skill,
Shall long a place in memory fill!
Shall live for truth's glad tongue to say,
"Success to angling night or day."

Upon the conclusion of this song, Messrs. MINNOW, PISCATOR, and BREAM, were asked for the Fisherman's Glee: and after the following toast—"May we never fish in troubled waters!" had been drank with loud applause, the above glee singers commenced:—

"We, we,
*Fishermen* be,
For we try the stream, and we sound the sea:
Then flee, flee,
Adown the lea,
For the south wind blows for we and thee.

Try, try,
The *palmer* fly,
Where the *trout* by yon rise doth seem to lie;
And ply, ply,
*Ere sun is high,*
Where the insect falls on the wave to die.

Wake, wake,
From slumber break,
And your angler's garb and weapons take,
Make, make,
For *Isaak's* sake,
Your line whip the Wave, and your float sail the lake."
*Ancient Fisherman's Melody.*"

The melody of the above glee delighted the company; when Mr. GROUNDBAIT, was asked to sing his sentimental song in praise of Angling, with which they had been so often delighted. Mr. G. said he had no objection as to himself, but he thought there was "something too much about fishing," and a little variety might be more acceptable to the company. But this objection was over-ruled by all present, Mr. GROUNDBAIT being well-known as a sentimental singer of the first class. After the chairman had given the following toast, "Success to the Jolly Anglers!" Mr. G. was listened to with the greatest attention, when he commenced the following song:—

By purling stream, in shady dell,
The angler tunes his vocal shell,
And, hark! invites the fair:
Soft and enticing are his lays,
And sweet of men of sense the praise—
Our smiles reward his care.
*Chorus.*—The jolly angler's sports we'll join,
And love with pastime shall combine.

Too long has foolish custom crept
Between the sexes—too long kept
Those form'd for bliss apart;
The bottle's rude intemp'rate noise,
The social charms of life destroys,
Which woman's born t'impart,
*Chorus.*—The jolly angler's sports we'll join,
And love with pastime shall combine.

The chase ill suits our tender frame,
Exposure brings the blush of shame—
Indelicate display!
But see the fair, with arm divine,
Spring round the rod and throw the line,
'Tis grace herself at play.
*Chorus.*—The jolly angler's sports we'll join,
And love with pastime shall combine.

We'll share the peaceful angler's joys—
The world's tumult, care, and noise,
For calmer scenes resign;
Upon our cheeks health's ruddy glow
Ethereal beauty will bestow,
And make our charms divine.
*Chorus.*—The jolly angler's sports we'll join,
And love with pastime shall combine.

Boy, hither bring th' elastic wand,
Endued with magic by our hand,
'Twill charm the finny prey:
With graceful sweep, the line once thrown,
Fishes as well as men shall own
Our universal sway.
*Chorus.*—The jolly angler's sports we'll join,
And love with pastime shall combine.

An *encore* was almost insisted upon by the company, and Mr. GROUNDBAIT had some difficulty in not complying with their wishes: but, on Mr. Mac Gregor, a bonny Scotsman, being solicited to give his assistance to promote the cause of Harmony, he replied, "if they would not take it amiss, he would give them, for the sake of '*Auld Lang Syne*,' a Scotch song in praise of Angling." "By all means," replied the chairman, "and, in order to give you a little time, I shall propose to you, 'May nothing *scaly* belong to any Angler except his fish!'" This toast produced much laughter, and was also drank with great applause, after which Mr. Mac Gregor sang the following song with so much good taste and feeling as to claim the approbation of every one present:—

### THE AULD FISHER'S FAREWEEL TO COQUET.

TUNE,—"*Grammachree.*"

Come bring to me my limber gad
I've fish'd wi' mony a year,
An' let me hae my weel-worn creel,
An' a' my fishing gear;
The sun-beams glint on *Linden Ha'*,
The breeze comes frae the west,
An' lovely looks the gowden morn
On th' streams that I like best.

I've thrawn the *flee* thae sixty year,
Ay, sixty year an' mair,
An' mony a speckled Troutie kill'd
Wi' *heckle*, heuk, an' hair,
An' now I'm auld an' feeble grown,
My locks are like the snaw;
But I'll gang again to Coquet side,
An' take a fareweel thraw.

O Coquet! in my youthfu' days
Thy river sweetly ran,
An' sweetly down thy woody braes
The bonnie birdies sang;
But streams may rin, an' birds may sing,
Sma' joy they bring to me
The blithesome strains I dimly hear,
The streams I dimly see.

But, ance again, the weel-ken'd sounds
My minutes shall beguile,
An' glistering in the airly sun
I'll see thy waters smile;
An' Sorrow shall forget his sigh,
An' Age forget his pain,
An' ance mair, by sweet Coquet side,
My heart be young again.

Ance mair I'll touch, wi' gleesome foot,
Thy waters clear and cold,
Ance mair I'll cheat the gleg-e'ed trout,
An' wile him frae his hold;
Ance mair, at *Weldon's* frien'ly door,
I'll wind my tackle up,
An' drink "success to Coquet-side,"
Tho' a tear fa' in the cup.

An' then fareweel!—dear Coquet-side!
Aye gaily may thou rin,
An' lead thy waters sparkling on,
An' dash frae lin to lin;
Blithe be the music o' thy streams
An' banks, thro' afterdays,
An' blithe be every Fisher's heart
Shall ever tread thy Braes!

---

IZAAK WALTON, the justly celebrated Angler, was born in Stafford in 1593, but the greatest part of his time he resided in London, carrying on the business of a wholesale linen draper in Chancery Lane. But he established his reputation as a literary character, and he was the biographer of Dr. John Dorme, Mr. George Herbert, Bishop Saunderson, Mr. Richard Hooker, and Sir Henry Woolton, whose lives obtained for him the universal applause or his contemporaries. But the greatest popularity Izaak Walton procured for himself was his "*Complete Angler*," the first edition of which he published in 1653, and he lived to see it go through five editions; the last of which, in 1676, was accompanied by a Second Part, written by his intimate friend and adopted son, Charles Cotton, Esq., of Beresford Hall, in the county of Stafford. Walton was also brother-in-law to Bishop Ken; father-in-law to Dr. Hawkins, prebendary of Winchester; and related also by marriage to the grand nephew of that "first and brightest ornament of the Reformation," Archbishop Cranmer. It has been observed, by one of his biographers, "there is so much simplicity, and such a vein of good humour throughout his works, that it has obtained the praise of all parties, from the time of its first publication to the present day; and, though certain quaint passages in it may have occasionally furnished a theme for the punster, yet its moral instructions and pastoral descriptions, in prose and verse, will ever be acknowledged by men of true genius."

The above celebrated man, lived to a fine old age, having passed quietly through the vale of life till he counted NINETY-THREE years, and then dying in peace and harmony with all mankind. He died on the 15th of December, 1683, at the house of his son-in-law, Dr. Hawkins, a prebendary of Winchester, in which Cathedral his remains were deposited.

The following observations respecting a person becoming an Angler, laid down by Izaak Walton, are well worthy of notice: "Now for the art of catching fish, that is to say, how to make a man that was none, to be an ANGLER *by a book;* he that undertakes it shall undertake a harder task than Mr. Halls, a most valiant and excellent fencer, who, in a spirited book, called 'A Private School of Defence,' undertakes to teach that art or science, and was laughed at for his labor. Not but that many useful things might be learned by that book, but he was laughed at.

because that art was not to be taught by words, but *practice;* and so must *Angling*. And note also, that in this discourse, I do not undertake to say all that is known, or may be said of it, but I undertake to acquaint the reader with many things that are not usually known to every Angler; and I shall leave gleanings and observations enough, to be made out of the experience of all that love and practise this recreation, to which I shall encourage them: for Angling may be said to be so like the mathematics, that it can never be fully learned; at least not so fully, but that there will still be more new experiments left for the trial of other men that succeed us."

For the information of the readers of the Book of Sports, we quote the remarks of Washington Irving, who, in his "Sketch Book," thus speaks of the seductive qualities of the pages of Izaak Walton's Complete Angler, on the minds of young Anglers:—

"It is said, that many an unlucky urchin is induced to run away from his family, and betake himself to a sea-faring life, from reading the history of Robinson Crusoe; and I suspect that, in like manner, many of those worthy gentlemen, who are given to haunt the sides of pastoral streams with angle rods in hand, may trace the origin of their passion to the seductive pages of honest Izaak Walton. I recollect studying his 'Complete Angler,' several years since in company with a knot of friends in America, and, moreover, that we were all completely bitten with the Angling mania. It was early in the year; but as soon as the weather was auspicious, and that the spring began to melt into the verge as summer, we took rod in hand and sallied into the country, as stark mad as ever was Don Quixote from reading books of chivalry.

"One of our party had equalled the Don in the fullness of his equipments, being attired cap-a-pie for the enterprise. He wore a broad-skirted fustian coat, perplexed with half a hundred pockets; a pair of stout shoes and leathern gaiters; a basket slung on one side for fish; a patent rod; a landing net; and a score of other inconveniences, only to be found in the true Angler's armoury. Thus harnessed for the field, he was as great a matter of stare and wonderment among the country folk, who had never seen a regular Angler, as was the steel-clad hero of La Mancha, among the goat-herds of Sierra Morena.

"Our first essay was along a mountain brook, among the highlanders of the Hudson; a most unfortunate place for the execution of those piscatory tactics which had been invented along the velvet margin of quiet English rivulets.

"For my part, I was always a bungler at all kinds of sport that required either patience or adroitness, and had not Angled above half an hour before I had completely 'satisfied the sentiment,' and convinced myself of the truth of Izaak Walton's opinion, 'that Angling is something like poetry—a man must be born to it.' I hooked myself instead of the fish; tangled my line in every tree; lost my bait; broke my rod; until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees, reading old Izaak; satisfied that it was his fascinating vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me, and not the passion for Angling.

"But, above all, I recollect the 'good, honest, wholesome, hungry,' repast, which we made under a beech tree, just by a spring of pure sweet water that stole out of the side of a hill; and here, when it was over, one of the party read old Izaak Walton's scene with the milk-maid, while I lay on the grass, and built castles in a bright pile of clouds until I fell asleep."

In No. IX. of the Book of Sports, p. 137, we have made an extract of part of a conference from the "Complete Angler," of Izaak Walton, "*between an* Angler, *a* Hunter, *and a* Falconer; *each commending his recreation,*" we now return to the completion of the dialogue, so interestingly related by the above celebrated writer and Angler:—

*Piscator.* Then first for the ANTIQUITY of ANGLING, of which I shall not say much, but only this; some say it is as ancient as *Deucalion's* flood: others, that *Belus*, who was the first inventor of godly and virtuous recreations, was the first inventor of ANGLING; and some others say, for former times have had their disquisitions about the antiquity of it, that *Seth*, one of the sons of *Adam*, taught it to his sons, and that by them it was derived to posterity: others say that he left it engraven on those pillars which he erected, and trusted to preserve the knowledge of the mathematics, music, and the rest of that precious knowledge and those useful arts which, by God's appointment or allowance and his noble industry, were thereby preserved from perishing in *Noah's* flood.

These, Sir, have been the opinions of several men, that have possibly endeavoured to make angling more ancient than is needful, or may well be warranted; but for my part, I shall content myself in telling you that Angling is much more ancient than the Incarnation of our Saviour; for in the prophet Amos mention is made of fish-hooks; and in the Book of Job, which was long before the days of Amos, for that book is said to be writ by Moses, mention is made also of fish-hooks, which must imply anglers in those times.

But, my worthy friend, as I would rather prove myself a gentleman by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches, or wanting those virtues myself, boast that these were in my ancestors, and yet I grant that where a noble and ancient descent, and such merits meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person; so, if this *antiquity of* Angling, which for my part I have not forced, shall, like an ancient family, be either an honour or an ornament to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practise, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it; of which I shall say no more, but proceed to that just commendation which I think it deserves.

And for that I shall tell you, that in ancient times a debate hath risen, and it remains yet unresolved, whether the happiness of man in this world, doth consist more in contemplation or action.

Concerning which some have endeavoured to maintain their opinion to the first, by saying that the nearer we mortals come to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are. And they say that God enjoys himself only by a contemplation of his own infiniteness, eternity, power, and goodness, and the like. And upon this ground, many cloisteral men of great learning and devotion, prefer contemplation before action, and many of the fathers seem to approve of this opinion, as may appear in their commentaries upon the words of our Saviour to *Martha*, Luke x. 41, 42.

And on the contrary there want not men of equal authority and credit that prefer action to be the more excellent; as namely, experiments in physic, and the application of it, both for the ease and prolongation of man's life; by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others; either to serve his country, or do good to particular persons; and they say also, that action is doctrinal, and teaches both art and virtue, and is a maintainer of humane society; and for these and other like reasons, to be preferred before contemplation.

Concerning which two opinions I shall forbear to add a third by declaring my own, and rest myself contented in telling you, my very worthy friends, that both these meet together, and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenious, quiet, and harmless art of angling.

And, first, I shall tell you what some have observed, and I have found it to be a real truth, that the very sitting by the river's side is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an angler to it: and this seems to be maintained by the learned *Pet. Du Moulin*, who, in his discourse of the fulfilling of prophecies, observes, that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts or the sea-shore, that having so separated them from amidst the press of people and business, and the cares of the world, he might settle their mind in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for revelation.

And this seems also to be intimated by the *Children of Israel*, Psa. 137; who having in a sad condition banished all mirth and music from their pensive hearts, and having hung up their then mute harps upon the willow trees, growing by the rivers of Babylon, sat down upon their banks bemoaning the ruins of *Sion*, and contemplating their own sad condition.

And an ingenious *Spaniard* says that "rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration." And though I will not rank myself in the number of the first, yet give me leave to free myself from the last, by offering you a short contemplation, *first of rivers* and then of *the* FISH; concerning which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will appear very considerable; I am sure they have appeared so to me, and made many an hour pass away more pleasantly, as I have sat quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river, and contemplated what I shall now relate to you.

And, first, concerning rivers, there be so many wonders reported and written of them, and of the several creatures that be bred and live in them; and those by authors of so good credit, that we need not to deny them on historical faith.

As namely of a river in *Epirus*, that puts out any lighted torch, and kindles any torch that was not lighted. Some waters being drank, cause madness, some drunkenness, and some laughter to death. The river *Selarus* in a few hours turns a rod or wand to stone; and our *Camden* mentions the like in England, and the like in *Loch Mere* in *Ireland*. There is also a river in *Arabia*, of which all the sheep that drink thereof have their wool turned into a vermillion colour. And one of no less credit than *Aristotle* tells us of a merry river, the river *Elusina*, that dances at the noise of music, for with music it bubbles, dances, and grows sandy, and so continues till the music ceases, but then it presently returns to its wonted calmness and clearness. And Camden tells us of a well, near to *Kirby* in *Westmoreland*, that ebbs and flows several times every day: and he tells us of a river in *Surrey*, it is called *Mole*, that after it has run several miles, being opposed by hills, finds or makes itself a way under ground, and breaks out again so far off, that the inhabitants thereabout boast, as *Spaniards* do of their river *Anus*, that they feed divers flocks of sheep upon a bridge. And lastly, for I would not tire your patience, one of no less authority than *Josephus*, that learned Jew, tells us of a river in *Judea* that runs swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still and rests all their Sabbath.

But I will lay aside my discourse of rivers, and tell you some things of the monsters or fish, call them what you will, that they breed and feed in them. *Pliny*, the philosopher, says, in the third chapter of his ninth book, that in the *Indian Sea*, the fish called the *Balæna*, or Whirlpool, is so long and broad as to take up more in length and breadth than two acres of ground, and of other fish of two hundred cubits long, and that in the river *Ganges* there be eels of thirty foot long. He says there that these monsters appear in that sea only when the tempestous winds oppose the torrents of waters falling from the rocks into it, and so turning what lay at the bottom to be seen on the water's top; and he says that the people of *Cadara*, an island near this place, make the timber for their houses of those fish bones. He there tells us that there are sometimes a thousand of these great eels found wrapped or interwoven together. He tells us there that it appears that Dolphins love music, and will come, when called for by some men or boys that know and use to feed them, and that they can swim as swift as an arrow can be shot out of a bow, and much of this is spoken of concerning the Dolphin and other fish, as may be found also in learned Dr. *Casaubon's* discourse of Credulity and Incredulity, printed by him about the year 1670. I know we islanders are averse to the belief of these wonders, but there be so many strange creatures to be now seen, many collected by *John Tradescant*, and others added by my friend *Elias Ashmole*, Esq., who now keeps them carefully and methodically at his house near to *Lambeth*, near *London*, as may get some belief of some of the other wonders I mentioned. I will tell you some of the wonders that you may now see, and not till then believe unless you think fit.

You may there see the Hog-fish, the Dog-fish, the Dolphin, the Coney-fish, the Parrot-fish, the Shark, the Poison-fish, Sword-fish, and not only other incredible fish, but you may there see the Salamander, several sorts of Barnacles, of Solon Geese, the Bird of Paradise, such sorts of snakes, and such birds'-nests, and of so various forms and so wonderfully made as may beget wonder and amusement in any beholder, and so many hundred of other rarities in that collection as will make the other wonders I spake of the less incredible, for you may note that the waters are Nature's store-house, in which she locks up her wonders.

But, Sir, lest this discourse may seem tedious, I shall give it a sweet conclusion out of that holy poet Mr. *George Herbert*, his divine contemplation on God's Providence.

Lord, who hath praise enough, nay, who hath any?
  None can express thy works but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works, they are so many,
  And so complete, but only he that owes them.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
  To be exact, transcendant, and divine;
Who dost so strangely and so sweetly move,
  Whilst all things have their end, yet none but thine.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present,
  For me and all my fellows, praise to thee;
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
  Because the benefit accrues to me.

And, as concerning fish in that Psalm, *Psa.* 104, wherein, for height of poetry and wonders, the prophet *David* seems even to exceed himself, how doth he there express himself in choice metaphors, even to the amazement of a contemplative reader, concerning the sea, the rivers, and the fish therein contained; and the great naturalist, *Pliny*, says "that Nature's great and wonderful power is more demonstrated by sea than on the land." And this may appear by the numerous and various creatures inhabiting both in and about that element: as to the readers of *Gesner*, *Rondeletius*, *Pliny*, *Ausonius*, *Aristotle*, and others, may be demonstrated. But I will sweeten this discourse also out of a contemplation in divine *Du Bartas*, who says:—

God quickened in the sea and in the rivers,
So many fishes of so many features,
That in the waters we may see all creatures,
E'en all that on the earth are to be found,
As if the world were in deep waters drown'd:
For seas as well as skies, have sun, moon, stars,
As well as air—swallows, rooks, and stares;
As well as earth—vines, roses, nettles, melons,
Mushrooms, pinks, gilliflowers, and many millions
Of other plants, more rare, more strange than these,
As very fishes living in the seas;
As also rams, calves, horses, hares and hogs,
Wolves, urchins, lions, elephants and dogs;
Yea, men and maids, and which I most admire,
The mitred bishop, and the cowled friar.
Of which examples, but a few years since,
Were shown the Norway and Palonian prince.

These seem to be wonders, but have had so many confirmations from men of learning and credit, that you need not doubt them; nor are the number, nor the various shapes of fishes, more strange or more fit for contemplation than their different natures, inclinations, and actions; concerning which I shall beg your patient ear a little longer.

The Cuttle-fish will cast a long gut out of her throat, which, like as an angler doth his line, she sendeth forth and pulleth in again at her pleasure, according as she sees some little fish come near to her; and the Cuttle-fish, being then hid in the gravel, lets the smaller fish nibble and bite the end of it, at which time she by little and little draws the smaller fish so near to her that she may leap upon her, and then catches and devours her; and for this reason some have called this fish the sea-angler.

And there is a fish called a Hermit, that at a certain age gets into a dead fish's shell, and like a hermit dwells there alone, studying the wind and weather, and so turns her shell that she makes it defend her from the injuries that they would bring upon her.

There is also a fish called by *Aelian*, in his 9th book of Living Creatures, ch. 16, the *Adonis*, or darling of the sea; so called because it is a loving and innocent fish, a fish that hurts nothing that hath life, and is at peace with all the numerous inhabitants of that vast watery element; and truly I think most anglers are so disposed to most of mankind.

And there are also lustful and chaste fishes, of which I shall give you examples.

And first, what *Du Bartas* says of a fish called the *Sargus*; which, because none can express it better than he does, I shall give you in his own words; supposing it shall not have the less credit for being verse, for he hath gathered this and other observations out of authors that have been great and industrious searchers into the secrets of nature.

The adult'rous Sargus doth not only change
Wives every day in the deep streams, but strange
As if the honey of sea-love delight
Could not suffice his ranging appetite,
Goes courting she-goats on the grassy shore,
Horning their husbands, that had horns before.

And the same author writes concerning the *Cantharus*, that which you shall also hear in his own words:—

But contrary, the constant Cantharus
Is ever constant to his faithful spouse;
In nuptial duties spending his chaste life,
Never loves any but his own dear wife.

Sir, but a little longer, and I have done.

*Ven.* Sir, take what liberty you think fit, for your discourse seems to be music, and charms me to an attention.

*Pisc.* Why then, Sir, I will take a little liberty to tell, or rather to remember you what is said of turtle-doves—first, that they silently plight their troth and marry; and that then the surviver scorns, as the *Thracian* women are said to do, to outlive his or her mate, and this is taken for truth; and if the survivor shall ever couple with another,—then not only the living, but the dead, be it either the he or the she, is denied the name and honour of a true turtle-dove.

And to parallel this land rarity, and teach mankind moral faithfulness, and to condemn those that talk of religion, and yet come short of the moral faith of fish and fowl; men that vitiate the law affirmed by *St. Paul*, *Rom.* ii. 14, 15, to be writ in their hearts, and which he says shall at the last day condemn and leave them without excuse. I pray hearken to what *Du Bartas* sings, for the hearing of such conjugal faithfulness will be music to all chaste ears, and therefore I pray hearken to what *Du Bartas* sings of the mullet:—

But for chaste love the mullet hath no peer,
For, if the fisher hath surprised her phear,
As mad with woe, to shore she followeth,
Prest to consort him both in life and death.

On the contrary, what shall I say of the house-cock, which treads any hen, and then, contrary to the swan, the partridge, and pigeon, takes no care to hatch, to feed, or to cherish his own brood, but is senseless though they perish.

And 'tis considerable, that the hen, which, because she also takes any cock, expects it not, who is sure the chickens be her own, hath by a moral impression her care and affection to her own brood more than doubled, even to such a height that our Saviour, in expressing his love to Jerusalem, Matt. xxiii. 37, quotes her for an example of tender affection, as his Father had done Job for a pattern of patience. And to parallel this cock there be divers fishes that cast their spawn on flags or stones, and then leave it uncovered, and exposed to become a prey, and be devoured by vermin or other fishes; but other fishes, as namely, the barbel, takes such care for the preservation of their seed, that, unlike to the cock or the cuckoo, they mutually labour, both the spawner and the melter, to cover their spawn with sand, or watch it, or hide it in some secret place, unfrequented by vermin, or by any fish but themselves.

Sir, these examples may, to you and others, seem strange; but they are testified, some by *Aristotle*, some by *Pliny*, some by *Gesner*, and by many others of credit, and are believed and known by divers, both of wisdom and experience, to be a truth and indeed are, as I said at the beginning, fit for the contemplation of a most serious, and a most pious man, and, doubtless, this made the prophet *David* say—"They that occupy themselves in deep waters see the wonderful works of God:" indeed, such wonders and pleasures too as the land affords not.

And that they be fit for the contemplation of the most prudent, and pious, and peaceable men, seems to be testified by the practice of so many devout and contemplative men, as the Patriarchs and Prophets of old, and of the Apostles of our Saviour in our latter times; of which twelve, we are sure he chose four that were simple fishermen, whom he inspired, and sent to publish his blessed will to the Gentiles, and inspired them also with a power to speak all languages, and by their powerful eloquence to beget faith in the unbelieving Jews, and themselves to suffer for that Saviour whom their forefathers and they had crucified; and, in their sufferings, to preach freedom from the incumbrances of the law, and a new way to everlasting life. This was the employment of these happy fishermen, concerning which choice, some have made these observations.

First, That he never reproved these for their employment or calling, as he did Scribes and the money-changers. And, secondly, he found that the hearts of such men by nature were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as indeed most anglers are: these men our blessed Saviour, who is observed to love to plant grace in good natures, though indeed nothing be too hard for him, yet these men he chose to call from their irreprovable employment of fishing, and gave them grace to be his disciples, and to follow him and do wonders; I say four of twelve.

And it is observable that it was our Saviour's will that these our four fishermen should have a priority of nomination in the catalogue of his twelve apostles, Mat. x. as namely, first—St. Peter, St. Andrew, St. James, and St. John, and then the rest in their order.

And it is yet more observable, that when our blessed Saviour went up into the mount, when he left the rest of his disciples and chose only three to bear him company at his transfiguration, that those three were all fishermen. And it is to be believed, that all the other apostles, after they betook themselves to follow Christ, betook themselves to be fishermen too; for it is certain that the greater number of them were found together fishing by Jesus after his Resurrection, as it is recorded in the 21st chapter of St. John's Gospel.

And since I have your promise to hear me with patience, I will take a liberty to look back upon an observation that hath been made by an ingenious and learned man, who observes, that God hath been pleased to allow those, whom he himself hath appointed to write his holy will in Holy Writ, yet, to express his will in such metaphors as their former affections or practice had inclined them to: and he brings Solomon for an example, who before his conversion was remarkably carnally amorous: and after by God's appointment wrote that spiritual dialogue or holy amorous love-song the Canticles, betwixt God and his church; in which he says his beloved had eyes like the fish-pools of Heshbon.

And if this hold in reason, as I see none to the contrary, then it may be probably concluded, that Moses, who, I told you before, wrote the book of Job, and the prophet Amos, who was a shepherd, were both Anglers; for you shall in all the Old Testament find fish-hooks, I think but twice mentioned, namely, by meek Moses the friend of God, and by the humble prophet Amos.

Concerning which last, namely, the prophet Amos, I shall make but this observation, that he that shall read the humble, lowly, plain style of that prophet, and compare it with the high, glorious, eloquent style of the prophet Isaiah, though they be both equally true, may easily believe Amos to be, not only a Shepherd, but a good-natured, plain Fisherman.

Which I do the rather believe by comparing the affectionate, loving, lowly, humble epistles of St. Peter, St. James, and St. John, whom we know were all fishers, with the glorious language and high metaphors of St. Paul, who we may believe was not.

And for the lawfulness of fishing it may very well be maintained by our Saviour's bidding St. Peter cast his hook into the water and catch a fish, for money to pay tribute to Cæsar. And let me tell you, that Angling is of high esteem, and of much use in other nations. He that reads the Voyages of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, shall find that there he declares to have found a king and several priests a fishing.

And he that reads Plutarch shall find that Angling was not contemptible in the days of Mark Antony and Cleopatra, and that they in the midst of their wonderful glory used Angling as a principal recreation. And let me tell you that in the scripture Angling is always taken in the best sense, and that though hunting may be sometimes so taken, yet it is but seldom to be so understood. And let me add this more, he that views the ancient Ecclesiastical canons shall find hunting to be forbidden to churchmen, as being a turbulent, toilsome, perplexing recreation; and shall find Angling allowed to clergymen, as being a harmless recreation: a recreation that invites them to contemplation and quietness.

I might here enlarge myself by telling you what commendations our learned Perkins bestows on Angling; and how dear a lover, and great a practiser of it our learned Doctor Whitaker was, as indeed many others of great learning have been. But I will content myself with two memorable men, that lived near to our own time, whom I also take to have been ornaments to the art of Angling.

The first is Doctor Nowell, some time Dean of the Cathedral of St. Paul's, in London, where his monument stands yet undefaced: a man that in the reformation of Queen Elizabeth, not that of Henry VIII. was so noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, prudence and piety, that the then parliament and convocation both, chose, enjoined, and trusted him to be the man to make a catechism for public use, such a one as should stand as a rule for faith and manners to their posterity. And the good old man, though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to heaven by many nor by hard questions, like an honest Angler, made that good, plain, unperplexed catechism which is printed with our good old Service-Book. I say this good man was a dear lover and constant practiser of Angling, as any age can produce; and his custom was to spend, besides his fixed hours of prayer, those hours which by command of the Church were enjoyed by the clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to devotion by many primitive christians: I say, besides those hours, this good man was observed to spend part of his time in Angling; and also, for I have conversed with those which have conversed with him, to bestow a tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish, amongst the poor that inhabited near to those rivers in which it was caught: saying often, "that Charity gives life to religion," and at his return to his house would praise God he had spent that day free from earthly trouble; both harmlessly, and in a recreation that became a churchman. And this good man was well content, if not desirous, that posterity should know he was an Angler, as may appear by his picture now to be seen, and carefully kept in Brazen-nose College, to which he was a liberal benefactor, in which picture he is drawn leaning on a desk, with his Bible before him, and on one hand of him his lines, hooks, and other tackling lying in a round; and on his other hand are the angle-rods of several sorts; and by them this is written, "That he died 13 Feb. 1601, being aged 95 years, 44 of which he had been Dean of St. Paul's church; and that his age had neither impaired his hearing, nor dimmed his eyes, nor weakened his memory nor made any of the faculties of the mind weak or useless." 'Tis said, that Angling and Temperance were great causes of these blessings, and I wish the like to all that imitate him, and love the memory of so good a man.

My next and last example shall be that under-valuer of money, the late provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton, a man with whom I have often fished and conversed, a man whose foreign employments in the service of this nation, and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness, made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind; this man, whose very approbation of Angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it, this man was also a most dear lover, and a frequent practiser of the art of Angling; of which he would say, "'Twas an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent;" for Angling was, after tedious study, "a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness;" and "that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it." Indeed, my friend, you will find Angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit, and a world of other blessings attending upon it.

Sir, this was the saying of that learned man, and I do easily believe that peace, and patience, and a calm content, did cohabit in the cheerful heart of Sir Henry Wotton, because I know that when he was beyond seventy years of age he made this description of a part of the present pleasure that possessed him, as he sat quietly in a Summer's evening on a bank a fishing; it is a description of the Spring, which, because it glided as soft and sweetly from his pen as that river does at this time, by which is was then made, I shall repeat it unto you.

This day dame Nature seem'd in love:
The lusty sap began to move:
Fresh juice did stir th' embracing vines,
And birds had drawn their valentines;
The jealous Trout that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly;
There stood my friend with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill,
Already were the eaves possest
With the swift Pilgrim's daubed nest;
The groves already did rejoice,
In Philomel's triumphing voice:
The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smil'd.

Joan takes her neat rubb'd pail, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow;
Where, for some sturdy foot-ball swain,
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain,
The fields and gardens were beset
With Tulips, Crocus, Violet:
And now, though late, the modest Rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus all looks gay, and full of cheer,
To welcome the new livery'd year.

These were the thoughts that then possessed the undisturbed mind of Sir Henry Wotton. Will you hear the wish of another Angler, and the commendation of his happy life, which he also sings in verse? viz. Jo. Davors, Esq.

Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling place:
Where I may see my quill or cork down sink
With eager bite of Perch, or Bleak, or Dace.
And on the World and my Creator think;
Whil'st some men strive ill gotten goods t' embrace,
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine or worse, in war or wantonness.

Let them that list these pastimes still pursue,
And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill,
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And daily by fresh rivers walk at will;
Among the daisies and the violets blue,
Red hyacinth, and yellow daffodil,
Purple Narcissus like the morning rays
Pale gander-grass, and azure culverkeys.

I count it higher pleasure to behold
The stately compass of the lofty sky,
And in the midst thereof like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the World's great eye;
The watery clouds that in the air up roll'd,
With sundry kinds of painted colours fly,
And fair Aurora lifting up her head,
Still blushing, rise from old Tithonus' bed.

The hills and mountains raised from the plains,
The plains extended level with the ground,
The grounds divided into sundry veins,
The veins enclosed with rivers running round:
These rivers making way through Nature's chains
With headlong course into the sea profound:
The raging sea, beneath the valley low,
Where lakes, and rills, and rivulets do flow.

The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
Adorn'd with leaves and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool bowers the birds with many a song
Do welcome with their quire the Summer's Queen;
The meadows fair where Flora's gifts among
Are intermixed, with verdant grass between.
The silver scaled fish that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's chrystal watery stream.

All these and many more of his creation
That made the heavens, the Angler oft doth see;
Taking therein no little delectation,
To think how strange, how wonderful they be;
Framing thereof an inward contemplation,
To set his heart from other fancies free?
And whilst he looks on these with joyful eye,
His mind is rapt above the starry sky.

Sir, I am glad my memory has not lost these last verses, because they are somewhat more pleasant and more suitable to May-day than my harsh discourse, and I am glad your patience hath held out so long as to hear them and me; for both of them have brought us within the sight of the Thatched-house; and I must be your debtor, if you think it worth your attention, for the rest of my promised discourse, till some other opportunity, and a like time of leisure.

VEN. Sir, you have angled me on with much pleasure to the Thatched-house, and I now find your words true, "That good company makes the way seem short;" for, trust me, Sir, I thought we had wanted three miles of this house till you showed it to me; but now we are at it, we'll turn into it, and refresh ourselves with a cup of drink, and a little rest.

PISC. Most gladly, Sir, and we'll drink a civil cup to all the other hunters that are to meet to-morrow.

VEN. That we will, Sir, and to all the lovers of Angling too, of which number I am now willing to be one myself; for, by the help of your good discourse and company, I have put on new thoughts both of the art of Angling and all that profess it; and if you will but meet me to-morrow, at the time and place appointed, and bestow one day with me and my friends in hunting the otter, I will dedicate the next two days to wait upon you, and we two will for that time do nothing but Angle, and talk of fish and fishing.

PISC. 'Tis a match, Sir, I'll not fail you, God willing, to be at Amwell-hill to morrow morning before sun-rising.

The first articles that the young Angler stands in need of before he commences his fishing pursuits, are a *rod* and *line* ; we, therefore, insert the following directions for making of a line, and for the colouring of both rod and line :—" I will lose no time," says Izaak Walton, " but give you a little direction how to make and order your lines, and to colour the hair of which you make your lines, for that is very needful to be known by an Angler; and also how to paint your rod, especially your top, for a right brown top is a choice commodity, and should be preserved from the water soaking into it, which makes it in wet weather to be heavy, and fish ill-favouredly, and not true, and also it rots quickly for want of painting; and I think a good top is worth preserving, or I had not taken care to keep a top above twenty years.

" But first for your line. First, Note, that you are to take care, that your hair be round and clear, and free from galls or scabs, or frets; for a well-chosen, even, clear, round hair, of a kind of glass-colour, will prove as strong as three uneven, scabby hairs, that are ill-chosen, and full of galls or unevenness. You shall seldom find a black hair but it is round, but many white are flat and uneven, therefore, if you get a lock of right, round, clear, glass-colour hair, make much of it.

" And for making your line, observe this rule, first let your hair be clean washed ere you go about to twist it; and then choose not only the clearest for it, but hairs that be of an equal bigness, for such do usually stretch all together, and break all together, which hairs of an unequal bigness never do, but break singly, and so deceive the Angler that trusts to them.

" When you have twisted your links, lay them in water for a quarter of an hour at least, and then twist them over again before you tie them into a line; for those that do not so, shall usually find their line to have a hair or two shrink, and be shorter than the rest at the first fishing with it, which is so much of the strength of the line lost for want of first watering it and then re-twisting it; and this is most visible in a seven-hair line, one of those which hath always a black hair in the middle.

"And for dyeing of your hairs, do it thus: Take a pint of strong ale, half a pound of soot, and a little quantity of the juice of walnut-tree leaves, and an equal quantity of alum; put these together into a pot, pan, or pipkin, and boil them half an hour; and having so done, let it cool; and being cold, put your hair into it, and there let it lie; it will turn your hair to be a kind of water or glass-colour, or greenish, and the longer you let it lie, the deeper coloured it will be; you might be taught to make many other colours, but it is to little purpose; for doubtless the water-colour, or glass-coloured hair, is the most choice and most useful for an Angler; but let it not be too green.

" But if you desire to colour hair greener, then do it thus: take a quart of small ale, half a pound of alum; then put these into a pan or pipkin, and your hair into it with them; then put it upon a fire, and let it boil softly for half an hour; and then take out your hair, and let it dry; and having so done, then take a pottle of water, and put into it two handfuls of marygolds, and cover it with a tile, or what you think fit, and set it again on the fire, where it is to boil again softly for half an hour, about which time the scum will turn yellow; then put into it half a pound of copperas, beaten small, and with it the hair that you intend to colour; then let the hair be boiled softly till half the liquor be wasted; and then let it cool three or four hours, with your hair in it; and you are to observe that the more copperas you put into it the greener it will be; but doubtless the pale green is best; but if you desire yellow hair, which is only good when the weeds rot, then put in the more marygolds, and abate most of the copperas, or leave it quite out, and take a little verdigrise instead of it.

" This for colouring your hair. And as for painting your rod, which must be in oil, you must first make a size with glue and water boiled together until the glue be dissolved, and the size of a lye colour; then strike your size upon the wood with a bristle, or a brush, or pencil, whilst it is hot; that being quite dry, take white-lead, and a little red-lead, and a little coal-black, so much as all together will make an ash colour; grind these all together with linseed oil; let it be thick, and lay it thin upon the wood with a brush or pencil; this do for the ground of any colour to lie upon wood.

" For a green. Take pink and verdigrise, and grind them together in linseed oil, as thin as you can well grind it; then lay it smoothly on with your brush, and drive it thin; once doing, for the most part, will serve, if you lay it well; and if twice, be sure your first colour be thoroughly dry before you lay on a second."

LUDICROUS ANGLING ANECDOTES.—Sir John Hawkins, in his notes on the " Complete Angler," relates the following story:—" A lover of angling told me he was fishing in the river Lea, at the ferry called Jeremy's, and had hooked a large fish at the time when some Londoners, with their horses, were passing: they congratulated him on his success, and got out of the ferry-boat; but, finding the fish not likely to yield, mounted their horses, and rode off. The fact was, that, angling for small fish, his bait had been taken by a barbel, too large for the fisher to manage. Not caring to risk his tackle by attempting to raise him, he hoped to tire him; and, for that purpose, suffered himself to be led (to use his own expression), as a blind man is by a dog, several yards up, and as many down the bank of the river; in short, for so many hours, that the horsemen above-mentioned, who had been to Walthamstow and dined, were returned, who, seeing him thus occupied, cried out—'*What, muster, another large fish.*'—'No (says the Piscator), *the very same.*'—'Nay (says one of them), *that can never be: for it is five hours since we crossed the river!*' and, not believing him, they rode on their way. At length our angler determined to do that which a less patient one would have done long before; he made one vigorous effort to land the fish, broke his tackle, and lost him."

The same intelligent knight furnishes us with another anecdote relating to this sullen fish:—"Living some years ago (says he) in a village on the banks of the Thames, I was used, in the summer months, to be much in a boat on the river; it happened that at Shepperton, where I had been for a few days, I frequently passed an elderly gentleman in his boat, who appeared to be fishing at different stations for barbel. After a few salutations had passed between us, and we were become a little acquainted, I took occasion to enquire of him what diversion he had met with. 'Sir, (says he) I have but had bad luck to-day; for I fish for barbel, and you know they are not to be caught like gudgeons.' 'Very true (answered I), but what you want in *tale*, I suppose you make up in *weight.*'—'Why, Sir (replied he), that is just as it happens; I like the sport, and I love to catch fish; but my great delight is in *going after them.* I'll tell you what, Sir (continued he), I am a man in years, and have been used to the sea all my life (he had been an India captain); but I mean to go no more, and have bought that little house which you see there (pointing to it) for the sake of fishing: I get into this boat (which he was then mopping) on a Monday morning, and fish on, till Saturday night, for barbel, as I told you; for that is my delight; and this I have sometimes done for a *month* together, and in all that while have not had *one bite!*"

Plutarch, speaking of angling, informs us that Marc Antony and Cleopatra, in the midst of their unparallelled splendor, passed many of their hours in that tranquil amusement. He also mentions a deception reciprocally played off by those two royal personages upon each other. The whole business of angling may, indeed, be said to be deceptive, and therefore tricks in that art should be excused.

"Antony (says Plutarch) went one day to angle with Cleopatra, and being so unfortunate as to catch nothing in the presence of his mistress, he was much dissatisfied, and gave secret orders to the fishermen to dive under water, and put fishes which had been fresh taken upon his hook. After he had drawn up two or three, Cleopatra perceived the trick; she pretended, however, to be surprised at his good fortune and dexterity, and mentioned the circumstance to her friends, at the same time inviting them to come and see him angle. Accordingly a very large company went out in the fishing vessels, and as soon as Antony had let down his line, she commanded one of her servants to be beforehand with Antony, and diving into the water, to fix upon his hook a *salted fish*, one of those which were brought from the Euxine Sea." It does not appear how Antony relished this imposition from his fair associate.

NEW MODE OF FISHING.—A remarkably fine Newfoundland dog (named Carron), belonging to Mr. Henry Bell, of the Baths, Helensburgh, in the month of August last, was seen watching like a cat on the banks of the Clyde, behind the baths. A person observed at the same time a cod fish about eighteen inches long, in sportive mood, jumping repeatedly out of the water. The sagacious dog had noticed the unwary fish, and at a favorable moment plunged into the Clyde, and disappeared for a short time. He then made his appearance with the fish in his mouth, and delivered it to one of Mr. Bell's servants, with very few marks of violence upon it.

THE PATIENT ANGLER.—A gentleman who was allowed to be one of the greatest and most philosophical Anglers of the age, passing from Islington to town, as was his daily custom, frequently saw another sportsman planted on a particular spot of the New River. Being jealous to think he should have all the sport to himself, he resolved to rise early some morning, and take his post before the other arrived: having taken his rod and line, and the rest of the Angling apparatus, he repaired to the spot, and remained uninterrupted for a considerable time, but without success. At length the original occupier of this envied spot appeared, when the gentleman could not help exclaiming, "Egad, Sir, I do not know how you manage it, but I have been Angling these *three hours* and have caught nothing at all." "Oh, Lord, Sir," replied the other, "what's that, compared to me? Why I have been Angling here these THREE YEARS, and never caught a fish!" The former, with a smile, answered, "then, Sir, you ought to have a *patent* for PATIENCE!"

## THE FISHER'S GARLAND; OR TYNE SIDE.

TUNE—"*Canny Newcassel.*"

Now night has resign'd the soft mantle of sleep
  And the stars are away slowly creeping;
The young day has broken behind the far sleep,
  And the lark on her free wing is sweeping.

The wild rose is sweet in the green scented lane,
With the woodbine so gaily entwining,
The daisies are bright on the dew-spangled plain,
In the face of the firmament shining.

CHORUS.

Then hey for the fisher, the creel, and the gad,
And hey for the scenes of his pleasure;
On Tyne's smiling sides, with a heart light and glad,
How he waves up the glittering treasure!

Let high-flier fishermen sing of their streams,
Away on the Tweed or the Coquet;
Give me the sweet wave where the black di'mond beams,
Like the glance from the sky-seeking rocket;
Far dearer to me is the slime-covered strand,
Where old Tyne in his majesty wanders,
Than all the gay prospects romantic and grand,
Of the Tweed in its sweetest meanders.
Then hey, &c.

The shores of the Coquet, the banks of the Tweed,
May boast of a richer profusion
Of all that is sweetest in flower or in weed,
To deck the dim haunts of seclusion;
But oh! in their sunny time, never will they,
In the zenith of all their gay shining,
So dear be to me as the rude banks of clay
O'er the Tyne's rapid progress reclining.
Then hey, &c.

For there, in the spring-time of youth and its joy,
When the bright eye is beaming with gladness,
When hope, love, and pleasure, each moment employ
And time is unrobed of its sadness,
How sweetly the fleet-winged moments have fled,
While each innocent pastime pursuing;
When no pang felt the heart, and no pain knew the head,
And our pleasures were ever renewing.
Then hey, &c.

The fisher may smile by his far-away stream,
As he marks his faint victims last quiver:
He may smile in contempt at the bard and his theme,
But still thou art dear 'shining river;'
And gay are the tenants that people thy flood,
And elate are the bosoms that catch them,
Oh! the hearts! and the scenes where those light hearts have stood!
Ye may walk the wide world ere ye match them.
Then hey, &c.

But, away! see! the sun stands aloft in the sky,
And the trouts from the cool stream are leaping,
With the lithe taper rod, and the well-sorted fly,
(While dull moralizers are sleeping,)
We'll brush the bright dew from the soft-wavering blade,
Till we reach some sweet spot on thy border,
Romantic and rude, as by nature's hand made,
Where we'll put our trim tackle in order.
Then hey, &c.

At the Team or the Hazzacks, wherever we meet,
Nor in deeps nor in shallows we'll spare them,
In the dark woody Derwent's secluded retreat,
With the fly or the worm will we snare them!
And further up yet, where the scenes of old days
Can fill a brief page with their story,
We'll conquer again be as proud of our bays,
As the heroes who've left us their glory.
Then hey, &c.

And when, by the skill of our long-practis'd art,
We have fill'd up each creel to its cover,
When slowly, with many a glance back, we depart,
And the zest of our pastime is over;
When the deep glow of sun-set is red on the sea,
When the songsters all homeward are hieing,
When the curtain of night is spread dark o'er the lea,
Still to Tyne will our fancies be flying!
Then hey, &c.

Still to Tyne and its scenes, in the gay circle warm,
When the glass round the table is wheeling,
We'll fondly revert, and recount every charm,
While our chorus resounds to the ceiling;
And again, o'er the bowl! while unmark'd the hours fly,
In fancy, we'll hook the bright treasure,
And bumpers, the deepest that sorrow defy,
Well drain to our innocent pleasure.

CHORUS.

Then hey for the fisher, the creel, and the gad,
And hey for the scenes of his pleasure;
On Tyne's smiling sides, with a heart light and glad,
How he waves up the glittering treasure!

W. G. T.

*Newcastle.*

### ATTACHMENT OF SPIDERS TO THEIR YOUNG.

Those agreeable naturalists, Messrs. Kirby and Spence, are of opinion that insects are capable of feeling quite as much attachment to their offspring as the largest quadrupeds. They assert that they undergo as severe privations in nourishing them, expose themselves to as great risk in defending them, and in the very approach of death exhibit as much anxiety for their preservation. I had an instance of this the other day in the case of a spider, and I watched its whole proceedings with infinite gratification. I found a spider's nest in the under part of the broad leaf of the striped garden grass. It was covered with a thick sort of silky web or cocoon, with an opening to enable the spider to go in and out. On taking off the covering, which consisted of two different layers, I found a deposit of eggs closely packed together, and the whole collection was about the size of a large pea. Having completely exposed the eggs, I put the spider and a part of the leaf, to which the eggs were attached, under a glass. In turning down the glass the spider was at the upper part of it, but she no sooner perceived her eggs than she ran to them with the greatest eagerness, covered them as much as she was able with her body, sensible, no doubt, how necessary warmth was for them, and soon began to spin another silky web over them. Nothing seemed capable of disturbing her during this process, and there was no mistaking her affection for, and attention to her eggs. This she showed in another remarkable way. I had placed the portion of striped grass, which was nearly two inches in length, and about three quarters of an inch in breadth (being that part to which the eggs were attached), under a glass upon a marble mantle-piece in my sitting-room. One of the first operations of my poor spider, as I said before, was to cover her eggs with a web. She then proceeded to fix one of her threads to the upper part of the glass which confined her, and carried it to the further end of the piece of grass, and in a short time had succeeded in raising it up and fixing it perpendicularly, working her threads from the sides of the glass to the top and sides of the piece of grass. There was no mistaking her motives in doing this. She not only rendered her precious charge more secure than it would have been had it remained flat on the marble, but she was probably aware that the cold from the marble would chill her eggs, and prevent their arriving at maturity; she therefore raised them from it in the manner I have described. On the evening of the fourth day after I had confined the spider, two of her eggs were hatched. On coming into my room the next morning, neither eggs nor young spiders were to be seen. I was satisfied that they could not have made their escape, as the edges of the glass rested on the marble so closely that the point of a needle could not be introduced under them. After minutely examining the spider I was perfectly sure that not one of her young had attached itself to any part of her body, in the manner described by Mr. Kirby. The abdomen of the spider was however three times the size it had been the day previous, being very much distended, and shining as the abdomen of a bee does when it returns to the hive loaded with honey. Those who witnessed the altered appearance of the spider were, like myself, convinced that the young had been introduced into the abdomen; and of this circumstance there could be no doubt. The death of the spider soon afterwards prevented further observations.

The Cardinal:—There is a large breed of spiders which are found very generally in the palace at Hampton Court. They are called there cardinals, having I suppose been first seen in Cardinal Wolsey's hall. They are a full inch in length, and many of them of the thickness of a finger. Their legs are about two inches long, and their body covered with a thick hair. They feed chiefly on moths, as appears from the wings of that insect being found in great abundance under and amongst their webs. In running across the carpet in an evening, with the shade cast from their large bodies by the light of the lamp or candle, they have been mistaken for mice, and have occasioned no little alarm to some of the more nervous inhabitants of the palace. A doubt has even been raised whether the name of cardinal has not been given to this creature from an ancient supposition that the ghost of Wolsey haunts the place of his former glory under this shape. Be this as it may, the spider is considered as a curiosity, and Hampton Court is the only place in which I have met with it.

### The Virginian Horned Owl.

This species of Owl, according to Macgregor's account of America, is found in almost every quarter of the United States, and occurs in all parts of the fur-countries where the timber is of a large size. Its loud and full nocturnal cry, issuing from the gloomy recesses of the forest, bears some resemblance to the human voice, uttered in a hollow, sepulchral tone, and has been frequently productive of alarm to the traveller, of which an instance occurred within my own knowledge. A party of Scottish Highlanders, in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, happened, in a winter journey, to encamp after nightfall in a dense clump of trees, whose dark tops and lofty stems, the growth of centuries, gave a solemnity to the scene that strongly tended to excite the superstitious feelings of the Highlanders. The effect was heightened by the discovery of a tomb, which, with a natural taste often exhibited by the Indians, had been placed in this secluded spot. Our travellers, having finished their supper, were trimming their fire preparatory to retiring to rest, when the slow and dismal notes of the horned owl fell on the ear with a startling nearness. None of them being acquainted with the sound, they at once concluded that so unearthly a voice must be the moaning of the spirit of the departed, whose repose they supposed they had disturbed by inadvertently making a fire of some of the wood of which his tomb had been constructed. They passed a tedious night of fear, and with the first dawn of day hastily quitted the ill-omened spot."

### Shooting Wild Deer.

A number of deer having descended from the higher grounds in the island of Mull, and taken shelter in the woods of Drimfin, the property of Hugh Maclean, Esq., of Coll, in the vicinity of Tobermory, Argyleshire, a large party of gentlemen went out some time since, and, after scouring the woods for a short time, Wemyss Orrick, Esq. succeeded in shooting one of these noble animals, at the distance of about ninety yards. Although the deer was at full speed when shot at, both bullets from the double-barrelled gun entered his body, within two inches of each other. The deer required the assistance of six men to remove it to to the road, whence it was conveyed to the Castle. The sport of the day was concluded by a numerous party of ladies and gentlemen sitting down to a sumptuous dinner.

### The manner of Hunting Elephants into a Keddah in India.

This grand species of amusement in India might almost be called a matter of business; for it must be undertaken on a very large scale, at great expense, and it is obviously intended to serve the purposes of trade and profit. Elephants are of so much importance for the various labours of peace, and in the operations of war, that to provide them now for our immense possessions in Hindoostan is a matter of extensive speculation. When elephant hunting is to be undertaken on this comprehensive plan, a circuit of country frequented by these animals is selected, extending sometimes to fifty miles; the whole population of the district is raised, and paid for assisting; so that on some of these occasions, more than three thousand persons have been engaged. A convenient plain is chosen for the Keddah; and a deep and wide ditch being formed, in almost a circle, a high strong fence of bamboos is erected on the outside of it. From the points of the enclosure which leave the circle imperfect, two quarter circles, of the same kind of fence, extend, like arms, or a funnel, to receive the approaching animals. In the Keddahs, and on the advanced ground near it, quantities of the elephant's favorite food are scattered; and within the area are stationed some female decoy elephants, well trained to act their part in the scheme. As soon as the business commences, the different parties appointed on the confines of the district begin by beating the trees and bushes, by making various noises, and sometimes by making fires. From these the elephants retire; and being pressed by similar excitements, always directed towards the Keddah, they may in three or four days be brought to its aperture. Here they begin to devour the food that has been spread for them; and are gradually led into the enclosure by the increased supply of nutriment, aided by the incitements of the females; after which a strong barrier is thrown across the part of the circle left open before, so that the whole number is secured. Some of the larger animals will occasionally prove refractory; but they are soon intimidated by a squib thrown amongst them, and often the female decoy elephants can reduce them to obedience by beating them with their trunks.

The value of a capture of this kind may be conjectured, when it is known that more than a hundred elephants are frequently taken on such occasions, and that a fine elephant is worth nearly a hundred pounds.

### A MURDERER SINGLED OUT BY A DOG.

There is at Nemours, in France, a castle of very ancient structure: it was built by Charles the Fifth. On one of the chimneys in this building there is a remarkable piece of sculpture. It represents a battle between an unarmed man and a mastiff, before a multitude of spectators. The story is preserved on record, and is as old as the time of Charles the Fifth. It is as follows:—A person of some distinction was found early in the morning, by some peasants, dead, in the midst of an unfrequented wood, and with marks of violence on him; by his side stood a mastiff dog, that used to attend him in his walks. The monarch was on the spot when the accident happened; he inquired with the utmost rigour after all that could be supposed guilty. An ancient animosity between the deceased and a man of fortune in the neighbourhood had rendered him suspected. His servants had sworn to his being in bed early; himself gave asseverations of having made up the dispute; but the King suspected. Charles the Fifth was a man of discernment; he thought guilt was in his face, in spite of all his assertions of innocence. He ordered the suspected person, and twenty others, to be set before him the next day. He produced the faithful dog that had been found near his master's body; the creature singled out the murderer, who was the very person suspected, and would have torn him to pieces on the spot, if he had not confessed the fact, and changed the punishment."

### SMOLENSKO; OR, A SECOND ECLIPSE.

Smolensko, the property of Sir Charles Bunbury, which, during his racing career, excited a greater share of the public curiosity than any of his most famous predecessors, in 1813 won the two great stakes in the Newmarket Spring Meetings; immediately afterwards, the Derby Stakes at Epsom; and the Magna Charta Stakes at Egham in the following August. It was even betting for the Derby between Smolensko and the field, and an unfortunate gentleman, backing the field to a large amount, had not sufficient firmness of mind to bear up against the consequence of his own imprudence. A few days, however, before the race, a report getting abroad that the horse was lame, and he being seen without one of his shoes, Sir Charles Bunbury took and won five and six hundred pounds to ten three times over. The betting soon returned to its former state. At this time the newspapers were filled with Smolensko, and he was by them represented as the speediest horse which had appeared since Eclipse, and "unlike Eclipse only in his coolness and want of driving." All the world went to Epsom to witness the performance of this new Eclipse. On his return to London, he was ordered from Tattersall's, for the inspection of his Royal Highness the Regent. Many persons were desirous of purchasing this horse, and there seems no doubt that four or five thousand pounds might have been obtained, had the proprietor been desirous to part with him. On the approach of the Egham meeting, the public papers were again full of Smolensko, and a turnpikeman on the road declared, that, in twenty years, he had not seen such crowds pass his gate, of carriage company, horse, and foot, the latter of all descriptions, and all for the purpose of getting a sight of the famous black horse. Many had come eighteen or twenty miles on foot, returning through the gate, till two o'clock in the morning. Crowds gathered round him on the course, and he was then exhibited to her Majesty the Queen and the Princesses at the royal stand. A man actually offered Sir Charles Bunbury two hundred pounds for the use of his horse, to make a show of; and, there is no doubt but that Sir Charles, could he have done such a thing, might have made five hundred pounds by exhibiting him in London. Among the curious tattle at Egham, on the subject of this wonderful horse, it went about that, the day before the race, he had been stinted of his meat and water, according to the old system; most probably a hoax of the groom, by way of answer to some sage inquiry; it, however, reached the ears of Sir Charles, who remarked to his informant that, should a servant of his make so gross a breach of his orders, "he would never eat any more of his beef and pudding." It was reported Sir Charles challenged all England, offering to take four pounds and run his horse against any horse of his year, his horse not to take a sweat. Smolensko was one of the healthiest, quietest, and best tempered horses that ever was trained; about sixteen hands and a half high, full brother to Thunderbolt, got by Sorcerer, a son of Trumpator, and his pedigree is filled with our oldest and highest racing blood.

## The Sporting Duke and the Curate.

Many years since, when the accomplished Duke of Nivernois was ambassador to England, he was going to lord Townsend's seat, at Rainham, in Norfolk, on a private visit, *en dishabille*, and with only one servant, when he was obliged by a very heavy shower to stop at a farm-house in the way. The master of the house was a clergyman, who, to a poor curacy, added the care of a few scholars in the neighbourhood, which, in all, might make his living about eighty pounds a year: this was all he had to maintain a wife and six children. When the duke alighted, the clergyman not knowing his rank, begged him to come in and dry himself, which the other accepted by borrowing a pair of old worsted stockings and slippers, and warming himself by a good fire. After some conversation the duke observed an old chess-board hanging up, and, as he was passionately fond of that game, he asked the clergyman whether he could play. The latter told him that he could play pretty tolerably, but found it difficult in that part of the country to get an antagonist. "I am your man," says the duke. "With all my heart," answers the clergyman; "and if you will stay and take pot-luck, I will see if I cannot beat you." The day continuing rainy, the duke accepted his offer, when his antagonist played so much better that he won every game. This was so far from fretting the duke, that he was pleased to meet a man who could give him so much entertainment at his favorite game. He accordingly enquired into the state of his family affairs, and, making a memorandum of his address, without discovering his title, thanked him and departed.

Some months elapsed, and the clergyman never thought of the matter, when, one evening a footman rode up to the door, and presented him with a note—"The Duke de Nivernois' compliments wait on the Rev. Mr. —, and, as a remembrance for the good drubbing he gave him at chess, begs that he will accept the living of ——, worth £400 per annum; and that he will wait upon his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, on Friday next, to thank him for the same."

The good clergyman was some time before he could imagine it to be any more than a jest, and hesitated to obey the mandate; but, as his wife insisted on his making a trial, he went up to town, and, to his unspeakable satisfaction, found the contents of the note literally true.

## Silver Horse Shoes.

It is mentioned by Beckman that when the Marquis of Tuscany, one of the richest princes of his time, went to meet Beatrix, his bride, about the year 1038, his whole train were so magnificently decorated, that his horses were shod, not with iron, but with silver. The nails even were of the same metal; and when any of them dropped out they belonged to those who found them. It is well known that an ambassador from England to France once indulged in a similar extravagance, to exhibit his opulence and generosity; having had his horse shod with silver shoes, so slightly attached, that, by purposely curvetting the animal, they were shaken off, and allowed to be picked up by the populace.

## THE OLD SHEPHERD'S DOG.

By Dr. Walcot.

The old Shepherd's dog, like his master, was grey,
His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue;
Yet where'er *Corin* went, he was follow'd by *Tray*—
Thus happy through life did they hobble along.

When fatigued, on the grass the Shepherd would lie,
For a nap in the sun—'midst his slumbers so sweet,
His faithful companion crawl'd constantly nigh,
Plac'd his head on his lap, or lay down at his feet.

When Winter was heard on the hill and the plain,
And torrents descended, and cold was the wind;
If *Corin* went forth 'mid the tempest and rain,
*Tray* scorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.

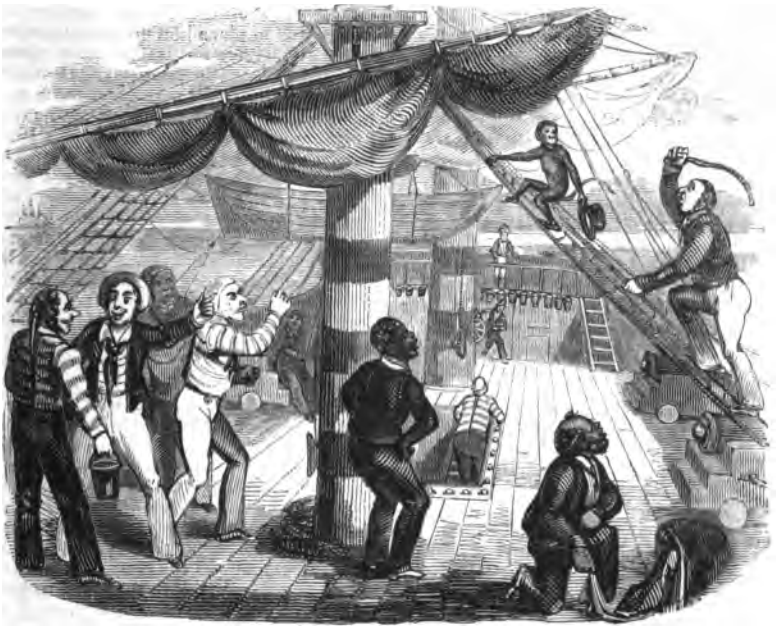
At length in the straw *Tray* made his last bed:
For vain, against Death, is the stoutest endeavour;
To lick *Corin's* hand he rear'd up his weak head;
Then fell back, clos'd his eyes, and ah! clos'd them for ever!

Not long after *Tray* did the Shepherd remain,
Who oft o'er his grave with true sorrow would bend,
And, when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor swain,
"O, bury me, neighbours, beside my old Friend!"

Printed for Thomas Tegg, Cheapside, by John Haddon, Castle Street, Finsbury.

# PIERCE EGAN'S
# BOOK OF SPORTS.

No. XIX.] [*Price Three Pence.*



## SPORTING AT SEA:
### *Or, the* Pet Monkey *giving chase to the Ship's Crew!*

"Monkey's allowance, more *kicks* than halfpence."

To such men as the Jolly Tars of old England, who at times are some thousands of miles from their dear native home, their wives and children, and whose exertions day after day are confined as it were within the small space of a few hundred yards, any thing in the shape of a bit of fun to drive away unwelcome thoughts, a mere trifle, under such circumstances, must operate upon the feelings like new life to them; or, as Jack Jolly sings:—

There's nothing goes wrong when the grog's mixed right,
And I never looks dull when the liquor looks bright;
Though my head it grows heavy, my heels they go light—
And I likes fun and humour,
I likes fun and humour
Tol de rol liddie le ri do—
Yes, shipmates, I likes fun and humour.
We Tars are all for fun and glee!

"I need not dwell on the common-place tricks of a nautical monkey (observes Captain *Basil Hall*), as they must be well known to every one; such as catching hold of the end of the sail makers' ball of twine, and paying the whole overboard, hand over hand, from a secure station in the rigging; or his stealing the boatswain's silver call, and letting it drop from the end of the cathead: or his getting into one of the cabin ports, and tearing up the captain's letters, a trick at which even the stately skipper is obliged to laugh.

"One of our monkey's grand amusements was to watch some one arranging his clothes in his bag. After the stowage was completed and every thing put carefully away, he would steal round, untie the strings, and, having opened the mouth of the bag, would draw forth in succession every article of dress, first smell to it, then turn it over and over, and lastly, fling it away on the wet deck. It was amusing enough to observe that, all the while he was committing any piece of mischief, he appeared not only to be under the fullest consciousness of guilt, but living under the perfect certainty that he was earning a good sound drubbing for his pains. Still, the pleasure of doing wrong was so strong and habitual within him, that he seemed utterly incapable of resisting the temptation whenever it fell in his way. When occupied in these misdeeds, he continued alternately chattering with terror, and screaming with delight at his own ingenuity, till the enraged owner of the property burst in upon him, hardly more angry with Jacko than with his malicious messmates, who, instead of preventing, rather encouraged the pillage.

"All this was innocent, however, compared to the tricks which the blue jackets taught him to play upon the jolly marines. How they set about this laudable piece of instruction I know not: but the antipathy which they established in Jacko's breast against the red coats was something far beyond ordinary prejudice, and in its consequences partook more of the interminable war between cat and dog.

"The monkey, who entered with all the zeal of a hot partisan into the designs of the blues, showed no mercy to the red faction, against whom he had not, in fact, the slightest shadow of a real quarrel. As that trifling circumstance, however, seemed, as in graver cases of quarrel, only to aggravate the hostility, every new day brought a new mode of attack upon the unhappy soldiers, who were never safe. At first he merely chattered, or grinned contemptuously at them; or, at worst snapped at his heels, soiled their fine pipe-clayed trousers, or pulled the cartridges out of their cartouch-boxes, and scattered the powder over the decks, feats for which his rump was sure to smart under the ratan of the indignant sergeant, to whom the 'party' made their complaint. Upon these occasions the sailors laughed so heartily at their friend Jacko, as he placed his hands behind him, and, in an agony of rage and pain, rubbed the seat of honour, smarting under the sergeant's chastisement, that, if he could only have reasoned the matter like a statesman, he would soon have distrusted his advantage in this offensive, but not defensive, alliance with the Johnnies against the Jollies. Sometimes, indeed, he appeared to be quite sensible of his absurd position, caned by his enemy and ridiculed by his friends, in whose cause he was suffering. On these occasions he often made a run, open-mouthed, at the sailors; in return for which mutinous proceeding he was sure to get a smart rap over the nose from his own party, which more than counterpoised the anguish at the other extremity of his person, giving ludicrous occupation to both his hands, and redoubling the shouts of laughter at his expense. In short, poor St. Jago literally got what is currently called monkey's allowance, viz. 'more kicks than halfpence.'

"In process of time, as Mr. Monkey, by dint of that bitter monitor, experience, gained higher knowledge in the art of marine warfare and ship diplomacy, he became much more formidable in his attacks on the 'corps,' and generally contrived to keep himself well beyond the reach of the sergeant's merciless ratan. One of the favorite pranks of the sailors was to place him near the break of the forecastle, with a handspike, taken from the bow-chaser gun, in his paws. It was quite as much as he could carry, and far more than he could use as a missile against the royals; but he was soon instructed in a method of employing it, which always grievously annoyed the enemy. Theoretically speaking, I presume poor Jacko knew no more of the laws of gravitation, when applying it to the annoyance of the marines, than his friends the seamen did of centrifugal action, when swinging round the hand-lead to gain soundings by pitching it far forward into the water; but without such scientific knowledge, both the monkey and his wicked associates knew very well that if a handspike were held across the top of the forecastle ladder, and let go when a person was about half way down it, the heels of the said individual would be sure to bring up or stop the bar. The unhappy marine, therefore, who happened to be descending the steps when Jacko let his handspike fall, generally got the skin taken off his heels, or his instep, according as his rear or his front was turned towards the foe. The instant Jacko let go his hold and the law of gravitation began to act, so that the handspike was heard to rattle down the ladder, off he jumped to the bow of the barge, overlooking the spot, and there sat, with his neck stretched out, his eyes starting from his head, and his lips drawn back, till his teeth, displayed from ear to ear, rapped against one another like a pair of castanets in a bolero, under the influence of the most ecstatic alarm, curiously mixed up with the joy of complete success. The poor wounded Gulpin, in the meantime, rubbed his ankles, as he fired off a volley of imprecations, the only effect of which was to increase the number of his audience, grinning and laughing in chorus with the terrified mischief-monger."

## HAPPY JERRY!

### *Late of the Surrey Zoological Gardens.*

The individual with this felicitous *soubriquet*, was a specimen of the great Mandrill Baboon, in its adult state, the *Papio Maimon* of Geoffrey, and the *Cynocephalus Maimon* of Desmarest. It is a native of the Gold Coast and Guinea, in Africa, where whole droves of them often plunder the orchards and vineyards. Their colours are grayish-brown, inclining to olive above; the cheeks are blue and furrowed, and the chin has a sharp pointed orange beard; the nose grows red, especially towards the end, where it becomes of a bright scarlet. Such are, however, only the colours of the adult animal; the young differs materially, on which account it has been considered by naturalists as a distinct species.

Jerry is now a member of death's "antic court" (observes the editor of the *Mirror*), but his necrology may be interesting to the reader. Mr. Cross describes him as "from on board a slave vessel that had been captured off the Gold Coast in the year 1815," when he was supposed to be three years old. He was landed at Bristol, and was there purchased by the proprietor of a travelling menagerie, who kept him for some years, and taught him the various accomplishments he after excelled in, as sitting in a chair, smoking, drinking grog, &c.; probably he required but little tuition in the latter; since we find a fondness for fermented liquors numbered among his habits by the biographers of his species. In 1828 Jerry was purchased by Mr. Cross, and exhibited at the King's Mews, when he appeared in full vigour, and attracted a large number of daily visitors. He was fed daily from the table of his owner, and almost made a parlor guest; taking tea, toast, bread and butter, soup, boiled and roast meats, vegetables, pastry, &c., with as much *goût* as any member of a club in his vicinity. In 1829 his eccentricities reached the royal ear at Windsor, and George the Fourth (whose partiality to *exotics*, animate or inanimate, was well known) sent an "express command" that Jerry should attend at the Castle. The invitations of royalty are always undeclinable, and Jerry obeyed accordingly. The King was much amused with his visiter, and, says our informant, "his Majesty was delighted at seeing him eat the state dinner, consisting of venison, &c., which had been prepared for him." [*] Thus, Jerry was not in the parlous state described by Touchstone: he was not damned like the poor shepherd: *he* had been to court. He had also learnt good and gallant manners. He recognised many of his frequent visiters, and if any female among them was laid hold of, in his presence, he would bristle with rage, strike the bars of his cage with tremendous force, and violently gnash his teeth at the ungallant offender.

In the autumn of 1831 Jerry's health began to decline, and he was accordingly removed from Charing Cross to the suburban salubrity of the Surrey Zoological Gardens. All was of no avail; though, as a biographer would say of a nobler animal, every remedy was tried to restore him to health. Life's fitful fever was well nigh over with him, and in the month of December last—he died. His body was opened and examined, when it appeared that his death was through old age; and, although he had been a free liver, and, as Mr. Cross facetiously observes, "was not a member of a Temperance Society," his internal organization did not seem to have suffered in the way usually consequent upon hard drinking. Perhaps a few ascetic advocates of cant and care-wearing abstinence will think that we ought to conceal this exceptionable fact, lest Jerry's example should be more frequently followed. Justice demands otherwise; and as the biogrophers of old tell us that Alexander the Great died of hard drinking, so ought we to record that Happy Jerry's life was not shortened by the imperial propensity: in this case, the monkey has beat thy man; proverbially, the man beats the monkey. Jerry had, however, his share of ailment—he had been a martyr to that love-pain, the toothache; several of his large molar teeth being entirely decayed. This circumstance accounted for the gloomy appearance he would sometimes put on, and his covering his head with his hands and laying it in his chair. Poor fellow! we could have sympathized with him from our very hearts—we mean teeth. Jerry's remains have been carefully embalmed (we hope in his favourite spirit), and are now at the Surrey Gardens; where the arrival of a living congener is daily expected. Meanwhile, will nobody write the *hic jacet* of the deceased? [*] or no publisher engage for his reminiscences ?† Mr. Cross would probably supply the skeleton—of the memoir—not of his poor dead Jerry. What tales could he have told of the slave-stricken people of the Gold Coast, what horrors of the slave-ship whence he was taken, what a fine graphic picture of his voyage, and his travels in England, *à la Prince Puckler Muskau*, not forgetting his visit to Windsor Castle.

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[*] This reminds us of the attachment of the late Duke of Norfolk to his dogs. They were admitted to the apartment in which his Grace dined; and he often selected the fine cuts from joints at table, and threw the pieces to the curs upon the polished oak floors of Arundel Castle.

[*] The Editor of the "BOOK OF SPORTS" has most humbly endeavoured to *scribble* out an EPITAPH; or, in other words, "a sort of remembrance" respecting the character of the late HAPPY JERRY for the amusement of his readers; how far he has succeeded in his attempts to describe the qualities of Jerry, he must leave to the candid opinion of the public. However, Mr. Cross may adopt it if he thinks proper, should he have some little *niche* left in the Surrey Zoological Gardens unoccupied, where he can make it public; if not, it will maintain its situation in the pages of the "*Book of Sports!*"

HERE LIES
The remains of HAPPY JERRY!!!
Who never uttered one complaint during his life!
A most ECCENTRIC CREATURE;
and one of those
EXTRAORDINARY BEINGS
Rarely to be met with in this most enlightened age
in which the LIBERTY OF THE PRESS might have
afforded such great facilities
To an observer of human nature;
but, nevertheless,
He *heard*, SAW, and said NOTHING!
A good example to all Tatlers!
HAPPY JERRY
Was an object of attraction to thousands of persons,
although he was considered
A VERY FREE LIVER!

Baboons may be rendered docile in confinement, though they almost always retain the disposition to revenge an injury. At the Cape they are often caught when young, and brought up with milk; perhaps Jerry was so nurtured; and Kolben tells us that they will become as watchful over their master's property as the most valuable house-dog is in Europe. Many of the Hottentots believe they can speak, but that they avoid doing so lest they should be enslaved, and compelled to work! What a libel upon human nature is conveyed in this trait of savage credulity. The bitterest reproofs of man's wickedness are not only to be found in the varnished lessons of civilization. Here is a touching piece of simplicity upon which James Montgomery might found a whole poem.

Baboons, in their native countries, are sometimes hunted with dogs, but their chase is often fatal to the assailants. Mr. Burchell tells us that several of his dogs were wounded by the bites of baboons, and two or three dogs were thus bitten asunder. A species of baboon, common in Ceylon, often attains the height of man. It is very fearless; and Bishop Heber relates that an acquaintance of his having on one occasion shot a young baboon, the mother came boldly up and wrested the gun out of his hand without doing him any injury.

## THE OURANG OUTANG.

Whilst we are on the subject of Monkeys, the following description of the above animal, read by Dr. Abel, on the 5th of January, 1825, in the Asiatic Society, will be found rather interesting to our readers, contained in some observations on the skin, and some fragments (which had been presented to the Society) of an *Ourang Outang*, which had been killed on the coast of Sumatra, and which seems to have been the largest and most remarkable animal of this kind that has ever been seen by Europeans. It appears that an officer of the ship Mary-Anne-Sophia was on shore at a place called Ramboon, near Touromon, on the west coast of Sumatra, where he discovered the animal in a tree. He assembled his people, and followed him to a tree in a cultivated spot, on which he took refuge. His walk was erect and waddling, but not quick, and he was obliged occasionally to accelerate his motion with his hands; but with the bough of a tree he impelled himself forward with great rapidity. When he reached the trees his strength was shown in a high degree, for with one spring he gained a very lofty bough,

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And would not listen to the valuable advice of the
TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES:
In truth, their remarks as to the preservation
of health were entirely thrown away upon
*his* understanding!
He was no respecter of persons—and Jerry *looked*
upon King George in his palace
With the same sort of indifference as he did on
the lowest of his subjects out of it.
In the establishment to which he belonged
HAPPY JERRY
Was treated with the respect of a parlour boarder,
all the good things of this life he was fond of,
to excess: and he enjoyed his
TEA, and TOAST, with as much *goût*
as the richest Duke in the land.
JERRY was fond of his *grog*, although he never toasted
any of his acquaintances over it; and very much
attached to *smoking!* but he never gave
his visitors the benefit of
his cogitations.
We have not been able to trace his *pedigree* on either
side of the question,
respecting his SIRE or his DAM;
therefore, it must suffice, that he was of *foreign*
extraction. However, Jerry did not boast
of family pride: and would not
have returned thanks for
A PEERAGE!
Such was *his* state of independence!
He was never known to *flatter* any person; and
nothing in the shape of a *back*-biter
attached to his character.
But TIME
proved his overthrow: OLD AGE was too much for
him, and Death gave Happy Jerry
his *quietus!*
In the month of December, 1831.

† The reminiscences of *Happy Jerry*, as one of the *on dits* of the day, are under consideration at the present moment, but the *learned* Pundits, it should seem are rather at fault to decipher the *marks*, or rather *scratches* of society, which he has left behind him; but the above learned gents. have not the slightest doubt, if they could be *made out* in a tangible sort of manner, that the rising generation might be greatly benefited by his *re*marks. However, it will not be denied, that the late HAPPY JERRY, was a "*Monkey who had seen the world!*" and its fashionable movements, airs, and grimaces; but the thing most to be deplored is at the present period—that the great march of intellect will be impeded by it—as he kept all his *observations* to himself. It is thus Gay, in his delightful fables, describes the "Monkey who had seen the world:"—

A monkey to reform the times,
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes:
For men in distant regions roam
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he sets, all toil defies;
Misfortune serves to make us wise.
At length the treach'rous snare was laid;
Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,
There sold. How envy'd was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!
Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilet calls with mimic play,
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.
In visits too his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull were sure to hit.
Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In ev'ry courtly art refin'd:
Like Orpheus burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the MONKEY weal;
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again?

and bounded from it with the ease of the smaller animals of his kind. Had the circumjacent land been covered with wood, he would certainly have escaped from his pursuers, his mode of travelling by bough or tree being described as rapid as the progress of a very fleet horse. But at Ramboon there are but few trees left in the midst of cultivated fields, and amidst these alone he jumped about to avoid being taken. He was first shot on a tree, and after having received five balls his exertion was relaxed, owing, no doubt, to loss of blood; and the ammunition being about this time expended, they were obliged to have recourse to other measures for his destruction. One of the first balls probably penetrated his lungs, for immediately after the infliction of the wound he slung himself by the feet from a branch, with his head downwards, and allowed the blood to flow from his mouth. On receiving a wound, he always put his hand over the injured part, and the human-like agony of his expression had the natural effect of exciting painful feelings among his pursuers. With the assistance of the peasantry, who seemed as amazed at the sight of the animal as the crew of the Mary-Anne-Sophia, never having seen one before, although living within two days' journey from the vast and impenetrable forests on the island, they cut down the tree on which he was reclining exhausted; but, the moment he found it falling, he exerted his remaining strength, and gained another tree, and then a third, until he was finally brought to the ground, and forced to combat his assailants, who now gathered very thickly round, and discharged spears and other missiles against him. The first spear, made of a very strong supple sort of wood, which would have resisted the strength of the strongest man, was broken by him like a carrot, and, had he not been at this time in almost a dying state, it was feared that he would have severed the heads of some of the party with equal ease. He fell at length under innumerable stabs inflicted by the peasantry.

The animal is supposed to have travelled some distance to the place where he was killed, as his legs were covered with mud, up to the knees. The hands and feet of the animal had great analogy to human hands and feet, only that the thumbs were smaller in proportion, and situated nearer the wrist-joint than the thumbs of human beings generally are. His body was well-proportioned, he had a fine, broad, expanded chest, and narrow waist. His legs, however, were rather short, and his arms very long, though both possessed such sinew and muscle as left no doubt of their power and strength. His head was well-proportioned with his body; the nose was prominent; the eyes large; and the mouth larger than the mouth in man. His chin was fringed from the extremity of one ear to the other with a shaggy beard, curling luxuriantly on each side, and forming altogether an ornamental, rather than a frightful appendage to his visage. The hair of his coat was smooth and glossy, when he was first killed, and his teeth and whole appearance indicated that he was young, and in the full possession of his physical powers. He was nearly eight feet high. Dr. Abel has, with great care and ability, examined all the fragments of the animal presented to the Society. The height mentioned is a mere estimate by those who saw it alive; but the measurement of the skin goes far to determine this question. The skin, dried and shrivelled as it is, in a straight line, from the top of the shoulders, to the point whence the ancle has been removed, measures five feet ten inches; the perpendicular length of the neck, as it is in the preparation, three inches and a half; length of the face, from the forehead to the chin, nine inches; and of the skin now attached to the foot, from the line of its separation from the body to the heel, eight inches; —measurements made by Dr. Abel himself: thus we have one foot ten inches and a half to be added to the five feet ten inches, in order to approximate his real stature, which would make seven feet eight inches and a half; but, allowing the six inches and a half for the shortening that would result from the folding of the skin over the shoulders, the height will then be full seven feet.

This is the greatest ascertained height of any tailless monkey on record, as may be gathered from the several notices which Dr. Abel has collected from different writers on man-like apes.

The skin itself was of a dark leaden colour; the hair of a brownish red, shaggy, and long over the shoulders and flank.

It is observed by Dr. Abel that of the small animals, more particularly known in Europe under the designation of Ourang Outang, one is an inhabitant of Africa, the other of the East. Of both several living specimens have been seen in Europe, but all were of small stature, and very young, never exceeding three feet in height; or as many years of age. These animals were long considered as varieties of the same species, although, in point of fact, they are very distinctly separated by external character, and anatomical distinctions; the African animal being always black, with large ears; the Eastern specimens as invariably having reddish-brown hair, and very small ears; the former also being unprovided with sacs communicating with the windpipe, whilst they are always found in the latter.

### THE SPORTING MONKEY.

The late Duke of Richmond had several hunters at his seat, Goodwood, in Sussex, near Chichester. A monkey who was kept in the same stable was remarkably fond of riding the horses, skipping from one to the other, and teazing the poor animals incessantly. The groom made a complaint to the Duke, who immediately formed a plan to remedy the evil. "If he is fond of riding," replied his Grace, "we'll endeavour to give him enough of it;" and accordingly provided a complete jockey dress for the monkey. The next time the hounds were out, Jackoo in his uniform, was strapped to one of the best hunters. The view halloo being given, away they went through thick and thin; the horse carrying so light a weight presently left all the company behind. Some of the party, passing by a farm-house, enquired of a countryman whether he he had seen the fox. "Ay, zure," said the man, "he is gone over yon fallow." "And was there any one up with him?" "Ay, zure," said John, "there be a *little man* in a yellow jacket just gone by, ridin' as tho' the devil be in un. I hope from my heart the young gentleman mayn't meet with a fall, for he rides most monstrous hard." His experiment had the desired effect: Jackoo was sufficiently chafed by his exercise to make him dislike the sight of a stable ever afterwards.

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*The Opinions of the late* Prince Lee Boo, *respecting the* British Sports, *extracted from a letter written to his father the* King *of the Pelew Islands:—*

"There is one circumstance respecting this country, which, to my ideas, is altogether unaccountable; and that is, the great leisure they have for idleness, in the midst of such proofs of their labour and ingenuity as overpower the imagination. It surprises me the more, my beloved father, because you know I have been accustomed to see every individual usefully employed in my own country, it being one of your favourite maxims, that the happiness of your whole people require it. Thou, who art a mighty prince, art likewise the best workman in thy dominions; for who can make hatchets to equal thine? But here the great men can bear to sit whole days unemployed, and will eat their food with instruments which other hands have formed, and live in houses with the very principal of whose construction they are little acquainted. From all this must result a vast deal of idle time to be filled up with mere amusements, and it is astonishing how many these people have imagined, of which we have no conception. They are extremely fond of DANCING; a pastime which implies much less exertion with them than with us, and consists chiefly in eating, drinking, and wearing fine ornaments. They extend this accomplishment even to the brute creation; for I observe that their dogs are taught to dance in the streets of the capital; so much leisure time have ENGLISHMEN to bestow upon these diversions.

"Their HUNTING is of various kinds, but the principal object of it is a poor little timid animal they call a HARE; I have not yet seen it, but I shall hope to be enabled to send you a description of it, together with an account of the birds and beasts of the country. I cannot, however, forbear mentioning one remarkable property ascribed to it, that of loving to be hunted, although its entertainment consists solely in being torn to pieces by dogs; I was assured, however, of this by a person who is very fond of the chase. Another species of hunting, in which apparently they take great delight, is that of a huge animal, called in their language ox; and this takes place often in the streets of the city, to the great terror of all who do not mix in the sport. There are no dogs used in this kind of hunting, at least I could perceive none; indeed, I was hurried away by my kind protectors so quick when the beast approached, that I could see but little of their mode of proceeding, though I beheld enough to make me wonder at such a predilection in a people who are in a thousand respects so civilized and so humane.

"In my future account of the beasts of this country I shall say a great deal to you about a beautiful animal, called the HORSE, which will with great ease and celerity bear a man from place to place upon his back. They make this animal conducive to their sport in an amusement they term RACING, in which two or more of them are made to run one against the other with men on their backs, and wounded all the way with sharp spikes. I cannot help wondering how good men can be pleased with such sights; for it seems an unnatural and ungenerous contest, when two animals are urged beyond their strength, and forced on by violent treatment. I am sorry to find fault with a people to whom we have all, and myself particularly, been so greatly obliged; so that I am drawn opposite ways by TRUTH and GRATITUDE; but then again I consider that nothing is so sacred as TRUTH, and that, after all, my greatest gratitude is due to my father and my king, who requires that I should always tell him the TRUTH.

"The other day I observed two men in a field, stripped as naked as it is the custom with us, and beating one another till they were covered with blood, for the diversion of an infinite number of spectators, who seemed to be delighted with the scene. Though our enemies taken in war have often been slaughtered before my eyes, yet I could so ill bear to see this fury between countrymen, as I was told, between men who had never quarrelled, and all to amuse their fellow creatures, that I turned away my eyes, and was sorrowful all the rest of the day. It added a good deal to my chagrin to observe in my way home two DOGS very furiously engaged; and, while they were miserably tearing one another to pieces, a vast number of people gathering round them, and provoking their fury by clapping their hands, and a thousand savage gesticulations.

"They have also another sport here, of a piece with some which I have already mentioned, termed by the natives COCK-FIGHTING; though I am told that this amusement is a little on the decline. The entertainment consists in contemplating a very fierce combat between two large birds of great beauty and signal use to mankind, which they arm with instruments that enable them to inflict dreadful wounds on each other, till one of them expires in considerable torture. I am sorry to add that I have seen some poltroons amuse themselves with throwing sticks at this noble bird, which, for that purpose, they had confined by the leg. Their diversions within doors are in such great variety that it would rob more important subjects of all my time, if I were to think of describing them to you; besides which, I have only glanced at the greater part of them; for my dear friends here think I am more profitably employed when I am improving myself in the language, or am acquiring knowledge which may turn to the future benefit of your majesty's people.

"Their principal amusement, in their own houses, appears to be derived from a certain number of thin substances, spotted in a certain manner with different colours, and which, though they allow that they gain no ideas from them, will entertain them during the time that your majesty would take to repel an invasion of your dominions. I am prejudiced against this amusement, because I have observed it to operate very unpleasantly on the countenances of those who are engaged in it; and I have seen some very handsome persons, entirely stripped, while playing at CARDS, of what rendered them before so amiable in my eyes. They have not yet made me comprehend how it can be; but they tell it to me as an undoubted truth, that oftentimes men lose every thing that is valuable to them in this amusement, if it deserve that name, after we are told of its destructive tendency; so that be assured, beloved father, I will not attempt to acquire so pernicious a talent. But the pastime of which this great people seems most enamoured is what their language denominates a PLAY. I have not yet been present at one, so that I cannot pretend to give you any account of it: but, as far as I can understand such descriptions as have been given me of it, it is a powerful engine, whether it be used on the side of VICE or VIRTUE. I will send you a full account of the first which I shall be permitted to attend; but I fear that the silence observed about this amusement, by my dearest friends is on account of the neglect into which this its moral efficacy may have sunk in the present times.

"The other day I was present at a diversion which at first wore a formidable appearance, but soon turned out to be a very insignificant spectacle. A number of persons, armed with weapons, which they call BOWS and ARROWS, and which serve to the same purpose pretty nearly as our SLINGS and SPEARS, met together on a spacious plain. The professed object of their meeting is to send their arrows into a painted piece of wood, which they denominate a TARGET; but not more than a small number of those that came with that pretence partook at all of the diversion; so that, to make a display before a great number of the women of the country, of their persons and decorations, looks to be, with the major part, the real object which assembles them. I could not easily be convinced that all this noise and parade was to answer no political end; at one time it occurred to me, that it was a sort of divination by which heaven was consulted in the appointment to certain posts of eminence, and that the generals of armies, and captains of expeditions, were chosen in this kind of lottery; at another, that some secret terrors of an invasion had begun to spread in the country, and that this martial exercise was meant as preparative to a vigorous defence. I was at length, however, persuaded that they were a very peaceable set of people, and that all this uproar proceeded only from an outrageous love of flourish and show, and, in fact, was nothing more than an apology for a feather in their hats. I was a little afraid at first of coming near them; but, upon trial, I found them so familiarly and tamely disposed, that one of them suffered me to take his hat off his head, and strutted to and fro, and apparently in high good humour, while I admired his feather. There is always a great gathering from all parts to see this spectacle; and the ladies, for whose amusement the whole is designed, appear extravagantly pleased with beholding their husbands and relatives so cheaply metamorphosed into champions and warriors. The inoffensiveness, however, and the pampered good humour which appeared in their countenances, does not suffer one long to couple with them the idea of any thing that is terrible; and I much question, supposing these men had been cast upon your majesty's dominions, instead of those to whom we are so much indebted, whether you would have found their assistance so serviceable in your battles."

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## SLAUGHTERING OF GAME, BY GREAT FOLKS.

Charles III. of Spain, a little before his death, boasted to a foreign ambassador that he had killed with his own hand 539 wolves, and 323 foxes! and this he was enabled to tell accurately, as he kept a diary of this important matter.

When the king of Naples (the greatest sportsman in Europe) was in Germany, about the year 1792, it was said in the German papers, that in the different times he had been shooting in Austria, Bohemia, and Moravia, he had killed 5 bears, 1820 wild boars, 1968 stags, 13 wolves, 354 foxes, 15,350 pheasants, 1121 rabbits, 16,354 hares, 1625 she-goats, 1625 roebucks, and 12,435 partridges.

The following is an account of the destruction of game in Bohemia by a hunting party, of which the king of France made one, in 1755. There were twenty-three persons in the party, three of whom were ladies; the Princess Charlotte of Lorraine was one of them. The chase lasted eighteen days, and during that time they killed 47,950 head of game and wild deer; of which 19 were stags, 17 roebucks, 10 foxes, 18,243 hares, 19,545 partridges, 9499 pheasants, 114 larks, 353 quails, 454 other birds. The Emperor fired 1798 shots, and the Princess Charlotte 9010; in all there were 16,209 shots fired.

But all we have stated comes short of the game establishment of Chantilli, the most extraordinary one in Europe, once belonging to the house of Condé. It included twenty-one miles of park, and forty-eight miles of forest. The horses, when the family were at that place, were above 500; the dogs 60 to 80 couple; the servants above 500; the stables the finest and best in Europe. We shall now present to the sporting and unsporting reader, for both will lift up their eyes, a list of game killed, year by year, through a series of thirty-two years—beginning with the year 1748, and ending with the year 1779:—

LIST OF THE GAME.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 54,878 | 24,029 | 37,109 | 19,932 |
| 37,160 | 27,013 | 42,902 | 27,164 |
| 58,712 | 26,405 | 31,620 | 30,429 |
| 39,892 | 38,055 | 25,994 | 30,859 |
| 32,470 | 50,812 | 18,479 | 25,813 |
| 39,893 | 40,234 | 18,050 | 50,666 |
| 32,470 | 26,267 | 26,371 | 13,304 |
| 16,186 | 25,953 | 19,771 | 17,566 |

Now let us give (of birds and beasts) their bill of mortality; that is, the numbers, in detail, of each specific description, registered as below, and detailed to have been killed at Chantilli, in the above-mentioned series of years. Hares 77,750, rabbits 587,470, partridges 117,574, red ditto 12,426, pheasants 86,193, quails 19,697, rattles 449, woodcocks 2164, snipes 2856, ducks 1353, wood-piquers 517, lapwings 720, becfique (small birds like our wheatear) 67, curlews 32, oves d' Egypt 3, oyes sauvage 14, bustards 2, larks 106, tudells 2, fox 1, crapeaux 8, thrushes 1313, guynard 4, stags 1712, hinds 1682, falcons 519, does 1921, young does 135, roebucks 4669, young ditto 810, wild boars 1942, marcassies (young boars) 818: a magnificent list of animal slaughter, carefully and systematically recorded as achievements. It has, however, been flatly asserted by a tourist, that, at different times, near 1000 men were condemned to the gallies! many hundred peasants, it is well known, fell, murdered by the keepers, literally hunted down and shot! and the bodies of the dead thrown into the next ditch, or hid under a little mould grubbed up in the park! —Such were the abuses growing out of a passion for destroying the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, called sporting. In these archives it is stated, with more than senatorial gravity, that "the pieces of game killed by S. A. R. Monseigneur Le Prince de Condé were, in number, 65,524." "That the nine pieces killed by the late Prince's grandson, the Duc D'Enghein, were all rabbits." That "the pieces killed by Duc de Bourbon were these—pheasants 1451, hares 1207 partridges 1254, red ditto 143;" and by Compte D' Artois, these—"pheasants 978, hares 870, partridges 1109, red ditto 115." Such were the records kept by those possessed of a lordship or manor!

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## DOINGS AND SAYINGS IN THE PRIZE RING.

### SECOND BATTLE between

### YOUNG SAM AND NED NEAL.

The above battle, although perhaps not so much heavy betting occurred upon it as might be produced on several other pugilistic events on record, yet nevertheless it excited an immense interest throughout the Sporting World in general. Neal was so confident that he should recover his lost laurels at Ludlow that he fought Sam 220*l.* to 200*l*, on Tuesday, January 18th, 1831. Sam having won the toss for choice of place, started immediately for Newmarket, accompanied by Dick Curtis, followed, in a day or two afterwards, by Harry Holt. The above Sporting Town was made the rallying point for the Fancy; and the White Hart (kept by Goodered of the Royal Saloon, in London) Head Quarters. Sam devoted the intermediate days previous to the battle in training, over the downs at Newmarket.

Neal, on "the office" being given to him, left the Isle of Wight, and proceeded on his journey by gentle stages to the Swan at Bothsam, within six miles of Newmarket, where he arrived in the course of Monday, in rather a private manner, accompanied by one or two steady friends.

Newmarket, by the numerous arrivals during Monday, was as full as a tick; nay, overflowing with the right sort of folks to give the Bonifaces a turn, who kept a good look-out to nap the well-breeched Sporting Coves, who are liberal in the extreme, and tip the *steeven*, if the figure is any thing near the mark, like winking, and without the slightest murmurs. "Mine host" at the White Hart, who had an eye to the main chance, as well as to make the "wisit pleasant," had provided a prime "blow out" against the arrival of his friends; and the peck and booze presented upon this occasion were of the first quality; Goodered being well aware that the "Victualling Offices" of his friends were wide awake to the good things of this life. In order to preserve a little regularity, and to keep the company together, a well-known sporting man at Newmarket, and Pierce Egan, were solicited to preside as chairmen. Sam, Curtis, Holt, and their friends, were of the party; and the "Young One" entered into all the spirit of the scene, until his trainers gave him a hint that a view of the Downs would be the most proper view of the picture for him, when he immediately started, and, after having taken his usual walk and exercise, he returned to the White Hart to tea; and, for a short time afterwards, he partook of the chaff-cutting and betting on the subject of his fight, until it was necessary for Sam to retire to his dab. His conduct throughout the day and evening was of the most cheerful description. The extensive coffee-room overflowed with Sporting men from London, Cambridge, Norwich, &c., and other parts of the kingdom, when the game was kept alive until a late hour. The singing of Mr. Hart excited considerable attention, and also afforded much pleasure to the visitors, assisted at intervals by the natural effusions of Mr. *Fogo*, respecting the movements in the prize Ring. In the early part of the evening the betting was rather shy; and ten pounds to nine were offered and taken several times, but, as the night advanced the betting became more even, and, taking Sam for choice, a tolerable stake of money was laid out. Spring offered 50*l*. that Neal was not defeated in one hour and a half; but not the slightest wrangle occurred, and the meeting altogether was of the most harmonious and pleasant description, although materially divided in their opinions as to the result of the contest.

In another part of the town a sparring-match was got up by Mr. Oliver to amuse the natives—the appeal to the country-folks proved successful, and a crowded audience was the result. Oliver and Uncle Ben endeavoured to explain to the inhabitants of Newmarket the advantages of head-knowledge; and deaf Burke also exhibited, in five distinct combats, that the Yokels might not complain they had not had "their whack" for their money. To those persons who were fond of another sort of "stage-play," the theatre, under the management of Mr. Fisher (relative to the celebrated Clara Fisher), was open, to amuse them with the "Wreck Ashore," and "Popping the Question." The Rutland Arms, the crack Inn for the Upper House kind of gents. and heavy swells, was full from the bottom to the top: the Bull, the Bear, and the Commercial Inns, were likewise crowded to excess; in fact there were lots of kids who preferred having forty winks upon their chairs, than tipping an extravagant sum for an hour or two in a snoozing ken; and several of the chaps who were on the strolling system, scoured the "back slums" on the sly, to ascertain what sort of game was to be turned up in Newmarket. Thus passed the day and the night in this famed sporting spot, until "bright Chanticleer" gave notice of the coming and important day that was "big with fate to milling and the Prize Ring."

Newmarket on Tuesday morning appeared in a high state of bustle by the arrival of vehicles of every description, filled with sporting characters, cantabs, farmers, &c., many of whom had been travelling all night. In the streets were to be recognized, intermixed with amateurs, in a deep state of consultation, like barristers in an assize town, only with a different sort of argument—6 to 4, instead of "Bull'em *versus* Boat'em," Spring, Ned Painter, Reuben Marten, Tom Gaynor, Redman, Stockman, Scroggins, Teasdale, Tom Cannon, Peter Crawley, &c. Sam was up early, and took his run across the downs, when he returned to breakfast. He disposed of two mutton chops and some tea, when the barbatic was sent for to render his nob in unison with the true notions of milling, and also to appear sightly in the ring, on making his bow to the spectators. He was full of fun, cheerful, and hummed the tunes of several of the most popular airs, with the utmost *sang froid*. When time was called, the "lads of the village" were off in a twinkling for the scene of action, and Sam started in a barouche and four, with Curtis and Holt, and his immediate friends, sporting the "yellow fogle." Newmarket was literally drained of all her male population, save the old, the lame, and those persons required to attend to business which could not be left. The Ring, which was a most extensive one, was made in a large field at Burrough Green, within six miles of Newmarket, when every thing gave "dreadful note of preparation!" If a turnpike-road did not lead to the immediate milling spot of ground, nevertheless a gate protected the entrance to the field of glory, and for which 5s. each was demanded for the admission of a carriage, 2s. for a gig, and so on in proportion as to the respectability of the vehicle. About twelve o'clock, just as the combatants had arrived on the ground, and all was anxious expectation, to the great dismay and vexation of the amateurs, the Beak popped in his nose (a gent. of the name of Eaton), and, taking off his topper, thus addressed the spectators:—"Gentlemen," said he, "I am a magistrate for the counties of Cambridge and Suffolk, and cannot permit a breach of the peace to be committed within these districts." He proved inexorable to all the gammon that was pitched to him; he would not be "stalled off—bought over"—talked into the thing; and nothing less but a removal would satisfy his duty as a magistrate; after a consultation of the nobs on the subject, a bolt into Essex was resolved upon, as the only sure mode that the fight might come off that day; and in all probability his Beakship was not altogether disposed for a long trot;—more especially as he did not possess the authority to put on the stopper! in the calf country.

The immense interest which a Prize Fight excites in the breasts of the inhabitants of England was now proved beyond all refutation; and long before Oliver and Fogo had pulled up the stakes, and got the ropes into their possession, the Cavalcade, horse and foot, were off like lightning; and the 'devil take the hindmost' the order of the day. The scene was so truly ludicrous that it beggared all description, and to do justice to only an outline of it would require the pencil of a Bob Cruikshank. The horsemen were seen galloping through fields, and leaping over hedges and ditches, like a steeple chase; the poor toddlers winded, and the perspiration running down their cheeks like drops of water, up to their knees in mud, every step they advanced upon the road, losing the soles of their shoes, and labouring under the dread of being trampled upon by the horses, or the wheels of the carriages running over their feet. The horses in the gigs restive, and on the gib, would not answer the whip, upsetting and breaking the panels of the coaches and other vehicles which could not get out of their way. Lots of fun and fights, occasioned by numerous strong fellows on the road, who were tired of walking and running, endeavouring to plant themselves on the outside of some of the carriages, without having previously booked themselves for the journey. The public houses in the little villages where the cavalcade passed through without any previous notice were beseiged as to the grub in their larders; and the pots of heavy-wet snatched out of the hands of the surprised, and almost frightened hosts, by the thirsty pedestrians, who were not so eager to offer their blunt in return. It is impossible to describe the effect which the mighty rush of thousands of persons had upon the feelings of the inhabitants in Elsted and Haverhill (the latter town is the birth-place of Bloomfield the poet, author of the Farmer's boy), the tradespeople were all out of their doors, lost, as it were, in surprise, wondering whether the French were near at hand, and quite at a loss to conjecture the reason of such a movement upon their town. The females could not tell what to make of the mob; and the boys shouting; in truth, all was wonderment and surprise; every amateur being in such a hurry to get up to the ring, that no time could be spared by the way of explanation. Several horses were left at Haverhill, being quite "done up;" also numbers of broken gigs; and lots of pedestrians were likewise compelled, against their will, to give up the pursuit, having run themselves off their legs, and become literally "mud larks," bespattered with dirt from head to foot. "Gentle and simple" were all alike, whose prads were beaten to a stand-still, as fresh horses could not be procured for love or money; and the scene of action, Bumpstead, still three miles further on the road, before any thing like a certainty could be obtained of witnessing the mill. Thus, after encountering numerous delays and difficulties, the cavalcade arrived at Bumpstead in Essex, a distance of upwards of twenty miles from Newmarket. Here a most extensive ring was made in a field belonging to Guy's Farm; and we scarcely remember to have seen such a numerous assemblage of horsemen of a superior class round the ring; the milling coves, by the sudden removal of the fight, were thrown out of their usual chance of waggons, as to collecting the blunt, but who were reluctantly compelled to "pocket the affront;" and therefore this defect was supplied by swell barouches, and other vehicles, as they arrived on the ground.

At ten minutes past three Sam, with the "yellow fogle" round his squeeze, accompanied by Curtis and Holt, entered the ring, amidst very loud shouts of applause, and threw up his hat shortly afterwards. Ned, with his "blue bird's eye," also appeared, and threw his hat into the ring, cheered by his friends, waited upon by Spring and Tom Oliver. Sam immediately went up to Neal, and shook hands with him, saying, "Let all animosity now be buried between us." "Certainly," replied Ned; "and I wish the best man to win. I will bet you, Sam, 10*l.* on the fight!" The friends of Sam and Spring agreed to make it a Poney. Some time was lost in selecting a referee: i. e. to find an impartial person, one completely disinterested as to betting on the fight; and also a man who was perfectly acquainted with the laws of boxing. At length this difficulty was adjusted; when the men began to peel. The swellish appearance of Curtis and Holt attracted the attention of the spectators: they were dressed in white trowsers, white waistcoats, new fine flannel jackets, neatly trimmed all round with yellow silk binding; also the pockets, with the addition of side ditto; in fact, they might be termed dress jackets; and to render the *tout ensemble* complete, the tonsor had been employed to decorate their nobs. Some surprise was manifested by the old Ring-goers, in witnessing Holt acting as the second to Sam, Harry having performed that office to Neal, in all his previous battles,—but it was said, in answer, that a screw was loose between them, and that accounted for it. The anxious moment had now arrived—the men were at the scratch—the hands were also shaken in friendship between the combatants and the seconds—"go to work," was the cry, and even betting the true state of the case:—

## THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Sam was in high spirits, waiting to commence the attack, with a coat over his canvas, to protect him from the cold, when Holt said to Spring "bring your man up, we are quite ready; don't keep us waiting the whole of the day. Spring was employed in lacing up the shoes of Neal, and replied, "don't be in such a hurry, we shall be too soon for you, come what time we may." On peeling, Sam was as fine as a star; as sleek as a greyhound, proud and erect as a race-horse—and though not absolutely crowing, yet possessing all the confidence of a game cock. His nob, a fighting one (snake-headed as the Fanciers term it); his neck, handsome, his arms long; his shoulders good; and his loins muscular, and indicating strength, such as the lovers of anatomical beauty would pronounce a fine picture of the human frame, and the patrons of boxing a complete representative of a milling cove. Neal, to our peepers, never appeared in finer condition; in truth, he had answered all the purposes of training, and better health he could not enjoy. His skin was clearer than heretofore; his friends were satisfied with his conduct; he was satisfied with himself, that he had done his duty; he entered the ring to win, and nothing else; he was left the choice to please himself as to weight; he had no complaints to make about being deprived of his natural strength; in truth, it was Ned Neal, bang-up to the mark, and in the highest state of condition, and he now felt confident of recovering his lost laurels. The attitudes of both of the combatants on setting to, were beautiful; and the skill and anxiety manifested by Sam to obtain an opening, were of the most interesting description: but the leary Neal was not to be gammoned at going off, he was wide awake to the tactics of his opponent, and acted completely on the defensive. It was dodge for dodge—look for look—but Sam, after a little time had elapsed, on finding that Neal would not commence milling, made play with his left hand, which was cleverly stopped by Neal; Sam, however, was more successful with his right hand, and planted a tremendous cheeker, which put Neal's ivories on the move; this attack also put Neal on his mettle, when a sharp rally occurred between them. In closing for the throw, Sam fibbed his opponent, *a la Randall*; but the strength of Neal enabled him not only to obtain the fall, but he also went down upon Sam with all his weight.—The shouting from the yellow-fogle men was artillery like—Sam for £1000—Two hundred to one! and such like encouraging cheers, nearly all round the ring, so numerous were the friends of the Young One.

2. The face of Neal appeared flushed from the handy-work of his opponent, and Harry Holt exclaimed, "first blood;" the fact was admitted by Spring, on perceiving the claret issuing from one of Ned's listeners; therefore, the betting on that particular event was decided. "Go to work, Sam," cried out Stockman, "you are as big as Neal as to size." "So he is," answered Neal; "aye," replied Stockman, "but Sam's heart is twice as big as yours." The Young One, as gay as a lark, endeavoured to provoke Neal to commence offensive operations, when the latter made play with his right hand, which was admirably countered by the left of Sam (Bravo! and well done on both sides). A sharp rally now occurred, when some rum ones were exchanged between them, but rather to the advantage of Sam. Neal planted a heavy facer upon his opponent, which Sam returned slightly, and Neal, as it appeared to us, slipped down, but it was claimed as the first knock-down blow.—To attempt to give even an outline of the joy manifested by the friends of Sam would be totally impossible. Hats were thrown up; "and it is as right as the day; the Young One has got him," &c. &c.

3. Sam cautious, like a skilful general, yet only waiting to make play with advantage. Neal planted a facer cleverly; and also stopped two hits from his opponent (well done Neal). Neal encouraged, endeavoured to plant another facer. Stop a bit, said Sam, and the science the Young One displayed was the admiration of the spectators. A pause—and both on the look out for a chance. Some sharp exchanges occurred; and, in closing, the strength of Neal appeared conspicuously; he positively lifted Sam off the ground, and fell with all his weight upon him.—("Bravo, Ned!" but nothing like the applause from the opposite side.)

4. The face of Neal was changed, and the claret visible all over it, while, on the contrary, the mug of Sam sustained its smiling quality. This was a good round altogether, and the scientific points displayed on both sides, satisfied the patrons of boxing that it was a superior battle. Several sharp hits were exchanged, when Sam went down, and Neal also lost his balance. Sam for 100*l.*! he can't lose it!

5. Sam meant mischief, and went to work without delay; but Ned got away from danger. Ned planted two facers with dexterity. Both cautious, and rather a long pause. Sam put in a severe body blow without any return. "Do that again," said Stockman, "and Neal will let you do what you like with him." Counter hits. Another pause. Neal missed a tremendous blow which he aimed at the front of Sam's head; and the latter, who endeavoured to return the compliment, was rather too far back to do much injury. [Here a bet took place between Tom Cannon and Gaynor; when the latter boxer took Neal; "but mind," said Tom, "it is only for a hedge." "I do not care about that," replied Cannon, "I shall win the bet."] The hitting and stopping, throughout this very long round attracted the attention of the scientific amateurs, who pronounced it a beautiful specimen of the art of self-defence. In closing Sam took great liberties with the mug of his opponent, and a most desperate struggle took place to obtain the throw, when Sam ultimately got Ned undermost. The Samites were seen capering for joy all over the ring, who declared it was as safe as the Bank; and offered, boldly, two to one.

6. "You may shout," said Spring, "but we shall win to-day." Sam smiled; and Neal got away from a well-meant hit of his opponent's. "Wake him up, Sam," cried Stockman, "and finish him off, as you know how!" Sam fought his way into a rally, and Neal was very busy, but not effective in appearance. In closing, Neal was undermost, and he com-

plained to Spring that Sam had put his finger into his eye. The friends of Sam made a laugh of the above declaration of Neal's, and in return they said "he was coming it." "Not in a thousand years," replied Spring.

7. On setting to, Neal spoke to Sam on the subject, and observed it was unfair to put his finger in his eye; the latter said it was an accident. Both of the men were now upon their mettle, and a desperate rally was the result. Neal's face was deluged with claret, until he went down. Another roar of artillery from the friends of Sam; and offering their blunt to any amount upon the Young One.

8. The right eye of Neal was nearly closed; but, nevertheless, he made some excellent stops, and also put in a severe facer (Bravo, Neal!) But Sam soon made up for this advantage by planting his left and right hand so heavily as to produce the claret. "You have got him," said Tom Gaynor; "but, Sam, don't take it all out of him—leave a little for me." Neal kept out of mischief, until he got into a rally, when the milling was heavy on both sides, until Neal went down. Immense applause for Sam; and he most certainly deserved it, for the high spirit he displayed; and is but common justice to state that Neal never tried to win more in his life.

9. This was a scientific and manly round—both fighting at points. Some of the blows were truly heavy; and the punishment he had hitherto received in the former rounds—and the additional nobbing administered to him at this period, satisfied the ring that Neal was a game man. He went down covered with claret.

10. Neal missed several of his right-handed blows; and although he nobbed Sam repeatedly, still the index of the Young One remained unchanged. In closing, Sam was undermost.

11. Sam had been so busy that he appeared rather distressed; but, like a good judge, he sparred for wind. A sharp rally, in which the claret covered the face of Neal; but he fought gaily until he went down. Two to one on Sam.—During the time Neal was on the knee of his second, he took the bottle and drank some brandy.

12. In this round Neal had a chance of turning the battle in his favor. Sam appeared very much distressed, and he also received two severe blows on his lips, which produced the claret; and his knees were in a trembling state from over exertion. [Here the friends of Neal began to shout in favor of him, and, in the ecstacy of the moment, offered 7 to 4, and 2 to 1, and "Ned will win it now." "Win it," replied the fogle-men—"When? Some Sunday next week!"] But, in spite of this drawback upon his exertions, he turned to with the most determined spirit, giving and taking, until Neal was hit down, and fell upon his face. The fogle-men now set no bounds to their joy. Three fifties to one were offered; in fact, any odds might have been had—the friends of Sam, had rendered, in their own minds, conquest such a certainty.

13. Sam appeared at the scratch again distressed; but, nevertheless, the chance was gone by for Neal. A rally occurred, feeble on the part of Neal, but effective on the already damaged mug of the latter, by the handy-work of Sam. Both down. Neal got up very weak; and his nob all to pieces.

14th and last. Generally speaking, it was the opinion of the spectators that Sam must win the fight; yet the battle was not expected to be so soon over. Sam nobbed his opponent like winking; and he also planted a heavy body-blow. Neal however returned a facer, and endeavoured to repeat it, but Sam got away like lightning. A pause; when Neal again tried to make play, but it was useless, and the polish was put on him. Sam bored Neal to the ropes, where he "licked him to a complete stand-still." The Young One, with the most perfect ease, put in one, *two*, THREE, FOUR facers, enough to take the fight out of any man, when Neal was so much abroad that he could not make any return. He however got away from the ropes, but not out of danger. —"Shoot," said Stockman, "it is all your own; you cannot miss the mark." Sam went in with his one, two—which proved the finishing touches to his opponent. Neal dropped down like a log; and on being picked up by his seconds, he was quite insensible to the call of Time. At the expiration of FIFTY-TWO minutes, Sam, amidst loud shouts and congratulations of joy, was proclaimed the conqueror.

## REMARKS.

The termination of this truly interesting battle, to the patrons of pugilism, has completely set at rest the various disputes and numerous quarrels which have taken place upon the subject; and Sam has likewise satisfied the Sporting World as to his superior qualities, not only as a pugilist, but to the title of the "better man of the two;" and in spite of all the assassin-like attempts of persons ear-wigging in the dark, to put a stop to, or cause an end to be made to this manly, English mode of settling a dispute, all their attempts have been foiled, and we assert with confidence that milling, once more, has risen cent. per cent., not only amongst the old ring-goers, but throughout the Fancy in general, by the true courage and noble feeling displayed in the above battle between Young Sam and Neal.

Sam, by comparison, is a Jem Belcher as to his mode of fighting; his gaiety of milling must be seen to be properly appreciated; his science partakes of the schools of Angelo and Roland kind of talent; it is as neat as fencing, and the parries of Young Sam to the amateurs are of the most tasteful description; but his execution is terrific; there is a sort of magic about his blows; the bat of Harlequin cannot change the scene quicker than the "bunch of fives" of our hero can, and does always accomplish upon the mugs of all his opponents. Conquest is his object and victory he will obtain, if it is within his grasp, and like one of Shakspeare's greatest characters, " his soul and body is on the action and eager for the fray."

Neal, it cannot be refuted, never fought better, if so well, in any of his previous battles; and the science he displayed, in several of the rounds of the fight, proclaimed his knowledge of the art of self-defence, in a superior point of view; and had he not have been a game man, he could not, would not, have taken any thing like the severe punishment he received during the fight; but the truth is, and nothing else but the truth, Neal was out-generalled, out-fought, and beaten against his will. In giving due praise to Sam, it would be unjust and illiberal to withhold the meed from Neal. A BETTER, OR A MORE MANLY, SCIENTIFIC FIGHT has not been witnessed in the Prize Ring. It was hit and get away; or give and take throughout the mill; there was nothing like pulling and hauling attached to its character; but a superior display of fine fighting from the beginning to the end of the chapter. The whole of the spectators (several thousand persons) declared the distance of 100, or even 200 miles, was no object by comparison, to witness such an out-and-out exhibition of manhood and true courage. It has been urged that Neal went down once without a blow; to be candid, it did not appear so to us: that he went down is most true, but the hits of Sam had been of so punishing a quality during the round, that Neal never recovered from their stunning effects, and he was always upon the totter until he measured his length upon the grass.

'Tis cruelty to load a fallen man.

The blows which Neal had received during the first five rounds had not only altered his knowledge-box, but must have affected his vision. Several of his right-handed blows were thrown away, and he repeatedly missed his aim and hit out of distance. His strength had likewise been reduced, and he could not throw his opponent with that ease and facility with which he had been distinguished in many of his former battles; but it came down to a sort of struggle with Sam, when the latter had decidedly the best of that point also, long before the fight was over; and Neal might have exclaimed, in the words of our immortal bard—

I dare do all that man dares,
And he who dares more, is none!

It was evident to the spectators that Sam betrayed symptoms of weakness, nay, he was very much distressed at one period of the fight: he was not unlike a fine race-horse that had been trained to run two miles, and had accomplished four; that is to say, there is no knowing what game can effect when put to the test. Sam, it seems to us, has more spirit than strength attached to his composition; and when Neal endeavoured to take advantage of the chance which the weakness of Sam had given to him, the fine eye of the latter seemed to penetrate into the very soul of his adversary (and reminded us of the truly expressive, animated peepers of his warlike sire, when engaged in battle), and he positively rallied against the effects of nature; recovered his leading position, and, to quote the motto he had adopted upon his yellow fogle, at the previous fight between him and Neal—" NIL DESPERANDUM," he planted his blows right and left, until he sent his opponent down amidst the admiring shouts of thousands.

It was now clear that weight in opposition to fine fighting, or against the activity of youth, is not of that vast importance which has been attached to it on the part of the friends of Neal, previous to the battle. In the mill at Ludlow, Neal only weighed 11st. 4lbs., as he had reduced himself 6lbs. below the weight required by the articles, 11st. 10lbs. when the contest lasted ONE HOUR AND FORTY-ONE MINUTES. Mark the difference, Neal, on entering the ring at Bumpstead, weighed 12st. 4lbs., and Sam scarcely reached the weight of 11st. 2lbs., and the latter boxer won the fight in nearly half the time—FIFTY-TWO MINUTES.

If Neal came into the ring a better man altogether than in the previous contest, it is equally true that Sam was also a better man than when he peeled at Ludlow: it was at that period urged by the patrons of Sam, that he had not arrived at his proper growth; that his stamina was not complete; and that his frame partook more of a gristly nature than supported by bones; in fact, Sam altogether was little else than a cartilaginous subject. But in the above fight, the case was completely changed, and without any punning upon the matter, Sam proved himself a BONY*parte!* Although Sam, throughout this most interesting contest to the Fancy, has been designated by the appellation of the " Young One," the combatants could not quarrel on the subject of Age. Sam was born on the 30th of Jan., 1808, nearly 23 years old; and Neal first made his appearance in this world on March 22nd, 1805; therefore he did not exceed 26. There can be no question but Ned Neal is the stalest man of the two; and it is equally true that he has received in his numerous contests much more punishment and lots of wopping than the " Young One," had met with during his fighting in the P. R. Sam has scarcely received any licking at all from his opponents; and he won the above battle without a scratch upon his face! The blows of Neal, although in many instances were round, but nevertheless were very dangerous, and had some of them told according to their aim, a very different account might have been recorded of the battle. The plunges of Sam are terrific; he also hits strait from the shoulder; and his cutting-up lunges are of the most finishing quality.

To sum up our remarks upon the merits of the combatants, it will be only necessary to relate the following anecdote, which occurred between Jem Burn and Phil. Sampson, on their meeting together at an inn upon the road, on their return from the fight, between Bumpstead and Newmarket. Jem Burn observed, in a room full of company, that Young Sam must be a PHENOMENON indeed, who had defeated Neal without a mark upon his nob; but it should also be recollected that the latter boxer had twice wopped himself (Jem Burn); he had also "polished off" Phil. Sampson; that Neal had thumped Tom Cannon; he had likewise licked Tom Gaynor, and beaten White-headed Bob; and lots of other pugilists. Sampson, in reply, said Sam was the best fighter in the world at the present moment: and that he could beat every one on the milling list. "Who was to fight Young Sam, he would ask; he had already won more battles than his father, so renowned in the pages of Boxiana." "He can beat them all but one," replied uncle Ben. "But one!" Name him! name him! was the cry. The champion, laughing, "why Peter Crawley!" "A pretty thing, indeed!" said Jack Clark, "Peter is *only* seven stone heavier than Sam!" This conversation had scarcely concluded when Young Sam's vehicle drove up to the door, and he alighted to receive the congratulations of his friends. Except his face being rather flushed, no person could have entertained for a single moment, from his general appearance, that he had been engaged in a prize battle, on which many thousands of pounds were depending, and the interest of the Sporting world had been so much excited: previous to which he had been amusing his pals in the barouche along the road with his imitations of the skylark, and other birds, for which Sam is distinguished in his convivial hours. The only inconvenience he felt from the battle, Sam said, was the soreness of his hands.

Of course this second defeat to Neal, must have been to his feelings mortifying in the extreme; and, to a brave man, almost worse than death; but he has the consolation to reflect that his friends are perfectly satisfied that he had done all that a boxer could do to obtain victory; and even his decided opponents, the backers of Sam, do him the justice to state that he never fought so well, or displayed so much game in any of his former battles; and that he surrendered to a superior fighter; and like many other heroes he might exclaim—

> Who can rule the uncertain chance of war?

In sustaining defeat he has not disgraced his character as a pugilist; and when it is taken into consideration that he has proved the conqueror in ELEVEN battles straight forward; in the twelfth, with White-headed Bob, he made a draw of it; in the thirteenth he lost the fight with Bob; and out of SEVENTEEN battles in the Prize Ring, Neal has only been defeated three times.

## CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH THE ABOVE BATTLE.

Sam walked out of the ring to his carriage with as much gaiety as he entered it; but on his arrival at Haverhill, it was thought prudent by his friends that he should be bled; but, on the contrary, Neal required the assistance of his seconds to carry him to his vehicle; and at a few miles distance from the scene of action he was also bled and put to bed, and every humane attention paid to him that his situation required. He received but one body-blow during the fight, which caught him in the wind; the punishment he received being principally directed towards the head.

Upon the arrival of Sam at the White Hart a crowd of persons had assembled round the door, and welcomed him back to Newmarket with three loud cheers. A splendid dinner was also prepared for his reception, when he dressed himself for the occasion, and afterwards sent two or three letters to his patrons in London, and also to his "Mama," informing her of his success for the ninth time in the Prize Ring. Early the next morning (Wednesday), in a a post-chaise and four, he took leave of his friends at Newmarket and Cambridge, in his way to London. On that classic ground he was hailed as a man of science by several of the cantabs; and although he could not obtain any *degree* from the "Learned Pundits," yet none of the "wranglers" felt pluck enough to dispute his right to it. However, Sam, Curtis, and the eloquent Holt, expressed their gratitude for the *degree* of respect which had been paid to them as P. P.'s, and, in bumpers of Champagne and claret, drank success to the above seat of learning, coupled with the hope that its professors might, to the end of time, be always able to produce good *nobb*-ed ones! He arrived in London on Wednesday evening, and was highly received by his backers.

SAM'S BENEFIT AT THE TENNIS COURT.—On Thursday, after the fight, soon after the doors were opened the Court was crowded to excess, from the Corinthian to the commoner; evincing a strong proof that milling is not on the decline, but on the contrary, all the patrons are eager to give their *three bob* when the Ring is conducted on fair principles, and the combatants exert themselves to behave "sound and true." The setts-to, generally, were capital between Phil. Sampson and Jem Burn; Barney Aaron and Curtis; Oliver and Uncle Ben; Carter and Adams; and Tom Cannon and Harry Holt. The bout between the two little ones (boxers in minature), Noon and Hinton, produced bursts of applause; a more manly or scientific set-to could not have been witnessed. Hinton floored Noon, to the great surprise of the spectators. Rickens, the Bath champion, who once fought with Jem Ward, put on the gloves with deaf Burke; but the latter treated the exertions of Rickens with the utmost contempt—instead of looking in his opponent's face, he cast his eyes towards his toes, but Burke never missed the head of the Bath champion, convulsing the court with roars of laughter. The wind-up of the sports of the day were between Spring and Tom Gaynor. This set-to was much admired; and, in the general opinion of the amateurs, Tom Gaynor exhibited great signs of improvement. Spring came forward and apologised for the absence of Neal; he stated that, owing to some mistake with the post-boy, Neal had not arrived in London until that morning, and his eyes were so bad that he could not quit his bed; otherwise, he would most certainly have appeared at the court.

Sam returned thanks for the patronage he had received from the amateurs, and trusted that his future conduct would always merit their support. On his quitting the stage, he was loudly cheered by the spectators.

## THE TROTTING-HORSE.

### A CRACK CHANT IN THE SPORTING WORLD.

Come, I ride as good a trotting-horse as any one in town,
He'll trot you sixteen miles an hour, I'll bet a hundred pound;
He's such a one to bend his knees, and tuck his haunches in,
That to heave the dirt in people's eyes he thinks it not a sin.
CHORUS—So he rides away, and trots away, fal de la.

He's an eye like a hawk, and a neck like a swan;
He's a foot like a cat, and his back's a longish span;
Kind Nature formed him so that he's as honest as he's good;
He's every thing a horse should be—he's bottom, bone, and blood.

When I drop my hand, I see him nod, and safely walk away;
What others brag and bounce about, to him is only play;
No safer horse, or honester, e'er trod on English ground;
He's rising six—can catch a bird—all over right and sound.

There's your starched and stiffened towel-blades, what transports they produce!
They cock their toes, and square their arms, and come the loving noose,—
Then I let go my rattling prad, and pass them like the wind,
I drop a nod and tips a smile, and leaves the flats behind.

If twenty miles and I am from home, in the dark, I not mind,
If my friends are all brushed, and I with pipe and bottle left behind;
If a scampsman bold should come, or a kiddy on the hop,
"Pull sharp your trigger, my boys," says I, or I'll outride the shot."

If Fortune, fickle jade, should e'er wish to *scourge* my name,
And what she generously gave would wish to have again,
O that I'll freely grant, and without the least remorse,
Only give me what God can grant—my health, my wife, and horse.
So he rides away, &c.

## HUNTING FROLIC OF HENRY IV.

### *"It must be either you or I."*

The education which this great man received was calculated to make him fond of woodland scenery, and the sports of the field. Sent to a remote castle, amid the dreary rocks in the vicinity of the Pyrenean mountains, delicacy had no part in the education of the youthful Henry. His ordinary food was brown bread, cheese, and beef. He was clothed like other children of the country, in the coarsest stuff, and was inured to climb and rove over the rocks, often barefooted and bareheaded. Thus, moreover, by habituating his body early to exercise and labour, he prepared his mind to support with fortitude all the vicissitudes of his future life.

Hunting was ever the favorite diversion of this monarch. He often strayed from his attendants, and met with some adventures which proved pleasant to himself, and evinced the native goodness of his heart, and an affability of disposition which charmed all who had an opportunity of observing it.

Being on a hunting-party one day, in the Vendomois, he strayed from his attendants, and some time after observed a peasant sitting at the foot of a tree:—"What are you about there?" said Henry.—"I am sitting here, Sir, to see the king go by."—"If you have a mind," answered the monarch "to get up behind me, I will carry you to a place where you can have a good sight of him." The peasant immediately mounts behind, and on the road asks the gentleman how he should know the king. "You need only look at him who keeps his hat on while all the rest remain uncovered." The king joins his company, and all the lords salute him:—"Well," said he to the peasant, "which is the king?"—"Fakes," answered the clown, "it must be either you or I, for we both keep our hats on!"

## EXTINCT ANIMALS.

The most extraordinary family of extinct animals whose bones have been discovered, is that of the *Megatherium*. It consists of two species—the Megatherium, properly so called, and the Megalonyx. They appear to have had something of the formation of the sloth, with the size of the ox. Their stout limbs were terminated by five thick toes; some of which were provided with an enormous claw. Their thick and ossified skin was divided into scales, closely fitted into each other. The form of the teeth shows that these animals fed on vegetables and roots. Cuvier thinks that they were furnished with a short trunk. The remains of these two quadrupeds have only been found in America; but it is considered that an animal of the same order, and of equal size and power, existed in Europe. The proof rests upon a single claw dug up near the Rhine.

### THE LAWS OF THE ROAD.

The laws of the Road, are a *paradox* quite,
For when you are travelling along,
If you keep to the LEFT you'll sure to be RIGHT,
If you keep to the RIGHT you'll be WRONG!

### The Elephant.

In the early periods of the Mogul empire elephants were armed for battle with preparations somewhat similar to the defences of warriors in the ages of chivalry. Dow, describing the elephants of Akbar, says, "they wear plates of iron upon their foreheads." Vincent le Blanc mentions the elephants of the king of Ternassery as "of the largest size of the east, covered to the ground with beeves' hides, and, over them, with divers trappings. Those hides are fastened underneath the belly with iron chains, and are difficult to be got off." The Ayeen Akbery is more minute. "Five plates of iron, each one cubit long and four fingers broad, are joined together by rings, and fastened round the ears of the elephant by four chains, each an ell in length; and betwixt these another chain passes over the head, and is fastened in the *kellaweh;* and across it are four iron spikes with *katasses* and iron knobs. There are other chains with iron spikes and knobs hung under the throat and over the breast, and others fastened to the trunk; these are for ornament, and to frighten horses. *Pakher* is a kind of steel armour that covers the body of the elephant: there are other pieces of it for the head and proboscis. *Gejjhemp* is a covering made of three folds, and is laid over the *pakher.*" Dow adds that "a sword is bound to their trunk, and daggers are fastened to their tusks." But the mighty power of the animal in crushing the ranks of an enemy, was principally relied upon. The armour and the swords were to add to the dismay which an immense troop of elephants were of themselves calculated to produce. The emperor Akbar well knew their power in scattering masses of terrified men. On one occasion, when he stormed the fort of Chitar, the garrison retired to the temples. "Akbar, perceiving he must lose a great number of his troops in case of a close attack, ordered a distant fire to be kept up upon the desperate Rajaputs, till he had introduced three hundred elephants of war, which he immediately ordered to advance to tread them to death. The scene became now too shocking to be described. Brave men, rendered more valiant by despair, crowded around the elephants, seized them even by the tusks, and inflicted upon them unavailing wounds. The terrible animals trode the Indians like grasshoppers under their feet, or winding them in their powerful trunks, tossed them aloft into the air, or dashed them against the walls and pavements. Of the garrison, which consisted of eight thousand soldiers, and of forty thousand inhabitants, thirty thousand were slain, and most of the rest taken prisoners."—In the rapid marches of this victorious prince, the elephants suffered greatly. Purchas, speaking of his progress from Kashire, in 1597, says, "This country he left when summer was past, and returned to Lahore, losing many elephants and horses in the way, both by famine, then oppressing the country, and the difficulty of the passages; the elephants sometimes, in the ascent of hills, helping themselves with their trunks, leaning and staying themselves, being burthened, thereon, as on a staff."—The power of the elephant in battle has fallen before the greater power of artillery and of scientific tactics. But it is little more than three centuries ago that the chief in India who possessed the greatest force of elephants was almost sure of victory. The Emperor Baber, in his Memoirs, gives a remarkable illustratation of the terror which the animal produced. "The troops who accompanied Alim Khan were dispersed, being busy plundering and pillaging. Sultan Ibrahim's troops perceived that the enemy were not in great force, and immediately moved forward from the station which they had kept, though very few in number, and having only a single elephant; but no sooner had the elephant come up, than Alim Khan's men took to flight, without attempting to keep their ground." Baber himself scarcely employed elephants in war, although descended from Timour, to whom their use was familiar; but he appears to have met their terror with a bold front. His expressions remind us of the quaint language of Bunyan: "I placed my foot in the stirrup of resolution, and my hand on the reins of confidence in God, and marched against Sultan Ibrahim, the son of Sultan Iskander, the son of Sultan Behlul Lodi Afghan, in whose possession the throne of Delhi and the dominions of Hindustan at that time were; whose army in the field were said to amount to a hundred thousand men, and who, including those of his Emirs, had nearly a thousand elephants."

Although from the earliest times ivory was an article of commerce in demand amongst all the people who traded with India, the elephant does not appear to have been employed as an animal of burthen even by the Persians and Assyrians, until a comparatively recent period. The camel was the principal medium of intercourse amongst those nations. Neither is the name of the elephant (a circumstance which shows that he was unknown to the early Jews) to be found in the Hebrew language.

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# PIERCE EGAN'S
# BOOK OF SPORTS.

No. XX.] [*Price Three Pence.*

## HAWKING.

Hist! ROMEO! hist! O for a *falconer's* voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!

SHAKSPEARE.

As Venus' bird, the white, swift, lovely dove,
O! happy dove, that art compared to her!
Doth in her wings her utmost swiftness prove,
Finding the gripe of *falcon* fierce nor far.

SIDNEY.

FALCONRY, at the present high-bred time of day, is a species of sporting more *talked* about by the members of the turf and chase—or, that books are perused by them upon the subject, than brought into actual display before the public, and followed as a diversion; however much it might have been admired in the olden times. HAWKING, at the period alluded to, was in high repute, nay, it was almost viewed as a patent of nobility; indeed, it was such a mark of distinction, that persons of quality seldom undertook a journey without their *hawks* and attendants.

It was no uncommon thing in those days to witness the falconer, with his dogs and *hawks*, following his master to battle; but it has almost ceased, by comparison, to be followed as a sport, except in a few instances, something after the change of circumstances in life, described by Pope:—

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes;
*Tenets* with books; and *principles* with times!

It is true, that the present Duke of St. Albans has made several attempts to revive the ancient sport of HAWKING, in his character of the Grand Hereditary Falconer of England, on his own estates, and he has also, during the time he took up his residence at Brighton, given the inhabitants of that fashionable watering-place some splendid displays of the above sport upon the neighbouring downs, attended by the Duchess of St. Albans, the Ladies Beauclerc, and also accompanied by several persons of quality, within the last three years.

The appearance of the Duke in the splendid dress of his office, and the rest of his attendants all apparelled in the costume attached to falconry, proved highly attractive to the spectators; indeed, it was quite a *studied* sort of affair, in order not only to render the pageant accurate as to taste, but complete as to the effect of the thing: in truth, there was a theatrical nicety about it altogether. But, nevertheless, HAWKING is not in fashion at the present day; or, perhaps to speak more correctly on the subject, it is not followed as a sport by the gentlemen composing the Sporting World. The race course; the chase; a coursing match; shooting, sailing, or cricket matches, appear to have far greater claims of attraction in their eyes, than the ANCIENT, and once much followed sport of HAWKING.

A very interesting exhibition of the above species of amusement took place on Thursday, October 7, 1824, in the neighbourhood of Amesbury, and was witnessed by a numerous field of sporting gentlemen and others attracted by curiosity. The hawks, six in number, were remarkably large and fine young birds; and their proprietor, Colonel Thornhill, directed the sport of the day, in the presence of Sir Hussey Vivyan, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Mills, and numerous other gentlemen, who were invited on the occasion. The scene of action was an extensive field of turnips, in which it was known that there were partridges in sufficient number for the purpose, and the ground was graced by several carriages containing ladies. The hawks were brought to the field by the Colonel's falconer and assistant, perching, hooded, upon a frame; the sportsmen and spectators were ranged on the outside of the field; a fine bird was then taken from the perch by the falconer, unhooded, and permitted to fly. The hawk immediately towered, and lowered over the field, with his eyes intently bent towards the turnip plants in search of prey: he beat over the ground with evolutions similar to those of a pointer upon the ground. After a few minutes had elapsed, Colonel Thornhill ordered some boys to enter the field for the purpose of disturbing the birds; and a partridge at length arose, which was instantaneously seen by the hawk, though at a great distance. The hawk darted after it and struck it to the earth; but the partridge recovering, flew, as it were for protection, amongst the spectators; here it was pursued by the relentless hawk and killed. The other hawks were afterwards severally let loose, and all but one of them killed a partridge each; some of the latter were pursued and killed out of sight of the spectators; and it is highly worthy of remark, that the hawks had been so well trained that they invariably returned to the falconer at his call; and when out of sight and hearing, he attracted them by throwing into the air a lure, something resembling a stuffed partridge. The above exhibition afforded a most gratifying specimen of this ancient and very curious sport.

HAWKING, it appears, has occupied the attention of several of our first literary characters, as the following quotations most clearly point out:—

Ride unto St. Alban's,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to *hawk*.
*Shakspeare.*

Do'st thou love *hawking?* Thou hast *hawks* will soar
Above the morning lark. *Id.*

A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl *hawked* at and killed. *Id.*

To grace this honoured day the queen proclaims,
By herald *hawkers* high, heroick games:
She summons all her sons: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled all the land.
*Pope.*

Whence borne on liquid wing
The sounding culver shoots; or where the *hawk*,
High in the beetling cliffs, his eyry builds.
*Thomson.*

Whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the Winter out in caves below,
Or *hawk* at flies elsewhere, concerns us not to know.
*Dryden.*

One followed study and knowledge, and another *hawking* and hunting.
*Locke.*

He that *hawks* at larks and sparrows has no less sport, though a much less considerable quarry, than he that flies at nobler game. *Id.*

A falc'ner Henry is, when Emma *hawks;*
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks.
*Prior.*

A long-winged *hawk*, when he is first whisteled off the fist, mounts aloft, and for his pleasure fetcheth many a circuit in the ayr, still soaring higher and higher, till he become to his full pitch, and in the end, when the game is sprang, comes down amain, and stoops upon the sudden.
*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

*Hawking* comes near to hunting, the one in the ayre as the other on the earth, a sport as much affected as the other, by some preferred. *Id.*

It can be no more disgrace to a great lord to draw a fair picture, than to cut his *hawk's* meat.
*Peacham.*

It will also be found in "*The Guardian*" of Massinger that he had not overlooked the Sports of the Field, from a delightful conversation which occurs respecting the ancient sports of HAWKING and hunting. Shakspeare, also, introduced a variety of sporting scenes in his plays; and in almost all the novels of Sir Walter Scott, he describes hunting, hawking, or shooting events. The Ettrick Shepherd has a tale denominated "The Eildon Hunt." In Malpas, vol. i., several descriptions will be found both of hawking and hunting; and one of the most important events in the "King of the Peak" takes place in a hunt. The sports of ancient Rome occupy half the first volume of Howison's *Valerius.*

A fine description of a stag-hunt is to be met with in the "*Lady of the Lake*;" and also Fielding has introduced the chase in his novel of Tom Jones, in which Sophia meets with an accident. In *Don Quixote*, an animated account of a Boar-hunt is given by the inimitable Cervantes: indeed, many other authors might be pointed out who have in their works given some very pleasing descriptions of the manly sports of "the olden times;" and also of very recent date may be quoted, Lloyd's Field Sports in the North of Europe; Captain Mundy's Pen and Pencil Sketches of the Sports of India; and Captain Basil Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels, all abounding with interesting accounts of sporting events of every character.

### HAWKING BANQUET, AT KNOLE.

To Knole's famous seat, in the year sixty-two,
Four nobles came over from France;
They brought their stanch hawks the fleet hern to pursue,
The bird with a beak like a lance.

Four falc'ners, all skilful, arriv'd in their train,
And my lord, if we credit report,
Resolv'd that their visit should not be in vain,
Most kindly prepar'd for their sport.

At Penshurst, blest seat of the Sidneys of old,
On the tops of its high towering trees,
A hernry for ages, so story has told,
Has been rock'd and refresh'd by the breeze.

The day was delightful, the harvest all done,
And the farmers at rest from their toil,
Up the vast arch of Heav'n bright Phœbus had run,
And had drank up the pools on the soil.

On Chislehurst common, in gallant array,
The duke with his nobles were seen,
When the falc'ners prepared for the sport of the day,
All clad in their liv'ries of green:

Their hawks were unhooded and bold for the chase,
When high floating in beautiful form,
A hern from her quarry was mark'd by his grace,
When the crowd were like bees when they swarm.

A falcon selected was thrown to the wind,
A second and third to pursue,
While those in reserve were impatient behind,
To mount to the game bird in view.

The game knew her foes, and increas'd in her flight,
Yet boldly prepar'd to defend;
Tho' her courage was great, yet unequal the fight,
For the hern had with three to contend.

Ah! this was a moment of matchless delight,
The birds were at war in the skies,
And the hawks on their pinions exerting their might,
To conquer and bring down the prize,

Full great was the concourse assembled below,
Rich and poor in the pleasure unite,
Every breast from his grace felt the rapturous glow,
At so novel so marshall'd a sight.

At length, overcome with fatigue and despair,
The hern strove for life to depart,
When the falcon, too eager her plumage to tear,
Felt her strong pointed beak in his heart.

Nor escap'd the game a less share of distress,
For the while she was wheeling around,
The falcon's sharp talons had struck her to death,
And they both fell like shot to the ground.

The hern's gaudy top, the pride of our knights,
The falc'ner swift tore from its place;
And now amidst shouts and the highest delight,
Presented the prize to his grace.

The sport being over, my lord with his guest,
Return'd to a banquet at Knole,
Where they finish'd that day with a liberal zest,
Which meanness could never control.

The nobles return'd to their gay Gallic court,
And report with the greatest delight,
That the Britons were equally brave in their sport,
As they were when led on to the fight.

According to the account of the late Colonel Thornton, one of the most practical sportsmen in the kingdom, and who was particularly attached to the amusement of *Hawking*, he thus describes the different species of hawks:—there are two kinds of the *hawk*, the long and the short-winged.

"The first year it is called a *soarage*; the second, an interview; the third, a white hawk; and the fourth, a hawk of the first coat.

"Of those most in use in this kingdom, are the following:—

The gerfalcon, and its male the jerkin.
The falcon, and ditto tierce gentle.
The lanper, and ditto lannerel.
Bockerel, and ditto bockeret.
The saker, and ditto sackerel.
The merlin, and ditto jack merlin.
The hobby, and ditto jack or robin.
The seletto of Spain.
The blood-red rook of Turkey.
The waskete from Virginia.

Of the short-winged are the following:—

The eagle, and its male the iron.
The goshawk, and ditto tiercel.
The sparrow-hawk, and its male the musket.
The two sorts of French pie.

Of the inferior:—

The stangel, or ring-tail.
The raven and buzzard.
The forked kite and bold buzzard.
The hen driver, &c."

The French Kings had a grand falconer, an officer dismembered from that of grand veneux, as early as the year 1250. A falconer should be well acquainted with the quality and mettle of his hawks, that he may know which of them to fly early, and which late. Every night after flying he should give them casting; one while plumage, sometimes pellets of cotton, and and at another time physic, as he finds necessary. He ought also every evening to make the place clean under the perch, that by her casting he may know whether she wants scouring upwards or downwards. He must water his hawk every evening, except on such days as she has butted; after which, at night, she should be put into a warm room, having a candle burning by her, where she is to sit unhooded, if she be not ramage, that she may prick and prune herself. He should always carry proper medicines into the field, as hawks frequently meet with accidents there. He must take with him all his hawking implements; and should be skilful in making lures, hoods of all sorts, gins, bewits, and other furniture. He ought to have his coping irons, to cope his hawk's beak when overgrown, and to cut her pounces and talons as there shall be occasion; nor should his cauterising irons be wanting.

The Saxon dialogues in the Cotton Library speak thus of the fowler :—"How do you deceive fowls?" "Many ways; sometimes with gins, sometimes with lime, sometimes with whistling, sometimes with hawks, sometimes with traps." "Have you a hawk?" "I have." "Can you tame them?" "I can. What use would they be to me if I could not tame them!" "Give me a hawk?" "I will give it willingly if you will give me a swift hound; which hawk will you have, the greater or the less?" "The less; the greater." "How do you feed them?" "They feed themselves and me in winter; and in spring I lėt them fly to the woods. I take for myself young ones in harvest, and tame them." "And why do you let them fly from you when tamed?" "Because I will not keep them in summer, as they eat too much. But many feed and keep them through the summer, that they may again have them ready." "So they do, but I will not have that trouble about them, as I can make many others."

In short, this diversion was among the ancient English the pride of the rich, and the privilege of the poor; no rank of men seems to have been excluded from it. We learn from the book of St. Albans, that every degree had its peculiar hawk, from the emperor down to the holy-water clerk. Vast was the expense that sometimes attended this sport.

The Norwegian breed was, in old times, in high esteem in England; they were thought bribes worthy a king. Geoffrey Fitzpierse gave two good Norway hawks to King John, to obtain for his friend, Walter Le Madena, the liberty of exporting 100 weight of cheese; and Nicholas, the Dane, was to give the king a hawk every time he came to England, that he might have free liberty to traffic throughout the King's dominions. They were also made the tenures by which some nobles held their estates from the crown.

In order to instruct them, the following method is generally pursued :—When a hawk or falcon is taken, she must be seeled in such a manner that as the seeling slackens she may see what provision lies before her; but care ought to be taken not to seel her too hard. A falcon or hawk, newly taken, should have all new furniture, as new pieces of good leather, mailled leashes with buttons at the end, and new bewits. There should also be provided a small round stick to stroke the hawk; because the oftener this is done, the sooner and better she will be manned. She must also have two large bells 'that she may be found when she scattereth.' Her hood should be well fashioned, raised, and embossed against her eyes deep, and yet strait enough beneath that it may fasten about her head without hurting her: her beak and talons must be a little coped, but not so near as to make them bleed. A soar falcon, which has passed the seas, will be harder to reclaim, but will prove the best of falcons. Her food must be good and warm, and given twice or thrice a day, till she be full gorged: the best for this purpose is pigeons, larks, or other live birds; because she must be broken off by degrees from her accustomed feeding. When she is fed you must whoop and lure that she may know when you intend to give her meat.

The *lure* is a piece of red stuff, or wool, on which are fixed a bill, talons, and wings. To this is likewise fastened a piece of that flesh on which the bird feeds, and the lure is thrown out to him. When they intend to reclaim or recall him, the sight of the food brings him back: and in time the voice will be sufficient. The various plumage with which the lure is set off is called '*a drawer!*' When they accustom the hawk to fly at a kite, a heron, or a partridge, they change the drawer according to the kind of game to which he is to be devoted. When this is a kite they fix the bill and feathers of that bird to the lure; and so of the rest; and in order to entice the bird to this object, they fasten beneath the drawer or plumage the flesh of a chicken, or other fowl, occasionally seasoned with sugar and spices, together with marrow and other delicacies. Three things are to be considered before the *lure* be showed her :—1. That she be bold and familiar in company, and not afraid of dogs and hares. 2. Sharp set and hungry, having regard to the hour of morning and evening, when you would have her. 3. Clean within, and lure well garnished with meat on both sides; and when you intend to give her the length of a leash you must abscond. She must also be unhooded, and have a bit or two given her on the lure, as she sits on your fist; afterwards, take the lure from her and hide it that she may not see it; and when she is unseeled cast the lure so near her that she may catch it within the length of her leash, and as soon as she has seized it use your voice, feeding her upon the lure on the ground, with the heart and warm thigh of a pullet. Having so lured your falcon, give her but little meat in the evening, and let this luring be so timely that you may give her plumage next morning upon your fist. When she is used to the lure on foot, she is to be lured on horseback; which may be effected the sooner by causing horsemen to be about her when she is lured on foot. When she has grown familiar this way let somebody on foot hold the hawk, and the person on horseback must call and cast the lure about his head, the holder taking off the hood by the tassel; and if she seize eagerly on the lure without fear of man or horse, then take off the creance, and lure her at a greater distance. If you would have her love dogs as well as the lure, call dogs when you give her her living or plumage. After this she may be allowed to fly, in a large field, unincumbered with trees. To excite her to fly, whistle softly; unhood her, and let her fly with her head to the wind; as she will thus the more readily get upon the wing, and fly upwards. The hawk sometimes flies from the falconer's fist, and takes stand on the ground: this is a fault very common with soar falcons. To remedy this, fright her up with your wand, and when you have found her to take a turn or two, take her down to the lure, and feed her. But if this does not do, then you must have a duck in readiness seeled, so that they may see no way but backwards, and that will make her mount the higher. Hold this duck in your hand, by one of the wings near the body; then lure with your voice, to make the falcon turn her head, and when she is at a reasonable pitch cast your duck up just under her, when, if she strike, stoop, or truss the duck, permit her to kill it, and reward her by giving her a reasonable gorge. After you have practised this two or three times, your hawk will leave the stand, and, delighted to be on the wing, will be very obedient.

When falcons are taught to fly at rabbits, hares, &c., it is called, 'flying at the fur;' and some are instructed to fly at the fur and the plume, or to the pursuit of hares or rabbits, as well as of pheasants and partridges, &c. Falcons of the larger kind have been taught to fly at the roebuck, and even at the wild boar, and the wolf. With this view they should be accustomed to feed when young, from out of the sockets of the eyes of a wolf or boar's head; the whole skin of the animal stuffed so as to make it appear alive. While the bird is feeding the falconer begins to move the figure gradually; in consequence of which the bird learns to fasten itself so as to stand firm, notwithstanding the precipitate motions which are gradually given to the stuffed animal. He would lose his meal if he quitted his hold, and, therefore, he takes care to secure himself. When these first exercises are finished, the skin is placed on a cart, drawn by a horse at full speed; the bird follows it, and is particularly feeding; and then, when they come to fly him in the field, he never fails to dart on the head of the first beast he discovers, and begins to scoop out the eyes. This puts the animal into such distress that the hunters have time to approach, and dispatch it with their spears.

### THE JOLLY FALCONER.

Heigho! heigho! the morning is up,
And the gallant Falconer's abroad;
We've each of us had a stirruping cup,
And of game we'll bring home a load:—
Uncouple the spaniels, and let the dogs try,
See the partridge there on the wing;
Quick, quick! jolly Falconer, let the hawks fly,
'Tis a pleasure fit for a King.
Then mark the swift hawk, see him now make his stoop,
Ah! down goes the game! call him in then! la leup! la leup!

Barons of old, and princes so high,
Lov'd hawking as their lives:
The health of the field, and the Falconer's cry,
Drown'd even the pipes of their wives:
Our hawks, they are a gallantie show,
With rings and feathers so fine;
The Falconer laughs at sports below,
And cries "the air is mine!"
What sportsmen to joys then inferior would stoop,
When the summit of sporting is hawking! la leup! la leup!

### Antiquity of Hawking.

"The diversion of falconry," observes Strutt, "was much followed by the ladies of the fifteenth century, and considered to have excelled the gentlemen in the above now neglected sport. Hawking was performed on horseback, and sometimes on foot, as occasion required. On horseback, when in the fields, and open country; and on foot, when in the woods and coverts. In following the hawk on foot, it was usual for the sportsman to have a stout pole with him, to assist him in leaping over little rivulets and ditches, which might otherwise prevent him in his progress; and this we learn from an historical fact related by Hall; who informs us that Henry VIII. pursuing his hawk on foot, at Hitchen in Hertfordshire, attempted, with the assistance of his pole, to jump over a ditch that was half full of muddy water; the pole broke, and the king fell with his head into the mud, where he would have been stifled had not a footman, named John Moody, who was near at hand, and seeing the accident, leaped in to the ditch, and released his majesty from his perilous situation; and so," says the honest historian, "God of hys Goodnesse preserved him."

The practice of Hawking declined, from the moment the musket was brought to perfection and used in killing birds, which pointing out a method more ready and more certain of procuring game, and, at the same time, affording an equal degree of air and exercise, the immense expense of training, and maintaining of hawks became altogether unnecessary; it was therefore no wonder that the assistance of the gun superseded that of the bird; or that the art of hawking, when rendered useless, should be laid aside. Its fall was very rapid. Hentzner, who wrote his Itinerary, A. D. 1598, assures us that hawking was the general sport of the English nobility; at the same time most of the best treatises upon this subject were written. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, it seems to have been in the zenith of its glory. At the close of the same century the sport was rarely practised, and a few years afterwards hardly known.

Brook-Hawking. — In addition to those hawks which have been previously described, there are others of considerable note under different denominations, such as the haggard-falcon, the tassel-gentle, the Barbary or tartaret-falcon, the Tunician, &c. But for the sport of brook-hunting, the ger-falcon, the jerkin, the haggard-falcon, and the tassel-gentle are to be preferred.

Ponds are often enclosed and obscured by woods, bushes, and thickets, and escape the observations of passengers; to such places ducks are accustomed to resort; and, in order to train the hawk for taking them, the following directions should be attended to:—

The hawk, being in all points ready to fly, be provided with two or three live trained ducks, and let a man be concealed with them in a bush near the pond; and when you come to the place, with the hawk ready for the middle flight, beat, with a pole, the bush in which the man lies concealed with the ducks, who must instantly let fly one of them, that the hawk may suppose it to have been put up by you, and if she takes it with courage reward her well. A gos-hawk may thus be trained up to catch a fowl at once.

Your hawk being trained, you may confidently go with her to the ponds which are the haunts of the ducks, as above described, and creeping close to the spot, raise them by beating about with a pole; and when any rise, let go your hawk from your fist, and if she should seize, let her enjoy the sport, and encourage her by a reward.

It will be necessary to have a spaniel with you, for, if the hawk is well-acquainted with the sport, she will be so nimble at the catch, that both she and her prey will probably fall into the water together, and the latter will endeavour to plunge; the spaniel will therefore be essentially serviceable, without deterring or offending the hawk.

The LAWS respecting HAWKS are found to be rather severe towards the preservation of falconry in the olden times:—"It is enacted by the 34 Ed. III. c. 22, that every person who findeth a falcon, tercelet, laner, or laneret, or other hawk that is lost, shall presently bring it to the sheriff, who shall make proclamation in all the good towns in the country, that he hath such an hawk in his custody; and if he is challenged in four months the owner shall have him again, paying the costs: if not challenged in that time the sheriff shall have him, making free to him that took him, if he be a simple man, but if a gentleman, and of estate to have the hawk, he shall re-deliver to him the hawk, taking of him reasonable costs for the time he had him in his custody.

"If a man shall steal a hawk, and carry it away, not doing the ordinance aforesaid, it shall be done of him as of a thief that stealeth a horse, or other thing, 37 Ed. III. c. 19, that is, he shall be guilty of felony, but shall have his clergy. 3 Hist. 98."

The 11 H. VII. c. 17, enacts that no man shall bear any hawk of the breed of England, called a nyesu, gos-hawk, tassel, laner, laneret, or falcon, on pain of forfeiting his hawk to the king. And if he bring any of them over sea, or out of Scotland, he shall bring a certificate thereof from the officer of the port; on the like pain of forfeiting the same to the king. And the person who bringeth any such hawk to the king, shall have a reasonable reward of the king, or the hawk for his labour.

And no manner of person, of what condition or degree he be, shall take, or cause to be taken, on his own or any other person's ground, the eggs of any falcon, gos-hawk, or laner, out of the nest, on pain (being convicted thereof before the justices of the peace) of imprisonment for a year and a day, and fine at the king's will; half to the king, and half to the owner of the ground where the eggs were taken. *Id.*

And by the same statute, no man shall take any ayre, falcon, gos-hawk, tassel, laner, or laneret, in their warren, wood, or other place, nor purposely drive them out of their coverts accustomed to breed in, to cause them to go to other coverts to breed; nor flay them for any hurt done by them, on pain of £10, half to him that will sue before the justices of the peace, and half to the king. *Id.*

The 5 Eliz. c. 21, enacts that if any person shall unlawfully take any hawks, or their eggs, out of the woods or ground of any person, and be thereof convicted at the assizes or sessions, on indictment, bill, or information at the suit of the king, or of the party, he shall be imprisoned three months, and pay treble damages, and after the expiration of three months shall find sureties for his good abearing for seven years, or remain in prison till he doth. s. 3.

The last statute concerning *falconry* (except a clause in 7 Jac. c. 11, which limits the time of hawking at pheasants and partridges) is that of the 23 Eliz. c. 10, which enacts that if any manner of person shall hawk in another man's corn, after it is eared, and before it is shocked, and be thereof convicted at the assizes, sessions, or leet, he shall pay 40s. to the owner, and if not paid within ten days he shall be imprisoned for a month."

The HAWKER, an Asiatic Tale, from *Abul-fazel*, showing the fatal effects of precipitation, will be found rather interesting:—I have heard that a King of Persia had a favorite hawk. Being one day on a hunting party with his hawk upon his hand, a deer started up before him; the king let fly the hawk, and followed it with great eagerness, till at length the deer was taken. The courtiers were all left behind in the chase. The king, being thirsty, rode about in quest of water, till, having reached the foot of a mountain, he discovered some trickling down in drops from the rock. He took a little cup from his quiver, and held it to catch the water. Just when the cup was filled, and he was going to drink, the hawk shook his pinions, and overset the cup. The king was vexed at the accident, and again applied the cup to the hole in the rock. When the cup was replenished, and he was lifting it to his mouth, the hawk clapped his wings again, and threw it down, at which the king was so enraged, that he threw the bird with such violence against the ground that he expired.

At this time the table-decker came up, and, taking a napkin from his budget, wiped the cup, and was going to give the king water to drink; the king said he had a great inclination to taste the pure water that distilled through the rock, but, not having patience to wait for its being collected by drops, he ordered the table-decker to go to the top of the mountain, and fill the cup at the fountain-head.

The attendant, having reached the top of the mountain, discovered a serpent of prodigious magnitude lying dead, with its head in the spring; and his poisonous foam, mixing with the water, fell in drops through the rock; he then descended, related the fact to the king, and presented him with a cup of cold water out of his flagon.

When the king lifted the cup to his lips, the tears of reflection gushed from his eyes. He then related the adventure of the hawk; made many reflections upon the destructive consequences of precipitancy and thoughtlessness, and, during the remainder of his life, the arrows of regret were rankling in his breast. The above little translation from the Hindoo, respecting the attachment of the hawk to his royal master, we hope will serve as a hint to those hot and inconsiderate sportsmen who sometimes give a loose to immoderate passion, when self-interest and good manners claim an attachment to liberality and decency.

### FALCONRY AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

An early writer on this subject gives us the following anecdote:—"I once had (says he) an excellent opportunity of seeing this sport near Nazareth, in Galilee. An Arab, mounting a swift courser, held the falcon on his hand, as huntsmen commonly do. When he espied the animal on the top of the mountain, he let loose the falcon, which flew in a direct line, like an arrow, and attacked the antelope, fixing the talons of one of his feet into its cheeks, and those of the other into its throat, extending his wings obliquely over the animal, spreading one towards one of his ears, and the other to the opposite hip. The creature, thus attacked, made a leap twice the height of a man, and freed himself from the falcon; but being wounded, and losing both its strength and speed, it was again attacked by the bird, which fixed the talons of both his feet into its throat, and held it fast, till the huntsman coming up, took it alive, and cut its throat. The falcon was allowed to drink the blood, as a reward for his labour; and a young falcon, which was learning, was likewise put to the throat. By this means the young birds are taught to fix their talons in the throat of the animal, as the properest part: for, should the falcon fix upon the creature's hip, or some other part of the body, the huntsman would not only lose his game, but his falcon too; for the beast roused by the wound, which could not prove mortal, would run to the deserts and the tops of the mountains, whither its enemy, keeping its hold, would be obliged to follow, and, being separated from its master, must of course perish.

The *Editor of "Knowledge for the People"* has introduced the ancient sport of Hawking in so pleasing a manner, by Questions and Answers, that we have been induced to quote it:—

Why is hawking generally placed at the head of rural amusements?—Because of its being so generally followed by the nobility, not only in this country, but also on the continent. In olden times, persons of high rank rarely appeared without their dogs and their hawks; the latter they carried with them when they journeyed from one country to another; and sometimes even when they went to battle, and would not part with them even to procure their own liberty when taken prisoners. These birds were considered as ensigns of nobility; and no action could be reckoned more dishonorable to a man of rank, than to give up his hawk. Upon the tapestry of Bayeaux, Harold is represented approaching the Duke of Normandy, with his hawk upon his hand. Sometimes hawks formed part of the train of an ecclesiastic: Becket had hawks and hounds of every description with him, when he went to the court of France, as Ambassador from England. Females of distinction were occasionally represented with hawks on their hands, as we know, from an ancient sculpture, in the church of Milton-Abbey, where the consort of King Athelstan appears, with a falcon on her fist, tearing a bird. The Welsh had a saying in very early times, that "you may know a gentleman by his hawk, horse, and greyhound." Alfred the Great is said to have written a treatise on hawking; and from various sources the pastime may be traced in high favor, to the end of the Saxon era.—*Strutt.*

In the fields, and open country, hawking was followed on horseback; and on foot, when in the woods and coverts. In the latter case, the sportsman had with him a stout pole, to assist him in leaping over rivulets and ditches; and we learn from Hall, the chronicler, that Henry VIII., pursuing his hawk on foot, at Hitcham, in Hertfordshire, was plunged into a deep slough, by the breaking of his pole, and would have been stifled but for prompt assistance.

We may gather some idea of the value attached to hawks, and the prices given for them,—from the laws enacted for their preservation. Each species of bird seems to have had its rank of patron; and Strutt quotes from the book of St. Alban's (so called from its being printed at St. Alban's) the sort of birds assigned to the different ranks of persons, in the following order:—

The eagle, the vulture, and the melona, for an emperor.
The ger-falcon, and the tercel of the ger-falcon, for a king.
The falcon gentle, and the tercel gentle for a prince.
The falcon of the rock for a duke.
The falcon peregrive for an earl.
The bastard for a baron.
The sacre and the sacret for a knight.
The lanere and the laneret for an esquire.
The marlyon for a lady.
The hobby for a young man.
The gos-hawk for a yeoman.
The tercel for a poor man.
The sparrow-hawk for a priest.
The musket for a holy-water clerk.
The nesterel for a knave or a servant.

The prevalence of inclosures has made hawking almost impossible in most parts of England. Latterly, however, the Duke of St. Albans, hereditary Grand Falconer, has imported hawks from Germany, and has attempted to revive the noble art of falconry. Some of these experiments have been made upon his Grace's estate in Lincolnshire, but with little of the glory of the olden sport.

It may, however, be interesting to know that Sir John S. Sebright, Bart. has very recently published a pamphlet upon hawking, which details the best method of taking, rearing, and training the hunting hawks, with all the terms of falconry; including feeding, tiring, &c.; with descriptions of their game, and directions for using them in pursuit of it.

Why have the ancient English illuminators uniformly represented King Stephen with a hawk upon his hand? — Because, by that symbol, it is presumed they intended to signify that Stephen was nobly, though not royally born. The same reason will hold good respecting the representation of Harold, just mentioned.—*Notes to Strutt.*

Why was it formerly illegal to take a hawk's nest?—Because the bird was so highly esteemed by the nobility of England.

In the 11th of Henry VII. it was deemed, "That if any person was convicted of taking from the nests, or destroying the eggs of a falcon, a gos-hawk, a laner, or a swan, he should suffer imprisonment for one year and one day, and be liable to a fine at the King's pleasure; one half of which belonged to the crown, and the other half to the owner of the ground whereon the eggs were found:" and if a man destroyed the same sort of eggs upon his own ground, he was equally subject to the penalty. This act was somewhat ameliorated in the reign of Elizabeth, and the imprisonment reduced to three months; with security for good behaviour for seven years.

Why was the female usually preferred in hawking?—Because she is much more courageous than the male.

Some of the falcon tribe, it may be here observed, have been used for hunting hares, deer, &c. Mr. Southey alludes to this sport in *Thalaba:*

> The deer bounds over the plain:
>   The lagging dogs behind,
>   Follow from afar!
> But, lo! the Falcon o'er head
>   Hovers with hostile wings,
> And buffets him with blinding strokes.

Why was the slight falcon called one of "the lure?"—Because, being a long-winged hawk, it was flown to lure other birds.

Why was the gos-hawk called one of "the fist?"—Because it was carried upon the hand, with straps of silk or leather, called jesses, about its legs; the jesses being made sufficiently long for the knots to appear between the little and middle finger of the hand that held them, so that the small thongs of leather might be fastened to them with two strings; and the thongs were loosely wound round the little finger: lastly, each leg was adorned with a bell, fastened with rings of leather, to which was added a long thread, by which the bird, in tutoring, was drawn back, after she had been permitted to fly; and this was called reclaiming the hawk. These threads were useful to keep the hawk from winding 'when she bated,' that is, when she fluttered her wings to fly after her game. The person who carried the hawk was also provided with gloves, to prevent the talons from hurting his hand. In the inventories of apparel belonging to Henry VIII. such articles frequently occur. At Hampton Court, in the Jewel-house, were seven hawks' gloves, embroidered. —*Abridged from Strutt.*

Why were the bells made at Milan the best for gos-hawks?—Because, says Strutt, "they were commonly sounded with silver, and charged for accordingly." Strutt adds in a note, "I am told that silver being mixed with the metal, when the bells are cast, adds much to the sweetness of the sound," and hence, probably the allusion of Shakspeare, when he says,

> How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night!

Why was a hawk said to be whistled off?—Because hawks were usually sent off with a whistle, against the wind, when sent in pursuit of prey; with it, or down the wind, when turned loose, and abandoned. Thus:

> If I do prove her haggard,
> Though that her jesses were my dear heart strings,
> I'd *whistle her off*, and let her down the wind,
> To prey at fortune.
>
> *Othello.*

The hawk was called back to the hand by the same signal:

> If you can whistle her
> To come to fist, make trial, play the young falconer.
>
> *Old Play.*

Sir Thomas Browne has written a Tract "Of Hawks and Falconry, Ancient and Modern," in which he illustrates the economy of the birds with great minuteness. He says, "They carried their hawks in the left hand, and let them fly from the right. They used a bell, and took great care that their jesses should not be red, lest eagles should fly at them." The ancient recreation "seemed more solemn and sober than ours at present, so improperly attended with oaths and imprecations. For they called on God at their setting out."—*Folio edit.* 1686.

Why was it believed by the old naturalists that hawks and other birds of prey did not drink?—Because all birds of prey are capable of sustaining the want of food and water for *long periods*, particularly the latter; but of which they also seem remarkably fond, drinking frequently in a state of nature, and during summer washing almost daily: the error must, therefore, have arisen from imperfect observation of their habits. Sir Thomas Browne, who quotes Aristotle in this error, says, "although it will not strictly hold, yet I kept an eagle two years, which fed upon cats, kitlings, whelps, and rats, without one drop of water."

Why is the Mews, at Charing Cross, so called?—Because it was originally the *mew*, which, in the falconer's language, signifies a place wherein the hawks were put at the moulting (or mewing) time, when they cast their feathers. The king's hawks were kept at this place as early as the year 1377, an. 1, Richard II., but in 1537, the 27th year of Henry VIII., it was converted into stables for that monarch's use, and the hawks were removed.

The word *mew* is also used metaphorically for any close place. Spencer has:

> Forth coming from her darksome *mew*,
> Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
> *Fairy Queen.*

Hence also, to mew, or keep shut up:

> More pity that the eagle should be *mew'd*,
> While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
> *Richard III.*

Why was a seller of hawks called a cadger?—Because the round frame of wood on which they carried their birds was formerly called a *cadge*. *Cadger*[*] is also given as meaning a huckster, from which the familiar term *codger* is more likely to be formed than from any foreign origin.—*Nares.*

Why is an itinerant dealer called a hawker?—Because, perhaps, it originally signified one who carried about hawks for sale, though obsolete in that sense by the disuse of the thing.—*Nares.*

Johnson derives it from *hock*, a German word for a salesman.

Why do we use the proverb, between hawk and buzzard?—Because it originally meant between two dangerous enemies, a hawk and a kite. It is now chiefly used to express mere doubt. The hawk is teachable, the buzzard is not; whence the French put them together in a proverb:—"You cannot make a hawk of a buzzard."—*Nares.*

Why was the stalking-horse used in fowling?—Because it was originally a horse trained for the purpose, and covered with trappings, so as to conceal the sportsman from the game he intended to shoot at. It enabled the archer to approach the birds unseen by them, so near, that his arrows might easily reach them: but as this method was frequently inconvenient, and often impracticable, the fowler had recourse to art, and caused a canvass figure to be stuffed, and painted like a horse grazing, but sufficiently light to be moved with one hand. These deceptions were made in the form of oxen, cows, stags, &c.

### The King and the Danish Chieftain.

A Danish chieftain, of high rank, some say of royal blood (so it is stated by Ledgate, a monk of St. Edmund's Bury), named Lothbroc, amusing himself with his hawk near the sea, upon the western coasts of Denmark, the bird, in pursuit of her game, fell into the water; Lothbroc, anxious for her safety, got into a little boat that was near at hand, and rowed from the shore to take her up, but before he could return to the land, a sudden storm arose, and he was driven out to sea. After suffering great hardship, during a voyage of infinite peril, he reached the coast of Norfolk, and landed at a port called Rodham: he was immediately seized by the inhabitants, and sent to the court of Edmund, King of the East Angles; when that monarch was made acquainted with the occasion of his coming, he received him very favorably, and soon became particularly attached to him, on account of his great skill in the training and flying of hawks. The partiality which Edmund manifested for this unfortunate stranger, excited the jealousy of Beoric, the king's falconer, who took an opportunity of murdering the Dane, whilst he was exercising of his birds in the midst of a wood, and secreted the body; which was soon afterwards discovered by the vigilance of a favorite spaniel. Beoric was apprehended, and, it seems, convicted of the murder; for he was condemned to be put into an open boat (some say the very boat in which the Danish chieftain came to England) without oars, mast, or rudder, and in that condition abandoned to the mercy of the ocean. It so chanced, that the boat was wafted to the very point of land that Lothbroc came from; and Beoric, escaped from the danger of the waves, was apprehended by the Danes, and taken before two of the chieftains of the country, named Hinguar and Hubba; who were both of them the sons of Lothbroc. The crafty falconer soon learned this circumstance, and, in order to acquire their favor, made them acquainted with the murder of their father, which he affirmed was executed at the command of King Edmund, and that he himself had suffered the hardship at sea, from which he had been delivered by reaching the shore, because he had the courage to oppose the king's order, and endeavored to save the life of the Danish nobleman. Incited by this abominable falsehood to revenge the murder of their father, by force of arms, they invaded the kingdom of the East Angles, pillaged the country, and, having taken the king prisoner, caused him to be tied to a stake, and shot to death with arrows.

### HAWKING—A BALLAD.

*Made at Falconer's Hall, Yorkshire.*

Come Sportsmen away—the morning how fair!
To the wolds, to the wolds, let us quickly repair;

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[*] *Cadger*, a *cant* term for a beggar.

Bold Thunder* and Lightning* are made for the game,
And Death* and the Devil* are both just the same.

See, Beckers†, a Kite—a mere speck in the sky—
Zounds! out with the owl—lo! he catches his eye—
Down he comes with a sweep—be unhooded each hawk,
Very soon will they both to the gentleman stalk.

They're at him—he's off—now they're o'er him again;
Ah!—that was a stroke—see, he drops to the plain—
They rake him—they tear him—he flutters, he cries,
He struggles, he turns up his talons, and dies!

See, a Magpie! let fly—how he flutters and shambles,
How he chatters, poor rogue! now he darts to the brambles—
Out again—overtaken—his spirits no flag,
Flip! he gives up the ghost—good night, Mister Mag.

Lo, a Heron! let loose—how he pokes his long neck,
And darts, with what vengeance, but vainly, his beak!
'Egad, he shifts well—now he feels a death-wound,
And with Thunder and Lightning rolls tumbling to ground.

Thus we falconers sport—now homewards we stray,
To fight o'er the bottle the wars of the day;
And in honour, at night, of the chase and its charms,
Sink sweetly to rest, with a dove in our arms.

## Field and other Sports for June.

"The very season of leaves and verdure, when the days are at the longest, and the weather at the finest, and the whole cheerful and healthful world is longing to enjoy and disport itself out of doors, and in manly activities."—Mitford.

Although the loud cry of the rejoicing chase is, for a while, hushed by the balmy breeze of the opening summer into a doze of silence—and the maddening delights of the fox-hunt, the rapid rivalry of the slim gaze-hounds, the musical chorus of the mottled harriers, the anxieties of the shooter's occupation, and the truly royal pursuit of the stag, can only be enjoyed by remembrance, or doted on in prospect; yet Sport sleepeth not—for he hath but changed, not destroyed—varied, not annihilated—his inspiriting lessons. As of old, he still "leaps up, and waves his ashen spear," kindly assimilating his pursuits to those most congenial to the season, and so, making the relaxations of the present fully as pleasurable, in their degree, as the delights of the past, or the mind-pictured anticipations which Hope traces of the future. Whilst, then, during the warm months, the huntsman, the breeder of the pointer, spaniel, setter, otter, or greyhound, are attending to the rearing, breaking, and seasoning the young ones, as well as duly illustrating the economy of kennel management—whilst the stud-grooms are recruiting the feet or restoring the constitution of the hard-worked steed, by a judicious "summering" in soft paddock or roomy box, taking care that in either place there be protection as much as possible afforded from the annoying and heat-engendered flies and insects that now buz their little stinging life away—and finally, whilst the shooter, or he that has ambition, "to drink new vigour from the morning gale," and to be taught by "sport of skill, the tedious hour to foil," is consulting the "instructions" of a Hawker, or growing rich in precept by perusing the admirable lessons of a Johnson—let us show how others, also, may still enjoy a pleasant *Life in London*, or hours of amusing (perchance profitable) pastime in the country.

This, then, is the period of Turf trials—in other words, of the Race Meetings of England—Meetings originally sanctioned by Royal authority, and now, in this our day, fortunately and admirably supported by regal participation.

Besides these, the graceful pastime of Archery (formerly more encouraged than now, though that, too, is being re-invigorated) is now allied to the season's amusements, and it would gratify us to be again enabled to report a *fac-simile*, as it were, of those days when the "Royal Surry," the "St. George's," the "Toxopholites," the "Woodmen of Arden," "Robin Hood's Bowmen," the "Bowmen of Chevy Chase," the "Royal Kentish," and the "Suffolk," advanced to their targets to the march of martial music; and the "Aylesfords," the "Leeds's," the "Leiths," the "Andersons," and other Captains and Lieutenants of Numbers, received the gold arrows, the jewelled bows, or the silvered bugle horn, from the hands of elegance, and amidst the smiles of beauty.

Cricket, the most manly of games, will soon, too, put into lithsome exercise the active of all grades; whilst those amusements which belong more exclusively to, and form the character of, the British people—such as Wrestling, the use of the Single Stick, Running, Rowing, Bowls, Fives, Quoits—and which no petty legislation should be suffered to interfere with, are (beneath the sunshine of wise, and in many instances potent, encouragement) in active operation. Pugilistics, as our pages abundantly show, are for *all* seasons.

But, whilst the field affords these salves for the wounds, all of us, more or less, receive from the shafts of care, numbers will be ready to exclaim, "Does not the river, also, confer its portion of healing?" We answer, unequivocally, "Yes;" and, at this period of the year, no inconsiderable delights. For,

"Far away from the noise or deceptions of life,"

and as the lark at heaven's gate sings, the Waltonians, the Cottonians, and the Saltonians (for Walton, Cotton, and Salter, are their feat-books), may now with profit watch

"Their float down the current go dancing along,"

as, at Ilford, they seek to entrap the silver dace—at Woodford, they try to securely hook the prickly perch—at Hampton, the barbel, chub, or skegger, become their prey—or, at Carshalton, the trout, "with gilded spots bedropped," yields to their skill. Or, if the more skilful art of fly-fishing be their aim, numerous are the glorious streams, from the far-off Severn, the winding Wily, Tweed's fair flood, or "Holy Dee," to the "old Lea, proud of his Danish blood," which will befriend them—so that, if they have the patience, and possess the accomplishments of fishermen (all are not such that bear the name) they will not return at eve with an empty basket or an unwetted bag; nor go supperless to bed, though the larder of his inn be as innocent of dainties as was that of *Boniface's*, in the *Beaux Stratagem.*—Join then, anglers, with all of us who are sportsmen, as we say to each other—

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* Names of Hawks.
† The head falconer.

"Full smooth as the current our life let it flow,
And our breasts ever yield to humanity's glow:
May our road through society ever be fair,
And not like our baits—invite to ensnare."

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### Sports in the East.

In the Pen and Pencil Sketches of India, recently published by Capt. Mundy, he observes that "The king, Nuseer-ood-Deen Hyder, is a plain, vulgar-looking man, of about twenty-six years of age, his stature about five feet nine inches, and his complexion rather unusually dark. His majesty's mental endowments, pursuits, and amusements, are by no means of an elevated or dignified order; though his deficiencies are in some measure supplied by the abilities and shrewdness of his minister, who is, however, an unexampled rogue, displaying it in his countenance with such perspicuity of developement as would satisfy the most sceptical unbeliever in Lavater. He is detested by all ranks, with the exception of his royal master, who reposes the most perfect confidence in him. I remarked that the attendant who sat behind him in the howdah kept his finger twisted in the knot of his lord's sword, as though he feared the possibility of some wronged wretch snatching it out of the scabbard, from the roof or window of the overhanging houses, and making free with the wearer's head; which act, *par parenthese,* would be doing the state some service.

"The streets of Lucknow are extremely narrow,—so much so, as in some places scarcely to admit more than one elephant to pass at a time. The houses, from the windows of which were displayed silks and draperies, were, as well as the streets, completely covered with spectators; some of them employed in greeting their sovereign with profound salaams; the greater proportion, however, consisting of wretched-looking beggars, who followed the cavalcade, vociferating for charity, and greedily scrambling for the handsful of rupees which were from time to time thrown by the king, the commander-in-chief, and the resident, among the crowd. It was curious to see with what care the elephants avoided treading upon or injuring some of these paupers, who, in eager pursuit of the scattered largesse, fearlessly threw themselves under the feet of these animals, the slightest touch of which would have shattered a limb. A few coins thrown on the roof of a house sometimes caused the most amusing scramble; and I more than once saw one of the gleaners roll into the street, upon the heads of the gaping crowd below. In some of the narrow passes the crush was awful; the elephants trumpeting, jhools and ladders tearing and crashing; and now and then the projecting roof or veranda of a house carried away by the resistless progress of these powerful animals. The strongest elephants, and most determined mahouts, held the first places in the cavalcade, next to the king, the commander-in-chief, and the resident. The princes royal were not unfrequently most unceremoniously jostled; and as for the minister, he was generally among the 'unplaced.'" An outline of a day's sport is thus described:—

"Early in the morning the whole party, including ladies, eager for the novel spectacle, mounted elephants, and repaired to the private gate of the royal palace, where the king met the commander-in-chief, and conducted him and his company to a palace in the park, in one of the courts of which, the arena for the combats was prepared. In the centre was erected a gigantic cage of strong bamboos, about fifty feet high, and of like diameter, and roofed with rope net-work. Sundry smaller cells, communicating by sliding doors with the main theatre, were tenanted by every species of the savagest inhabitants of the forest. In the large cage, crowded together, and presenting a formidable front of broad, shaggy foreheads, well armed with horns, stood a group of buffaloes, sternly awaiting the conflict, with their rear scientifically *appuye* against the bamboos.

"The trap-doors being lifted, two tigers, and the same number of bears and leopards, rushed into the centre. The buffaloes instantly commenced hostilities, and made complete shuttlecocks of the bears, who, however, finally escaped by climbing up the bamboos, beyond the reach of their horned antagonists. The tigers, one of which was a beautiful animal, fared scarcely better; indeed, the odds were much against them, there being five buffaloes. They appeared, however, to be no match for these powerful creatures even single-handed, and showed little disposition to be the assaulters. The larger tiger was much gored in the head, and in return took a mouthful of his enemy's dewlap, but was finally (as the Fancy would describe it) 'bored to the ropes and floored.' The leopards seemed throughout the conflict sedulously to avoid a breach of the peace.

"A rhinoceros was next let loose in the open court-yard, and the attendants attempted to induce him to pick a quarrel with a tiger who was chained to a ring. The rhinoceros appeared, however, to consider a fettered foe as quite beneath his enmity; and having once approached the tiger, and quietly surveyed him, as he writhed and growled, expecting the attack, turned suddenly round and trotted awkwardly off to the yard-gate, where he capsised a palankeen, which was carrying away a lady fatigued with the sight of these unfeminine sports.

"A buffalo and a tiger were the next combatants; they attacked furiously, the tiger springing at the first onset on the other's head, and tearing his neck severely; but he was quickly dismounted, and thrown with such violence as nearly to break his back, and quite to disable him from renewing the combat. A small elephant was next impelled to attack a leopard. The battle was short and decisive; the former falling on his knees, and thrusting his blunted tusks nearly through his antagonist.

"On our return from the beast-fight, a breakfast awaited us at the royal palace; and the white table-cloth being removed, quails, trained for the purpose, were placed upon the green cloth, and fought most gamely, after the manner of the English cockpit. This is an amusement much in fashion among the natives of rank, and they bet large sums on their birds, as they lounge luxuriously round, smoking their houkahs.

"Elephant fights were announced as the concluding scene of this day of strife. The spectators took their seats in a long veranda. The narrow stream of the river Goomty runs close under the palace walls, and on the opposite bank a large, open, sandy space presented a convenient theatre for the operations of these gigantic athletes. The elephants educated for the arena are large powerful males, wrought up to a state of fury by constant feeding with exciting spices. On the spacious plain before us we counted several of these animals parading singly and sulkily to and fro, their mahouts seated on their backs, which were covered with a strong network for the driver to cling by in the conflict. In attendance upon every elephant were two or three men, armed with long spears, a weapon of which this animal has the greatest dread. We soon discovered two of the combatants slowly advancing towards each other from opposite sides of the plain. As they approached, their speed gradually increased, and they at length met, with a grand shock, entwining their trunks, and pushing, until one, finding himself over-matched, fairly turned tail, and received his adversary's charge in the rear. This was so violent, that the mahout of the flying elephant was dislodged from his seat; he fortunately fell wide of the pursuer, and escaped with a few bruises. Five or six couple were fought, but showed little sport; the sagacious animals instantly discovering when they were over-matched."

The dealers in cattle are of the same description as in London :—

"Before breakfast, went into the cattle fair with Colonel Stevenson, and bought a handsome, though small mule, for the mountain journeys. The price was eight rupees, for which sum a fine camel may be purchased. We took a native bargainer with us, and I was much amused by the manner in which the buyer and seller arranged their bargain. The business of chaffering was carried on through the medium of their hands, concealed under a cloth, certain movements of the fingers having corresponding prices. It was a matter of some minutes; and much shaking of heads, though no verbal altercation, was gone through on both sides, before the bargain was concluded. We next inspected some elephants for sale; and the dealers descanted upon their good points as largely and as knowingly as Tattersall could do on those of a horse,—though the perfections of the two animals differ considerably. An elephant is extolled for a large head, large ears, arched back, sloping quarters, deep flank, long trunk well mottled, short legs, and the forearm bowing out well in front. The flat bunch of hair at the extremity of the tail is also a great desideratum."

## SPORTING EPITAPH.

On the death of the late
JOHN PRATT, Esq.,
Of Askrigg, in Wensleydale,
Who died at Newmarket, May, 8, 1785.
A character so eccentric—so variable—so valuable,
Astonished the age he lived in.
Tho' small his patrimony.
Yet, assisted by that and his own genius,
He, for upwards of thirty years,
Supported all the hospitality
Of an ancient Baron.
The excellent qualities of his heart
Were eminently evinced
By his bounty to the poor,
His sympathetic feelings for distress,
And his charity for all mankind.
Various and wonderful were the means
Which enabled him, with unsullied reputation,
To support his course of life :
In which he saw and experienced
Many trials, and many vicissitudes
of fortune;
And tho' often hard pressed, whipped, and spurred,
By that Jockey Necessity,
He never swerved out of the course
of honor.
Once, when his finances were impaired,
He received a seasonable supply,
By the performance of a Miracle![*]
At different periods he exhibited
(Which were the just emblems of his own life)
A Conundrum, an Enigma, and a Riddle;
And, strange to tell! even these
Enriched his pocket.
Without incurring censure,
He trained up an Infidel,[†]
Which turned out to his advantage.
He had no singular partiality
For flowers, shrubs, roots, or birds,
Yet for several years he maintained a Florist[‡]

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[*] A famous horse of his, got by Changeling.

[†] Got by Turk, dam (Goldfinch and Miss Nightingale's dam) by Crab.

[‡] Got by Match'em.

And his Red Rose, more than once,
Obtained the premium.
He had a Honeysuckle and a Pumpkin,
Which brought hundreds into his purse :
And a Phœnix, a Nightingale, a Goldfinch,[*]
and a Chaffinch,
Which produced him thousands.
In the last war,
He was owner of a Privateer,
Which brought him several valuable prizes.
Though never famed for gallantry,
Yet he had in keeping at different periods,
A Virgin, a Maiden,[†] an Orange Girl, and a
Ballad-Singer :
Besides several Misses,[‡]
To all whom his attachment was notorious.
And (what is still more a paradox)
Tho' he had no issue by his lawful wife,
Yet the numerous progeny, and quick abilities,
Of these very females,
Proved to him a source of supply.
With all his seeming peculiarities and foibles,
He retain'd his Purity[‖]
Till a few days before his death ;
When the great Camden
Spread the fame thereof so extensively,
As to attract the notice of his Prince,
Who thought it no diminution of royalty
To obtain so valuable an acquisition by purchase.
Although he parted with his Purity
At a great price,
Yet his honor and good name
Remained untarnished to the end of his life.
At his death, indeed, Slander,
(In the semblance of Pity)
Talk'd much of his insolvency,
And much of the ruin of individuals ;
But the proof of his substance,
And of a surplus not much inferior
To his original patrimony,
Soon answered, refuted, and wiped away the calumny.
To sum up the abstract of his character,
It may truly be said of him,
That his frailties were few ;
His virtues many :
That he lived,
Almost universally beloved ;
That he died,
Almost universally lamented.

## Horse Chase upon the Frozen Sea.

However singular the above title may appear, Mr. Joseph Acerbi thus relates his passage over the Gulf of Bosnia.

"When a traveller is going to cross over the gulf on the ice to Finland, the peasants always oblige him to engage double the number of horses to what he had upon his arrival at Grioleham. We were forced to take no less than eight sledges, though being only three in company, and two servants. The distance across is forty-three English miles, thirty of which you travel on the ice, without touching on land. This passage over the frozen sea is, doubtless, the most singular and striking spectacle that a traveller from the south can behold. I expected to travel forty-three miles without sight of land, over a vast and uniform plain, and that every successive mile would be in exact unison and monotonous correspondence with those I had already travelled; but my astonishment was greatly increased, in proportion as we advanced from our starting-post. The sea, at first smooth and even, became more rugged and unequal. It assumed, as we proceeded, an undulating appearance, resembling the waves by which it had been agitated. At length we met with masses of ice heaped one upon the other, and some of them seemed as if suspended in the air, while others were raised in the form of pyramids. On the whole, they exhibited a picture of the wildest and most savage confusion, that surprised the eye by the novelty of its appearance. It was an immense chaos of icy ruins, presented to view under every possible form, and embellished by superb stalactites of a blue-green colour.

"Amidst this chaos, it was not without much fatigue and trouble that our horses were able to find and pursue their way; it was necessary to make frequent windings, and sometimes to return in a contrary direction, following that of a frozen wave, in order to avoid a collection of icy mountains. In spite of all our expedients for discovering the evenest paths, our sledges were every moment overturned to the right or the left, and frequently the legs of one or the other of the company raised perpendicularly in the air, served as a signal for the whole of the caravan to halt. The inconvenience and the danger of our journey were still farther increased by the following circumstances. Our horses were made wild and furious both by the sight and smell of our great pelisses, manufactured of the skins of Russian wolves or bears. When any of the sledges were overturned, the horses that belonged to it, or to that next to it, frightened at the sight of what they supposed to be a wolf or bear rolling on the ice, would set off at full gallop, to the great terror of both passenger and driver. The peasant, apprehensive of losing his horse in the midst of this desert, kept firm hold of his bridle, and suffered the horse to drag his body through masses of ice, of which the sharp points threatened to cut him in pieces. The animal at last, wearied out by the constancy of the man, and disheartened by the obstacles continually opposed to his flight, would stop; then we were enabled again to get into our sledges, but not till the driver had blinded the animal's eyes: but one time, one of the wildest and most spirited horses in our train, having taken fright, and completely made his escape, the peasant who conducted him, unable any longer to endure the fatigue and pain of being dragged through the ice, let go his hold of the bridle. The horse, relieved from his weight, and feeling himself at perfect liberty, redoubled his speed, and surmounted every impediment; the sledge, which he made to dance in the air, by alarming his fears, added wings to his flight. When he had fled a considerable distance from us, he appeared, from time to time, as a dark spot, which continued to diminish in the air, and at last totally vanished from our sight. And now the peasant, who was the owner of the fugitive, taking one of the sledges, went in search of him, trying to find him again by following the traces of his flight. As for ourselves, we made the best of our way to one of the isles of Aland, keeping as nearly as we could in the middle of the same plain, still being repeatedly overturned, and always in danger of losing one or other of our horses, which would have occasioned a very serious embarrassment. During the whole of this journey on the ice, we did not meet with so much as a man, a beast, a bird, or any living creature. These vast solitudes present a desert abandoned, as it were, by nature. The dead silence that reigns is interrupted only by the whistling of the winds against the prominent points of ice, and sometimes by the loud crackings occasioned by their being irresistibly torn from this frozen expanse: pieces thus forcibly broken off, are frequently blown to a considerable distance. Through the rents produced by these ruptures you may see the watery abyss below; and it is sometimes necessary to lay planks across these rents, as bridges for the sledges to pass over.

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[*] Got by Match'em out of Infidel's dam.

[†] Got by Match'em, out of his famous Squirt Mare, the dam of Conundrum, Pumpkin, Ranthus, Ænigma, &c., and grandam of Miracle, Virgin, Dido, &c.

[‡] The dam of Rockingham, got by Match'em, out of his Squirt mare.

[‖] Afterwards Rockingham.

"After considerable fatigue, and having refreshed our horses, about half way on the high sea, we at length touched at the small island of Signilskar, about thirty-five English miles distant from where we started; but, from the turnings we were obliged to make, not less than ten miles might be added. All this while, however, we were kept in anxious suspense about the fugitive horse, supposing him lost in the abyss; we had even prepared to continue our journey, and had put on new horses to the sledges, when, with inexpressible pleasure we espied the two sledges that went in pursuit, returning with the fugitive. The animal was in the most deplorable condition imaginable; his body was covered all over with sweat and foam, and was still enveloped in a cloud of smoke. Still we did not dare to come near him; the excessive fatigue of his violent course had not abated his ferocity; he was as much alarmed at the sight of our pelisses as before; he snorted, bounded, and beat the snow and ice with his feet; nor could the utmost exertions of the peasants to hold him fast have prevented him from once more making his escape, if we had not retired to some distance, and removed the sight and sense of our pelisses. From Signilskar we pursued our journey through the whole of the isles of Aland, where you meet with post-houses, that is to say, places where you may get horses. You travel partly by land, and partly over the ice of the sea. The distance between some of these islands is not less than eight or ten miles. On the sea, the natives have had the precaution of fixing branches of trees, or putting small pines along the whole route, for the guidance of travellers in the night time, or directing them how to find out the right way after the falls of snow."

### GRATITUDE IN A BULL!

Mr. Benson, a gentleman whose veracity may be depended upon, informed us, that he was spending a month, a few years since, at the house of a farmer in the North of England, who had a bull so wild and ferocious that he was kept constantly chained, except when led to water &c., at which time he was never suffered to be out of the hands of a trusty person. This animal seemed to have conceived a particular antipathy towards Mr. B. who, being young and daring, had probably at some time irritated him. He never saw him approach the open shed in which he was kept without being heard to bellow most dreadfully, which he continued when the object of his dislike was in view; at the same time tearing up the earth with his horns, and giving every symptom of the utmost aversion. On two occasions while leading to water, he very cunningly watched an opportunity, and endeavoured to make a sudden spring out of the hands of his attendant at Mr. B. who was standing in the yard. But during the time Mr. Benson sojourned at the house of the farmer, a most tremendous storm of thunder and lightning occurred; and though Mr. B. has often been in tropical storms, he declares for about ten minutes he never witnessed any thing more awful. The lightning resembled sheets of fire, and each flash was instantly succeeded by a thunder-clap, as loud as if a volley of ten thousand cannon had been discharged. But what most affected him were the piteous roarings of the poor bull, which, exposed in its open shed to all the fury of the elements, sent forth every instant a yell of terror beyond description hideous. Imagining that it was the lightning that caused alarm to the animal, Mr. B. proposed to the men servants to go and remove it into the barn, but in vain. They were, one praying in one corner and another in another, as much terrified as the bull, whose roaring made no impression upon them. He then said, "Well then, I will go myself; the poor creature will be tame enough now." He accordingly put on his coat and went into the yard. The moment he approached the bull, which was lying trembling on its back, and had almost torn its chain through the gristle of its nose in its efforts to get loose, it rose, and by its fawning actions expressed how delighted it was at the sight of any thing human amidst such a scene of horror. Like Roderick Dhu's bull in the Lady of the Lake, when it had been pricked on some scores of miles by the lances of a troop of Highland foragers, its ferocity was gone; and with the utmost quietness it suffered my friend to untie it and lead it into the barn.

The next morning in crossing the farm yard, Mr. B. remarked that his friend, who had regained his shed, no longer saluted him with his accustomed bellow. It struck him that the animal might remember his last night's kindness. He accordingly ventured by degrees to approach it, and found that now, so far from shewing any ill-will towards him, it with the utmost gentleness suffered him to scratch its head; and from that very day, became to him as tame as a lamb, suffering him to play all kinds of tricks with it, which no person about the farm durst venture to attempt; and seeming even to take pleasure in being noticed by him.

A more striking instance of gratitude amongst brutes than this has scarcely ever been known, certainly none in which the hatred was so markedly succeeded by affection, and in which the cause of the sudden change was so distinctly obvious. It is the more worthy of notice because we are not accustomed to regard bulls as very sagacious animals. They are doubtless much less so than the dog, horse, or elephant; yet this fact proves that they are at least equally susceptible of gratitude for favours, and have the faculty of memory in as strong a degree.

## The Honey Guide Bird.

While travelling in the interior of Africa, Mr. Parke had frequent opportunities of observing the conduct of that remarkable bird, called the Honey Guide, mentioned by Dr. Sparman, and other naturalists who have travelled into Africa. It is a curious species of the Wokow, and derives its name from its singular quality of discovering wild honey to travellers. Honey is the favourite food of this bird; and morning and evening being the time feeding, it is then heard calling in a shrill tone, *cherr, cherr*, which the honey-hunters carefully attend to as the summons to the chase. At last the bird is observed to hover for a few minutes over a certain spot, and then silently retiring to a neighbouring bush, or other resting-place, the hunters are sure of finding the bees' nest in that identical spot, whether it be in a tree, or in the crevice of a rock. The bee-hunters never fail to leave a small portion for their conductor, but commonly take care not to leave so much as would satisfy his hunger. The bird's appetite being only whetted by this parsimony, it is obliged to commit a second treason, by discovering another bees' nest, in hopes of a better salary. It is further observed, that the nearer the bird approaches to the hidden hive, the more frequently it repeats its call, and seems the more impatient.

## TO THE EAGLE

*Caged in a ruined Turret of Dunolby.*

By Horace Guilford.

Tameless sky wanderer, sunward aspiring,
Where was the eyrie that gave thee thy birth?
Who was the sire, undaunted, untiring,
Made thee tempt Heaven in scorning the earth?

This is thy punishment—man, whose dominions
One whirl of thy plumes could have proudly o'erflown,
Whose Babels sublime, thy imperial pinions
Forsook as they soar'd to a world of their own:

Man hath enthrall'd thee, oh! lord of the mountain,
That scorn'd in thy sun-flight Ben Cruachan's crest:
And slaked but thy beak in the mist-mantled fountain,
That ne'er had a humbler than thee by his breast.

Ha! chaf'st thou, great bird, in thy turretted dwelling
Untamed, though entrammell'd, indignantly grand:
I blush to survey thee, huge feather king, swelling
The triumphs of man, 'mid the wrecks of his hand.

Yet be contented! Dunolly enfolds thee,
The halls of the baron, the lovely one's bowers,
And while with compassion the stranger beholds thee,
Thou'rt heir of M'Dougal, and chief of his towers.

This still is left thee—a prince in thy prison,
Thy golden eye glaring can challenge the skies!
While the lords for whose palace these towers have
arisen,
Each nameless and cold in his sepulchre lies.

## Sporting in India.

Shortly after my arrival at Calcutta, I was invited to a day's sporting by Major ———. We started before day-break, in a style more resembling the march of a corps d'armée, or a triumphal procession in honor of the goddess of the chase, than the preparations for a day's hunting. No Scotch laird, Yorkshire squire, nor our Melton Mowbray sportsmen, can conceive any thing equal to it (observes the editor of the Metropolitan); our strength and numbers, our arms and appointments, our slaves and attendants, were astounding to behold. A tiger-hunt was the object in view, and a grand and memorable day we had. The major, a fine portly man, was mounted on an elephant, from the elevation of which, placed in a castle, he scoured the circumjacent country with eagle eye, preceded by sharpshooters, tirailleurs, scouts, spies and savages, followed and surrounded by divers brother sportsmen, comrades, and domestics. We were not long before we found a tiger, which afforded considerable sport, and was killed by a brother officer's rifle. From the dingle in which we found the last ferocious animal, we proceeded on with nobler game in view—the monarch of all beasts of prey: and, after some excursive riding, a magnificent lion made its appearance. The sight was most grand! but I confess that, at this moment, no small degree of fear mingled with my ambition to have to record a lion-hunt amongst the adventures of my life. The attack seemed more like actual war than any thing else, so great and grand was the enemy to which we were opposed. The bold major, and a dashing young cavalry subaltern, discharged their rifles simultaneously at the lion, and each of them wounded him; infuriated with pain, the fierce animal attacked the elephant, whilst the major seized another rifle, and took deliberate aim at him; but, being anxious that this shot might tell, he leaned so far forward that he overbalanced himself, and fell from his castle into the lion's arms (or rather paws). Here was an awful moment! but, wonderful to tell, the major got off with a broken arm only, a rush having been made towards the lion, whereby he was despatched, covered with wounds, and torrents of blood streaming around. Nothing could be so brave, so desperate, or so marvellous.

## A SPORTSMAN'S EXCUSE TO HIS FRIEND; OR, IT "WON'T FIT!"

Dick. Lend me a horse, my friend Bob, for to-morrow,
Pray which of them all will you lend?
It's cursed unpleasant you well know to borrow,
But I'm easy with you, my good friend.
Bob. 'Pon honor, with pleasure I would but—indeed—
Which would you prefer then?—
Dick. ————————The Grey—
Bob. Poor devil, he's badly, and quite off his feed—
We'd a d—mn—ble run the last day—
Dick. The Black—
Bob. He is blister'd—
Dick. The Brown—
Bob. He is fir'd—
Dick. The Bay—
Bob. She's a stumbling bitch:
You should not have her, Dick, unless I desir'd
To see you laid dead in a ditch.
Dick. Pray which shall I have then—
Brown, Muzzle, or Crop?
Bob. I lend none—if truth I must tell—
I've no licence, I own—but my stable's a shop—
I ride all my horses—to *sell*.

## Hints for Anglers.

Do not imagine that (observes Mr. Jesse, in his Natural History) because a fish does not instantly dart off on first seeing you, he is the less aware of your presence; he almost always, on such occasions, ceases to feed, and pays you the compliment of devoting his whole attention to you, whilst he is preparing for a start whenever the apprehended danger becomes sufficiently imminent.

If you pass your fly neatly and well three times over a trout, and he refuses it, do not wait any longer for him; you may be sure that he has seen the line of invitation which you have sent over the water to him, and does not intend to come.

Remember that, in whipping with the artificial fly, it must have time, when you have drawn it out of the water, to make the whole circuit, and to be at one time straight behind you, before it can be driven out straight before you. If you give it the forward impulse too soon, you will hear a crack: take this as a hint that your fly has gone to grass.

It appears to me that, in whipping with an artificial fly, there are only two cases in which a fish taking the fly will infallibly hook himself without your assistance, viz.: 1. When your fly first touches the water at the end of a straight line. 2. When you are drawing out your fly for a new throw. In all other cases it is necessary that, in order to hook him when he has taken the fly, you should do something with your wrist which is not easy to describe.

If your line should fall loose and wavy into the water, it will either frighten away the fish, or he will take the fly into his mouth without fastening himself; and when he finds that it does not answer his purpose, he will spit it out again before it has answered yours.

Never mind what they of the old school say about "playing him till he is tired." Much valuable time, and many a good fish may be lost by this antiquated proceeding. Put him into your basket *as soon as you can*. Every thing depends on the manner in which you commence your acquaintance with him. If you can at first prevail on him to walk a little way down the stream with you, you will have no difficulty afterwards in persuading him to let you have the pleasure of seeing him at dinner.

Do not leave off fishing early in the evening because your friends are tired. After a bright day, the largest fish are to be caught by whipping between sunset and dark. Even, however, in these precious moments you will not have good sport, if you continue throwing after you have whipped your fly off. Pay attention to this: and if you have any doubt after dusk, you may easily ascertain the point, by drawing the end of the line quickly through your hand, particularly if you do not wear gloves.

When you have got hold of a good fish, which is not very tractable, if you are married, gentle reader, think of your wife, who, like the fish, is united to you by very tender ties, which can only end with her death, or her going into weeds. If you are single, the loss of the fish, when you thought the prize your own, may remind you of some more serious disappointment.

## Singular Sporting Feat.

On the Stretford Road, near Manchester, a short time ago, Townsend, the celebrated pedestrian, was backed for £10 aside, against a person of the name of John Wyatt, a baker, who gained some celebrity in the vicinity of the metropolis, at the same game, which would pick up, in the least time, with his mouth, 200 stones, placed one yard apart from each other. The stones were arranged in double columns, with the basket placed in the centre, into which the men were to deposit their cargo. On starting, each of them picked up a few near home, and then pegged away to the extent,—Townsend clearing the two columns as he went on, whilst the baker only made play at one of the rows; thus they went on for an hour, without any advantage to either; but *doughey* seemed to have had too much barm in him—he was all puff. It was evident now that the baker's batch would soon be baked: however, he kept kneading away, until he had picked up about 160, and run himself nearly blind, when he resigned. Townsend completed the task in one hour and forty-three minutes. The distance is nearly 11¼ miles. It was from the idea that the baker would puff a stone into the basket three yards from it, and thus save so much, that he was backed at odds; but we could not see that it made any material difference, for he had to make a dead stop, then a *puff*—and, in some instances, missed his aim, when he had to follow up the stone, and place it in the basket. After the above match, a gentleman offered to back Townsend for £10, to stand on one leg for two hours, and commence *instanter*.

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# PIERCE EGAN'S
# BOOK OF SPORTS.

No. XXI.] [*Price Three Pence.*

## THE WRESTLERS:

——————— a mutual yoke of hands,
Dragging with arms and elbow-joints in intertwisted bands;
And in their clasp reciprocal they lifted from the ground
Each other's body, snatched in air, descending round and round;
A double pleasure thus employ'd th' Olympian dweller's mind,
Lifting and lifted thus by turns upon the wafted wind.

*Orlando.*—I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.—SHAKSPEARE.

WRESTLING, the oldest sport upon record, has recently become a complete "*Fancy* article" in the Sporting World; and also quite an established species of amusement during the last five years in various parts of the Metropolis. For several years past the above sport was followed in the fields near White Conduit House, on Good Friday, by a few young men who had left their native towns, and who feeling anxious to have a bit of the old amusement formed themselves into a club, denominated the Cumberland and Westmoreland youths. The above club gave a handsome belt to the successful Wrestler in the Ring on that day; but scarcely any thing was ever heard of the above sport during the remainder of the year, except in a private match or two, until the next Good Friday afforded them another leisure day, for the Wrestlers again to exhibit their skill and strength.

However, about five years since, a society of Devonshire men frequently assembled together at a public-house in Essex-street, in the Strand, and laid a kind of foundation for the above sport in London; but, for some time after its introduction, the few Cornish Wrestlers in the Metropolis were incompetent to uphold the honor of their county, as Abraham Cann, and others of the best men of Devon, were always introduced to carry off the prizes, when their amount was of any value. Indeed, it is said, that the men of Devonshire "*look*" upon themselves as the *crack* Wrestlers in the Kingdom; and Abraham Cann, in the eyes of his countrymen, is not only put forth as their champion, but viewed as almost *invulnerable*.

It is likewise asserted that the Men of Cornwall are not *a jot* behind the Devonians in the above respect; and Polkinhorne has, by his countrymen, also been elevated to the Championship, and who, likewise, defeated Cann in their celebrated contest.* *Olver*, Rooke, Jordan, &c., have distinguished themselves as Wrestlers of the "first class" in the London ring; and, according to the old axiom:

'When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war!'

The *Patlanders*, the gay boys of the Emerald Isle, nothing wanting to have a finger in the "pie" of public approbation, have always been ready to sport a *toe*—give a *kick*—or obtain a *back* fall, with either Devonshire or Cornish men, when any match has been offered to them. Gaffney, Finney, &c. have proved themselves on several occasions very troublesome customers, and who have withstood many a severe kick of the shins, when the *claret* has been seen trickling down their legs, reminding us very strongly of the Philosopher's assertion, that *pain* is only an *imaginary feeling*; in truth, the above Wrestlers have kept their ground like bricks and mortar. But we hate all invidious distinctions—country or colour are the same to us—and we only, in our reports of these contests, look to the talent and strength exhibited in the various matches. All the men are alike to us in the above respect—and ability of any kind never was, nor ever will be, confined to any particular spot: but, in the London Ring, a man is sure to meet with his match; and be he whoever he may that gets at the top of the tree in the Metropolis, he must prove himself—SOMEBODY.

Notwithstanding the appearance of '*wear* and *tear*' attached to Wrestling* (it is insisted upon by *William Litt*, a great Wrestler for many years), in contradiction to the foolish,

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* It is true that the above contest ended in a dispute between the umpires: and although a variety of letters in the shape of challenges have appeared in all the Sporting Newspapers, on both sides of the question, and places appointed for meetings to make another match, the parties have not come to any conclusion on the subject: and it is more than likely, after nearly *six years* have been suffered to elapse, that the disputed subject is entirely done with.

* We speak from our own knowledge (observes Mr. Litt, in his Wrestliana), and from such corresponding information as insures the correctness of every thing we shall state as matter of fact. During the many years we were attached to this hardy and athletic exercise,

"The men who threw us, and the men we threw,"

could not fail to perfect us in the practice of the ring; and the number of veteran wrestlers, and veteran amateurs we conversed with, who

"Our memory stor'd with feats of valor done,
And, youth recalling, told how belts were won,"

gave us an equal claim to understand the theory of the business; and consequently we scruple not to say, we believe ourselves as well acquainted with the various interesting particulars comprised in such a Review, as any one person whatever.

We shall, therefore, for the better information of those spectators not conversant either in the practice or theory of wrestling, as well as of those who wish to become so, devote a few pages to the explanation of those terms usually applied to the methods which are used in the art; or, to speak more intelligibly to our less knowing readers, the different methods of striking or assailing an opponent, so as to effect the desired object of bringing him down, generally termed throwing him by the spectators, but by some hardy and unrefined practisers of the exercise, broadly, and we must own, rather brutally, called felling him. These methods are much more various and complicated in close-hold wrestling than in any other mode; which diversity we conceive to be a strong proof of the superiority of this exercise to any other, which indeed is evinced by the great interest it never has failed to excite;—a diversity which must be regarded as characteristic of something noble and manly, as it can be occasioned only by a contest of men. The most general and usual methods are those which follow:—

Throwing men by lifting them from off the ground, and rapidly placing one of the knees between their thighs, is now become very common all over Cumberland and Westmoreland. It was, however, very little known between the rivers Derwent and Duddon till within these last thirty years. It is generally called *hipeing*, we conceive from the supposed great use of the hip in the execution of it. There is, however, too essential a difference in the modes of practising it for any general agreement in the propriety of the term. An explanation of one or two of these modes may serve to elucidate the point,—give the reader some idea as to the propriety of the term,—and enable him to ascertain the accuracy of our definition of it.

When, immediately on lifting, the knee and thigh are thrown in and forced upwards, so that, quickly wheeling the whole frame to the contrary side, the assailant is enabled, when turning his man with his arms and delivering him from his breast, to pitch him with his hip, (which will then be close against the lower part of his opponent's belly) in such a manner that, not being able to catch the ground with either foot, he is thrown upon his back—an operation which requires a close hold, and great rapidity in the execution of it—we conceive it may, with propriety, be provincially called *hipeing*. Thomas Richardson, of Hesket, commonly called the *dyer*, is allowed to be one, if not the very best hiper among the present list of Cumbrian wrestlers.

But when, on lifting, the superior length of the assailant enables him to throw his leg so high that his opponent is turned by the action of the knee against the inside of his thigh, and the simultaneous effort of the arms and breast, as was generally practised by the celebrated William Wilson, of Ambleside, we conceive the proper appellation to be, inside striking. That this is quite a different mode from what we have termed hipeing, is still more evident by some wrestlers lifting their man, and waiting some time for an but commonly received opinion, that *Wrestling* is so injurious to the frame that it destroys the constitution in a very few years, and brings on so many aches and rheumatic pains, that many believe a Wrestler when advanced in years must necessarily be a cripple: so far are we from coinciding in this opinion, that, as far as we are able to judge, we have reason

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opportunity; when this is the case, the fall is usually occasioned by the knee, aided by the dexterous management of the arms only, and does not require the men being so close to each other as hipeing. This method is now become very common, and if the term striking can be as properly, as it is commonly applied to wrestling, we think it can admit of no definition but an inside stroke.

It is an invariable maxim, that when a man is determined to make play, the sooner he does it, and the quicker he is in doing it, the greater will be his chance of succeeding. To guard against an inside stroke, or hipe, the defendant should if possible keep himself on the ground. To do this, he must either lift against his opponent, or, slackening his own hold, endeavour by wrenching his body from his opponent's grasp to plant himself, as it were, to the ground, striving at the same time to keep his opponent off with his breast, and if possible to shrink it underneath his assailant's. If he succeed in this latter mode, he should be on the alert to secure such a hold, when his opponent attacks him, (which he cannot do without in some measure giving his body within the compass of his grasp) as will ensure him of victory. It is true a skilful wrestler will be very careful when he hazards an attack to keep his right arm well up, to prevent his opponent getting a low hold of him; but still, if he does not succeed, one equally skilful will inevitably gain some advantage by it, such as catching his heel, mending his *hold*, or attacking him in turn before he can recover his balance. If the defendant cannot prevent his opponent from lifting him, he must endeavour, by shrinking his body, to give him the greatest weight upon his breast he possibly can, and instantaneously try to fix his knees and feet so as to prevent the assailant from getting his knee between his thighs, and, at the same time, so as fully to inform himself of every meditated movement the moment it is attempted. If he thus succeeds in checking the first assault, and be equal, or nearly so, to the assailant, he ought to win the fall. As these observations will, with some trifling deviations, apply to lifting in general, we shall not have occasion to dwell much in future upon that particular subject.

The methods of assailing a man on either side are various. They may, however, be reduced to the four principal ones, namely: striking with the knee,—the leg,—the foot,—and the leg and foot alternately. The first is done by striking with great pith and force with either of the knees, though generally the left, against the outside of an opponent's knee or thigh; and by the force of the stroke, and the correspondent movement of the arms, first force him from, and then turn him upon the ground. Slee, of Dacre, who won the prize at Penrith races in the year 1813, was, in our judgment, the best at this stroke of any man we ever saw practise it. Sometimes it is made use of after lifting, by throwing the knee outside an opponent's thigh; a method we have in *propria persona* often practised with great success. The second is generally termed in and out, owing to striking out with the leg, so that the knee of the assailant is outside his opponent's, and the foot inside his ancle, or small of the leg,—thus placing a kind of lock upon the knee and leg. This is a very common mode with many first-rate, as well as inferior, wrestlers. The third mode is usually called a chip, and is effected by trying to swing an opponent round, and strike the wrist of the foot against the outside of his leg or ancle, or, as in the preceding mode, by doing so, and turning him with the assistance of the arms; a method which Thomas Golightly (now no more) excelled in, and in which we have seen Nicholson himself evince much dexterity. It in general requires more dexterity than any of the preceding modes. The fourth is effected by striking an antagonist from the ground with the leg, either outside, or in and out, with the assistance of the arms; and instantly planting that foot upon the ground, strike with the other across his farther shin before he reaches the ground. This stroke requires great quickness and activity, and is, when well executed, one of the surest and neatest methods of wrestling practised. The best and cleanest practiser of this mode we ever knew, or heard of, was William Ponsonby, of Endside, near Egremont, who retired from the ring nearly twenty years ago. He displayed such uncommon dexterity in this stroke, that his feet might frequently have been heard at a considerable distance, succeeding each other against his opponent's legs like two distinct claps of the hand:—it is at the present time by no means unusual.

Although we have classed outside striking under four principal heads, yet it is to be observed that the occasions on which they are resorted to are extremely various; being often used as sufficient of themselves, sometimes as precursors to other meditated attacks, and, not unfrequently, subsequent to other movements. As a clear explanation of their nature, and the different modes of using them, are a sufficient means of information to enable any practiser of wrestling to judge what are the surest methods of guarding against them, it is unnecessary to detain our readers any longer on this particular subject.

When one party gets a leg behind an opponent's, it is called haming, or catching his heel, according to the manner in which it is done. If the legs are intertwined with each other, or if the heel of the assailant is above the small of the defendant's leg, it is usually termed haming: for no other reason that we can divine, except from the strength required in the ham, either for accelerating, or defending the attack. Sometimes a ham is practised at the moment of taking hold, or when taken off the ground, by rapidly striking the heel behind the knee; as the sinews of the person lifting are then at full stretch; if the party lifted do it forcibly, and can throw the full weight of his body along with it, it is often effective. Haming, as well as catching the heel, is indiscriminately practised, either as attacks of themselves, or as auxiliaries to other attacks. To guard against a ham, the defendant should feel his feet firm upon the ground, slack his hold, and bear forward with his breast against the assailant's. If he succeed in this, he should endeavour, if the ham be persevered in, to turn or twist his opponent over by wheeling him off his breast to the opposite side, as he will have only one leg on the ground; but, should he quit the ham, no time should be lost in closing the hands lower down upon his back, and becoming the assailant in turn.

Catching the heel is often quite a different operation;—its object generally is to force the foot forward by rapidly striking the heel against the heel or ancle of the defendant. Should it not prove immediately effective, yet if the defendant staggers, and ultimately falls by not being able to extricate himself from it, it is usually called hankering the heel. Catching the heel may be practised either on the outside, or inside; and, if done with force and quickness, it is a very difficult manœuvre to guard against, and a wrestler known to be expert in catching, or hankering, is generally as little fancied for an opponent, as one skilled in any other mode whatever. Thomas Nicholson, of Threlkeld, who won at Carlisle for three successive years, was a forcible illustrator of this mode. He was certainly uncommonly good at it, and though by no means wanting in many other modes, yet he was more indebted to this method for victory than all the rest put together. There is another mode somewhat similar to these last mentioned, by which falls, particularly among new beginners, or novices, are often decided. This may be termed twining over the knee, as it is effected by getting the knee outside and twining an opponent over it.

It is not our intention to dwell much upon what is often indiscriminately termed hanching, henching, hipping, buttocking, or crossbuttocking, as they are all effected in nearly the same manner; and in fact, whatever to believe it to be a healthful and strengthening exercise. We may be laughed at for such an opinion; but facts are stubborn things, and numerous Wrestlers can be produced who have enjoyed better health than men in general, and lived to a fine old age. In fact, many of the idle stories respecting the terrific consequences are mere chimeras; originating

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they may be fancically called, the breast and side are oftentimes, though not always, as much used as the hip, or what is the most general appellation, the buttock. A man skilled in this method of wrestling generally strives for a loose hold, and it is the left side which is mostly used for effecting the desired object. By stepping partly in, and crossways with the left foot, twining the body in, and throwing the buttock underneath the belly; the defendant is, by the assailant's arms being kept tight round his neck or shoulders, hoisted on, and thrown off, or over the side, or buttock; as the latter is by the act of stepping thrown farthest in, it has acquired the name of buttocking; and when the leg or foot gets quite across the defendant's body, of crossbuttocking; though even then, it is evident, unless the effort was seconded by the arms and higher part of the body, the act of throwing the leg across would be fatal to the aggressor. Sometimes when the assailant perceives, or feels his man staggered, or balanced upon his side, or buttock, he is so circumstanced as to be able to strike with one of his feet across the shins; when this is done the fall is often clean and effective. At other times the situation admits of getting the leg, or foot, behind both of the defendant's; when this happens it is in some places called grandystepping. It sometimes happens that the assailant, by turning in quickly with very loose holds, gets into a position exactly before, or with his back to his opponent; in that case, if he do not, by keeping his hands fast, and stooping forward, throw him over his head and shoulders, his situation is a dangerous one for losing the fall. In short, the modes of assault and defence, in this most manly of all exercises, are so diversified, that a volume might be filled by illustrating that part of our subject only. The act of buttocking, slipping from the side or breast, and in fact, of every thing that constitutes the science of wrestling, depends much upon the different situations which may occur in a contest; and the judgment formed by feeling with the chest, and breast, what kind of assault is most likely to prove effective: and, generally speaking, quickness in assault, and promptitude in judiciously availing himself of any circumstance that may arise during the struggle, may be called the distinguishing characteristics of a good and scientific wrestler.

Opinions respecting the best mode of standing, when taking hold, are no doubt various, and the particular method of wrestling usually adopted by the antagonist to be encountered, in order to counteract his intention as well as keeping in view the method he himself excels in, will always have some influence on every judicious wrestler. In the rule solely devoted to the purpose of obliging those to take hold who cannot themselves agree about it, we found it absolutely necessary to fix some standard for regulating the hold. Any wrestler need not be told that the subject is the most difficult one that could arise; and that one certain standard only was indispensable. Making proper allowance for any man's mode of wrestling, except it be in an extreme of tight (the usual epithet for a close or fast hold) or slack, we are fully prepared to maintain that the standard we have fixed on is the best and most judicious that can be adopted. It is usual for men wishing to take more than a fair hold to shrink their own breast underneath their opponent's, and pin his arm to his side, close to the elbow;—the merest novice in the art will not permit this, and yet the shorter man will sometimes argue they ought to stand straight up! Knee to knee is sometimes with equal absurdity proposed; for unless the men are of exactly the same dimensions upwards, it does not in the least alter the subject of dispute. A hat, or a stick, is often laid down, and the men are required to bring their toes up to the mark. The monstrous absurdity of the ridiculous position this will place men of different sizes in, with their feet close together, and what is sometimes jocosely termed the seat of honor of the taller man hung back, needs no comment. No certain distance between the toes can be equally applicable to all; and, therefore, the distance which will admit of both feeling themselves at ease, and firmly on the ground, may soon be settled between them with the assistance of the umpire, as breast to breast is the only mode of placing them on an equal footing. Many wrestlers are fond of leaning to the left side, a habit acquired while in their novitiate by the desire of seeing their opponent's feet, or at least his right foot. This latter circumstance is of no material advantage of itself, as it is the feel and not the sight which generally regulates the movements of a good wrestler, especially at the commencement of a contest, as is sufficiently evident from the fact, that one man, decidedly the master of another, will throw him blindfolded. This lean to the left, as with many it is a supposed advantage, and therefore often a considerable obstacle to their getting hold, is worthy of some consideration in regard to its utility, both in assaulting and defending; and therefore, though a dry and complex subject to some of our readers, yet as many wrestlers will deem it both important and interesting, it is our duty to attempt some elucidation of the subject.

It must be sufficiently evident to all, that leaning to either side is a deviation from the natural and true centre of balance; and of course will lay some stress upon, or partly brace, the muscles of the opposite side. Thus if the lean be to the left side, the muscles of the right, from the neck to the foot downwards, will be proportionably braced, as those on the left are contracted in with the body; and part of the weight of the body by being thrown upon the right arm of the opponent, will detract in a corresponding degree from the weight upon, or firmness of, the feet upon the ground. Now it is certain, that the easier and firmer any wrestler feels himself upon the ground, the less stress there will be upon the arms and breast; and that when all the powers of the frame can at once be brought effectively into action, the more vigorous will be the attack. It is to be remarked, that these obstacles apply even to an attack with the left leg; while the lean, being from the right, must of course greatly detract from the force of any intended effort to throw an opponent to that side; and the position itself totally precludes the idea of an effective buttock; because, instead of facilitating the act of getting the foot partly across, or the breast underneath, it acts in the very reverse, by contributing to place the body on the outside,—an unavoidable consequence of the lean. As for buttocking with the right side, there are very few who ever attempt it, except it is after an outside stroke with the left leg; because, in taking hold, the left arm is always above the right; and consequently, when the hold is loose, there is no material obstacle to prevent that side from being thrown in; whereas, the right arm being underneath the oxter, prevents that side from being brought into action with equal freedom and facility; notwithstanding this, there are some few who contrive to throw in the right side with considerable effect; yet, against a good wrestler, it must always be considered a losing chance.

It is observable that these remarks apply to the act of taking hold before the contest is begun. The lean to the left acquired after, or during a struggle, is quite a different thing. It is then a certain sign, either that the opponent has lost all command of the hold, or that both parties have their arms round each other's neck. If the former be the case, it necessarily implies that the party who has the lean, has broke his opponent's hold, has himself got a commanding one, is standing perfectly at ease, and is nearly sure of the fall; while his adversary, scarcely able to preserve an upright position and without hold, is incapable of making any offensive effort which is likely to succeed. The only thing he can do, is to attempt to get his side in, and try to buttock; but the other, perfectly aware of his movements, will probably catch him under the ribs, and often dispose of him with ease and safety. If both with those who know nothing about it, and credited only by those who have had no opportunities of judging for themselves. It is most true, that our forefathers cherished these rustic games as the surest means of keeping alive, in times of peace, that martial spirit, and that robust frame of body, which has hitherto opposed such an insuperable barrier to the gigantic efforts of the enemies of Britain.

About a century ago these games were in high repute; but the many restrictions imposed on the diversions of the lower classes of society caused their decay in all parts of the empire, except in some of the western counties of England, and a few places in Ireland. We, therefore, hail the revival of them with

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parties have lost hold of the back, he who has the lean is much more advantageously situated than his opponent; he stands freer with his neck, and easier with his body; and is consequently more at liberty to assault or defend with a much greater prospect of success. As the two most important objects in wrestling —namely, hold, and feeling with the breast, are, in that situation, of comparatively little consequence, a view of the right leg becomes an object of some consideration, as it implies the fact of the right arm being more up, and the left more down, than his antagonist's (if the men have any hold) can possibly be; as the left buttock is then the only attack that his opponent can make, and which he cannot make without moving the right leg. On the other hand, the person possessing the lean is by no means in so confined a situation. By standing perfectly at ease, he can choose his time of assault, or is fully prepared to avail himself of any effort his antagonist can make; and if he be a good striker with the left leg across the shin, he has every chance of doing so with success; which he ought not to defer doing, lest his antagonist should wrench his head loose, and thus oblige him to forfeit his advantage by taking a fresh hold.

Having thus proved that leaning to one side when the men are supposed to be on equal terms, and acquiring a commanding lean after the contest is begun, are two very different things, it remains for us to consider the advantage, or disadvantage, of the lean to the left side, as it regards the efficacy of repelling or guarding an attack. As this lean, which implies laying an additional weight upon an opponent's right arm at the commencement of a contest, when the holds are, or ought to be, equally low round the arm and body, cannot be done without detracting from the firmness of the feet upon the ground, it must apparently impede the act of guarding, either a judicious stroke, or buttock: for although it may be a preventive to his being turned to the right side by an outside stroke with the left leg; yet it must proportionably facilitate his being turned to the left side, by the left leg inside, or by the right outside; and hanging his weight to the left side, so far from the centre of balance, is certainly the very thing a good buttocker, or slipper from the breast, would desire. It likewise is not, as some imagine, any obstacle to his being lifted from the ground; because, by hanging his weight downwards, he has not an immediate command of his strength to counteract the lift of his opponent; and instead of bearing him forward with his breast and arms, he has one hanging upon him, and the other closely locked round him. His antagonist, so far from having an additional weight to lift, has only the same weight in a more favorable position for lifting it; because, having the greater part already, he has only that part to raise higher, and the other comes by degrees upon him, and the weight he has to sustain is close to him; whereas, were his antagonist lifting, or bearing against him, the weight would come upon him at once, and would be farther from him. Again, the weight of a man is so far from being equal to his strength, that if no impediment were thrown in the way by lifting against, or bearing forward with the arms and breast, a man ten stone weight would easily lift one of twenty. When lifted, the lean is an evident disadvantage; as it tends to throw him from the exact front of his opponent, it must of course be a considerable impediment to clapping the knees, or legs, close upon him to prevent his striking out, and feeling in what manner, and with what leg, he intends to do it.

Having discussed this point fully, and, we hope, satisfactorily, to the experienced wrestler, we will offer a few short remarks upon the hold recommended in the third Rule. It is surely a most important and desirable thing, that the same method of taking hold should prevail throughout this and the adjacent counties; because by practising in some places with loose, and in others with tight holds, when they meet for some considerable prize, no hold satisfactory to all parties can be obtained. This evidently compelled the author of any treatise on the subject to lay down some one particular manner to be resorted to as a standard, when any dispute occurred. The one which seemed to us best adapted to this difficult point, is, as we have before remarked in our observations upon it, such a one as the tight-hold wrestler may gather with, or strike from; and at the same time, one which does not prevent the loose-hold wrestler from making use of his own peculiar mode. Such a medium between the two extremes is the thing evidently calculated to compromise the subject of dispute. As the parties are equally standing without inclining to either side,—exactly fronting each other,—at liberty to breathe freely,—and feeling each other by the junction of their breasts—all characteristics of a fair, and which cannot exist in an unfair, hold—they are at full and equal liberty to attack with vigour, and every part of the frame may at once be promptly combined to repel, and on the alert to take any advantage which may present itself in consequence of the attack.

But still, after all that can be said respecting the superiority of any particular method of taking hold, considerable practice, and attachment to almost any, will render a man very dexterous in it. Accordingly we may see many acknowledged first-rate wrestlers differ as much in their notions of taking hold, as in their methods of assault and defence. Thus, Thomas Nicholson, and Thomas Todd, two of the best wrestlers of their weight in Cumberland, and saying this, we conceive we might safely add the United Kingdom or the world, are, or were, both upright standers: while William Richardson, of Caldbeck (commonly called Ritson), the winner of more prizes than any other man in the kingdom, was partial to the lean; and John Louden, from the vicinity of Keswick, a first-rate, and a most dangerous customer, was never satisfied without it.

Finally, the circumstance of taking HOLD, while it is the most frequent cause of dissension among wrestlers, it is at the same time the most difficult for an impartial spectator, or umpire, to form a correct and decisive judgment upon. The biassed and interested spectator, and the well-wishers of either party, are often determined not to be convinced that the fault originates with their favorite. This being the case, those who give the prize OUGHT ALWAYS PROMPTLY TO ENFORCE THE JUDGMENT OF THE UMPIRE WHOM THEY HAVE CHOSEN. The rule for deciding the hold, notwithstanding the difficulty of the subject, is, we hope, *sufficiently intelligible to any man who is competent to fulfil the arduous situation of acting as umpire.* Being fully conscious, that as harmony and unanimity ought to be the distinguished characteristics of an amusement, we could not be too explicit, or minute, on the point which tends most to interrupt them; such a consideration could alone have induced us to treat every thing relative to the subject of taking hold, in so lengthy a manner; but feeling, as we do, that the frequency and splendour of the prizes given to wrestle for, will be considerably influenced by the cordiality displayed by the wrestlers towards each other, it appeared to us an indispensable duty to give this particular subject a full consideration; as shrinking from it would have implied an inability to treat of it,—a stigma, we possess egotism enough to believe, we by no means merit.

pleasure, as we consider them a desirable source of recreation for the peasantry, being devoid of any thing brutal or disgusting, and hope to see them patronised to the extent they merit; indeed, Wrestling has become very popular amongst the admirers of athletic sports in the Metropolis. In proof of which, Silver Cups, and a variety of other valuable prizes are frequently given by the proprietors of bowling-greens, cricket-grounds, &c. to the best Wrestlers, as rewards for their exertions and skill. Amongst the foremost of the above class of persons stands Mr. THOMAS ROUSE, the well-known spirited proprietor of the Eagle Tavern, in the City Road, who has kept the "*game alive*" ever since the above period, and who may be considered one of the best judges (without a *wig*) in the kingdom as to a general knowledge of society. Tom has *wrestled* with the world to a good purpose; and by his never-tiring exertions he has obtained the smiles of *victory*. In his "*Caleb Quotem*" sort of capacity (for he appears to be at all in the ring) he displays considerable *tact;* and the praise cannot be withheld from him that he has proved himself a good *caterer* for the public; and who also furnishes them with lots of amusement at a truly *reasonable* FIGURE. In his concert-room—I beg pardon, the Grecian Saloon—a tip-top sort of thing of its kind, nay more, a very brilliant affair, in which authors, musicians, and professional singers are engaged, to give *eclat* to the exertions of the proprietor of the Eagle Tavern. Either in his characters of "Mine Host," manager of the musical department, or acting as an arbiter in the athletic amusements to attract and interest the members of the Sporting World, it might be fairly said, that *Tom Rouse* is not only UP and *dressed* in the whole of them, but at home to a *peg*. In short, the hero of the Eagle Tavern is a host within himself—and affords a convincing proof what may be achieved in this wonderful Metropolis by the union of industry and talent.

It might be asked, why have the inhabitants of CORNWALL and DEVON been so long celebrated for their expertness in Wrestling? Because they learned the art at an early period of life, "for you shall hardly find," says Carew, "an assembly of boys in Devon and Cornwall, where the most untowardly among them will not as readily give you a *muster* (trial) of this exercise as you are prone to require it."—*Survey of Cornwall.* Hence, to give a *Cornish* hug, is a proverbial expression. The Cornish, says Fuller, are MASTERS OF WRESTLING, so that if the Olympian Games were now in fashion, they would come away with the victory.

Their *hug* is a cunning close with their fellow combatants, the fruit whereof is his fair fall or foil at the least.—*Worthies of Cornwall.*

We learn from Stow, that the citizens of London formerly WRESTLED on St. Bartholomew's day before the lord mayor and aldermen, who rode out of town on horseback to witness the sport. The Londoners and inhabitants of Westminster also made frequent matches, the reward being usually a ram. Thus Chaucer says of Sir Mopas:

> Of wrastling there was none his pere,
> Where any ram shulde stonde.

Before Chaucer's time, however, a cock seems to have been a frequent prize.

In order that the readers of the BOOK OF SPORTS may form their own judgments on the merits of the various WRESTLERS who have won various prizes, we have selected the best of the matches that have taken place within the Metropolis during the last three or four years, excepting the following great contest, which took place between Abraham Cann and Polkinhorne, at Devonport, Oct. 23, 1826. It is impossible to describe the intense interest which the match between Cann and Polkinhorne, decided this day, has excited in this neighbourhood. These men being considered the two best men of their respective counties, Devon and Cornwall, their long-anticipated trial for the mastery has been eagerly awaited by the lovers of this athletic sport. The frequent challenges that have been, from time to time, sent to each other by the two champions, and which have hitherto ended in mere words, created a suspicion that they were afraid of one another; and there is no doubt that the wish on both sides to destroy this impression has been the chief cause of the present meeting. Ever since it has been known that these renowned heroes of the wrestling ring would try a fall for the honor of their counties, the large population of these towns (70,000), and of the country for more than fifty miles round, has been on tip-toe for the event.

There is an evident difference between the wrestling of the two counties; but the peculiarity of the former is kicking below the knee, and the seeming indifference with which practised Devonshire wrestlers receive the most violent contusions on the legs, is truly astonishing. Although the rules of the game allow the legs to be padded, it is very rare that the candidates wear more than a single stocking. The Cornish wrestlers invariably enter the ring without shoes, and they bear the severest kicks from their Devonshire antagonists without making the slightest attempt to return the compliment. The most formidable kicker in the West is, perhaps, John Jordan, a North-of-Devon man, some six feet three or four inches high, and whose Herculean proportions have procured for him the cognomen of "the Devonshire Giant." This man's prowess has caused him to be excluded from most of the annual matches in the vicinity of Devonport, the bills announcing such games generally containing the parenthetical words, "John Jordan excepted;" for he almost always bears off the chief prize. Jordan has more than once thrown Cann, and

Cann has, in his turn, thrown Jordan; and considerable doubt still exists which is the better man. The latter is confident in his own superiority, and has frequently been heard to declare, in his own slang phraseology, that he would "kick Cann all to rags in vive minutes." For the information of those who are not acquainted with the difference between Devonshire and Cornish wrestling, it may be well to remark, that the former is generally characterised by kicking and tripping, while the latter consists more of the close struggle. Who has not heard of the Cornish hug?

The influx of strangers into Devonport was immense. The beds of all the inns were engaged, and numerous individuals were obliged to seek lodgings in private families. Visitors flocked from Exeter, Barnstable, Bideford, Tavistock, Dartmouth, and the most distant parts of the county, and there was a pretty considerable sprinkling of the Tres, Pols, and Pens, * from Falmouth, Truro, Penzance, Launceston, St. Michael's Mount, and even from that *ultima Thule* of England, the Land's End, mustering, "one and all," to witness the feats of their champion. There were, besides, present a great number of wrestlers, old and young, retired and practical, from the bleak wilds of Dartmoor and the sterile regions of the South Hams; and not deficient were the mighty "huggers" from the hard-named hamlets of the land of pilchards.

The spot chosen for the contest between Cann and Polkinhorne was a large enclosed yard at Morice-Town, a village about a quarter of a mile from Devonport, and the scene of many a celebrated struggle between the prime men of Devon and Cornwall, it being situated on the bank of the river Tamar, which separates the two counties. The yard alluded to, which formed, in time of war, part of a large government establishment, presented the finest possible arena for such a display. Exclusive of the ground occupied by the seats, which were fitted up for the comfortable accommodation of 10,000 spectators, there remained an expanse of level springy turf, 400 feet long, and 110 feet wide, for the wrestlers. At one end of the yard an extensive range of warehouses were fitted up as an inn, by Mr. Elliott, of the Devonport Hotel, for the purpose of affording accommodation and refreshment. The prices of admission to the ring were five shillings and half-a-crown.

At twelve o'clock at noon, there were above 10,000 persons in the ring, and the money taken at the doors amounted to more than £1300. The hills around were crowded with spectators, and it may be stated, without exaggeration, that the match took place in the sight of 20,000 individuals. At half-past twelve, the champions entered the ring, and were loudly cheered by the numerous company. A striking difference was perceived between the two men when they stripped; Polkinhorne being nearly twice as stout as Cann, and 3st. 4lb. heavier. Cann weighs 12st. 7lb. They were, however, nearly of a height; and, if there was any advantage in tallness, it was on the side of Cann. Polkinhorne played without shoes; but, as kicking forms part of the tactics of a Devonshire wrestler, Cann had a shoe on the right foot. The terms of the wrestle were, that the wager should be decided by the best of three back falls, to be determined by four tryers—two Devonshire and two Cornish; the men to catch what hold they could. Betting was considerably in favor of Cann before the set-to.

Round 1. After some manœuvring for a hold, Cann seized Polkinhorne with a firm grasp by the shoulders, and Polkinhorne seized his antagonist by the elbow, and placed his head on the left side of his (Cann's) breast. They then walked slowly round the ring, Cann keeping off the Cornishman, and occasionally dealing him a kick or two under the right knee, for the purpose of weakening his legs as much as possible. It was, however, now perceived that Polkinhorne was by much the most powerful man of the two, which, indeed, his appearance had from the first promised. Cann, however, displayed considerable muscular power, and proved that the title of champion had not been bestowed on one who could not show play for it. The two men were continually shifting their holds, each endeavouring to obtain his favorite grip. At last, however, after a struggle of four minutes and a half, they both fell together: Cann under, but no fair back.

2. The men again advanced to each other, and each seized hold where he could of his antagonist. Cann at first kept hold of Polkinhorne's right arm, but the latter freed himself by a most gigantic effort, flung his arm over Cann's shoulder, and seized him by the jacket half-way down his back. The efforts of the two rivals were now truly fine. The physical power displayed by both was astonishing. Polkinhorne, however, gained an advantageous hold round Cann's body, when the latter, to avoid being thrown, partly disengaged himself and fell on his knees.

3. There was very little manœuvring in this round. Polkinhorne made an impetuous onset, and, having obtained his favorite hold, threw Cann the first *fair back fall.*

4. After the lapse of fifteen minutes, which was the time allowed between the falls, the champions again grappled each other. Polkinhorne showed his superior strength, by frequently putting his antagonist forward, but this "pully-hauly work," as wrestlers call it, demonstrated no superiority of skill. Polkinhorne had once nearly got Cann on the fore-hip, which would have been the prelude of a fair throw, but Cann, by using a favorite

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* The surnames of most true Cornishmen begin with Tre, Pol, or Pen. For instance, the name of the champion, Polkinhorne. An ancient local rhyme alludes to this:—

"By Tre, Pol, and Pen
You may know the Cornishmen."

crook of the leg, for which he is famous, disengaged himself, though they both continued their hold. They walked round the ring closely grappled together, Cann now and then inflicting a most severe kick on Polkinhorne's leg, which discipline the latter, by frequently flinching, began to show symptoms of not liking. After a round of ten minutes they both fell.

5. This round displayed nothing peculiarly interesting. Both men instanced the astonishing strength of their hands by freeing themselves from the holds of each other. After a considerable time they mutually separated, without either falling.

6. After considerable exertion on both sides, the men fell together, the Cornishman under.

7 and 8. These rounds were marked by some fine play, and were evidently in favour of Cann, who showed that he possessed the valuable qualification of holding out. Polkinhorne appeared much distressed by the severe kicks which Cann inflicted with his right foot, and repeatedly attempted to close with Cann, in order to settle the matter by main strength, but Cann persevered in keeping him off, evidently with the intention of wearing him out, for the Devonshire hero has the superiority over Polkinhorne in point of wind. Cann continued his kicking system for some time, when the Cornishman, by a desperate effort, closed with him, and got him on the hip. Cann then had recourse to his favorite crook of the leg, and threw Polkinhorne, what was almost universally deemed a back fall, but, to the surprise of every body present, it was given against Devonshire. A dispute of nearly an hour first occupied the two committees.

9, 10, 11, and 12. During these rounds Polkinhorne showed play; that is, he acted less cautiously, and more on the offensive. Cann continued to kick him most severely, and was evidently getting a better man, while Polkinhorne was losing ground. At last, however, in the 12th round, a desperate struggle took place, and Cann, contrary to the expectations of all present, was thrown another fall, which by some was declared to be fair, and by others not.

*Remarks.*—This match was decided by main strength. Cann, as has been before observed, was no match for Polkinhorne in point of size, and, though the Devonshire hero has been beaten, he has gained considerable celebrity by the manner in which he held out; and there is no doubt but the victory would have been his, had not the dispute about the fall in the 8th round afforded Polkinhorne time to regain his wind, which he had almost entirely lost. Cann is a very modest unassuming man, and gave in to the decision of the umpires without a dissenting word; but, when the dispute concerning the fall occurred, Polkinhorne did not show himself very ready to acquiesce in defeat. It was the feeling of the majority of the ring, that Cann was not fairly treated. Let this be as it may, Cann would undoubtedly have thrown twenty men of his own weight, one after the other. The pride of Devonshire has no need to be ashamed of the issue of the match. He is an honor to the West, and, should he again meet Polkinhorne, it is very likely that the palm will not be borne off to the western side of the Tamar.—Cann has always been eager for another trial.

The Grand Match between ABRAHAM CANN and GAFFNEY, was decided on Monday, Sept. 24, 1827, at the Golden Eagle, Mile End Road, Cann betting £60 to £50, THREE fair *back falls* out of *Five*. Two to One, and higher odds, were laid upon the ground, and taken by the Patlanders.

The concourse of spectators was immense, amongst whom were great numbers of sporting characters. The crowd at length, became excessive. The roofs of the long line of boxes or sheds, which surround the green, were filled with spectators; and about two hundred, who could get no better accommodation, climbed the poplars to witness the contest. At four, Cann threw his hat into the ring; and shortly after, whilst expectation was on the stretch for the appearance of Gaffney, a tremendous crash was heard; in fact, a large portion of the tiled roofs of the boxes gave way, and precipitated some hundreds of persons to the ground. As soon as it was ascertained that the fallen persons had nothing to bewail but dirty faces, crushed hats, and light bruises, shouts of laughter were uttered at their dismal and frightened appearance. At length the two champions shook hands and grappled, and the attention of the immense crowd was intense. Cann was extremely quick in getting the hold, and his adversary's left hand was over his shoulder grasping his loose jacket, while his right was more firmly fixed on the waistband. Gaffney, immediately he had got his hold, set to work, and acted as much as possible on the offensive; whilst Cann remained almost fixed to the earth, his face expressing great caution, and as great confidence and self-possession. Gaffney kicked very much at the shins of Cann, but they exhibited no signs of punishment, though the sound resounded through the ring; whilst, after Cann had inflicted a few retorts upon the shins of Gaffney, his worsted stockings were sopped with blood, and his laced shoe of the left foot seemed saturated like that of a slaughterer from the shambles. After a close contest of four minutes and fifty seconds, Cann gave his adversary a fair back fall. This was a beautiful throw, given in the best possible style.

2d. This bout was well contested, and Cann administered some severe punishment to Gaffney's shins. His repeated kicks caused the blood to flow profusely. Gaffney was thrown after a struggle of fifteen minutes; but the umpires decided that it was not a fair back fall.

3d. This was a most interesting bout. Gaffney succeeded in gaining the inner crook, but the superior science of Cann enabled him to avoid a back fall.

4th. This bout lasted nearly twenty minutes, and was well contested, and at length Gaffney was thrown. There were loud cries of "Fair," "Foul," &c., but the umpires, on being appealed to, decided that it was not a fair fall.

5th. This was a short bout, and Gaffney was laid on his back. The match being the best of five back falls, and Gaffney not having thrown Cann as yet, the betting underwent considerable alteration, and, to use the phraseology of Josh. Hudson, "It was a horse to a hen."

6th. Gaffney came to the scratch evidently exhausted, and was thrown, but not a fair fall.

7th. Gaffney was thrown a heavy fall, and, on getting up, said his shoulder was put out, and that he resigned the contest. The Devonshiremen then threw up their hats in high glee, and Cann left the ground amidst deafening cheers.

*Remarks.*—As a Wrestler, we have never seen any one like Abraham Cann; he appears to us to use his legs with the same facility and judgment as Jack Randall exercised his fists in the P. R. This is saying quite enough to place Abraham Cann at the top of the tree amongst WRESTLERS.

SECOND DAY.—The match for forty sovereigns commenced on Tuesday evening at the Eagle Tavern, Mile End. Several first-rate players were in attendance, among others, Abraham and James Cann, Copp, Thorne, Chappell, &c. The conditions were, that twenty standard players should be made; the standards either to throw two men, or to throw one man and hold out ten minutes against two others.

The articles having been read, Parish threw his castor into the ring, and his challenge was immediately accepted by Taylor, a Berkshire man. The bout was altogether devoid of interest, and ended in Taylor being thrown.

Finney, a tall, athletic Irishman, then entered the ring, but Parish, although little more than half his size, contrived to hold out.

Finney was then matched against Murray, whom he threw easily.

Parish and Finney.—These two men having thrown one man, and held out another, were again matched; having only to hold out to make themselves standards, the thing was very quietly arranged between them—they pulled each other about until time was called, without an attempt to throw on either side. Uncle Ben, who had bet upon Parish, said it was a complete humbug.

Euston and Jordan held out.

Middleton and Jordan.—In this bout there was some very excellent play, and it was the first in which the men went to work in any thing like earnest. After manœuvring for a few minutes, Middleton threw his opponent a heavy back fall.

Middleton and Clargoe.—This bout was well-contested, and it was generally considered the former would be unable to stand the severe kicking of Clargoe. They held out until time was called, when it was found that Clargoe had sprained his ancle.

Knight and Lyon.—A well contested match, and held out.

James Cann, brother of Abraham Cann, and Knight.—This bout excited considerable interest, James Cann being considered by many persons to be as expert a wrestler as his brother, and Knight is generally considered a good one. There were several bets made on the event. Cann displayed considerable skill, and threw his opponent easily. His success appeared to damp the spirits of the other players, and he continued in the ring six minutes without meeting with an opponent. Hutchins at length tried his luck with him, and was thrown in fine style.

Several other matches were played, and the sport continued until dark, when the following were declared standard players:—Parish, Finney, James Cann, Easton, and Clarke.

THIRD DAY.—The Wrestling on Wednesday was renewed with great animation. A great number of the best Wrestlers in London, who showed great unwillingness to come forward on the preceding day, were obliged to make themselves standards, or relinquish their chance for the prizes altogether; in consequence of which the sports were of the best description. The play was principally confined to the Devonshiremen; only one Cornish Wrestler was present (Saunders, of the Coldstream Regiment of Guards), and he quickly made himself a standard by throwing two men. Twelve double players were made. Abraham Cann closed the play by throwing one man. Among the double players are the following names:—James Cann, Sanders, Copp, Middleton, Thorne, Pyle, Finney, Clarke, &c.

FOURTH DAY.—The match terminated on Thursday, in the presence of an immense number of the patrons of this manly sport. The following matches were the most worthy of notice:—

Middleton and Saunders.—This match was well contested throughout; Middleton did his best to win, but fortune favoured his rival, and he was reluctantly compelled to rest his back on his mother earth.

James Cann and Bell.—The name of the former was no sooner announced than the winner was named—Bell was on his back in less than a second.

Jennings and Finney.—This bout lasted upwards of half an hour, and several falls were given, but none of them fair back ones. The last fall was disputed, amidst loud cries of "Foul, fair," &c. The umpires were referred to, but they differed in opinion; and the referee, on being appealed to, decided in favour of Finney.

A dispute arose amongst the respective partisans of the men, as to the decision

Uncle Ben, who had sported his blunt on Jennings, offered to bet a thousand pounds that it was not a fair fall; and Ned O'Neal, who had betted on Finney, was equally certain that it was. After a very long wrangle the men were taken from the ring.

Thorne and Knight.—This match was like a donkey's gallop, short and sweet, and decided in favour of the former.

Saunders and James Cann.—This was decidedly the best bout throughout the whole three days' play. In the opinion of the best judges it was impossible the men could be more fairly matched, and the bets were accordingly even. Each tried to gain his favourite hold, and when they closed, the display of science and strength exhibited by each in the struggle for the fall elicited applause from all parts of the ring. Saunders avoided a fair back fall for upwards of half an hour; but his opponent proved too much for him, and he was compelled to yield.

Abraham Cann (the Devonshire Champion) and Copp.—The latter is acknowledged to be an out-and-out good one, but it was evident he stood no chance with the Champion; he however displayed considerable science, and proved himself to be no easy customer. He fell defeated, but not dishonoured.

Abraham Cann and Thorne.—In this, as in the former bout, the result was obvious, and Thorne was soon laid on his back.

The umpires then decided Abraham Cann entitled to the first prize, £12. James Cann to the second, £10.

Finney and Thorne being the last two thrown, contended for the last two prizes, when, after a slight struggle, the latter was thrown.

Finney was declared entitled to the third prize, £5.

Thorne to the last, £3.

The sports were conducted throughout with the greatest regularity, and afforded a fine treat to the company assembled.

At Leeds, in April, 1828, several days "good play" took place, but we have selected the double play for the amusement of our readers: —as several first-rate names appear in the various trials of skill:—Bolt and Burnet had a very severe turn; the latter was thrown: Clark and Wreford, the former gave up the point; Robert Stone and Bell, two good little ones, played a pretty turn, the latter was thrown; James Cann and Pook, the latter was thrown. On Abraham Cann and Finney mounting the stage, great expectations were raised of its being likely to be a good display of the science. They were not hitched above five minutes, when Finney gave Cann an excellent foil,* and had it not been overdone, the point at issue between them would have been decided. The men again set to, when Finney was decidedly thrown in about ten minutes.—Joe Butler (Bull-calf) and James Stone were then called, and Butler was thrown after about twenty minutes' good play. —Roach and Cahir, the latter gave his back. Jordan and Webber, the last of whom also gave his back.—King and Pyle, a well-matched pair, who played an excellent bout, which was terminated by King being thrown. This ended the double play.

The triple play commenced with James Cann and James Stone, the latter quickly picked up the former, and threw him a complete somerset, heels over head.—Abraham Cann and Wreford then set to, when the latter was thrown.—Pyle was absent, and Bolt was given the fall.—Roach was thrown by Jordan.

The quadruple play commenced with Bolt and Robert Stone, when the latter was thrown. —Abraham Cann and Jordan tossed for who should have the fall, when Jordan lost.

The quintuple play was between Bolt and James Stone; the latter took the former up in his arms, as he had before done with James Cann, and flung his heels over his head.

There now only remained to contend for the first and second prizes—Abraham Cann and James Stone—and such were the exertions of both, that a vast number of bets were laid on the result, the odds being in favor of Cann. Every eye was fixed upon their movements, and Stone's strength and dexterity drew forth thunders of applause. He was, however, finally thrown, after upwards of an hour's struggle. This concluded the play and the daylight, and the prizes were awarded as follows;—A. Cann the first, of £30; James Stone the second, of £20; Bolt the third, of £15; Jordan the fourth, of £10; Robert Stone the fifth, of £7; and Roach the sixth, of £5.

The sports were terminated with the greatest good humour among all parties. Not a blow took place, nor even an angry or improper word was uttered during the whole of the time.

In Devonshire, early in June, 1828, the Wrestling Match in St. Thomas's, adjoining Exeter, commenced; at which, Woolaway, Wreford, Simon, Webber, Huxtable, Jackman, and Flower, from the North; the Underdowns, Freys, &c. from the east, were particularly noticed. The champion, attended by his brother James, Roach, &c., was on the ground, but not playable—he was hobbling under all the acute sensations of gout. Persons entertaining suspicion that this was assumed, Abraham, with great *naivete*, produced his swollen and burning foot, convincing the most sceptical of the painful reality. His success as a wrestler is without parallel—all, however, must regret that a brave and modest man, who has so long upheld the character of his native county in this way, has not reaped that solid reward to which his prowess entitled him, and that the future has cold, cheerless scant in the prospect. James Cann kept himself in reserve for his match in the metropolis, with Gaffney. During the second day—John Webber, of Exeter, and Holmes, literally *a couple of chickens*, presented themselves. The former, an apprentice to a baker, and scarcely eighteen years of age, has figured at our juvenile matches for some time, and acquired such celebrity as to be dubbed "The Champion," a title he appears well to merit. He is of short stature, but strongly limbed, and well-made, and came every thing so completely *a la* Cann, that a delightful ring testified their approbation by loud, and continued plaudits; indeed, if he but uses time to come, as he appears to have done that which is past, the day is not distant when he will compete with the first wrestlers in Devon; he is at present the best copy of a master in the art, of whom it seems we must take leave, that has appeared. At the end of four minutes, Webber gathered his man up in Abraham's best style, and laid him flat as a pancake on mother earth. He was called for at the booths, and received an instant and well-merited reward for his exertions. On the third day Webber again entered the ring with George Clarke, of St. Thomas, amidst loud cheers. Clarke is also a stripling, but with advantage in point of age. It was an excellent match, and the baker, to the fullest extent, supported his previous character—he came it again after Abraham's fashion, and the lock with the left seemed his favorite—this he essayed again and again, but wanted a little more weight to bring him over; nothing daunted by failure, he persevered, and at the end of thirty minutes, locking himself firmly with the left inner, his opponent gave way before the extraordinary force applied, and was brought over in the finest style, loud shouts testifying the approbation of the spectators.

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* Information from several sources, that this was as fair a fall as was ever thrown, has reached us.

The final round brought Woolaway and Wreford together; this was a treat worth riding 100 miles to witness; they are both well known, and the odds were in favor of Woolaway at setting to; the foils, however, changed the aspect of affairs; and in eighteen minutes Wreford laid his powerful opponent on his back in the very first style.

The prizes were awarded as follows:—Wreford first prize, £12; Woolaway second, £8; Robert Underdown third, £5; Archer fourth, £3; Bradford fifth, £2; and Westlake sixth, £1 10s.—The match closed at a quarter to eight o'clock.

There was some excellent play at Paignton, from the 29th to the 31st ult. The crack turn of the match was between Archer and Hyne. Archer is a youth of extraordinary promise, and possessing great good nature; Hyne's qualities every frequenter of the ring is acquainted with. They are both severe punishers, and played in the most masterly manner; it was a succession of foils for one hour and forty minutes, when a wish being expressed that they should decide the matter by a toss, it was complied with, and Archer won. Ghaff had the first prize, of £8; Archer the second, of £4; Pook the third, of £2; besides which, each standard had 5s., and the first 10s. in addition.

In June, 1828, a match took place at the Eagle Tavern, in the City-road, for £20, between the celebrated JAMES CANN, of Devonshire, and a young Cornishman of good repute, of the name of OLVER. After a match for a sovereign had been played between Copp and Finney, which the former won, the two men first named entered the ring, and, after shaking hands, grappled each other. In a few minutes it was evident that Olver was not only the younger and stronger man, but that he possessed equal, if not more, science and quickness than his opponent. In a few minutes he caught Cann up in his arms for the heave, but the latter, though he could not prevent the fall, contrived to save his back; at least the Umpires decided that it was not a fair back fall, although many of the spectators thought otherwise. A number of foils followed, mostly in favor of the Cornishman; but such was the dependance on Cann, that 2 to 1 on him could find no takers. After an hour's excellent play, in which Cann was foiled in all his efforts, Olver succeeded in giving him a *burster*, in the shape of a somerset, his heels being tossed up in the air, by which he was so much stunned that he leaned against one of the posts of the ring, and finally relinquished the contest, which was to have been the first two falls out of three. This unexpected event gained Olver much applause, as the Canns have heretofore carried every thing before them. A medical gentleman bled Cann, who was conveyed home in a coach, and it was some time before he recovered from the stunning effects of the fall. Olver stated that his brother and himself would wrestle with Abraham Cann and his brother, for £50 a-side.

In the above month, also, a Wrestling Match which excited the Irish part of the Fancy to attend at the Wellington Ground, Chelsea, to witness a trial of skill and strength between PHILIP GAFFNEY and GEORGE SAUNDERS (a Cornish man) for forty sovereigns. On entering the ring, at half past five, it was at once seen that Gaffney was not only taller, but also considerably heavier than his antagonist. Betting, 2 to 1 on Gaffney.

The articles being read, two of three fair back falls, the men set to without shoes, and after some very cautious play, a close took place, and both fell—Saunders under. On again meeting, the men gripped each other, Saunders endeavouring to obtain a favourite hold; but Gaffney foiled his attempts, and seizing him round the body threw him heavily, but only a side fall. (The Patlanders in extacies—"Isn't he a broth of a boy? Sure that was a fair side fall!") After a short pause, the men again grappled, and some exceeding good play followed, in which the strength of Gaffney gave him every advantage, and Saunders was again thrown heavily, but not fairly on his back. (Shouts from the Irish gentlemen, and 10 to 1 on Gaffney.)

After a lapse of a few minutes, the men met again, shook hands, and prepared for the tug of war anew; and Saunders was again undermost, but on his side. Gaffney now appeared determined to end the business at once, and commenced a furious attack, which was met with uncommon skill and coolness by Saunders, whose exertions were loudly and deservedly applauded. After a struggle of very long continuance, the strength of Gaffney again befriended him, and he had the best of a foil; but when on the ground, he forced his antagonist's head to the earth in rather an unfriendly way, which was observed and followed by a shower of hisses. Gaffney now began to be more cautious, and puffed a little, seeming anxious to recover his wind. Several others followed, in which "Fair! foul! fair!" was bandied about on both sides, but only one of which was at all in favour of Saunders, who, at the expiration of an hour and a half, was thrown another burster, which resounded through the ring, and from the effects of which he remained on the earth in a state of total insensibility.

A medical gentleman, who was on the ground, immediately opened a vein in his right arm, and after taking a considerable quantity of blood from him, he showed signs of returning animation, and was removed into the Wellington, and put to bed.

Saunders was completely overmatched, and had not half a chance from first to last. Had the match been with a fair shoe and stocking, the match would have been more equal—the heavy kicking of Saunders acting as a counterpoise to the Herculean strength of Gaffney.

A bye-match between little Avery, the merry little baker (always first on the ground, and the last to leave it), and young Pardue, was worth a score such matches. Avery was victor.

The parties met at Tom Cribb's on Friday evening, when Gaffney demanded the stakes. Cribb produced a letter from the backer of Saunders, interdicting his giving up the stakes, on the ground that offers of money had been made to Saunders to lose the match; but of this there was no attempt at proof whatever, and Gaffney received the stakes, while all bets were paid. James Cann was present, and offered to wrestle Gaffney the best two in three fair back falls, with fair shoe and stocking, for £50. Gaffney objected to his wrestling with anything but a light shoe; Cann would not accede, and the business went off.

Indeed the Wellington Ground throughout the whole of the last week in June, presented a lively scene for the admirers of athletic sports. The two first days of which were devoted to making *standards;* and on Wednesday the double play commenced, in the presence of upwards of one thousand spectators, one hundred of whom were noblemen and gentlemen of the first distinction, among whom were—Earls Grey and Talbot; Lords Falmouth, Clanwilliam, Elliott, H. Kerr, Valletort, Wallscourt; Honourable John Fortescue, Hon. — Grey, Sir John Shelley, Bart., Sir Charles Lemon, Bart., Sir George Bampfylde, — Benett, Esq. M. P. for Wilts, Rice Trevor, Esq. M.P., General Sir H. Vivian, M.P., E. Pendarves, Esq., — Praed, Esq., Captain Handley, &c.

Shortly after two o'clock the ground was opened, and lots were drawn to determine which men should oppose each other, there being exactly 13 Cornishmen, 13 Devonshiremen, 1 Irishman, and 1 Cumberland man, double players, making 14 couple, the Irishman being taken on the side of Cornwall, and the Cumberland man on the side of Devon; after which the men entered the ring in the following order:—Randall and Batstone, the former was quickly thrown—Trenery and Kerslake, a tedious bout, which, after fifty minutes' duration, was decided by a toss which Trenery lost—Trewicke and Andrews, the latter was thrown after a short but good turn—Warren and Pyle, the former was thrown—Finney and Steers, the latter was the victor—Austin and Perry, the former of whom is a tall strong man, and the latter a diminutive man, but remarkably strong built, pulled each other about for a considerable time and then tossed for it, which was won by Perry—Avery and French, the latter was thrown—Johnson and Knight, the latter was thrown—Olver and Tucker, the former threw his man in such quick time as gained the applause of all present—Thorn and Bennett, the latter was thrown—James Cann and Bowden, the former of course was victorious—Copp and Julyan, the latter was thrown, but received great applause for the manner in which he played Copp, as he was considerably advanced beyond the grand climacteric—Cocks and Middleton, the latter was thrown.

Thus ended the double play, considerably in favour of Devonshire, the winners being as follows:—

DEVON.—J. Cann, Thorn, Batstone, Kerslake, Steers, Pyle, Copp, Mossop (Cumberland), Perry, Avery.

CORNWALL.—Olver, Trewicke, Johnson, and Cocks.

Lots were again drawn, and the men entered for the triple play in the following order:—James Cann and Olver. It was generally supposed that these were the best men of each county, and much interest was excited by the match. Great strength, agility, and science were displayed by both the men. Cann played much better than when he last played with Olver, and succeeded in one instance in throwing him, according to the opinion of many round the ring, but the umpires decided against its being a fair fall; but Cann had quitted the ring, and refused to enter again, considering he had fairly won it.

At the request of several of the noblemen present, however, he again entered the ring, and was thrown. Johnson was then thrown, by Thorn, Batston by Cocks, Kerslake by Trewicke, a rattler in quick time; Perry by Steers, Avery by Pyle, and Mossop by Copp. The latter was an excellent turn; Mossop is a remarkably strong young man, and gave Copp, who is one of the best Wrestlers in London, much trouble; but Copp finally succeeded in throwing him, when the approach of night put an end to the sports.

On Thursday the play was concluded. The seven following men were the only ones that had to play for the five prizes, viz.—

For Cornwall—Olver, Trewicke and Cocks.

For Devon—Steers, Copp, Pyle, and Thorn.

Lots were drawn for the odd man, and also for the manner in which the remaining three couple were to enter the ring. It fell to Pyle's lot to be the odd man, and the remaining six men entered the ring in pairs, as follows:—Olver and Thorn—"a horse to a hen"—the latter thrown in five minutes.—Trewicke and Copp; several foils took place between these men, but the strength of Trewicke proved irresistible, and every time he threw Copp he injured him, till he at length fell an easy victim. Cocks and Steers; the latter was now the only hope of Devon, and though a very clever wrestler, and a fine young man, he found a troublesome customer in Cocks, and for a long time the point was doubtful between them; at length Steers succeeded in throwing him, for which he was loudly applauded.

The winning men of both counties were now brought to a level, there being two for each county, viz.:—Olver and Trewicke for Cornwall; and Steers and Pyle for Devon.

Trewicke and Pyle first entered for the quintuple play. Pyle, as usual, played cautiously, but had not sufficient strength to resist his powerful opponent, whose wonderful strength was the admiration of the ring, and finally gained him a fall; it was, however, so much disputed, that the men again hitched, when Pyle was decisively thrown.

Olver and Steers.—These men excited considerable interest; they were both fine young men, but Olver appeared to have considerably the advantage in point of strength and bulk; he had also dispatched the last man he had wrestled with in quick time, and with little or no exertion; while Steers, on the contrary, had had much trouble in bringing his opponent (Cocks) to his back, and when called upon, had not recovered from the fatigue of his first encounter. He played Olver, however, with great animation and spirit, and received much applause; but he was ultimately thrown, and thus all opposition on the part of Devon was at an end.

Olver and Trewicke being now the only remaining men unthrown, were called upon to contend for the first and second prizes; but Trewicke resigned the point in favor of Olver, declaring his inability to contest it with him, but expressed his willingness to play if the gentlemen required it. After this explanation it was considered unfair to require it, as they were both from one county; and the prizes were adjudged as follows:—Olver, the first, £12; Trewicke, the second, £6; (Steers and Pyle tossed) Steers, the third, £3; Pyle, the fourth, £2; and Copp, the fifth, £1. The double players received 5s. each.

Early in the month of October, 1828, a wrestling-match took place at the grounds of the Eagle Tavern in the City Road, between Olver and Finney, the former a noted wrestler from Cornwall, who has floored all who opposed him since his arrival in London, and the latter an Irishman, who, though he could neither fight, wrestle, or play at single-stick in first-rate style, yet, nevertheless, he has often proved a troublesome customer to scientific professors in all the above games.—With but little knowledge of the art of wrestling, Finney *accidentally, but fairly, threw Abraham Cann, at Leeds*, and having lately supposed himself to have had the best of Olver in a trial of skill at the wrestling-rooms, he challenged him for twenty sovereigns a-side, which Olver accepted, and on Tuesday the men met to decide the point. About four o'clock, after some minor matches, the two principals entered the ring, and began to peel. Olver did not appear to be in good condition, and seemed to lack that confident superiority with which he used formerly to enter the ring. He attempted, as usual, to smile, but it was the smile of disdain at being called upon by one who, without much chance of throwing him, might foil his best endeavours. Finney, while "stacking his duds," conveyed no very cheering hope to his backers—he was remarkably pale, and altogether out of condition. They advanced to the centre of the ring, shook hands, and commenced by violently kicking each other. During the first half hour Olver was said by good judges to have missed two or three opportunities of throwing Finney, and was once near being thrown by him. For forty minutes the play was of the most uninteresting and tedious description, during which Finney appeared to have imparted to the scientific movements of Olver that awkwardness which accompanied his own. At length Finney, who appeared nearly winded, and found no good result from the unmerciful kicking which took place between them, accused Olver of having extra padding under his stockings; this the latter did not deny, but insisted on his right to have it, which was denied by the partisans of Finney, and a warm altercation took place, during which "foul, foul!"—"fair, fair!" was bandied about by their respective partisans, and all was getting "confusion worse confounded," when the articles were called for, and read by a person in the ring. By them it appeared that the match was to be decided by the first two fair back falls out of three, with fair shoe and padding, and Olver was adjudged to slip down his stockings, from out of which two pieces of padding were withdrawn. Before this point was decided a heavy shower of rain delayed the proceedings for another half hour, and threw an additional *damp* on the previously dissatisfied spectators. At length, the rain having abated, the men again set-to upon equal terms with regard to padding; but betting, as at starting, was 2 to 1 on Olver, who finally succeeded in giving Finney the first fall; but it was one of a most unsatisfactory nature, as the receiver did not emit one of those hearty ejaculations which proceed from paviors when handling a rammer, and which convey so much gratification to the amateurs of wrestling: it was given, however, against Finney, who shortly after received another of a similar description, which ended the match in favor of Olver, but redounded little to his previous credit; indeed, he has fallen in the estimation of many for not having defeated Finney in a more masterly manner, and several challenges to both will be the result of their exhibition. Many, however, commented on Olver's play, who would stand little chance in his hands; for, however it may be attempted to deride Finney for his want of skill, it must be allowed that he is a difficult man to throw, and many who will not allow it would find it to be so upon trial. A match between Avery, the journeyman baker, and a young Cornishman, wound up the sports of the afternoon, and afforded more gratification to the spectators than the principal one. The Cornishman appeared to have too much beer on board for an active display of his powers, and lost the match, when Avery threw a mock somerset, which was followed by a challenge from Finney to Olver, to fight him for the same sum (£40), to which no reply was given, and the company separated.

In February, 1829, a Wrestling Match between Olver and Saunders, both Cornishmen, at the Eagle Tavern, in the City Road, which excited considerable interest amongst the supporters of the above Old English Sport.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the grounds were well filled with spectators; and after two or three minor matches had been played, Olver and Saunders entered the ring, to contend for the first two fair back falls out of three, for thirty sovereigns. It was agreed that they should play with their shoes on, and without padding, and a violent kicking-bout was expected; the friends of Saunders relying principally upon his punishing abilities with the shoe, which, they conceived, Olver would not be able to withstand. On coming to the scratch Saunders appeared in fine condition, and in high spirits; but Olver seemed much out of condition, and advanced to shake hands with his opponent with a very desponding aspect. After five foils, and a fine display of science, which occupied nearly half an hour, Saunders succeeded in throwing Olver a fine fall. On setting-to again, Olver showed symptoms of great weakness—he tottered like a child; but his mode of playing was greatly admired. He several times attempted to put in practice those masterly heaves by which he gained so many prizes and so much applause last summer; but, though Saunders is a comparatively light man to some of those whom he had so served, he was unable to lift him from the ground. After fifteen minutes' play, however, he succeeded in throwing Saunders; but the fall was much disputed by the partisans of Saunders, and a violent altercation took place round the ring. The Umpires, however, decided the point in favor of Olver. During the resting-time between the falls, Olver's backer took him into the house, and procured him some refreshment; Saunders remained in the ring. On the return of Olver, the trial for the last fall was resumed with more confidence on the part of Olver, who tried to carry Saunders over with the inner crook, but failed; he then struck him with the fore hip, but in this he failed also; at length he seized Saunders by the middle, and, by a desperate effort, turned his heels up in the air, and threw him with great violence a fine fall, amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the spectators, many of whom declared they had never seen a finer fall. The friends of Saunders blame him for not having kicked him enough; but in justice to Olver we must say that he never once flinched from the punishment inflicted on him, nor was the kicking on either side so violent as was expected.

Early in March, 1829, the second Wrestling Match for the season also took place at the above Tavern in the City Road, and the muster was very strong of Cornish and Devonshire patrons. The match was betwixt James Copp, a Devonian, and Francis Olver, of Cornwall. Fifteen sovereigns a-side was the sum to be contended for, the two first back-falls of three, and to be played in the Devonshire style, with fair shoe and padding. Copp was the favorite with nine-tenths of those present; but the well-known tactics of his adversary prevented much betting. Several minor bouts for small prizes were first played to amuse the spectators; and, at four o'clock, Copp, who showed prime condition, threw his hat into the ring, amidst loud cheers. Olver followed his example, but was not so well received. He, however, looked confident, and much better than when he played Saunders. After shaking hands, a sharp turn at off-kicking took place, each man waiting an opportunity to make a favorite hitch. After several feints Olver succeeded in getting a hold, and they both grappled, Olver playing for the fore-hip, and Copp using his best caution as a preventive. In this manner several foils took place, and at length Olver was on the point of trying the heave, when Copp, whose fingers had become twisted in his antagonist's jacket, and one of his nails torn down to the quick, cried out, in some little agony, "stop, stop." In an instant Olver resigned his advantage, and left his man at liberty. On again setting-to, Copp went to work, but Olver was immovable, and showed himself the stronger man: after a severe struggle Copp was thrown on his side, Olver falling at the same time. In another attempt to strike the fore-hip, Olver suffered Copp again to make his inner crook, the movement on which he depended for ultimate success; but it was all wrong, for Olver, being unable to extricate himself, by a masterly manœuvre hooked Copp's other leg, and giving him at the same time a peculiar turn, threw him flat on his back in his own play, and fell rather heavily on him. The Coppites cried "foul," but both Umpires decided it a fair back fall. The second turn commenced after a lapse of ten minutes, and, for a short time, the off-kicking was again resorted to. The bout lasted half-an-hour, and was equally well contested with the first, the foils being nearly equal, and the play very superior to what is generally seen; but the fall was ultimately won by Copp, who made his lock as usual, and Olver was brought down in attempting the successful manœuvre practised in the previous turn. The friends of Copp offered slight odds on his winning the third fall, which were taken. When the third bout began, both men went to work in a desperate manner, with mutual success, until "bellows to mend" caused them to pause a little for breath. Again they grappled, and, in a struggle, Olver seized Copp round the waist, and was gathering him in a fine position for the "home ting," but, having inadvertently grasped the handkerchief bound round Copp's body, he was compelled, by the rules of fair play, to relinquish his hold, and was consequently left open for an instant to his opponent, who threw him a heavy side-fall. After this turn, Olver seemed to show weakness, and although he foiled all Copp's attempts, yet, when he had two fine opportunities to make the heave, he could not stir Copp from the ground, and barely saved himself. Copp saw his advantage, and tried to make the most of it; he went in sharply, got a good firm hold, obtained the usual crook, and was trying it on strong, when Olver's jacket slipped over his head, and he was free. (Loud laughter.) Another severe struggle followed this, until both came down together, neither on their backs, but in such a position that the partisans of each insisted that their man had won the fall. A scene of shocking confusion followed, in the midst of which Copp left the ring; but Olver kept his ground, and, when silence could be obtained, the Umpires distinctly asserted that no fall had taken place. Copp was immediately informed of their decision, but he said he had thrown his man, and refused to return or wrestle any more. Olver remained several minutes in the ring, but, finding his opponent did not return, said he should of course claim the stakes; and having also stated that he was ready to make a match with Copp for £50 or £100, and play within a month, he also retired. Olver had the stakes given to him.

At the Eagle Tavern, City Road, in April, 1829, a match took place for £20, between PHILIP PYLE and WILLIAM ARCHER. In appearance Archer exhibited no superiority over his veteran antagonist, except his youth; but when they grappled his strength was evidently superior. Pyle, who has always been considered a heavy kicker, commenced with some severe visitations to the padded shins of his antagonist, who, nothing loath, repaid him in his own coin, and apparently had the best of it, as Pyle appeared to be the first to fight shy. After playing twenty-five minutes, Archer took the inner crook with his left leg, and, although Pyle put every manœuvre in execution to slip it, he could not, nor could he prevent himself from receiving as fair a back fall as was ever, perhaps, witnessed in the London ring. When the second bout commenced, Archer made almost instant play, and again locked Pyle's right leg, but the latter disengaged himself very adroitly, and threw Archer a foil, which was much applauded. Archer got a little more on his mettle after this, and went to work desperately; but Pyle's coolness did not for a moment forsake him; and although it was now quite evident, even to himself, that he was overmatched, yet the manner in which he continued to save his back when repeatedly floored with the toe, was the admiration of the ring.—Once only did Pyle attempt to lead, but it was no go; and the only hope of his friends was that he might tire the young one; but this hope was futile; and at the expiration of three quarters of an hour, after doing all that man could to protract the struggle, and get half a chance, Pyle was again thrown, by the same lock, a second indisputable back fall, and lost the match.—Archer played without a shoe on the right foot, and the manner in which Pyle kept out, prevented any extraordinary display of tactics. He is, however, a first-rate player, and the amateurs present appeared highly satisfied with the match.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND WRESTLING FOR A SILVER CUP AND OTHER PRIZES.—On Good Friday, in 1829, the annual Wrestling and Leaping Matches for ten distinct prizes, raised by Subscription, and only allowed to be played for by natives of the above counties, took place at the Eyre Arms Tavern, St. John's Wood, in the presence of an immense assemblage of spectators, whom the fineness of the morning and the usual superiority of the sports had attracted to the grounds. The prizes consisted of a silver cup (the grand prize) value £20, six silver snuff-boxes, two handsome gold seals, and a chased gold watch-key, of the value of thirty shillings, the latter to be awarded to one of ten candidates who should cover the greatest quantity of ground in two hops and a leap. The grand prize was a beautiful piece of workmanship, shaped as a vase, and made to contain a quart; the outside richly ornamented, and the inside gilt. On one side appeared the figures of two men wrestling, over which was the motto, "The labour itself is a pleasure;" and on the other side, "Grand Prize, played for by natives of Cumberland and Westmoreland only, April 17th, 1829." Within the lid of each box was engraved its number as a prize, and the date.—Soon after twelve o'clock the sports were commenced with the hopping; and, after a very excellent display, the gold key was awarded to a native of Cumberland. For the Wrestling prizes nearly two hundred candidates entered their names on the Committee's list; and after some of the finest play ever witnessed (in the style peculiar to the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, which is widely different from the usual Cornish and Devonshire modes of wrestling, but of which our limits will not allow us to enter into a detail), four prizes were adjudged as follows.—The grand prize to Joseph Dobson, of Cubbom, Westmoreland.—A silver snuff-box, beautifully chased, value £12, to Joseph Stamper, of Keswick, Cumberland.—A plain silver snuff-box, value £8, to Joseph Wells, also of Keswick.—A silver box, value £5, to William Robinson, of Highcomb, Westmoreland.—The five remaining prizes were then played for in a second bout by the losing men in the first play; and, notwithstanding the unwelcome visitations of several April showers, every turn was admirably contested, and the final decision was protracted until near night-fall, when they were awarded by the Committee in the following manner:—A chased silver snuff-box to Timothy Dobson, a relative of the fortunate winner of the silver cup.—2nd. A plain silver snuff-box to John Elwood, of Appleby, Cumberland. — 3rd. A silver box, of less value, to John Hick, of Cumberland.—4th. A chased gold seal to Thomas Foy, of Westmoreland.—5th. A plain gold seal, to Miles Dodd, of Westmoreland. The company, which was highly respectable, departed highly gratified with the sports; and the Committee, with a very numerous party of friends, afterwards partook of an excellent dinner, served up in Messrs. Hinton and Bailey's best style, and did not separate until a late hour.

In the middle of July, 1829, the Eagle Tavern, in the City Road, was again the scene of Sporting events for five days in succession. These games would be much more numerously attended than they are, were it not for the uninteresting and unnecessary delay of making standards. In the present instance the making of the standards was not completed before nine o'clock on Wednesday evening, and much dissatisfaction was expressed by the spectators, to appease whom the conductors were under the necessity of beginning the double play at that late hour; and Benjamin Sambell, and Samuel Steers were called on to oppose each other—the former a Cornishman, and the latter a Devonshire man, both of first-rate science; and from that moment the games became lively, and far more interesting than they had previously been. Two or three foils took place between them, one of which was so much in favor of Sambell, that he considered himself hardly dealt with in not having it adjudged to him as a fall. He was shortly afterwards thrown. Thorn and Howard, both of Devonshire, were then called on; and, after a pretty turn, Howard was thrown. This ended the sports of Wednesday. We cannot omit to notice, however, a most interesting turn that took place in the course of that day, between Olver and Trewicke, both Cornishmen, and extremely jealous of each other. Meeting on the ground, and eager to decide the point at issue, they entered the ring amid the plaudits of their friends. Three foils took place, the first in favor of Trewicke, but the two following, and finally the fall, were decidedly in favor of Olver, whose superiority was very apparent, and who has thus decided a point upon which the amateurs of wrestling were much divided.

On Thursday the double-play was renewed, and in the commencement it appeared to be all in favor of the men of Devon: but as the play advanced the best men on both sides were called into action, commencing with Saunders, of Cornwall, and Jones, of Devon, when the latter was thrown, after an excellent display of the science. James Cann, of Devon, and Olver, of Cornwall, were then called, and entered the ring amid loud cheers, as the hopes of their respective counties appeared to depend on the result of their contest; and Cann seemed to hold the opinion that he had not been fairly thrown by Olver at their last meeting. In about ten minutes, however, Olver threw him by one of those high fore-hips, which appear to be so dangerous to himself to try, but which, he assures us, are perfectly safe and effective, and of which, indeed, he gave ocular demonstration. Wrayford, Devon—who, with James Cann, had been brought up from Devon, with a strong hope of their getting the first and second prizes—was then called on to oppose James Rook, of Cornwall; but he fared no better than his friend Cann, which blighted all the hopes of the Devonians, as both their champions are thus altogether thrown out of any share of the prizes. Olver caught Rook up in his arms, as if he had been a child, and carried him out of the ring in triumph, while the exultation of the Cornishmen knew no bounds.—The above noble game still maintains its ground with unabated patronage, and numbers of *young* WRESTLERS are continually arriving from the country, not only to obtain the standard of excellence (the LONDON stamp), but also to have a *shy* for the prizes offered by Mr. Rouse, of the Eagle Tavern, City Road, and other persons.—*More anon.*

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# PIERCE EGAN'S
# BOOK OF SPORTS.

No. XXII.] [*Price Three Pence.*

## THE CRICKETERS.

Now, LIFE, to *me*, has always seem'd a GAME—
  Not a mere game of *chance*, but one where skill
    Will often throw the chances in our way—
Just like (my favorite sport) the GAME OF CRICKET;
  Where, tho' the match be well contested, still,
A steady player, careful of his fame,
  May have a *good long* INNINGS, with fair play,
Whoever bowls, or stops, or keeps the wicket.

THE above manly and noble game of Cricket may be considered, without the fear of contradiction, one of the truly denominated BRITISH SPORTS; indeed, it may be said,

'Tis English, Sirs! from top to toe!

The game having originated with our ancestors in Great Britain; and for the last sixty years it has not only obtained the support of the nobility of the highest class in the kingdom, but also the flattering patronage of Royalty.

The late King, George IV., when Prince of Wales, was so much attached to the noble Game of Cricket, that he ordered a piece of ground to be railed in at Brighton, contiguous to the Pavilion, and called the Prince's Cricket ground; and which retains its name and situation to the present day. Upon the above ground some very celebrated matches have been contested; and in which several personages of great notoriety have exhibited their talents with the *bat* and *ball*. The late Lord Barrymore, who unfortunately lost his life owing to his blunderbuss accidentally discharging its contents, as he was ascending his Phæton, very often appeared amongst the celebrated "ELEVENS," at that period in high repute all over the kingdom, as *crack* players.

Here also the late DUKE of RICHMOND, then well-known as the thorough-bred, affable, jolly, good-natured, and high-spirited Colonel Lennox, anxious at all times to keep the game alive, a most distinguished cricketer, and a great lover and patron of athletic sports upon all occasions, displayed his knowledge of the game: indeed, for a foot-race, or a standing or running jump, his agility and great speed were so very conspicuous, that few men in the kingdom could compete with the late Duke of Richmond, at the period alluded to, with any thing like a chance of success; and, to the last hour of his life, the above buoyancy of good spirits never deserted him. In Canada his Grace was quite a model for life and activity for all the young officers; indeed, the company of the late Duke of Richmond (who did not at all appear to feel the infirmities of age) was so much admired for the *de guiete de cœur*, which he always possessed, that he was surrounded by the 'young ones' at all times, who had the permission to visit his Grace.

The liberal-minded, late patriotic **Duke** of **Bedford**, whose statue in Russel-square must always remind the passer-by of his Grace's noble qualities, and sincere attachment to the cause of liberty, was a great supporter of the game of cricket, and all other athletic sports.

The late **Duke** of **Hamilton**, of sporting notoriety, was acknowledged a first-rate cricketer, and the *best bowlers* found much difficulty to derange his stumps; and there was a mark in Lord's Old Ground, called the Duke's stroke; it was an unusual length, measuring, from the wicket, to where the ball first fell, 132 yards, a circumstance scarcely paralleled.

### VERSES IN PRAISE OF CRICKET.[*]

*By the Rev. M. Cotton.*

Assist all ye muses, and join to rehearse
An old English sport, never prais'd yet in verse;
'Tis Cricket I sing of, illustrious in fame,—
No nation e'er boasted so noble a game.

Great Pindar has bragg'd of his heroes of old—
Some were swift in the race, some in battle were bold;
The brows of the victors with olive were crown'd;
Hark! they shout, and Olympia returns the glad sound!

What boasting of Castor and Pollux, his brother!
The one fam'd for riding—for bruising the other!
Compar'd with our heroes they'll not shine at all;
What were Castor and Pollux to Nyren and Small.[*]

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[*] To Mr. T. W. **Bower**, Mathematical Master in Winchester College, we are indebted for the MS. of the above song, written above half a century since by the Rev. Mr. **Cotton** (observes *Mr. Samuel Maunder*, a gentleman of considerable research, and whose recently published Universal Dictionary reflects the highest credit on his persevering disposition and extensive mind) who at that time was the Master of Hyde Abbey School, in that city. Instead of offering any excuse for giving it a place in "*Death's Doings*," we think we may fairly urge the following as reasons why it ought not to be withheld:—first, that it is eloquent in the praise of the game of cricket; secondly, that it not only commemorates the successful prowess of the far-famed Hambledon Club, which at one time was the pride of Hampshire, and the envy of "all England," but affords us an opportunity of introducing a biographical sketch of the last survivor of the original members of that club; and thirdly, that its author was the conductor of a school which has had the honor of enrolling in its list of pupils, many talented youths who, in after-life, have filled the most distinguished stations, of which we may (without appearing invidious to others) adduce a brilliant example in the person of the present enlightened Secretary of State, the Right Hon. George Canning.

[*] The whole of the Hambledon Club have now been bowled down by death; Mr. John Small, sen., of Petersfield, Hants., who was the *last* survivor of the original members, having terminated his mortal career on the 31st of December, 1826, aged nearly ninety.

The *great* have their historians, and why should not the *small?* Nay, since every one in the present day exercises his right of publishing his "reminiscences," if he can but find a bookseller who is bold enough to venture on the speculation, we trust we shall stand excused for preserving a few stray notices of this venerable cricketer, whose exploits were once the theme of universal praise, and whose life was as amiable as his station was humble.

John Small, sen., the celebrated cricketer, was born at Empshott, on the 19th of April, 1737, and went to Petersfield when about six years of age, where he afterwards followed the trade of a shoemaker for several years; but being remarkably fond of cricket, and excelling most of his contemporaries in that manly amusement, he relinquished his former trade, and practised the making of bats and balls, in the art of which he became equally proficient as in the use of them; and, accordingly, we find that these articles of his manufacture were, in the course of a short time, in request wherever the game of cricket was known.

Mr. Small was considered the surest batsman of his day, and as a fieldsman, he was decidedly without an equal. On one occasion, in a match made either by the Duke of Dorset, or Sir Horace Mann (for we cannot exactly call to mind which), England against the Hambledon Club, Mr. Small was *in* three whole days, though opposed to some of the best players in the kingdom—nor did he at last lose his wicket, his ten mates having all had their wickets put down. At another time, in a five-of-a-side match, played in the Artillery-ground, he got seventy-five runs at his first innings, and went in the last mate for seven runs, which it is hardly necessary to say, were soon scored. On this occasion, the Duke of Dorset being desirous of complimenting him for his skill, and knowing that Small was as passionately fond of music as he was of cricket, he made him a present of a fine violin, which he played upon many years, and which is now made use of by his grandson.

We shall not, however, enter into a detail of the numerous proofs he gave of his skill as a cricketer, nor of the flattering testimonies of approbation he at various times received from the patrons of the game: suffice it to state, that the first *County* match he played in was in the year 1755, and that he continued playing in all the grand matches till after he was seventy.

Mr. Small was also an excellent sportsman, and capital shot. He held the deputation of the Manor of Greatham and Foley for many years, as game-keeper under Madame Beckford, and retained it under her son and successor, till the property was parted with, which did not happen till Small was nearly seventy years of age; yet, such was his strength and activity at that time of life, that, before he began his day's amusement, he regularly took his tour of seven miles, frequently doing execution with his gun, which to relate would appear almost incredible.

We ought also to mention that among other active exercises for which Mr. Small was famed, was that of skating—those who have witnessed his evolutions on Petersfield Heath Pond, (a fine sheet of water, a mile in circumference) have no hesitation in pronouncing him equal to any who have figured away on the Serpentine, how much soever they may have "astonished the natives."

Here's guarding, and catching, and running, and crossing,
And batting, and bowling, and throwing, and tossing;
Each mate must excel in some principal part,—
The Panttahlon of Greece never show'd so much art.

The parties are met and array'd all in white;
Fam'd Elis ne'er boasted so pleasing a sight;
Each nymph looks askew at her favourite swain,
And views him, half stripped, both with pleasure and pain.

The wickets are pitch'd now, and measur'd the ground,
Then they form a large ring and stand gazing around;
Since Ajax fought Hector in sight of all Troy,
No contest was seen with such fear and such joy.

Ye bowlers take heed—to my precepts attend;
On you the whole fate of the game must depend;
Spare your vigour at first, nor exert all your strength,
Then measure each step and be sure pitch a length.

Ye fieldsmen look sharp! lest your pains ye beguile,
Move close, like an army, in rank and in file;
When the ball is returned, back it sure—for I trow,
Whole states have been ruin'd by one overthrow.

And when the game's o'er, I O victory rings!
Echo doubles her chorus and Fame spreads her wings;
Let's now hail our champions, all steady and true,
Such as Homer ne'er sung of, nor Pindar e'er knew.

Birch,* Curry,* and Hogsflesh,* and Barber,* and Brett,*
Whose swiftness in bowling was ne'er equall'd yet:
I had almost forgot—they deserve a large bumper,
Little George* the long stop, and Tom Suetor* the stumper.

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But we turn from Mr. Small's athletic amusements to notice his taste for music; and, though we cannot say that his excellence as a musician was equal to his excellence as a cricketer, still, among his compeers he was pre-eminent; and, we have no doubt, that to the soothing power of music he was not a little indebted for the equanimity of temper he possessed, and the tranquil delight he felt in the company of his friends—for those who knew him can conscientiously declare that no man was more remarkable for playful wit, cheerful conversation, or inoffensive manners.

So early did he display his taste for music, that at fourteen years of age, he played the bass at Petersfield choir, of which choir he continued a member about *seventy-five years,* having performed on the tenor violin there within the last twelve months, and that too without the aid of spectacles. After what has been said it will not be a matter of surprise to hear that Mr. Small was highly respected by all the gentlemen who patronized cricket; and, as they knew nothing could gratify him more, they frequently joined in a concert with his musical friends after cricket was over for the day.

His two surviving sons, John and Eli, not only inherit his love for the game, but the first mentioned particularly excels in it, and both are equally celebrated for their musical attainments; indeed, during their father's life this musical trio ranked high among the performers at all the amateur concerts in the neighbourhood.

O that our readers would but tolerate our "fond garrulity," for much could we yet inform them concerning John Small! We should delight in telling them that he was not merely a *player* on the violincello and violin, but that he was both a *maker* and a *mender* of them! with pleasure should we descant on his mechanical, as well as his musical skill, and show that his proficiency in each was the result of his own untutored ingenuity, proving that he had a natural genius for fiddle-making, as well as for bat and ball-making. We should bring proof that he once made a violincello, aye, and a right good one too, which he sold for two guineas—nay, we should further prove, that the old instrument which his son, the present John Small, plays on at church every Sunday, (made by Andria Weber, Genoa, 1713) was thoroughly repaired by him, and an entire new belly put thereto, and that since it has been so repaired, an eminent professor has pronounced it to be worth as many guineas as would reach from one end of it to the other. We should . . . . . . . . . but we have not forgotten the old proverb, which says, "too much of a good thing is good for nothing;" and we desist, fearing that too much *may* be said even of our old friend John Small. But, notwithstanding our deference to the proverb, and our wish to be as taciturn as possible, there is *one* more musical anecdote which we must be allowed to narrate, inasmuch as it not only shows that our praises of his skill are by no means exaggerated, but because it cannot fail to be regarded as a corroboration of a most important fact—the influence of music upon the brute creation—or to speak in the language of the poet, an additional proof that

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage *beast!*"

In his younger days, Mr. Small was in the habit of attending balls and concerts; sometimes contributing to the delight of the gay votaries of Tepsichore—at others forming one of the instrumental band, which met for the gratification of himself and his amateur friends. Returning one evening with a musical companion from a concert in the neighbourhood, they were rather suddenly saluted, when in the middle of a large field, by a *bull,* who, in no very gentle mood, gave them reason to believe that, to insure their safety, they must either hit upon some expedient to allay his rage, or make a hasty retreat. Mr. Small's companion adopted the latter plan; but our hero, like a true believer in the miraculous power of Orpheus, and confiding in his own ability to produce such tones as should charm the infuriate animal into lamb-like docility, boldly faced him, and began to play a lively tune. Scarcely had the catgut vibrated, when the bull suddenly stopped, and listened with evident signs of pleasure and attention. The skilful master of the bow, felt a secret satisfaction on discovering so unquestionable a proof of the influence of sweet sounds; and, continuing to play, while he gradually retreated towards the gate, quietly followed by the bull, he there gave his quadruped auditor an example of his agility by leaping over it, and unceremoniously left him to bewail the loss of so agreeable a concert.

Having thus given such *memorabilia,* in the life of Mr. John Small, as we conceive ought to be handed down to posterity, and (with humility be it spoken) hoping to obtain some distinction for ourselves in this necrological, autobiographical, and reminiscent age, we shall close our remarks by observing that so great a *degree* of health and vigour did Mr. Small uninterruptedly enjoy, that even during the last three or four years of his life he took the most active exercise as a sportsman, and frequently followed the hounds on *foot!*

Thus it will be seen, that by an attention to temperance and exercise, and by encouraging cheerfulness and equanimity of temper, a man may still attain the age of a patriarch, enjoying to the last, health of body, peace of mind, and the rational amusements of life.

Were we to write his epitaph, it should be an unlabored composition of quaint simplicity, just such a one as the parish clerk himself would indite—something, for example, after the following fashion:—

Here lies, bowl'd out by DEATH's unerring ball,
A CRICKETER renowned, by name JOHN SMALL;
But though his name was *small,* yet *great* his fame,
For nobly did he play the "noble game."
His *life* was like his *innings*—long and good;
Full ninety summers he had DEATH withstood,
At length the *ninetieth* winter came—when (Fate
Not leaving him one solitary *mate.)*
This last of *Hambledonians,* old JOHN SMALL,
*Gave up* his BAT and BALL—his LEATHER, *wax* and *all.*

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* Part of the Hambledon Club.

Then why should we fear either Sackville[*] or Mann,[*]
Or repine at the loss of Baynton, or Lann!
With such troops as these we'll be lords of the game,
Spite of Miller,[*] and Minchin,[*] and Lumpy,[*] and
Frame.[*]

Then fill up your glasses! he's best that drinks most!
Here's the Hambledon Club! who refuses the toast?
Let us join in the praise of the bat and the wicket,
And sing in full chorus the patrons of CRICKET.

When we've play'd our *last game*, and our fate shall
draw nigh,
(For the heroes of Cricket, like others, must die,)
Our bats we'll resign, neither troubled nor vext,
And give up our wickets to those that come next.[†]

It might be asked, why is cricket supposed to be a modern game, and to have originated from the club-ball, which nearly resembles golf?—Because, according to Strutt, the appellation cannot be traced beyond the commencement of the last century, where it occurs in one of D'Urfey's songs:—

He was the prettiest fellow,
At foot-ball or at cricket;
At hunting-race, or nimble race,
How featly he could prick it!

"Of all the popular pastimes to which the ball has given origin (and they are numerous), observe the Editors of the *Percy Anecdotes*, the game of cricket is the most pleasant and manly exercise. It is a sport of very recent date, and its appellation cannot be traced beyond the commencement of the eighteenth century.

"The Persians had a similar game, but performed on horseback, called *chugan*, which was a favorite recreation of kings and chiefs, and was originally considered as almost peculiar to illustrious personages, though it afterwards became universally practised throughout Persia. Chardin describes it as one of the popular amusements, admitting thirty or forty persons, formed into two parties, to engage at once. The object of those who played was to drive a ball made of light wood through the goal, by means of sticks, having semicircular or straight transverse heads; while the contending parties, governed by certain prescribed laws, and striking only when at full gallop, endeavoured to bear off the ball. Of this game there were several kinds.

"Reduced to a pedestrian exercise, and under various denominations, this game seems to have been widely diffused throughout Europe; and we may perhaps trace it in the cricket of England, the golf or gough of Scotland, and the hurling matches of Ireland. Pietro della Valle discovered it in the Florentine *calcio;* and the original name of *chugan* appears but slightly disguised in the *chicane* of Languedoc, where the game is played as in Persia, with a wooden ball and a club, headed like a mallet or hammer. A similar game, in which women as well as men partake, is a favorite amusement in Chili, and is there called *la chuca*. The game often lasts a whole evening, and sometimes is forced to be put off to another day.

"Of late years cricket has become, in England, exceedingly fashionable, being much patronized by the nobility and gentlemen of fortune, who frequently join in the diversion. In the cricket-ground in Mary-le-bonne, called Lord's Ground, there are frequently matches, which are played by gentlemen of the first families in the kingdom; and there is not, perhaps, a county that has not several cricket clubs."

To which might be added, the great interest attached to cricket-matches in general, at "Lord's" Ground, will warrant something more than the mere comparison of numbers and names of the gamesters. Besides, so much is the truly "noble" pastime in question now scientifically studied—so popular has it become with the rich as well as the humble—the lord as the lacquey—the landlord as the tenant—that observations made by *experience*, and drawn, as these are, from practical sources, must be read with attention, and received with sincerity. It also appears that, within the last three or four years, an English Cricket Club has been formed at Paris; it is called the Albion Club, and is composed principally of the young sprigs of the aristocracy. Several grand matches have been played on the plains of Morceaux; and although the weather was at times unfavorable, the ground was attended by a very numerous and fashionable assemblage, chiefly French, who seemed to take great interest in the contest. It does not seem probable that this English Sport will ever be adopted by the French, although they acknowledge that it is better calculated to improve health than the gymnasiums which they have so much encouraged. With horse-racing it is different. They can here gratify their propensity to gambling, as the excitement is greater than at cricket-matches; and their vanity is piqued by a competition with the English, in which, as the breed of horses is actively promoting in France, they expect ultimately to be the victors. But to return to England, where the exhilarating game of cricket will always be admired, in which exercise may be combined with delight and amusement, as well by the noble and distinguished amateur, as by the more humble participator in the sport. That this noble game has of late considerably increased in attraction, and become a most favorite amusement among men distinguished for rank and wealth, as well as by other classes of society, may clearly be perceived from the recent revival of old, and the formation of new clubs throughout the kingdom. The Royal Clarence Club, at Hampton, instituted under the patronage of his present Majesty, when he was the Duke of Clarence, has now to boast of between one and two hundred members, the major part of whom are entitled to be ranked as superior and scientific players of the game of cricket. Besides the Mary-le-bonne, the Old Westminster, Brighton, Arundel, Epsom, Enfield, Harrow, Eton, Bury, Suffolk, Woolwich, and numerous other clubs in Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, Essex, Herts, Hants, York, &c., &c., Norfolk has also to boast of four fine grounds, one at Norwich, a second at Dereham, a third on the Swaffham race-course, and a fourth at Gunton, in the park of Lord Suffield, their president; and the following is a list of the gentlemen players who may be often seen during the season exercising their talents in the game of cricket at Lord's Ground:—Lord W. Thynne, Lord C. Russel, Sir. T. Ormsby, Colonel Lowther, Captain Loftus, Captain Mackinnon, Aislabie, Wodehouse, Jones, Jenner, Nicholl, Montague, Lloyd, Deedes, Howard, Esqrs.: Major Cowell, Honorable F. Curzon, Greville, Ladbroke, Lloyd, Howard, Kinscole, Appleyard, Barnet, Romilly, Esqrs., Howard, and Caldecourt. Lord Strathaven, Wodehouse, Ward, Hoare, Wells, Barnard, Sanson, Davidson, Mills, J. Dolphin, Esqrs., Burt and Cobbett. In addition to which, the out-and-outers are often selected to join in various matches—such as Lillywhite, Matthews, Searle, J. Broadbridge, and Saunders: also Pilch, Marsden, &c.

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[*] All England men.

[†] And yet, although old Messieurs DEATH and TIME
Are sure to come off winners in *the end!*
There's something in this '*game* of LIFE' that's pleasant;
For though "to die!" in verse may sound sublime,
(*Blank* verse I mean, of course—not doggrel rhyme),
Such is the love I bear for LIFE and CRICKET,
Either at single or at double wicket,
I'd rather play a good long game—and spend
My time agreeably with some kind friend,
Than throw my bat and ball up—JUST AT PRESENT!

The formation of the above club, in 1828, was thus announced, through the medium of *Bell's Life in London*, to the public:—"We hear, with unfeigned pleasure, that a grand cricket-club has been formed at Hampton, consisting of eighty-one members, at the head of which is the Lord High Admiral, who, with a feeling every way consistent with his manly character, thinks he cannot render more service to his country than by encouraging those hardy games which are calculated to improve the stamina and increase the confidence of its people, in preference to lending his countenance to those '*petit maitre*' amusements, which tend to debase, as well as to demoralize the rising generation. In the club in question, some of the most distinguished names in the country are enrolled; and we have no doubt that so noble an example will soon find abundance of imitators. Moulsey Hurst is chosen as the head quarters of the club, and men are now actively engaged in levelling and laying down a suitable area of turf. The club will play every week during the season. Marquees will be pitched on the Hurst, and lunches will be furnished alternately by the hosts of the Red Lion and the Bell; and the members will dine together once a fortnight, at the Toy, at Hampton Court. On the opening] dinner, we understand, the Duke of Clarence has graciously promised to take the chair. *This is indeed going back to the good old practices of our forefathers*; and, if we have not tilts and tournaments, we shall have our Knights and Squires contending with equal zeal for superiority in these athletic games, which, in times of yore, placed Englishmen of the highest rank superior to all competitors, our KINGS themselves not disdaining to throw a fall, or handle their quarter-staff. His present Majesty was very partial to cricket, and in his youth frequently played at the Islington ground. He was an excellent batsman."

The celebrated IZAAK WALTON was elaborate in his praises on the *Art of Angling*; *Roger Ascham*, equally animated on the delightful sport of *Archery*; and other sportsmen upon fox-hunting, horse-racing, &c.; therefore no apology is required to make extracts from those writers who have devoted some small portion of their time to celebrate the advantages accruing to the human frame from the manly and noble game of CRICKET; which not only removes every thing like lassitude or debility from the constitution, but it gives energy to the mind, raises the spirits, and creates a sort of ambition in the breasts of those individuals who are fond of the sport, to obtain the title of A GOOD CRICKETER. A match at cricket is quite A FEATURE in many villages in different parts of England, and a complete holiday altogether. Challenges are given and received from one parish to another, with all the high-sounding rivalry worthy of a higher cause;—but to obtain a VICTORY,—yes, the VICTORY, appears of more importance, as a lasting token of the success of such a parish in their memories, than the taking of a town or a city from an enemy. But the *interest* and *character* of the above games has been so admirably, not to say *dramatically* represented by a female author, that we should be neglectful upon the present occasion, were we to pass it over.

"I doubt if there be any scene in the world more animating or delightful than a cricket-match," says Miss Mitford, in the first volume of "OUR VILLAGE," where she describes—"not a set match at Lord's Ground for money," but—"a real solid old-fashioned match between neighbouring parishes, where each attacks the other for honour and a supper, glory and half-a-crown a man." Indeed, so full of genuine character—so expressive of rustic feelings—and, altogether, so admirably well related, is her history of a country cricket-match, that we are irresistibly led to quote a very considerable portion of it Miss M. writes, as will be seen, not only with all the ardour of a partisan, but like one who well understands the subject.

"Thus ran our list:—William Grey, 1.—Samuel Long, 2.—James Brown, 3.—George and John Simmons, one capital, the other so, so,—an uncertain hitter, but a good fieldsman, 5.—Joel Brent, excellent, 6.—Ben Appleton—

Here was a little pause—Ben's abilities at cricket were not completely ascertained; but then he was so good a fellow, so full of fun and waggery! no doing without Ben. So he figured in the list, 7.—George Harris—a short halt there too! Slowish—slow, but sure. I think the proverb brought him in, 8.—Tom Coper—oh, beyond the world, Tom Coper! the red-headed gardening lad, whose left-handed strokes send *her* (a cricket-ball, like that other moving thing, a ship, is always of the feminine gender), send her spinning a mile, 9.—Robert Willis, another blacksmith, 10.

"We had now ten of our eleven, but the choice of the last occasioned some demur. Three young Martins, rich farmers in the neighbourhod, successively presented themselves, and were all rejected by our independent and impartial general for want of merit—*cricketal* merit. 'Not good enough,' was his pithy answer. Then our worthy neighbour, the half-pay lieutenant, offered his services—he, too, though with some hesitation and modesty, was refused—'Not quite young enough, was his sentence. John Strong, the exceedingly long son of our dwarfish mason, was the next candidate,—a nice youth,—every body likes John Strong,—and a willing, but so tall and so limp, bent in the middle—a thread-paper, six feet-high! We were all afraid that, in spite of his name, his strength would never hold out. 'Wait till next year, John,' quoth William Grey, with all the dignified seniority of twenty speaking to eighteen. 'Coper's a year younger,' said John. 'Coper's a foot shorter,' replied William; so John retired; and the eleventh man remained unchosen, almost till the eleventh hour. The eve of the match arrived, and the post was still vacant, when a little boy of fifteen, David Willis, brother to Robert, admitted by accident to the last practice, saw eight of them out, and was voted in by acclamation.

"That Sunday evening's practice (for Monday was the important day) was a period of great anxiety, and, to say the truth, of great pleasure. There is something strangely delightful in the innocent spirit of party. To be one of a numerous body, to be authorised to say *we*, to have a rightful interest in triumph, or defeat, is gratifying at once to social feeling and to personal pride. There was not a ten-year old urchin, or a septuagenary woman in the parish, who did not feel an additional importance, a reflected consequence, in speaking of 'our side.' An election interests in the same way; but that feeling is less pure. Money is there, and hatred, and politics, and lies. Oh, to be a voter, or a voter's wife, comes nothing near the genuine and hearty sympathy of belonging to a parish, breathing the same air, looking on the same trees, listening to the same nightingales! Talk of a patriotic elector!—Give me a parochial patriot, a man who loves his parish! Even we, the female partisans, may partake the common ardour. I am sure I did. I never, though tolerably eager and enthusiastic at all times, remember being in a more delicious state of excitation than on the eve of that battle. Our hopes waxed stronger and stronger. Those of our players who were present, were excellent. William Grey got forty notches off his own bat; and that brilliant hitter, Tom Coper, gained eight from two successive balls. As the evening advanced, too, we had encouragement of another sort. A spy, who had been despatched to reconnoitre the enemy's quarters, returned from their practising ground, with a most consolatory report. 'Really,' said Charles Grover, our intelligencer—a fine old steady judge, one who had played well in his day—'they are no better than so many old women. Any five of ours would beat their eleven.' This sent us to bed in high spirits.

"Morning dawned less favourably. The sky promised a series of deluging showers, and kept its word, as English skies were wont to do on such occasions; and a lamentable message arrived at the head quarters from our trusty comrade, Joel Brent. His master, a great farmer, had begun the hay-harvest that very morning, and Joel, being as eminent in one field as in another, could not be spared. Imagine Joel's plight! the most ardent of all our eleven! a knight held back from the tourney! a soldier from the battle! The poor swain was inconsolable. At last, one who is always ready to do a good-natured action, great or little, set forth to back his petition; and, by dint of appealing to the public spirit of our worthy neighbour, and the state of the barometer, talking alternately of the parish honour and thunder-showers, of lost matches and sopped hay, he carried his point, and returned triumphantly with the delighted Joel.

"In the meantime we became sensible of another defalcation. On calling over our roll Brown was missing; and the spy of the preceding night, Charles Grover—the universal scout and messenger of the village, a man who will run half a dozen miles for a pint of beer, who does errands for the very love of the trade, who, if he had been a lord, would have been an ambassador—was instantly despatched to summon the truant. His report spread general consternation. Brown had set off at four o'clock in the morning to play in a cricket-match at M., a little town twelve miles off, which had been his last residence. Here was desertion! Here was treachery! Here was treason against that goodly state, our parish! To send James Brown to Coventry was the immediate resolution; but even that seemed too light a punishment for such delinquency. Then how we cried him down! At ten, on Sunday night (for the rascal had actually practised with us, and never said a word of his intended disloyalty), he was our faithful mate, and the best player (take him for all in all) of the eleven. At ten in the morning he had run away, and we were well rid of him; he was no batter compared with William

Grey or Tom Coper; not fit to wipe the shoes of Samuel Long, as a bowler; nothing of a scout to John Simmons; the boy David Willis was worth fifty of him—

> 'I trust we have within our realm
> Five hundred good as he,'

was the universal sentiment. So we took tall John Strong, who, with an incurable hankering after the honour of being admitted, had kept constantly with the players, to take the chance of some such accident—we took John for our *pis-aller*. I never saw any one prouder than the good-humoured lad was of this not very flattering piece of preferment.

"John Strong was elected, and Brown sent to Coventry; and, when I first heard of his delinquency, I thought the punishment only too mild for the crime. But I have since learned the secret history of the offence (if we could know the secret histories of all offences, how much better the world would seem than it does now!) and really my wrath is much abated. It was a piece of gallantry, of devotion to the sex, or rather a chivalrous obedience to one chosen fair. I must tell my readers the story. Mary Allen, the prettiest girl of M., had, it seems, revenged upon our blacksmith the numberless inconstancies of which he stood accused. He was in love over head and ears, but the nymph was cruel. She said no, and no, and no; and poor Brown, three times rejected, at last resolved to leave the place, partly in despair, and partly in that hope which often mingles strangely with a lover's despair, the hope that when he was gone he should be missed. He came home to his brother's accordingly; but for five weeks he heard nothing from or of the inexorable Mary, and was glad to beguile his own 'vexing thoughts' by endeavouring to create in his mind an artificial and factitious interest in our cricket-match—all unimportant as such a trifle must have seemed to a man in love. Poor James, however, is a social and warm-hearted person, not likely to resist a contagious sympathy. As the time for the play advanced the interest which he had at first affected became genuine and sincere; and he was really, when he had left the ground on Sunday night, almost as enthusiastically absorbed in the event of the next day as Joel Brent himself. He little foresaw the new and delightful interest which awaited him at home, where, on the moment of his arrival, his sister-in-law and confidante presented him with a billet from the lady of his heart. It had, with the usual delay of letters sent by private hands in that rank of life, loitered on the road in a degree inconceivable to those who are accustomed to the punctual speed of the post, and had taken ten days for its twelve miles' journey. Have my readers any wish to see this *billet-doux?* I can show them (but in strict confidence) a literal copy. It was addressed,

> 'For mistur jem browne,
> 'blaxmith by
> 'S.'

"The inside ran thus:

> "'Mistur Browne this is to Inform yew that oure parish playes bramley next monday is a week, i think we shall lose without yew. from your humbell servant to command
>
> 'MARY ALLEN.'

"Was there ever a prettier relenting? a summons more flattering, more delicate, more irresistible? The precious epistle was undated; but having ascertained who brought it, and found, by cross-examining the messenger, that the Monday in question was the very next day, we were not surprised to find that *Mistur browne* forgot his engagement to us, forgot all but Mary and Mary's letter, and set off at four o'clock next morning to walk twelve miles, and play for her parish and in her sight. Really we must not send James Brown to Coventry—must we? Though if, as his sister-in-law tells our damsel Harriet he hopes to do he should bring the fair Mary home as his bride, he will not greatly care how little we say to him. But he must not be sent to Coventry—True-love forbid!

"At last we were all assembled, and marched down to H. common, the appointed ground, which, though in our dominions according to the map, was the constant practising place of our opponents, and *terra incognita* to us. We found our adversaries on the ground, as we expected, for our various delays had hindered us from taking the field so early as we wished; and, as soon as we had settled all preliminaries, the match began.

"But, alas! I have been so long settling my preliminaries that I have left myself no room for the detail of our victory, and must squeeze the account of our grand achievements into as little compass as Cowley, when he crammed the names of eleven of his mistresses into the narrow space of four eight-syllable lines. They began the warfare—these boastful men of B. And what think you, gentle reader, was the amount of their innings? These challengers—the famous eleven—how many did they get? Think! Imagine! guess! —You cannot?—Well!—they got twenty-two, or rather they got twenty; for two of theirs were short notches, and would never have been allowed, only that, seeing what they were made of, we and our umpire were not particular. They should have had twenty more if they had chosen to claim them. Oh, how well we fielded! and how well we bowled! our good play had quite as much to do with their miserable failure as their bad. Samuel Long is a slow bowler, George Simmons a fast one, and the change from Long's lobbing to Simmons's fast balls posed them completely. Poor simpletons! they were always wrong, expecting the slow for the quick, and the quick for the slow. Well, we went in. And what were our innings? Guess again—guess! A hundred and sixty-nine! In spite of soaking showers, and wretched ground, where the ball would not run a yard, we headed them by a hundred and forty-seven; and then they gave in, as well as they might. William Grey pressed them much to try another innings. 'There was so much chance,' as he cautiously observed, 'in cricket, that, advantageous as our position seemed, we might, very possibly, be overtaken. The B. men had better try.' But they were beaten sulky, and would not move—to my great disappointment; I wanted to prolong the pleasure of success. What a glorious sensation it is to be for five hours together winning—winning—winning! always feeling what a whist-player feels when he takes up four honours, seven trumps! Who would think that a little bit of leather, and two pieces of wood, had such a delightful and delighting power!"

## IN PRAISE OF CRICKET.

*By a Rhyming Cricketer.*

Of games that are play'd in court, chamber, or field,
Not one equals *Cricket*—to that all must yield:
A fine manly sport that in England is known,
And strange that 'tis play'd but in England alone.

The Scotch boast their *golf*; and the Irish declare,
There is nothing comes up to dear Donnybrook Fair?
But I really can't say I should relish, at all,
For a bat a *shillaley*, my head for a ball.

And while praising cricket, I must not omit
Its professors who bowl, field, keep wicket, or hit;
And of all who frequent the ground, nam'd after Lord,
On the list, first and foremost, should stand Mr. W—d.

No man will deny it, I'm sure, when I say
That he's without rival first bat of the day;
And although he has grown a little too stout,
Even Matthews is bother'd in bowling him out.

He's the life-blood and soul of this noblest of games,
And yet on our praises has many more claims;
No pride, although rich, condescending and free,
And a well-inform'd man, though a City M.P.

Mr. K—ngsc—e comes next, and as fine a young man
As ever was built upon nature's best plan:
He stands six feet four, and what don't often follow,
His leg is a model to form an Apollo.

A fine slashing hitter as ever was found,
He sometimes has knock'd the ball out of the ground;
An excellent thrower—a hundred yards clear;
And the ladies protest that he runs like a *deer*.

Then there's Kn—t, gallant K—nt, who has not play'd
this season,
At least I've not seen him—I've not heard the reason;
As a bowler first rate—with the bat far from vile,
And he bowls in the new "march of intellect" style.

Mr. P—rr—y's a lawyer and oft he will say
That he any man for *opinions* will play;
That he'll give e'm for *nothing*, and some in their
mirth
Assert he will still get as much as they're worth.

If in law he is skilful I know not—that's flat—
He's skilful at cricket, and most with the bat;
Yet so much to his attitude seems to attend,
You might fancy 'twas all you might have to com-
mend.

With S—w—ll the very same fault may be found,
If not at his wicket, at least on the ground:
'Dancing Master' they call'd him for this, as I guess;
He's a fine cricket-player, though, nevertheless.

Free from all affectation young J—nn—r stands forth,
And all who are judges acknowledge his worth:
Wicket-keeper, or bowler, or batter—in all
He is good, but perhaps he shines most with the ball.

There is one to whose merits scarce justice is done,
A small active man and a schoolmaster's son;
I can't bring his name very well into verse,
But the Uxbridge Club boasts many cricketers worse.

Besides he can play well at *billiards* and *fives*,
To each of which games some devote their whole lives,
And he challenges players of every degree,
To beat him at cricket, fives, billiards—all three.

Mr. Townshend, they say, is a merchant of wine,
And supplies all the Marybonne Club when they dine:
In the field he is good—much the same as his liquor;
At the *bat* and the *bottle* they find him a *sticker*.

Two Lords sometimes play upon Lord's pleasant ground
In rank and in play they're quite *Peers*, I'll be
bound:
I'll not give their titles—each family Scotch is;
They play, because Lords—but they get but few
notches.

Two R—m—lly's likewise, and very fine lads,
Who don't seem to like the same course as their dads,
Often play in the matches—the one, as things go,
A good bat and good field; but the other so, so.

Two gentlemen lately have given up play,
And both, let me add, of renown in their day:
The one's hurt his arm, and the other now "narrows
His mind" down to popping at pigeons and sparrows.

Were they in the field now, the Marybonne Club
Might still be enabled opponents to drub.
B—dd's arm may get well—Osb—ld— think proper
Again to play cricket, and lay by his *popper*

I've omitted full many I ought to include:
L—wth—r, Om—ny, D—ke, I don't mean to be rude;
But a few stanzas more I must give you, because
I have not yet sung the "Old Soldier's" applause.

'Tis A—sl—bie's boast to form most of the matches;
In this way at cricket he makes but few *catches*;
But still he's contented some money to pay
For the sake of encouraging excellent play.

He doats on the game—has play'd many a year—
Weighs at least 17 stone—on his pins rather queer:
But he still takes the bat, and there's no better fun
Than to see him, when batting, attempting to run.

Now I've gone o'er the names that came just to my
mind;
Perhaps some will thank me to leave them behind.
As no harm's intended, I'm sure 'twill be sense
For those who are mention'd to take no offence.

The *players by trade* I hereafter will treat,
And name an *Eleven* not easy to beat:
If any shall think in my choice I have blunder'd,
I'm ready to back 'em for two or three hundred.

It appears that his late Majesty, George IV., during one of his airings in the Great Park at Windsor, when riding in the vicinity of Cumberland Lodge, came suddenly on a large party of his domestics playing cricket. At this unexpected approach of their Royal Master, they began to scamper in all directions; but the king, with his accustomed good-nature, sent one of the gentlemen in attendance to desire them to continue their game, and never to let his approach interrupt their sports. His Majesty then continued his ride in another direction, observing to his attendants that cricket was a NOBLE GAME, and that when he was able to play, he himself enjoyed the exercise as much as any one.

It is true that some very large stakes have been played for at the game of cricket—such as ONE THOUSAND POUNDS a-side; but we have never heard of any thing *wrong* being attempted at the above game; indeed, it has always been viewed more as a healthful, manly game, than converted into any thing like a source for gambling:—We have therefore merely selected a few games for the amusement of our readers:—

### RIGHT HANDED AGAINST LEFT HANDED.

The grand match between eleven right-handed, and eleven left-handed players, commenced on Monday, in July, 1828, at Lord's Ground, St. John's Wood; and, from the interest it excited, the ground, throughout the contest, was thronged by the amateurs and admirers of the noble game, from Norwich, Brighton, Kent, and other parts of the country, among whom were an unusual assemblage of distinguished spectators. The match did not terminate till Wednesday evening. The following is a correct statement of the game:—

*Right-handed.*

| | First Innings. | Second Innings. |
|---|---|---|
| Mr. J. Broadbridge | 0 | 71 |
| Matthews | 22 | 7 |
| W. Broadbridge. | 35 | 0 |
| Beagley | 20 | 9 |
| Ward | 57 | 20 |
| Hooker | 11 | 4 |
| Brown | 18 | 24 |
| Pilch, not out | 47 | 5 |
| Kingscote | 21 | 19 |
| Lillywhite | 9 | 0 |
| Howard | 3 | 7 |
| Wide balls | 4 | 14 |
| Byes | 1 | 3 |
| | Total 248 | Total 183 |

*Left-handed.*

| | First Innings. | Second Innings. |
|---|---|---|
| Mr. Maynard | 3 | 0 |
| Boyer | 0 | 5 |
| Mellersh | 5 | 0 |
| Wenman | 7 | 1 |
| Searle | 33 | 10 |
| Marsden | 10 | 6 |
| Saunders | 27 | 18 |
| Woolhouse | 13 | 3 |
| Pierpoint | 6 | 4 |
| Slater | 13 | 0 |
| W. Slater | 12 | 23 |
| Wide balls | 3 | 3 |
| Byes | 0 | 0 |
| | Total 132 | Total 73 |

From the above, it will be perceived the right-handed players scored in their two innings the enormous number of 431 runs; and their opponents only gaining 205, they were consequently left in a minority of 226 runs and byes. The excellent batting, however, of the losing party, was apparent to every one, throughout the match; but they, unquestionably, had not any bowlers of so superior a description as their antagonists, who had six of the best in the kingdom; and, from the left-handed players having to contend against so great a disadvantage, may be attributed their coming off in so disproportionate a manner.

*Remarks.*—The right-hand hitters against the left naturally brought to the wicket most of the very best players in the world. From the *striking* qualities of Marsden, Searle, Woolhouse, Saunders, Mellersh, &c., the latter had hosts of friends; but when we look on the opponent side, we may well parody the dramatist, and say—

> "The bowler's quality is a tower of strength,
> Which they upon the adverse faction want."

This was literally the case, for here were Lillywhite, who quite retrieved his character, by beautifully effective deliveries, Howard, Matthews, Broadbridge, and Pilch, against Marsden, and, at most, Searle and Pierpoint. The consequences were inevitable—viz., an innings of great power (248) on the part of the Right-handers, and in which the average was more than a score to each bat. Marsden certainty bowled well; and, in comparison with those at the other wicket, much fewer runs were booked from his balls; but the state of the score will show how utterly useless it is to look for success without effective strength in the bowling department. Pilch, a fine young player from Bury St. Edmund's, showed great capabilities, both in the field and with the bat; though early down in the second innings, Mr. Ward recalled the remembrance of his best days, playing, not only effectively, but with caution and precision. Marsden, upon whom those who had "their right hands put on the wrong side" (as the famous *left-handed* north country coachman once told the writer upon mounting his box) much depended, was very unfortunate, being caught (as, it will be observed, were the majority of the best bats, not being able to *hit down* Matthews, nor *hit out* Lillywhite's bowling) when commencing well. When it is considered he scored 114 from his own bat, at Leicester, we may consider him a player. Woolhouse wanted confidence to *lash* as *he* should have done; and Mellersh was too new to the ground and players. The Slaters and Saunders were, however, as steady and active as ever, and the latter in particular worthy of his hire. Indeed, Mr. Aislabie, who backed this party, was not dissatisfied with his men throughout, but cheered them to the last; in fact, he was aware their capabilities, or the want of them, and not their will, consented to the defeat. The weather, to use a cant word of the day, was very "untoward," and much delayed the completion of the match. As it turned out, it is much to be regretted that the left-handed hitters did not have the first *ingo*, and quite as much that the dinner-folks in the Pavilion should not have given up, on Monday, a little more time than they did, and have *fed* when the storm had no respect for cricket, rather than when Sol shone encouragement to bats, stumps, and balls, or, at least, not have wasted so much *longer a period than usual* at the festive board.

### THE CRACK ELEVEN OF ENGLAND.

Ye lovers of cricket, now "lend me your ears,"
And I soon shall obtain your applauses and cheers,
For I sing an *Eleven* the gauntlet that hurled
Of defiance, and challenged the rest of the world.

Of the noblest of games, they are the noblest professors—
Of all mere *pretenders* the lordly suppressors,
Who can beat *twenty-two*, with some wickets to spare,
Of the *gentlemen-players*, and try if they dare.

They may talk of their Ward, their Knight, Parry, or Jenner,
I own their high merits, but know what my men are.
I wish they would play—I wan't no better fun
Than just for *five hundred* to say "done!" and "done!"

Come forward, then, Ward, again—down with *the dust;*
Back twenty-two *gentlemen*, whom you can trust:
I'll trust to the *players*, well knowing their claims,
And I'll give you a list of their merits and names:—

Searle first shall be mentioned—the "far-noted Searle"—
His flag of defiance he'll quickly unfurl
Against any player that e'er struck a ball;
And while he is confident, modest withal.

He's good at all points, let them name whom they will,
I'll maintain, and he'll prove, he's the best of it still:
With the bat he's unrivalled, although there may be
Some two or three players more *showy* than he.

There's Saunders, to whom this remark will apply,
Who has got but few notches this year, by the bye;
Yet a fine flashy hitter—by few he's surpassed,
And, when he's well in, fetches runs very fast.

On himself he's quite *nutty*—to make myself clear—
Of his play he don't think, I am certain, *small-beer;*
And he's right, let me add: after what he has done
He has cause to think well of that "*dear number one*."

In some points, and good ones, a contrast to him,
I may notice James Broadbridge—they call him "our Jem:"
A safe wary cricketer, slouching in play,
Who never is known to throw chances away.

His brother I do not include in my list,
But *two* other Sussex men must not be miss'd;
The one Brown, the *tailor*, yet strong and complete,
No *ninth of a man*, and stands more than six feet.

A free slashing hitter, who holds it a crime
To get any less than six runs at a time;
And a capital bowler—some people will say,
The fastest and surest we have in our day.

The other is Lillywhite—active though thick,
Who handles a ball as he would do a brick;
By trade a brick-maker—earns three pounds a week well—
As a *slow-twisting bowler* he has not his equal.
There's another slow bowler I've got in the match,
A very good field, who makes sure of a catch;
His name it is Matthews, esteemed the next best;
But as *hitters*, they neither can cope with the rest.

Another "bold *tailor*," as fine a young man
As e'er hit a ball, and then afterwards ran—
Is from Bury St. Edmond's, and Pilch they him call:
In a few years 'tis thought he'll be better than all.

At present his batting's a little too wild,
Though the "nonpareil hitter," he's sometimes been styled:
So free and so fine, with a hand of a master,
Spectators all grieve when he meets a disaster.

I've wronged a most excellent player, I own,
That thus I've consented his name to postpone—
I mean worthy Beagley, who's quite at the top,
With the bat he's first rate—a brick wall at long stop.

Next Marsden may come, though it here must be stated,
That his skill down at Sheffield is oft over-rated:
But an out-and-out bat, where the bowling is *loose*,
As a bowler and fielder of very great use.

Then Slater I take, as a good wicket-keeper,
With the bat also good, and a quick-sighted peeper;
But, speaking of *peepers*, they say. on the sly,
He is rather too apt to get "bunging his eye."

Steady Hooker comes last—know we somebody must
And if in his place to his merits unjust,
It is only because I could hardly tell where
To bring him in sooner—I'd no place to spare.

It sometimes has happened he can't come to play;
I'll have William Broadbridge if Hooker's away:
And thus I have chosen as good an eleven
As you'll find upon earth—aye, or even in heaven.

Let those who are *oldish* applaud the *old school*—
To think the *dead* best has been always the rule;
But the *living* for me, and I only repeat,
Neither *living* nor *dead* my Eleven can beat.

### CRICKETING IN FRANCE.

We are extremely glad to find that our countrymen do not forget their national games, although distant from their own soil. The second match between the Albion Cricket Club, and eleven English residents in Paris, not members of the club, took place, August, 1829, when the club were beat in a single innings, by nineteen runs. The third match was played on Thursday, the 6th instant, and came off as follows; the club being again beaten, with five wickets to go down:—

*Albion Club.*

| | 1st Inn. | 2nd Inn. |
|---|---|---|
| Lord Waldegrave | 0 | 12 |
| Robinson | 14 | 0 |
| Kemble | 9 | 0 |
| W. Bertolacci, Esq. | 1 | 1 |
| — Glossop, Esq. | 2 | 5 |
| N. Bertolacci, Esq. | 9 | 0 |
| Count Choiseul | 3 | 0 |
| — Costello, Esq. | 3 | 2 |
| — Mathurin, Esq. | 0 | 3 |
| C. Bertolacci, Esq. | 0 | 1 |
| — Isaacson, Esq. | 2 | 2 |
| Byes | 5 | 6 |
| Total | 48 | 32 |

*Eleven of Paris.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Woods | 1 | 0 |
| Balchin | 5 | 0 |
| Lucas | 1 | 4 |
| Grant, Esq. | 0 | 10 |
| Scarlett, Esq. | 2 | 8 |
| Creswick | 32 | 4 |
| Sir Alexander Malet | 2 | 0 |
| Cutler | 4 | 0 |
| Stanley | 0 | 0 |
| Scalfe | 2 | 0 |
| Page | 1 | 0 |
| Byes | 3 | 2 |
| Total | 53 | 28 |

The eleven of Paris winning with five wickets to go down.

**FEMALE CRICKETERS.**—A cricket match of a novel nature in this part of the country was played on Lavant Level, Sussex, a few years since. The competitors were selected from the dames and lasses of the neighbourhood, who came on the ground preceded by music, and most neatly attired in white cricket dresses, decorated with their distinguishing colours, as sashes, shoulder and top-knots. The day proved favorable, and the game was so well played as to call forth bursts of acclamation several times. Nothing could exceed the decorum observed throughout the day; and the attraction of the ladies was so great, as to cause an assemblage of three thousand spectators, who were highly gratified with the amusement this rustic holiday afforded. At seven o'clock the game ended, when the parties retired to the great room at the Earl of March's Arms, at West Lavant, and partook of tea and coffee in perfect harmony. The result of the game was as follows;

|  | *Blues.* | *Pinks.* |
|---|---|---|
| First Innings | 47 | 44 |
| Second Innings. | 61 | 53 |
| Total | 108 | 97 |

### Sussex against England.

The return match between these clubs took place on the Royal Ground, Brighton, in August, 1829, and terminated in favor of England, much to the chagrin of numbers who had booked Sussex to win at odds. In consequence of the unfavorable state of the weather, Tuesday passed off without any thing being done. On England being put out for 104 runs, the betting rather increased in favor of Sussex; but on the latter going in and losing all their wickets for 47, the odds changed sides, and 5 to 1, and in many instances more than that, were betted against them. In consequence of England losing about six wickets with a small proportion of runs, the betting varied considerably; and, on their scoring no more than 57 for their second innings, Sussex went in full of confidence, the betting being nearly even. Some inferior batting, however, took place, it being only by chance, as in the first innings, that Sussex fetched 50 runs, and they were consequently beat in one innings. The following is a statement of the game:—

*England.*

|  | 1st Inn. | 2nd Inn. |
|---|---|---|
| Kean | 10 | 5 |
| Wells | 9 | 2 |
| Searle | 8 | 7 |
| Pilch | 18 | 0 |
| Saunders | 3 | 26 |
| Beagley | 10 | 0 |
| Marsden | 29 | 0 |
| Kingscote | 1 | 14 |
| Barrett | 6 | 0 |
| Matthews | 0 | 0 |
| Ashby | 0 | 0 |
| Byes and Wide Balls | 9 | 3 |
| Total | 104 | 57 |

*Sussex.*

|  | 1st Inn. | 2nd Inn. |
|---|---|---|
| Warner | 0 | 4 |
| Vallance | 2 | 1 |
| Hooker | 2 | 1 |
| Brown | 11 | 12 |
| J. Broadbridge | 6 | 0 |
| W Broadbridge | 0 | 9 |
| Thwaites | 4 | 1 |
| Lanaway | 3 | 0 |
| Meads | 11 | 6 |
| Lillywhite | 7 | 5 |
| Slater | 1 | 5 |
| Wide Balls and Byes | 1 | 9 |
| Total | 47 | 50 |

Scarcely a man on the Sussex side (Brown always among those excepted) hit in the style a country player ought to do, and their inferiority in batting was obvious throughout. The bowling of Lillywhite and Broadbridge was, as usual, excellent, and the batting of England was remarkable for steadiness and science.

The following *Singular Cricket Match*, on Friday, August 28, 1818, was played at Woking, near Guildford, between eleven gentlemen of Woking, and eleven of Shiere. In the first innings Woking gained 71 runs. Shiere then went in and got 71. Second innings, Woking 71; ditto, Shiere 71; it was consequently a *tye*-game, under circumstances unprecedented in the annals of cricket-playing.

### Mr. Bayley and Club against Mary-la-Bonne.

A grand match was played at the Mary-labonne Ground, in July, 1828, between John Bayley, Esq. (a son of Judge Bayley) and his club, consisting principally of farmers in the immediate neighbourhood of his country residence (Updown House, near Sandwich, in Kent), with Mr. Knatchbull added, against twelve of the Mary-la-bonne Club.

The match, in the first instance, was made by Mr. Bayley, to play his club against eleven of the Mary-la-bonne; but one of the gentlemen named to play on the side of the latter, not having arrived in time, his place was supplied by another; but he, on his arrival, expressing a wish to play in the match, it was agreed to, and Mr. Knatchbull was given on Mr. Bayley's side, in the usual way—the gentleman and Mr. Knatchbull to *bat*, but not to *field*. The following is a statement of the match as it eventually came off:—

*J. Bayley, Esq.*

|  | 1st Inn. | 2nd Inn. |
|---|---|---|
| Mr. Chandler | 16 | 11 |
| Knatchbull | 6 | 2 |
| Carrick | 10 | 37 |
| Upton | 0 | 2 |
| Bradley | 1 | 3 |
| B. Spain | 0 | 29 |
| T. Spain | 3 | 19 |
| Holtam | 7 | 2 |
| Manser | 1 | 4 |
| Fagg | 0 | 21 |
| Bayley | 4 | 4 |
| J. Moat | 0 | 0 |
| Byes | 2 | 14 |
| Total | 50 | 148 |

*Mary-la-bonne.*

| | 1st Inn. | 2nd Inn. |
|---|---|---|
| Mr. Romilly | 7 | 10 |
| Cheslyn | 0 | 3 |
| Jenner | 14 | 4 |
| Lord Strathaven | 11 | 11 |
| Mr. Parry | 45 | 2 |
| Nicoll | 1 | 7 |
| Dyke | 41 | 2 |
| Colonel Lowther | 4 | 0 |
| Mr. Deeds | 26 | 10 |
| H. Lloyd | 0 | 20 |
| Barnett | 2 | 42 |
| Major Cowell | 0 | 14 |
| Byes | 5 | 0 |
| Total | 156 | 125 |

The Mary-la-bonne beating by 83 runs.

On the first day the Kentish men had many disadvantages to cope with on account of the beautiful evenness of the ground, which made them unprepared for the ball in the field, and the different style of bowling lately brought into vogue (a fine specimen of which was given by Mr. Jenner), which, added to the very thought of playing with the Mary-la-bonne club, not a little daunted their confidence. These "novelties" made them commit many blunders on the first day, which drew forth not a few jokes at their expense from their opponents. However, on the second day, having 231 runs to get, on going in for their second innings, they amply made up for all their past bad play, and gained for themselves fresh laurels to crown their manly brows, already thickly shaded, having gained last year eight matches in nine. As the *Dons* had many a laugh at the *Johns* on the first day, it is but justice to state that the tables were completely turned on the second—so confident were the *Great Club* of easy success, that they gave orders to Mr. Dark, at the stand on the ground, not to provide dinner for them on that day, as the match would be over so early they should not require it; and also ordered their servants to bring their horses, &c. for them at three o'clock; but, behold, the countrymen played so much superior to what was expected, that it was six o'clock before the last wicket went down. This nettled them much; however, it was *fine nuts* for the *awkwards*, and they made the most of it, as it was the source of many a laugh during the whole of the evening. It was remarked by many on the ground, that had Mr. Bayley's club shown as good play on the first, as they did on the second day, the Mary-la-bonne would certainly have been beat.

### BOB BOWLER AND DICK DRIVER:

### THE RIVAL CRICKETERS!

You ask a song, and I'll essay
My share of mirth to bring;
For, though but *ill* I sing *at best*,
I think it *best to sing!*
And that each lusty amateur
Of bat and ball and wicket,
May own I *like a cricket-chirp*,
I'll strive to *chirp of cricket.*

Bob Bowler was a cricketer
Of strength and courage rare;
And, though he *on a common* play'd,
He was no *common player!*
For, let the space 'tween wickets be
As rough as e'er 'twas seen,
The *green*, when he began to *bowl*,
Became a *bowling-green!*

Upon his native spot there dwelt
A compeer, nam'd Dick Driver;
And each to win, though *void of strife*,
For years had been a *striver!*
At length, they swore one inning more
Their rivalry should calm;
And each his *palm, without dispute*,
Gave to *dispute the palm!*

Each chose ten mates, and 'twas agreed—
Though, by old Cocker's lore,
*The rest alone a score could make*—
Their runs *alone* should *score!*
And all in spikes and jackets clad,
Elate for vict'ry came,
And *pitch'd a tent*, their friends to make
*Intent* upon the game!

Dick Driver to the wicket went;
And, bent on rattling at her,
That they might *batter best the ball*,
He *bowl'd* for the *best batter!*
Who, turning round to lash a toss,
Just lobbing on his rump,
Slipp'd back, and his own *stumpy-leg*
Knock'd down his own *leg-stump!*

Next ball was hit, and off Bob ran,
Resolv'd his speed to show;
But, *stopping, overthrew himself*,
To *stop* the *overthrow!*
Away she flew, but soon came back
Too fast for Bob to stop;
For on the grass, *his back was down*,
So he could not *back up.*

The batsman now his weapon rais'd
To meet a puzzling twister;
And, though he did not *hit amiss*,
By too hard *hitting missed her!*
While she, to perfect his mishap,
When for four runs he meant her,
Just as he thought he'd *sent her off*,
Ripp'd up the *off* and *centre!*

Now, finding Dick was parch'd with thirst,
From labouring like a ditcher,
Bob called his men to *draw well deep*,
And gave him a *full pitcher!*
And as the ground, just like the men,
Was dry as summer fleeces,
They poured some *water* in each *crease*,
And made them *water creases!*

With various luck the game advanced,
With many a broken joint;
And many, through the *point*, hit *sharp*,
For want of a *sharp point!*
And some, from loss *off stumps, stump'd off*
To grace this match of matches;
And high hit *catches hung* as long
As if they'd been *Jack Catches!*

When all were out, Dick (though the ground
Was, by a shower, made greasy),
To bear *high* conquest *easy home*,
Began *high home and easy!*
But, when the ball, from Bowler's hit,
He, for six runs, saw rolling,
Each time he *pac'd* the *bowling-crease*,
*Increased* his *pace* of *bowling!*

At length, he jerk'd so swift and wild,
No ball the stumps came nigh;
All thought the umpire was *taking leave*,
So oft he cried *by! by!*
And every man who played behind
In turn was sent off hopping;
For Dick's shin-breakers *stop'd them short*
In 'midst of their *long-stopping!*

Thus lamely on the pastime went,
  Each thought his laurels reaping,
And many a *wicket* there was *kept*
  For want of *wicket-keeping!*
The *slips* so *slipt*, that scarce a ball
  Their feet could get the start of;
And *leg long field* receiv'd a blow
  His *leg long feeled* the smart of!

At last a trimmer Dick sent down—
  Bob view'd it with a scoff,
And turned to play it *off his bail*,
  But found his *leg-bail off!*
The match thus clos'd, the score was cast,
  When Fate's propitious die
In Friendship's bonds to *tie their hands*,
  Had made *their hands a tie!*

Bright Phœbus now his course had run,
  The tent was borne away,
And *Nox* came down, to heal, by night,
  The *knocks* they'd had by day!
The men shook hands, and swore to live
  Thenceforth in kind communion,
And, on their common, formed our club,
  In name and fact the Union!

### *Curious Match of Cricket between* TWENTY-TWO GREENWICH PENSIONERS—*eleven men with one leg, against the same number with one arm.*

From the novelty of the advertisement announcing a cricket-match to be played by *eleven Greenwich Pensioners with one leg against eleven with one arm*, for one thousand guineas, at the new cricket-ground, Montpelier Gardens, Walworth, in 1796, an immense concourse of people assembled. About nine o'clock the men arrived in three Greenwich stages; about ten the wickets were pitched, and the match commenced. Those with but one leg had the first innings, and got ninety-three runs. About three o'clock, while those with but one arm were having their innings, a scene of riot and confusion took place, owing to the pressure of the populace to gain admittance to the ground: the gates were forced open, and several parts of the fencing were broke down, and a great number of persons having got upon the roof of a stable, the roof broke in, and several persons falling among the horses were taken out much bruised. About six o'clock the game was renewed, and those with one arm got but forty-two runs during their innings. The one legs commenced their second innings, and six were bowled out after they got sixty runs, so that they left off one hundred and eleven more than those with one arm.

A match was played on the Wednesday following, and the men with *one leg* beat the *one arms* by one hundred and three runnings. After the match was finished, the *eleven one-legged men* ran one hundred yards for twenty guineas. The three first divided the money.

EXTRAORDINARY FEMALE CRICKET MATCH.—In a field belonging to Mr. Story, at the back of Newington Green, near Ball's Pond, Middlesex, on Wednesday, October 2, 1811, this singular performance, between the Hampshire and the Surrey Heroines (twenty-two females) commenced at eleven o'clock in the morning. It was made by two noblemen, for 500 guineas aside. The performers in this contest were of all ages and sizes, from *fourteen* to *sixty*, the young had shawls, and the old long cloaks. The Hampshire were distinguished by the colour of *true blue*, which was pinned in their bonnets, in the shape of the Prince's plume. The Surrey were equally as smart,—their colours were *blue*, surmounted with *orange*. The latter *eleven* consisted of Ann Baker (sixty years of age, the best runner and bowler on that side), Ann Taylor, Maria Barfatt, Hannah Higgs, Elizabeth Gale, Hannah Collas, Hannah Bartlett, Maria Cooke, Charlotte Cooke, Elizabeth Stocke, and Mary Fry.

The Hampshire eleven were Sarah Luff, Charlotte Pulain, Hannah Parker, Elizabeth Smith, Martha Smith, Mary Woodrow, Nancy Porter, Ann Poulters, Mary Novell, Mary Hislock, and Mary Jougan.

Very excellent play took place on Wednesday; one of the Hampshire lasses made forty-one innings, before she was thrown out; and, at the conclusion of the day's sport, the Hampshire eleven were 81 a-head. The unfavorableness of the weather prevented any more sport that day, though the ground was filled with spectators. On the following day the Surrey lasses kept the field with great success; and on Monday, the 7th, being the last day to decide the contest, an unusual assemblage of elegant persons were on the ground. At three o'clock the match was won by the Hampshire lasses, who not being willing to leave the field at so early an hour, and having only won by two innings, they played a single game, in which they were also successful. Afterwards they marched in triumph to the Angel, at Islington, where a handsome entertainment had been provided for them by the Nobleman that made the match.

*Grand Cricket Match for* 1000 *Guineas, between the Bury and Mary-la-bonne Clubs.*—The return match between these clubs commenced on Monday, August, 1829, at Bury St. Edmund's. At an early hour the town was all alive from the influx of gentry from the different parts adjacent. The ground exhibited all the beauty, wealth, and respectability of this great county, including the high sheriff. It was an excellent match, and the only drawback was the continued showers which fell during the three days the contest lasted. On Wednesday the match terminated as follows:—

*Bury.*

| | 1st Inn. | 2nd Inn. |
|---|---|---|
| J. Brand, Esq. | 0 | 6 |
| W. Blake, Esq. | 3 | 8 |
| G. Caldwell, Esq. | 16 | 1 |
| D. Hanbury, Esq. | 0 | 9 |
| — Knatchbull, Esq. | 12 | 2 |
| C. D. Leech, Esq | 0 | 1 |
| W. Quarles, Esq. | 4 | 3 |
| King | 8 | 7 |
| Matthews | 6 | 7 |
| F. Pilch | 42 | 13 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| W. Pilch | 14 | 4 |
| Wide balls | 6 | 5 |
| Total | 111 | 66 |

*Mary-la-bonne.*

| | 1st Inn. | 2nd Inn. |
|---|---|---|
| B. Aislabie, Esq. | 4 | 0 |
| C. Barnett, Esq. | 10 | 3 |
| J. Dolphin, Esq. | 18 | 1 |
| J. Gurdon, Esq. | 1 | 3 |
| H. Jenner, Esq. | 0 | 0 |
| — Wodehouse, Esq. | 0 | 12 |
| Darke | 2 | 7 |
| Burt | 1 | 2 |
| Cobbett. | 0 | 0 |
| Saunders | 26 | 16 |
| Searle | 8 | 37 |
| Wide Balls | 4 | 3 |
| Total | 74 | 84 |

Bury winning by 19. Nothing could exceed the anxiety exhibited on Wednesday morning as to the issue of the match; the country folks backed the Lunnunners, as they thought they were knowing ones. The result caused many a long face among the pastoralites of Suffolk, and some were heard to exclaim,—"It's all gammon—it's a made-up thing between Bury and themselves," which really did not appear, as several of the amateurs of this town are heavy losers. In one instance there have been £40 to £30 paid six times over, by a gentleman who is thought to be a real knowing one. So elated were the Bury Club at the victory, that they challenged the Mary-la-bonne for another match, permitting them to include all England in their club, with the exception of their own county (Suffolk.)

On Tuesday, in July, 1828, on Clapham Common, a match took place between eleven blacksmiths, of Clapham, and a similar number of Wandsworth Vulcans, for a supper. The parties wore white leather aprons, bran new for the occasion; and after a well-contested match the Clapham men won with three wickets to go down. Dr. Beech, one of the Clapham heroes, happened to get quite full of half-and-half, and, being upwards of twenty stone in weight, he was placed for a long stop, but, in pursuing the ball, he frequently tumbled, and rolled about like a sick elephant. The supper was placed on the table at Mr. O. N.'s, the Windmill, Clapham Common, and was well served up.

Pilch, the *crack* bowler, is a native of Brenton, near Holt, in the county of Norfolk; and, when a youth, played with the Holt club. The first match he played in consequence, was that of Norfolk (with E. H. Budd, Esq., F. Leadbroke, Esq., and T. Vigne, Esq.), against the Mary-la-bonne club, at Lord's, on the 24th July, 1820. On that occasion he bowled out C. Barnard, Esq., who only scored three in the two innings; the second innings Pilch bowled him out without a run. The match was also celebrated by W. Ward, Esq. scoring 278 runs with his own bat. Pilch's two brothers Nathaniel and William also played in that match.

During the month of September, in 1830, so great was the interest for the game of cricket, in Sheffield, after they had beaten the *Notts*, that nine double-wickets were pitched on the Hyde Park Ground, Sheffield, where upwards of TWO HUNDRED PLAYERS were at work at one time. The ground is about five and a-half acres in extent; indeed, it is most delightfully situated altogether, and well calculated for the above sport.

We shall now conclude our article with the Rules of the Game of Cricket—and, by comparison with a copy which we have in our possession, published nearly forty years since, in 1793, the principal alterations are in the *stumps*, the *bowling* crease, and the *popping* crease:—

## The Laws of Cricket,

*As approved by the Mary-la-bonne Club.*

1. The ball must not weigh less than five ounces and a half, nor more than five ounces and three quarters. At the beginning of each innings either party may call for a new ball.

2. The bat must not exceed four inches and one quarter in the widest part.

3. The stumps must be twenty-seven inches out of the ground; the bails eight inches in length; the stumps of sufficient thickness to prevent the ball from passing through.

4. The bowling-crease must be in a line with the stumps, six feet eight inches in length (the stumps in the centre), with a return-crease at each end, at right angles.

5. The popping-crease must be four feet from the wicket, and parallel to it.

6. The wickets must be pitched opposite to each other by the umpires, at the distance of twenty-two yards.

7. It shall not be lawful for either party during a match, without the consent of the other, to alter the ground, by rolling, watering, covering, mowing, or beating. This rule is not meant to prevent the striker from beating the ground with the bat near where he stands during the innings, nor to prevent the bowler from filling up holes, watering his ground, or using sawdust, &c., when the ground shall be wet.

8. After rain, the wickets may be changed with the consent of both parties.

9. The bowler shall deliver the ball with one foot behind the bowling-crease, and within the return crease; and shall bowl four balls before he change wickets, which he shall be permitted to do but once in the same innings.

10. The ball shall be bowled. If it be thrown or jerked, or if any part of the hand or arm be above the elbow at the time of delivery, the umpire shall call "no ball."

11. He may order the striker at his wicket to stand on which side of it he pleases.

12. If the bowler toss the ball over the striker's head, or bowl it so wide that it shall be out of distance to be played at, the umpire (either with or without an appeal from the party receiving the innings) shall adjudge one run to the striker, even although he attempt to hit it, which shall be put down to the score of wide balls; and such ball shall not be reckoned as any of the four balls.

13. If the bowler bowl a "no ball," the striker may play at it, and be allowed all the runs he can get; and shall not be put out, except by running out.

14. In the event of a change of bowling, no more than two balls shall be allowed in practice.

15. The bowler who takes the two balls, shall be obliged to bowl four balls.

16. The striker is out if the ball be bowled off, or the stump bowled out of the ground.

17. Or if the ball, from a stroke over or under the bat, or upon his hands (but not wrists), be held before it touch the ground, although it be hugged to the body of the catcher.

18. Or, if in striking, or at any other time while the ball is in play, both his feet be over the popping-crease, and his wicket put down, except his bat be grounded within it.

19. Or, if in striking at the ball he hit down his wicket.

20. Or, if under pretence of running a notch or otherwise, either of the strikers prevent a ball from being caught, the striker of the ball is out.

21. Or, if the ball be struck, and he wilfully strike it again.

22. Or, if in running a notch, the wicket be struck down by a throw, or by the hand or arm (with ball in hand) before his foot, hand, or bat be grounded over the popping-crease. But if the ball be off, the stump must be struck out of the ground.

23. Or, if any part of the striker's dress knock down the wicket.

24. Or, if the striker touch, or take up the ball while in play, unless at the request of the other party.

25. Or, if with any part of his person he stop the ball, which in the opinion of the umpire at the bowler's wicket shall have been delivered in a straight line to the striker's wicket, and would have hit it.

26. If the players have crossed each other, he that runs for the wicket which is put down is out.

27. When a ball is caught, no notch shall be reckoned.

28. When a striker is run out, the notch which they were running for is not to be reckoned.

29. If a lost ball shall be called, the striker shall be allowed six; but if more than six shall have been run before "lost ball" shall have been called, then the striker shall have all which have been run.

30. When the ball has been in the bowler's or wicket-keeper's hands, it is considered no longer in play; and the strikers need not keep within their ground till the umpire has called 'play;' but if the player go out of his ground with an intent to run before the ball be delivered, the bowler may put him out.

31. If the striker be hurt, he may retire from his wicket, and return to it at any time in that innings.

32. If a striker be hurt, some other person may be allowed to stand out for him, but not to go in.

33. No substitute in the field shall be allowed to bowl, keep wicket, stand at the point or middle wicket, or stop behind to a fast bowler, unless with the consent of the adverse party.

34. If any person stop the ball with his hat, the ball shall be considered as dead, and the opposite party shall add five notches to their score; if any be run, they are to have five in all.

35. If the ball be struck, the striker may guard his wicket either with his bat, or his body.

36. The wicket-keeper shall stand at a reasonable distance behind the wicket, and shall not move till the ball be out of the bowler's hand, and shall not by any noise incommode the striker, and if any part of his person be over or before the wicket, although the ball hit it, the striker shall not be out.

37. The umpires are sole judges of fair and unfair play, and all disputes shall be determined by them, each at his own wicket—but in case of a catch, which the umpire at the wicket bowled from cannot see sufficiently to decide upon, he may apply to the other umpire, whose opinion is conclusive.

38. The umpires in all matches shall pitch fair wickets, and the parties shall toss for the choice of innings.

39. They shall allow two minutes for each man to come in, and fifteen minutes between each innings, when the umpires shall call "play," the party refusing to play shall lose the match.

40. They are not to order a player out, unless appealed to by the adversaries.

41. But if the bowler's foot be not behind the bowling-crease, and within the return-crease, when he shall deliver the ball, they must, unasked, call "*no ball.*"

42. If the striker run a short notch, the umpire must call, "*no notch.*"

43. The umpires are not to be changed during the match, but by the consent of both parties.

### Laws for Single Wicket.

When there shall be less than five players on a side, bounds shall be placed twenty-two yards each in a line from the off and leg-stump.

The ball must be hit before the bounds to entitle the striker to a run, which run cannot be obtained unless he touch the bowling-stump with his bat, or some part of his person; returning to the popping-crease as at double wicket, according to the twenty-second law.

When the striker shall hit the ball, one of his feet must be on the ground, and behind the popping-crease; otherwise the umpire shall call "*no hit.*"

When there shall be less than five players on a side, no byes nor overthrows shall be allowed.

The field's-man must return the ball so that it shall cross the play between the wicket and the bowling-stump—or between the wicket and the bounds; the striker may run till the ball shall be so returned.

After the striker shall have run one notch, if he start again, he must touch the bowling-stump, and turn before the ball shall cross the play to entitle him to another.

The striker shall be entitled to three notches for lost ball, and the same number for ball stopped with bat, with reference to the 29th and 34th laws at double wicket.

When there shall be more than four players on a side, there shall be no bounds. All hits, byes, and overthrows, shall then be allowed.

The bowler is subject to the same laws as at double wicket.

Not more than one minute shall be allowed between each ball.

### Bets.

If the notches of one player be laid against those of another, the bets depend on the first innings, unless otherwise specified.

If the bets be made upon both innings, and one party beat the other in one innings, the notches in the first innings shall determine the bet.

But if the other party go in a second time, then the bet must be determined by the number on the score.

## The Nightingale.

### *From the Dutch of Maria Tesselschade Visscher.*

### *Prijst vrij de Nachtegael.*

Prize thou the Nightingale,
Who soothes thee with his tale,
And wakes the woods around;
A singing feather he—a wing'd and wandering sound.

Whose tender caroling
Sets all ears listening
Unto that living lyre
Whence flow the airy notes his ecstasies inspire:

Whose shrill capricious song
Breathes like a flute along,
With many a careless tone,
Music of thousand tongues form'd by one tongue alone.

O charming creature rare!
Can aught with thee compare?
Thou art all song; thy breast
Thrills for one month o' the year—is tranquil all the rest.

Thee wondrous we may call—
Most wondrous this of all,
That such a tiny throat
Should wake so wide a sound, and pour so loud a note.

### *Emulation of Nightingales.*

In the gardens of the Dilgushá, in Shiráz, in Persia, nightingales are said to abound, which not only sing during the night, but whose plaintive melody is not by day suspended in the East as it is in our colder region; and it is said, that several of those birds have expired while contending with musicians in the loudness or variety of their notes. It has, indeed, been known, according to Pliny, that in vocal trials among nightingales, the vanquished bird terminated its song only with its life.

An intelligent Persian, who repeated his story again and again, and permitted me to write it down from his lips (observes Sir William Ouseley), declared that he had more than once been present when a celebrated lutanist, Mirza Mohammed, surnamed Baltab, was playing to a large company in a grove near Shiráz, where he distinctly saw the nightingales trying to vie with the musician; sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument whence the melody proceeded; and at length, dropping on the ground in a kind of ecstasy, from which he assured me they were soon raised by a change in the mode. And in one of Strada's Academical Prolusions, we find a most beautiful poem, which tends to confirm the Persian report: for it supposes a spirit of emulation so powerful in the nightingale, that having strained her little throat, vainly endeavouring to excel the musician, she breathes out her life in one last effort, and drops upon the instrument which had contributed to her defeat.

## THE BELT WHICH ONCE THE CHAMPION BRAC'D.

AIR—"*The Harp that once in Tara's Halls.*"

The BELT which once the CHAMPION brac'd,
When boxing honor reigned,
In modern times has been disgraced,
And all its glory stain'd;
For he, whose pugilistic fame
Each Fancy Bard should sing,
Now hides his head in conscious shame,
And banish'd from the Ring.

TOM CRIBB, thy manly form no more,
In fight we shall behold;
But matchless were thy deeds of yore,
As generous as bold:
Base acts your gallant spirit spurned,
And manfully you dealt,
And honestly, though hardly, earn'd
The English CHAMPION'S Belt.

Thy praise shall long resound afar,
The Champion long wert thou,
And honor was thy leading star,
And triumph deck'd thy brow:
But glory now is on the wane,
The Fancy in despair—
When shall we see thy like again,
The Champion's Belt to wear!

Printed for Thomas Tegg, Cheapside, by John Haddon, Castle Street, Finsbury.

# PIERCE EGAN'S
# BOOK OF SPORTS.

No. XXIII.] [*Price Three Pence.*]

## AQUATIC SPORTS:

### A SAILING MATCH; OR, LIFE ON THE WATER!

### OLD FATHER THAMES—to wit!

They may talk of their GANGES, their EUPHRATES so fair!
  Also of the NILE and the LEA, Sirs!
But can all, e'en the PACTOLUS, or LIFFEY compare,
  To FATHER THAMES, call'd the LONDONERS' SEA, Sirs?

PACTOLUS, according to the Ancients,* was a most fascinating, attractive, and desirable river there cannot be the slightest doubt; and, perhaps the Emperor of Punsters, *Tommy Hood*, might have observed, if the subject in question had "*suited* his *Book!*" that its *Bank* was not only rich indeed, but that nothing in the shape of a human being could have altered its *running* account; therefore, a few drops bottled off from its "golden stream" would have proved quantum suff. for our purpose; neither have we any desire to detract from the terrific grandeur of the powerful and rolling *Ganges;* nor have we anything to offer in the shape of opposition to the delightful and picturesque situation of the EUPHRATES; No! we like every thing in its place! and in accordance with such ideas we most cordially join in the praises bestowed on the NILE, given by that enterprising and indefatigable traveller, the late Mr. *Bruce*, on his discovering the source of the above immense and sublime waterfall! Respecting the LEA, we must leave the pleasure of bestowing praises on that placid stream to the mild and patient angler:—

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* *Pactolus* a celebrated river of Lydia, rising in Mount Tmolus, and falling into the Hermus, after watering the city of Sardes. It was in this river that MIDAS washed himself when he turned into gold whatever he touched; and from that circumstance it ever after rolled golden sand, and received the name of *Chrysorrhoas.* It is called Tmolus by Pliny. Strabo observes, that it had no golden sand in his age. *Virg. Strab.*, &c.

> Where he will sit upon the rocks,
> And see the Shepherd feed their flocks,
> By shallow rivers, to whose falls,
> Melodious birds sing madrigals.

Then for the LIFFEY, the Irishman's pride, and the Gourmand's boast, when chuckling to himself the delicious salmon contained within its stream, reminds him of the song which cries from the table—

> "Come, come, and eat me!"

We have strolled along the banks of the Liffey, and have not been insensible to the delightful scenery which surrounds it, and the interesting prospects which also abound in the Emerald Isle:—

> Ere Liffey's waters meet the tide,
> They roll by many lovely bowers;
> There's one more fair than all beside,
> For Kathlene's hands entwine the flowers.
>
> You've seen the primrose in the glade,
> Robed with purest dews of morning!
> Others, in modesty array'd,
> She blooms, her native fields adorning!

But for OLD FATHER THAMES, the delightful scene of our boyhood—the interesting pleasures of our youth—and the numerous gay and happy parties which we have mixed with in the meridian of our life, calling to our remembrance the many pleasant hours that we have passed upon its 'silvery stream;' we have only to regret that we do not possess the talents of a BYRON, to sound its praises; that we are also deficient in ability to describe its surrounding scenery with the effect of a SIR WALTER SCOTT; and likewise that we are incapable to do justice to its forest of masts below Bridge—those terrors to the whole world—the wooden walls of Old England, with the accuracy and spirit of a COOPER—if such capabilities were in our power, than the *Thames*, *Old Father Thames*, should be our theme to the very echo; leaving those persons who might be enamoured with the Tiber, or attracted by the waves of the Hellespont, to eulogise these rivers until they are tired of them. But for a *Row*, or a *Sail* to Richmond, however travellers may boast of the beauties connected with Italian scenery, and painters that have been in search of picturesque views in Foreign parts, extolling them to the skies; let us enjoy our opinion—that the rural walks contiguous, and the aquatic view from Richmond Hill, may be equalled, but it can never be surpassed; and also that a trip down the river is equally magnificent and commanding in another important point of view—thus rendering OLD FATHER THAMES the pride and envy, at all events, of the inhabitants of the Metropolis.

True it is, that there is a TIME for every thing in this gay and busy metropolis; and few men are without their *hobbies*, where such a variety of attractions claim their attention, to fill up a leisure hour or two in a pleasant and agreeable manner, with this difference only, that some of those persons who are attached to any particular sort of amusement, ride them much harder and faster than their neighbours. However, be that as it may, the SPORTS ON THE RIVER THAMES are kept up during the season, nearly with equal spirit to those of the FIELD; and if the *Cocknies* cannot shoot flying; leap over a five-barred gate; join in a steeple-chase; or give the view-halloo! in the same spirit and style of excellence, and want that sort of *character* and finish to the thing, like those persons reared in the country—they nevertheless flatter themselves they are not much from HOME on Old Father Thames; and who also view the river as a sort of element of their own, in consequence of their quick and easy access to it from business. There may be some weight attached to this position—they rather pride themselves in being competent to take a lead in a cutter,—from their frequent practice; or to handle a *scull;* to *feather* an oar; take the situation as strokesman in an eight-oared boat; do their duty in the *mid-ships;* and, at times, show themselves off to advantage by acting like a waterman at the *bow*. It is the ambition of most men to excel in that sort of amusement or sporting towards which their *penchant* appears so conspicuous. But, *more anon.*, when ROWING MATCHES are the subject of discussion.

Within the last few years SAILING MATCHES have increased in a great degree on the *Thames;* and numerous Yacht Clubs have been formed in various parts of England; several prizes of various descriptions have also been sailed for, exhibiting great spirit and ability, and amongst their Commanders, Captains, Ship's Company; or any other phrase the reader may think proper to adopt; we have been informed from some of the best judges on the subject, that some excellent sailors are to be found on board the Sailing-boats, who can hand, reef, and steer, in good seaman's style, and who would do credit to vessels of a much larger size, and prove themselves not unworthy to be trusted

> "On the deep, deep sea."

Although there is a great spirit of rivalry and emulation displayed between the various clubs to become the *crack* party, or boat, on the river, yet, we are happy to assert, there is nothing else but the most gentlemanly feeling manifested towards each other upon all occasions—VICTORY being the only object in view.

Sir Godfrey Webster, Bart. had a superb yacht of his own; and also Lord Harborough; who conducted themselves, and their crew, when on board, strictly, in every point of view, like nautical men: indeed, our limits will not permit us to name the numerous persons of rank and fashion, who are so devoted to sailing, that they have splendid yachts of their own.

The Duke of Buckingham's yacht, it is said, carries twelve brass guns, eighteen and twelve-pounders, and a full complement of seamen and marines, with a chaplain, doctor, &c. The building and fittings up of the yacht cost upwards of £16,000. The rope-maker's bill was £700.

The Sailing Matches are supported with great spirit by the Royal Thames Yacht, Clarence Yacht, and Loyal Yacht Clubs, in the Metropolis; and if they do not produce attraction equal to the Derby, Oaks, Ascot Gold Cup, or the Doncaster Races, in *abetting* point of view—the company is numerous in the extreme; upon any of the above occasions the Thames, in general, is covered with boats—and both sides of the river are thronged with company of the most genteel description. Indeed, it will not be denied that a *Sailing Match* on the river Thames has not only a fine effect—but the scene is altogether of the most lively description, and lots of fun and humour are often the result.[*]

But it appears that the inhabitants of London have long been familiar to the amusement of sailing matches on the Thames: upon looking over the "Town and County Magazine," for June, 1776, exactly *fifty-six* years since, we find the following account of a match, conducted with the same sort of spirit as at the present day, and under the immediate patronage of Royalty:—"On the 17th of June the sailing boats started from Blackfriars' Bridge, for the Cup given by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, value £20., when, after going through an arch of Fulham bridge, they returned, and the ***King's Fisher*** (the property of Messrs. Taylor, Prince, and White) being the first through the centre arch of Blackfriars' Bridge was adjudged the winner, upon which his Royal Highness took the Cup (filled with claret) and wished him joy. Ten boats were entered, and the first five came all within a minute alike. The *Sea-horse* was the second. Commodore Smith, the proprietor of the several boats, and the other members of the Cumberland Sailing Club, afterwards dined at Smith's Tea Gardens, where the Duke's health was drank out of the Prize Cup by all present."

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[*] **THE SAILING MATCH.**

Air—"*Here's to the Maiden.*"

They may talk of their Ganges, their Euphrates so fair,
  Also of the Nile and the Lea, sirs,
But can all, e'en the Pactolus or Liffey compare
  To Father Thames, called the Londoners' sea sirs!

Spoken.] Now, are you all ready there in the boat? where's Mrs. B.? oh, here you are, do you sit in the middle; Tommy and Dickey, do you sit on one side of your mamma, Wilhelmina and Augustus on the other, like two pockets, and take that basket of sandwiches in your lap; also tea-kettle, but mind the smut—there, now trim the boat. Ah, I like to come out with Aquatic, he's been a sailor.—No, he has'nt.—Yes, he has.—Well, if I was'nt, my father was; and moreover than that, he was drowned in Chelsea-reach; so I think I ought to know something of the navigation of the river.—I say, young man, what are the names of the vessels that start?—Why, Ma'am, the Wenus, the Wirgin, the Wictoria, Will-o'-the-Visp, and three others, whose names I can't properly pronounce; but they're all ready, and will start when the pistol fires.—Bless me, do they use pistols in sailing matches?—Yes, ma'am, that's the prize; which ever vessel brings back the bullet in the shortest time gains the day.—Ah! how do you do, Mr. Chesterfield?—I say, that's Mr. Chesterfield, son to the gentleman that wrote a book about politeness, warning how to blow noses, and leave go of button-holes. Is it indeed? I'll speak to him; how does your venerable father do, sir?—How? why, the old *buffer* is as *stiff* as *pitch*.—Ah, neighbour Henpeck, how is it you are out to-day, this is the first day I ever saw you take pleasure, how is this?—How? Mrs. H. is buried to-day.—Hollo! there goes the Don Giovanni, how she cuts along—there they go—now mind, Mrs. B.—all right, look out now—down with your oars, gentlemen, and all keep time by your watches—Mrs. B. put the rudder a little to the other side.—Off we go.

As the wind blows, so the boat rows,
And still with more vigour each waterman glows.

The boats are skimming, their white pouting sails,
  Like swains cleaving through the blue sky, sirs,
Petitions are sent up for favoring gales,
  As onward the vessels quick fly, sirs.

Spoken.] There they go! Oh, how beautiful! how majestic. B. my dear, which do you think will win?—Why, she that gets in first.—How far have they to go, Aquatic? Why, right up the river through Battersea arches, and back again against wind and tide, until they anchor safe at Cumberland-gardens. Now, that's why I like to come out with Aquatic, he knows every thing. Sir, why is that place called the Red House?—Why, because it's brown. I should not think anything could go quicker than that ere wessel, my love! Don't under-rate the velocity of your own tongue, my dear.—Oh dear! see if that little boy has'nt fallen through by the bridge, and there he's hanging.—Oh dear! oh! oh!—I say, my young one, did you see the vessels start?—Yes.—Well, wait there, and you'll se'em come back again.—Now they go; look at them; they're in, they're in, the Wictoria! the Wictoria! Now, he's going, to have his cup.—What cup, Mr. Aquatic?—Why, don't you know all this sailing is for a little cup, which is filled with a gallon of brandy punch, and given to the conqueror, who is expected to drink it all.—What all?—Every drop, and eat the lemon of it. Bless me, what an undertaking!—Ah! but that isn't half, he must keep sober afterwards.

As the wind blows, &c.

Contention has ceased, and, resigned up to glee,
  Each party floats down with the tide, sir;
They take out their dinners and prepare for the tea,
  With ham sandwiches, and sour meat beside, sir.

Spoken.] Well now, we'll lay upon our oars a little while, and take a rest.—Sir, I don't know what you mean by them ere nawtical expressions, but when you come out with ladies, you might be a little more discriminate.—Oh, there's no harm to lay upon our oars, it means to give up to the direction of Neptune and Heolus.—Really, I don't think we ought to give it up to anybody except the people we hired it of, and their names is Sullivan.—Mr. Dulcet, might we beg the favour of your services of the flute?—I am, sure, ma'am, I shall be very happy, but you see as we begin to row again, I can't pull and blow too.—Here, stop, first fill me this tea-kettle with water.—I'll do that; oh, bless me, it has fallen to the bottom.—I did not tell you to do that—No, but you told me to fill it with water, and I dare say it is. Well, sir, I don't wan't to say any thing, only, don't talk to me any more on the voyage; now, where's the sugar? oh, I have it in my coat-pocket. Have you? then your coat-pocket has been in the water this half-hour.—Sir, you are very obnoxious, very obnoxious indeed; I don't like it, and mind you don't speak to me any more during the voyage.—Well, I won't.—Don't.—I won't.—Don't, I say.—Now, Mr. Dulcet, will you blow?—With all my wind, ma'am. (*Plays the flute.*)—Beautiful! well now, this is pleasant; though I wish we had some tea. Don't you, Aquatic? why, where's Aquatic?—Mr. A. where can he be gone to? friend A. where are you?—My love A. where can he have get to? Well, if I must speak, Mr. A. fell overboard some time time since; but as he desired me to take no notice of it during the voyage, I held my tongue.

As the wind blows, &c.

The late Mr. Astley, of the Royal Amphitheatre, but Young Astley, as he was generally termed, was not only very much attached to sailing, but, we believe he won one or two prize Silver Cups and Covers, given by the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, with his boat called the *Mercury*.

The DON GIOVANNI at one period, we well remember, proved a great *Don* on the river, and won two Silver Cups; but we regret to state that some envious persons, or rather, ill-disposed folks, thinking that Mr. Devey, the spirited proprietor of the *Don*, might have a 'Cup too much,' without any thing like 'sailing orders,' in an unguarded moment captured (as they were *foul* pirates) the above prizes: a *fair* start was out of the question—indeed, they did not give him half a chance to recover these pleasing *remembrances* to him of his acknowledged capabilities of a naval tactician; and also the rewards for his exertions during the time he was Captain of the above *crack* sailing boat.

In order to show the Readers of the BOOK OF SPORTS, not only the extensive patronage given by persons of the first consequence and character to Sailing Matches and Regattas, all over the Kingdom; but we have introduced the following sketches for their information, and we also hope that we may add, amusement.

### KING GEORGE IV.'S CORONATION FLEET.

The day appointed for the Sailing Match (Wednesday, July 21, 1829) between the under-mentioned gentlemen's pleasure vessels, for a magnificent Silver Cup and Cover, given by the Coronation Fleet, in commemoration of his Majesty's Coronation and birth-day, the river, for some time previous to the starting of the vessels, was crowded with boats of every denomination, the majority of which contained spectators of the greatest opulence and respectability; and never do we recollect to have seen, since the grand public breakfast given off Whitehall, by the Duke of Clarence, so numerous an assemblage of elegantly attired ladies on the Thames as on this occasion; indeed, the *coup d'œil* was beyond description. The following boats had been entered, but only the first six sailed for the prize:—

| No. | Names. | Owners. | Belonging to | Tons |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Clarence | W. J. Sawyer | Hammersmith | 7 |
| 2 | Daphne | J. Nelson | Lambeth | 7 |
| 3 | Ariel | J. Unwin, Jun. | Battersea | 6 |
| 4 | Donna del Lago | H. Thornton | Deptford | 9 |
| 5 | Leander | W. Cottingham | Battersea | 7 |
| 6 | Rowena | T. Groves | Lambeth | 6 |
| 7 | Rose in June | J. Sheffield | Arundel Stairs | 6 |
| 8 | John and Anne | J, Watson | Ipswich | 8 |
| 9 | Prince George of Cumberland | C. C. Haiselden | Blackwall | 4 |

There was no restriction as to the owners steering their vessels, and, consequently, some of the most experienced men at the helm were appointed to that important station. In consequence of the indispostion of E. Nettleford, Esq., the Commodore, who caught a severe cold a few days since, while engaged on the river during several heavy showers, in the service of the Fleet, H. C. Templeton, Esq., Honorary Secretary, officiated as Deputy; and, at the hour appointed, the latter gentleman was pulled up to Waterloo Bridge, accompanied by three of the Directors in a four-oared boat, by the Engineer, and three of the Palladium Fire-office men, Mr. Roberts, of Lambeth, taking the *lines*. About five o'clock the six first vessels on the list took their respective stations at the bridge, to sail from thence to a boat moored off the Powder-house, Putney Meadows, and back through the centre arch of Vauxhall Bridge. In about a quarter of an hour the Deputy-Commodore gave the signal for starting, when the Rowena, with the celebrated Samuel Johnson at her helm, was instantly in trim, and led the way. The other five were almost equally expert in getting under weigh, and the whole proceeded up the river with rather a stiff breeze from W.S.W., the whole flotilla of boats preceding them in grand array. On passing through Vauxhall the Rowena was a board and a half a-head of the Donna del Lago, which was second boat. The Clarence went through the bridge third, followed by the little Daphne, Ariel, and Leander. At this period it was fully expected that the Donna, who bore the sails of the Don Giovanni, would ultimately take the lead, and that Nelson's boat would overreach some of the headmost vessels. From the running qualities of the Clarence, much was expected from her coming down; and, indeed, great alterations were expected to have taken place in the positions of the boats. Notwithstanding the tacking and manœuvring, which, with one or two exceptions, were excellent, no change took place of consequence the whole way up, much to the regret of many; and the Rowena rounded the boat in the Meadows, three and a-half minutes before the Lady, who was followed by the Clarence, the others going round at a respectful distance, but shortly after each other. On coming down, the Rowena maintained her advantage, which, in a great measure, is to be attributed to the manner in which she was handled at the helm, and it was thought that they would arrive at Vauxhall in the same manner as they went up; for it was not till they neared the Red House that any thing like a change took place, when the Clarence, in running before a stiffish breeze, went past the Donna del Lago, and became second boat. This certainly put many in raptures; with others, however, it had a contrary effect, as the Lady of the Lake was, previous to starting, booked in several instances to win. The Rowena was never headed throughout the match; and it was only when her crew were shifting jibs that the Donna del Lago in any manner drew on her. They passed through the centre arch of Vauxhall Bridge amidst the cheeers of a vast assemblage, as follows:—Rowena first, Clarence second, Donna del Lago third, Daphne fourth, Ariel fifth, and the Leander sixth; the Rowena winning by three minutes and fifteen seconds. After the match the majority of the owners proceeded to their residences, and, having put themselves into trim, repaired to the Royal Gardens, Vauxhall, accompanied by their respective friends, where the magnificent Prize, which weighs upwards of fifty ounces, was presented by Mr. Williams to the successful winner (Mr. Groves) in the presence of as numerous an assemblage as ever congregated in this delightful place of fashionable resort.

### Thames Yacht Club.

The river at Greenwich presented a very gay and interesting appearance, on Saturday, in June, 1828, to witness the starting for the Thames Yacht Club Cup. Never were so many yachts assembled: the Zephyr, Betsy, Donna del Lago, Ariel, Isabel, Pearl, Fairy, Twin, &c., were all under weigh, to accompany the wager vessels; and the Echo Government steamer was decorated in her gayest colours, to do honor to the occasion. Soon after nine o'clock the following yachts took their stations:—Mr. J. Irving's Daisy, 14 tons; Mr. T. Smith's Lady Louisa, 14 tons; Mr. W. H. Harrison's Will-o'-the-Wisp, 16 tons; Mr. R. Hope's Success, 14 tons; Mr. Bank's Atalanta, 14 tons; Mr. E. Codd's Sylph, 14 tons; Mr. Wingfield's Mermaid, 7 tons; and soon afterwards the Royal Sovereign arrived from the Tower, having on board the Commodore and a numerous party. At ten o'clock the gun for getting ready was fired, and every man took his particular station, so that, upon the starting gun being fired, every sail was set with astonishing rapidity. The Success was rather the quickest, but all were properly under weigh in less than one minute. The Daisy, having the weather start, took the lead, followed closely by the Lady Louisa; but, at the top of Woolwich Reach, the Will-o'-the-Wisp ran up to them both, and in jibing upon the Lady, carried away her gaff, which considerably lessened the interest of the match, there being several bets that she would round the boat at Gravesend first. The Lady continued second till just as she arrived at the flag-boat, when the Sylph passed her. Here commenced the beauty of the match, there being a fresh breeze at W.N.W., and three hours ebb to run. A finely contested race it was: the Daisy never was headed, although twice very near it; in fact, it was impossible to tell, just below Purfleet, when on different tacks, which would go to windward, she or the Lady. The Sylph, after being beaten by the Lady, had a fresh competitor in the Success; but, after contending every inch of ground most skilfully, was obliged to be contented by coming in fourth. The Atalanta was beaten by the little Mermaid, but both were completely distanced. So good a day's sport has seldom been seen, and upon the arrival of the Daisy, as the winner, at Greenwich, to which place she belongs, the cheers of her friends were most *uproarious*. Dancing was kept up on board the Royal Sovereign to a late hour, and every body seemed delighted with the general arrangements.

### Will o' the Wisp and Success.

The Match between Mr. Hope's Success, 16 tons, and Mr. Harrison's Will-o'-the-Wisp, 16 tons, for 50 sovereigns was decided on Saturday, in June, 1828. They started from Greenwich precisely at eleven o'clock, with a light breeze, N.N.W., the Success taking the lead; but, in turning through Blackwall Reach, the Will headed her, and maintained it to Erith Reach, when the breezes became partial, and the Success being the more fortunate, she was again a-head, and had increased her distance at Greenhithe to at least a quarter of a mile. The wind here freshened, and became more steady; and in going round the Flag Vessel at Gravesend, they were both together, but the Will by some means got to windward There was still an hour's ebb to run, and both hammered away over the tide with alternate advantage; so equal were they, that, under Broadness-point, it was thought the Success would have won; but directly the tide eased, away went the Will-o'-the-Wisp, without giving her a chance, till she eventually won by thirteen minutes. It was the opinion of every body present, that a better match was never seen; and the odds at one time looked very queer. When it is recollected how good a place the Success held for the T. Y. C. Cup, this match proves the "Will" to be a very fast vessel of her class.

### Peter Boat Sailing Match.

In July, 1829, a Sailing Match took place at Hammersmith, between twenty-four working Peter-boats, owned by fishermen, for various prizes, in sovereigns, given by the Ladies and Gentlemen of Chiswick and Hammersmith. The day was extremely unpropitious for those who delight in witnessing such matches, but, notwithstanding, the spectators were numerous. On the usual signal being given .the whole twenty-four boats started from the Hammersmith Bridge, to sail to Kew, and back to a boat moored near the place of starting. On the boats getting in trim and going off, a more interesting scene could not be witnessed on the Thames. The Countess Macartney took the lead, followed by the Providence, and, after a contest which afforded great gratification to the admirers of sailing, and in which the boats passed and repassed each other several times, they came in thus:—Providence, T. Humphreys, Hammersmith, first; Countess Macartney, Moses Gibson, Chiswick, second; George and William, William Malcolm, Hammersmith, third; Henry, William White, Chiswick, fourth; Richard and Sarah, R. Pearce, Strand, fifth; Owner's Delight, W. Bolton, Chiswick, sixth; Active, S. Earlam, Hammersmith, seventh; The remaining seventeen came in shortly after each other. A purse of about twenty sovereigns was distributed by the Committee at the Ship Inn among the first six boats. The rain at short intervals came down in torrents, and consequently prevented many witnessing the match.

### GRAVESEND REGATTA.

The fourth anniversary of the above splendid Regatta, which was instituted to commemorate the coronation of his gracious Majesty, George the Fourth, under the immediate patronage of the late Earl of Darnley, took place on Monday, in July, 1829, between six hatch boats, not to exceed twenty tons, and to sail under unlimited canvas; a sailing match by six short ferry-boats, under mainsail and foresail only; and a rowing match by six short ferry-boats.

At an early hour the town's folk were all on the *qui vive*, and the country for miles round was emptied of its residents, all of whom flocked to the great focus of attraction. The metropolis, too, yielded forth its quantum of admirers of aquatic sports. The appearance of Gravesend was quite animating; flags were seen flying in various directions; a splendid new one, with the Lennox arms upon it, fluttered above the new pier, and the bells rang forth a merry peal. Gravesend Reach was completely studded with vessels—yachts, galleys, and punts were seen flying along the surface of the water in all directions.

About twelve o'clock the sailing and oared boats selected to contend for the prizes, were seen putting from the land. The hatch-boats made for the point from whence they were to start—namely, Gladish's Wharf,—while the six-oared boats, and the short ferry-boats, kept near to the Committee's barge. To give an idea of the heightened and animated scene that presented itself at this moment would be impossible. Every house-top, window, and other place along the water's edge, from whence a sight of the sailing could be witnessed, were filled with elegantly-dressed females, and a suitable number of the "Lords of the Creation," while the vessels in the Reach were equally profuse in the display of the quantity and quality of their company. At half-past twelve o'clock the elegant and fast-sailing steamer, the Kent, appeared in the Reach, with between 400 and 500 passengers, and shortly after the Earl of Darnley's yacht, having on board his Lordship and Lady Darnley, Lord Clifton, and the Honorable Colonel and Lady Bligh, and a select party, hove in sight, and was saluted with twenty-one rounds from the Committee's barge. This was the signal for the commencement of the sport, and, in a moment after, the hatch-boats in the following order were seen to steer from the wharf—

| No. | Name. | Tons. | Owners. | Colours. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Ann and Elizabeth | 18 | T. Tisdell | Red. |
| 2 | Eliza | 14 | J. Wall | Blue. |
| 3 | Diligence | 18 | G. Arnold | White. |
| 4 | Guardian | 19 | S. Keeling | Green. |
| 5 | Henrietta | 14 | W. Martin | Yellow. |
| 6 | William | 18 | G. Martin | Pink. |

The order of the sailing, as laid down by the Committee, was as follows:—From Gladish's wharf, round a flag-boat stationed off the Cole-house Point, to proceed upwards round a flag-boat stationed in Northfleet Hope, from thence round a flag-boat off the Custom-house, and return to the southward and westward of the Committee's barge.

The prizes were to be bestowed in the following order:—First boat £10.—Second boat £5.—Third boat £3.—Fourth boat £2.—Fifth boat £1. 5s.

This match was contested in a truly seaman-like manner on the part of the crew of each of the vessels. The Red, however took the lead at starting, and kept it all through. The White kept close to it, followed by the Pink. The contest lay entirely between White and Pink for the second place, and on two occasions in the course of the match, the latter got a-head of the former. At the conclusion of about two hours the match ended by the boats passing the Committee's barge in the following order:—Red first, White second, Pink third, Yellow fourth, and Green fifth. Blue did not sail the last distance.

### THE DUBLIN REGATTA.

This splendid and interesting exhibition took place on Monday, July, 1828, in the presence of an immense multitude collected on the hills and shores which surrounded the bay. The Lord-Lieutenant was present in his beautiful yacht, the Pearl, and was highly delighted by the beauty of the scene, the bosom of the bay being covered with craft of every description, including four steamers.

The vessels entered to sail for the first prize cup, value 75 sovereigns, having been arranged by Lord William Paget, a gun was fired from on board the Tiger revenue cruizer, as a signal of their readiness for sailing; two guns noticed that they had slipped their moorings, when they proceeded. The following are the names of the yachts, and their owners :—

Ganymede, 70 tons, Colonel Madden; Ruby, 50 tons, John Fitzgerald, Esq., M. P.; Liberty, 42 tons, Earl of Errol; Thetis, 37 tons, Rev. D. George; Emerald Isle, 54 tons, Fortescue Grey, Esq.; Sapphire, 69 tons, Lord Newborough.

After a beautiful contest the Thetis was hailed as the victor.

At half-past three, the preliminaries having been gone through, the following vessels sailed for the seventh class prize cup, value ten pounds :—

Corsair, 8 tons, John Coldwell, Esq.; Medora, 7 tons, — Barnes, Esq.; Daisy, 5 tons, Fortescue Gregg, Esq.; Esther, 6 tons, Thomas Farnell, Esq.; Mary (of Bullock), Hon. Mr. Annesley.

This match was won at six o'clock by the Corsair.

Two rowing matches, which took place whilst the sailing matches proceeded, excited a good deal of interest. They were well contested.

On Tuesday the sports were renewed, when the Liberty (Earl of Errol) won the second prize cup, value fifty guineas, beating the Ruby, the Medora, the Thetis, and the Emerald Isle, in two heats. The sixth class prize cup, value fifteen pounds, was won by the Anglesey.

### Portsmouth Regatta.

The above splendid naval fete took place in August, 1829, in the presence of a highly fashionable assemblage. The first prize, the Anglesey Ville Cup, value fifty pounds, was sailed for by the Oberon, of 43 tons, G. H. Gunstan, Esq.; the Turk, 44 tons, Captain Kean, R. N.; and Elizabeth, 42 tons, the Earl of Darnley. They started at 11h. 43m. A. M., at which time the wind had freshened to a two-reef mainsail gale. Their course was to go round a flag-boat off Southsea Castle, thence round the Knab Light, and to the westward, round the N. W. buoy of the Sturbridge. The Elizabeth, in rounding the Knab Light vessel (the Turk being nearly aboard of her), fell on board, stove a part of her bulwarks, split her foresail, and was obliged to give up the contest, leaving the Turk and Oberon proceeding on the course; unfortunately, however, for the latter vessel, in jibing round the buoy of the Boyne, she carried away her boom, thus leaving the Turk master of the field. After the latter vessel had gone the second round, the prize was awarded to Captain Kean. The gale still increasing, the rowing galleys could not be started; but the larger sailing wherries having taken their stations, the signal-gun was fired, when seven competed for the following prizes —ten, seven, five, and one pounds. The two Brothers, Proctor, broke her rudder soon after starting, and was obliged to run back into the harbour; and the Good Friends, Main, carried away her mast in rounding the buoy of the Boyne. The others, after sailing twice round, came in as follows :—Packet, Little; Turkish Knight, Parsels; Sovereign, Main, sen.; William and Mary, Grub; and the Fox, Smith. If any thing were wanting to prove the superiority of wherries over every other description of boat, the proof this day of their safety, and the general excellence of their management, would be sufficient. It was clearly seen that the large class wherries were improving yearly.

On the second day the weather proved more auspicious, and at the appointed hour the signal was made for the vessels which were entered to sail for the Gloucester Cup to take their station. The yachts belonging to the Royal Yacht Club, which had originally entered, came as per signal (except Mr. Smith's Menai, and Mr. Weld's Lulworth, which, we understand, from some misunderstanding between these gentlemen and Lord Belfast, declined sailing); it was consequently generally supposed that Lord Belfast would also withdraw his Louisa; but his Lordship having signified his intention of sailing, at 2. 26. P. M., the Louisa, 162 tons, started with the Hebe, 68 tons, A Corbett, Esq.; Blue-eyed Maid, of 49 tons, J. Lyon, Esq.; and the Neuha, of 44 tons, belonging to J. Saunderson, Esq. In running through Spithead it was observed that the Blue-eyed Maid and the Neuha hauled their wind, and bent to the westward for Cowes, the Hebe keeping her course with the Louisa. In the first and second round the Louisa came in first, and the Hebe not until half-past twelve at night, having got on the Spit Bank. Lord Belfast claims the Gloucester Cup; on this subject the Committee met, when, from its being evident to them collusion had been practised on the subscribers by the starting of two of the vessels, merely to make up the number, the owners of which had no intention of running the course, they decided the cup should be reserved for a future competition. The Neuha and Blue-eyed Maid quitted the course before they had reached the Spit Buoy, one of them having lost sixteen minutes in hoisting her mainsail: the other, on running out of the course, hauled down his racing-flag, and hoisted the Yacht Club burgee. The small vessels, under 17 tons, were started at 12. 4. for the prizes of £10. 7s. and £5.—viz. Clymene, Brain; Iphigenia, List; and Duke of Gloucester, Manlaws: this was a very pretty match, and afforded much sport; they came in in the following order, after going three times round—Duke of Gloucester, Iphigenia, Clymene. The first division of boats belonging to his Majesty's ships in ordinary, to the number of about twenty-one, started at 12. 43. for a Silver

Cup of £5 value, which was won every round by that belonging to the Prince. The second division of boats of the Ordinary, twelve in number, commenced their course for a cup of the same value, at 3. 59., and having gone three times round, the boat belonging to the Nymph beat the whole, terminating at 7. 29. The Amateur Galleys—Highland Lassie, belonging to Mr. Woolgar; Corsair, Pushman; Gloucester, Nicholson; Maria, Frazier; and also the Recruit, belonging to the Hon. Mr. Trench, of the 52nd Regiment, and pulled by officers of the regiment—were started at 5. 7. for the Gold Medals, and were won in grand style by the latter (Recruit). The second prize, that of Silver Medals, was awarded to the Highland Lassie. —The Rowing Galleys, by picked waterman, next started at 7. 8., P. M. for the prizes—£5, £4, £3, and £1,—and the Neger, belonging to Lieutenant Brooking, R. N., won the first; the others as follows: — Maria, Highland Lassie, and Gulnare.

### PLYMOUTH REGATTA.

On Tuesday, in July, 1828, the Royal Sovereign Yacht, bearing the flag of his Royal Highness, the Lord High Admiral, arrived at Plymouth from Dartmouth, towed by the Lightning and Meteor Government steam vessels, and anchored in Stonehouse Pool, under a salute from the forts and shipping. His Royal Highness dined with Commissioner Shield at the Dock-yard. The Regatta drew immense crowds: the weather was fine; the Sound was filled with vessels of all sizes, and the scene from the Hoe was altogether beautiful, and animated beyond description. The sport was excellent. The following yachts started for the Ladies' Cup:—Mr. Smith's Menai, Earl of Belfast's Harriet, Mr. Weld's Lulworth, and Mr. Corbett's Hebe. The Lulworth was likely to win, but one of her men falling overboard from the cross-trees, she brought-to to pick him up, and he escaped a watery grave, but was the cause of the race being lost, the Menai beating the Lulworth by one minute, and thus winning. The Silver Vase was won by Mr. Mills's Julia, beating Mr. Symond's Emerald by one minute and thirty-five seconds. The weather was such as a lover of the sport could desire—a stiff breeze from W.S.W.

On Wednesday four cutters started for the Clarence Cup, which was won by Mr. Weld's Lulworth beating the Menai by three minutes, and completely distancing the Navriet and Hebe. The Members' Cup was also won by Mr. Weld's Lulworth.

A purse of sovereigns, given to the three best hookers, or fine-fishing boats, was divided between the Brothers, Dolphin, and another, whose name we could not learn: throughout this race, the Brothers and Dolphin alternately maintained the head; and it was impossible to guess, from the clever style in which they were both managed, and the very trifling changes in their relative position, which would be the winner; and after an arduous and most interesting struggle, the Brothers won the majority of sovereigns by about half her length.

### THE MERSEY REGATTA.

This pleasing festival took place on Friday, in July 1828, in the presence of an immense multitude. The Silver Cup was won by the Fairy, the property of T. Tobin, Esq., beating the Emerald, Experiment, Telegraph, and Isabella.

The second race, ten guineas for the first boat, and three guineas for the second boatmen's sailing boats, was won by the William, Thomas Little, and the endeavour; four others started. The third race, similar prizes for sailing boats, was won by the Victory, of Seacombe, and the James, of Rock Ferry.

In the Rowing Matches, the Silver Cup for row-boats with six oars, owned, rowed, and steered by gentlemen, was awarded to the Cygnet, although second in the race; the first boat (the Rover) having neglected to go round the proper boats. A second Silver Cup was won by the Harlequin. There was a third race between row-boats with six oars, rowed by boatmen, for two prizes, of ten and three guineas, which was won by the Diver and the Psyche, and the day's amusement closed with a contest for superiority between the gentlemen of the Harlequin and those of the Cygnet, as winners of the cups, from a boat moored off Tranmere to the Leda, off Seacombe. The Harlequin won cleverly by two lengths. The style of rowing of the gentlemen who manned this boat excited the admiration of every one.

### PEGWELL BAY REGATTA.

The following sports took place in September, 1828, under the patronage of the Right Honorable Lord Clifton, and J. A. Warre, Esq.

*Four-oared Galleys.*

| Names. | Steered by | Colours. |
|---|---|---|
| The Queen | Robert Cooper | Red |
| The Olive Branch | James Goldsmith | Blue. |
| The Poll | James Cooper | Yellow. |
| The Gelona | Robert Graut | White, |

To start from a boat moored off the Belle-vue Tavern, and round a boat stationed in the Haven, also round the Spar Beacon, and return to the starting-boat. This was an admirably contested race; the whole might have been covered with a sheet, nearly all the distance; the Olive Branch, however, having the inside birth, maintained rather the advantage, but was so hard-pressed by the Queen, that the coxswain, fearful of losing an inch, kept so direct a course as to run foul of the Spar Beacon; the hindrance this occasioned, although it did not exceed ten seconds, enabled the Queen to shoot a-head, and, notwithstanding the men in the Olive Branch used every exertion, yet they could not again obtain the lead, and the Queen was declared entitled to the prize.

The second contest was announced to be a sailing match. To start from a boat off the Belle-vue Tavern, and sail twice round the above-named course. The boats entered for the contest, were—

| Names. | Steered by | Colours. |
|---|---|---|
| The Jane ........ | Thomas Stock .... | Red. |
| The Alert........ | Robert Fox ...... | White. |
| The Poll ......... | Edward Goldsmith | Blue. |
| The Favourite.... | Robert Cooper.... | Yellow. |

There not being a "cap full" of wind, the oars were obliged to be substituted for sails, and gave another display of manly exertion. The Poll, however, took the lead, with the Jane and Alert well laid in; the Poll retained her station the whole of the race, and obtained comparatively an easy victory.

The third race consisted of "Small Class of Sailing Boats," not allowed to carry an oar; the length of each boat not to exceed thirteen feet; to sail once round the course. Twelve boats started. In consequence of its being a dead calm, the oars, as in the last race, were again obliged to be brought into play; and as two men only were allowed to each boat, and these two plying the oars, there was no one at the helm, which created a scene of laughable confusion, the cockle-shells running foul of each other, enabled the Garland to slip a-head, and win an easy prize.

On my return through Ramsgate the whole population appeared on the "qui vive," and, enquiring the occasion, I learned that there was to be a horse-race on the sands. I accordingly determined on seeing the event, and sure such a display of "hanimals" were never before congregated to start for "Match, Plate, or Sweepstakes." The first "high-mettled racer" that caught my view was Mr. Tanner's chesnut gelding, high in bone and low in flesh; secondly, Mr. Pattison's bay gelding, which showed evident symptoms of having undergone his training in a costermonger's "wehicle;" Mr. Smith's Chesnut gelding was likewise entered, and amongst the knowing ones booked as sure to win, notwithstanding the circumstance of his owner, the better to disguise his racing qualities, having attached the appendage of a crupper to the saddle: but the caricature was too palpable, for instead of the saddle being likely to get too forward, the "hanimal" was trained so very fine that his loins might rival those of the tightest laced dandy in Regent-street; Mr. Shoften's brown mare was evidently kept in the back-ground, "to cause a sensation,"—she was a neat little cock-tail, and notwithstanding she showed symptoms of having seen her best days, yet there was a display of game about her that will show itself in a well-bred one, even when reduced to a poster. At four o'clock the signal was made for mounting. When the jockeys disencumbered themselves of their upper toggery, they displayed the ingenuity of their wives in converting old rugs into jackets and caps of divers colours. After making the usual display for the purpose of adjusting their stirrups, &c., they were led with all due formality to the starting-post, and when the word "away" was given, the little mare, although very groggy, quickly obeyed the voice of the starter, and took the lead, the big ones displaying their well-bred extractions, by ceremoniously standing on etiquette, neither of them feeling inclined to take precedence of the other; however, by dint of jockeyship, they were at length got into a trot, but this not satisfying their merciless riders, who each carried a tremendous flogger, in addition to the persuaders with which their heels were armed, and which were used unceasingly, until the "ould" ones were put upon their mettle, and made an interesting race, each disdaining to leave the other in the lurch. In the meanwhile, however, the little mare made sure of the heat, and as there was no stimulus for the second horse, not even the entrance money returned (which amounted to *half-a-bull*) accounts for the excessive politeness of these high-bred ones, in thus ceremoniously refusing to take the lead, as by so doing he must expose his hind quarters to the gaze of his opponent. But the jockeyship displayed in the last heat was trifling when compared with the energy exerted in the second, for the sport was got up expressly for the amusement of the visitors, who kindly contributed "lots of *browns*" to make a purse, and which the yokels had arranged the disposal of without a contest; still it was necessary to make a race, and as three heats would be expressive of greater gratitude to their patrons than two, it was necessary that one of the losing horses should come in first. When placed in a line the little mare was all alive, but her jockey, determined to obey orders, said "no go;" and as she was very impatient, he thought it a favorable opportunity for showing off; so keeping the insidious spur in her flank, whilst he held the reins tight, she continued to twirl round, as though fixed upon a pivot. At length, however, accident put an end to the torment; Smith's man had made such tremendous use of his whip, that the thong broke, and gave such a decided advantage to Turner, that he, being persuaded into a gallop, won heat the second. The jockey kept the little mare upon the pivot until the horse had got so far a-head that he thought he might let loose with impunity; however, he had reckoned without his host, for, notwithstanding he sat well back, and pulled with all his might, she got to the haunches of the "ould" horse ere he had passed the goal. All hope of a third heat was vanishing, when, as a last resource, the jockey contrived to turn the mare's head in a direction diverging from the winning post, and, dashing amongst the spectators, caused such a screaming and uproar, that confusion seemed confounded. A third heat now became essential, which was disposed of as the first; but, in deference to the Stewards, I shall subjoin the official announcement of the contest:—Mr. Shotten's b. m., aged—1 2 1. Mr. Tanner's b. g., aged —2 1 2. Mr. Smith's b. g. aged—3 3 3. Mr. Pattison's b. g. aged—not placed.

The cliffs which overhang the Bay were graced with a vast assemblage of the fair sex, from the adjacent watering places, and caused a very animated scene. There were several carriages on the heights, and one with a Ducal Coronet created general exclamations of "Whose carriage is that?" It proved to belong to his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, who liberally presented the funds with a subscription of five guineas. At the conclusion of the sports lots of good cheer was provided by the worthy host of the Belle-vue, and a numerous party sat down to a sumptuous dinner, and gave ample proof of the exhilirating effects of sea air in creating a zest for the numerous good things with which the table was crowded.

### Regatta on the Humber.

As usual, the above Regatta, in September, 1830, attracted a vast assemblage of spectators. On the first day a Silver Cup, value 40 sovereigns was sailed for by gentlemen's yachts and pleasure boats. They came in as follows:—Nymph, cutter, W. G. Turnball, Esq., first; Cutty Sark, schooner, G. Gilbertson, Esq., second; Vesper, cutter, Messrs. Bruce and Co.; third; and the Nonpariel, cutter, J. Grayburn, Esq. fourth. The Nymph won easy. The second race was won by Gold Duster's boats, plying on the Humber. The Falcon came in first, and received three sovereigns; the Phœnix, as second boat, became entitled to two sovereigns. For the prizes of fifteen, ten, and five sovereigns, seven six-oared boats, rowed by amateurs, contended, when they came in thus in the last heats:—Diana first, Vulcan second, Rob Roy third, and Kingston fourth.—It was a fine contest. On Thursday the two prizes of ten and five sovereigns, sailed for by fishing boats, were won by the Dove and Mary Frances. Nine boats started, and an admirable contest ensued.—The four-oared match followed, for two prizes of ten and five sovereigns. The Kingston, in the third heat, came in first, and the Rowena second. Owing to the Brockelsby and Vulcan fouling in the last heat, they lost. In the first heat the Stewards started the Kingston and Rowena before the Diana was ready, consequently she never contended; betting was two to one in her favor. The Welton and Watson jolly-boats, manned by sailors, won the prizes of three and two sovereigns. On the first day the weather was fine; but on the following day the river was very rough, and it was expected the boats would not have been started. Had not the Brockelsby fouled, many think she would have won the first prize. The Diana and Brockelsby are London boats, and were the chief winners last year. The rest are Hull boats, built after their models. The Vulcan is built of iron, and the Harlequin of tin.

### The Severn and the Vestris.

A Sailing Match took place between the above two vessels of about six tons each, in Sept. 1829,—the Vestris belonging to S. Johnson, and a fine little craft, the Severn, the property of Messrs. Honey and Archer, of Lambeth. The match was for twenty sovereigns; to start from Blackwall, round the Flamer at Gravesend, and back to the place of starting. At ten o'clock the vessels "let go" with a fine "soldier's breeze," the Vestris to windward, which in consequence took the lead; but it was soon seen that she was of no use with the Severn, who came up to her weather quarter in fine style to pass her; the Vestris, however, luffed up, and prevented the accomplishment of this object. The Severn then stood away to leeward, but with as little success: and in this way, for about sixteen miles, the match was beautifully contested, the excellent seamanship of Johnson thwarting all the endeavours of his antagonist to get away from him. At length, in Erith Sands, a heavy squall came on, which was too much for the Vestris, and she was obliged to reef; and while her crew were engaged at this, the Severn, who was gallantly carrying on with all her sail, slipped by to leeward, and kept improving her distance, through Gravesend Reach, and rounded the Flamer considerably a-head. The Vestris shook out her reef after the squall was over, but there was no hope of her again nearing her antagonist. The Severn, in weathering Northfleet point, was nearly a mile a-head, when an unfortunate accident happened, which at once put an end to her sailing. The mast-head, which must have been sprung in the squall, fell by the lee, with a loud crash, carrying with it all the rigging, sails, and spars, but without injuring any of the crew. The Vestris shortly after came up to her aid, and assisted in getting the wreck of the mast on board, and thus the unfortunate Severn was towed to London by the Earl Spencer Gravesend sailing-packet. The Vestris sailed her distance, and of course won the match. The losing boat was well sailed by Mr. Bishop, of the Palace Tavern, and, had it not been for the accident, it was thought, would have won by a very considerable distance.

### Second Match between the Severn and the Vestris.

The proprietors of the Severn not being exactly satisfied in their minds respecting the best sailer of the two boats, another match was made for £10 aside from Greenwich to Gravesend, and back to the place of starting, which took place, as soon as convenient to both parties. The Severn had a new mast and bowsprit made for the occasion by

Goulty, and a fine suit of wager sails belonging to the Leander. The vessels started at nine o'clock from alongside the Fairy yacht, with a light wind blowing on the Greenwich shore. The Vestris made a short board to get out to windward, and passed the weather side of some craft which were lying at anchor. The Severn, however, stood down at once, passed to leeward of the craft, and headed her opponent. In turning down to Blackwall Point, the Vestris gained a little upon the Severn, in consequence of her being once or twice hindered by the numerous vessels underway; but when they passed Blackwall, they had a free wind down, and the Severn shook out the reef in her mainsail, got up a large running jib, and went completely away from her opponent. To describe the match further would be unnecessary, as the Vestris had not the least chance, the Severn having run away not only from her, but from nearly all the yachts which accompanied the match, and, with the exception of the Rob Roy, was the only vessel which reached Gravesend. After passing round the Custom-house vessel at that place, she proceeded homewards, and met the Vestris at Northfleet, the crew of which, seeing they had no chance, hauled their wind, and stood upwards, without proceeding to Gravesend. The Severn arrived off Greenwich about seven, winning the match in gallant style. The latter vessel was the property of Honey and Archer, of Lambeth, and this circumstance prevents her belonging to any of the London Yacht Clubs, no vessel which is let out on hire being allowed to contend in their matches. A number of crack boats accompanied the match, and amongst them we noticed the Rowena, Mountain Maid, Falcon, Rob Roy, Leander, Mr. Fillon's Caroline, &c.; on the whole, forming a very interesting spectacle.

### MARGATE REGATTA.

On Monday in August 1827, at the above lively watering place, the announcement of the Regatta attracted a large assemblage both from London and the adjacent country; but, owing to the disappointment of a "Great Man," nothing else but a match took place between four six-oared cutters belonging to the town of Margate, for a cup, the sole gift of the late highly-respected and liberal individual, James Taddy, Esq. The cup, an extremely handsome one, though small, representing on one side the passengers and crew of the Hindostan East Indiaman saved by the intrepidity of the Lord Nelson Margate lugger in 1803. The following boats started: —Reculver Queen, Rose, Polly Peachum, and Queen; but the distance of rowing was so badly arranged, that one boat had to row several hundred yards less than another, which gave the Reculver Queen the advantage, and she has now had the good fortune of winning two successive years. The Margate men, however, cannot row, it is quite out of their line, and immediately the heat was over, six Deal men challenged any six men in Margate, from £50 to £100, which was not accepted. Expectation had brought together several gentlemen's pleasure vessels, and as nothing was given to be sailed for, a Sweepstakes of 10 gs. each, for the sole purpose of making sport, was proposed upon the spur of moment, and the following yachts entered:—

| Names. | Owners. | Tons. |
|---|---|---|
| Cameleon . . | W. Nettlefold, Esq. | 23 |
| Royal Eagle . | T. Stokes, Esq. . . . | 11 |
| Will-o'-the-Wisp, | W. H. Harrison, Esq. | 16 |
| Pearl . . . | James Heighington, Esq. | 16 |

Just as the boats took their stations, the Will-o'-the-Wisp, apparently to take some gentleman on board, stood in to the Pier head, and the others started without her; she, however followed, and a most beautifully contested match took place, round the buoy off the Hook, the wind being dead at W., with a two-reefed mainsail breeze. It was with some difficulty won by the Pearl, the Royal Eagle being second, the Cameleon last, very much against the general opinion. With this material addition to the sport, the day which was very fine, passed off merrily, and apparently to the satisfaction of every one. Eleven hundred persons were brought down by steam on the Saturday previous to the Regatta.

### SOUTHAMPTON REGATTA.

Southampton Regatta took place on Monday and Tuesday in August 1827, and, for splendour, attraction, and amusement, far exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine. Monday morning opened with most beautiful weather, a fine breeze from the north-east, and an immense number of vessels covering our delightful estuary. At nine a gun was fired for the sail boats, six in number, to start. Their course was to a boat below Netley Abbey, and back. They were all Itchenferry fishing-boats; and the first prize, after a good contest, was won by James Diaper's Industry, seventeen feet. During this, the start of the yachts for the fifty pounds cup took place; nine vessels had entered for this, but only five, *i. e.* Mr. Weld's Arrow, Lord Belfast's Therese and Harriet, Lord Darnley's Elizabeth, and Captain Brown's Dolphin, started. The course was to the Brambles and back. The Arrow got the start, kept the lead, increasing her distance from her opponents, and finally reached the gaol about half a mile a-head of the Harriet, and nearly two miles before the Therese. The other two were, in horse-jockey language, *no where.* Almost the best part of the whole Regatta was the boat-race of the women—four pullers, and a *hen*-swain, we suppose we must call the steers-woman. We cannot enlarge on this most popular race, more than to say, it was contested by four boats, and won by Ann Diaper and her female friends, who are all, we presume, better known in the fish market, and at Itchenferry than, to any of our readers. The next match was the small yachts for a £25 cup. This was not a very interesting match, as all the other vessels (three in number) were notoriously unable to compete with Mr. James Weld's Paul Pry. The start, however, was very good. Mr. Corry's Laura pushed close after Paul, but was ultimately beaten in good style; Mr. Janverin's Lotos coming in after her at a respectful distance, and the Louisa, the largest of all, being completely distanced.

### CLARENCE YATCH CLUB.

A Sailing Match for a Silver Cup and Cover, given by the above Club, took place in June 1828. The distance sailed was from Westminster Bridge to Hammersmith, and back to Westminster. A great number of boats were on the water, and as a fine breeze was up at N.E., fine sport was expected. Eleven vessels were entered to start, but only nine were at their stations at the signal given for preparation.

The Commodore, at half-past four o'clock, gave the signal for starting; and the Clarence, of seven tons, took the lead, followed closely by the Leander. The Fortitude was the next vessel. The others were likewise close upon each other. The Clarence kept the lead up to Hammersmith, and was the first boat which rounded the flag boat, the Fortitude and Leander being close upon the Clarence. In making the first tack the Clarence ran foul of a boat moored near the shore and became entangled, and a man on board cleared her with his foot. This, as will be seen below, led to a dispute. The boats kept their relative stations, with the exception of the Leander, which changed places with the Fortitude. At about 25 minutes past seven the Clarence rounded the flag-boat stationed near Westminster Bridge, winning the match by about four minutes, the Fortitude coming in next, almost immediately after; all the other boats came up within a quarter of an hour. The match was a well-contested one.

THE WRANGLE.—The unfortunate boats raised an objection to the means adopted by the Clarence, when she ran foul of the boat off Putney. According to the rules of the Club no means, except the hands, are to be used in getting clear of any impediments which may arise to impede the vessels. A person on board the Clarence cleared the vessel with his feet. This was deemed unfair by the majority of the Club, but the Commodore decided that the crew of the Clarence acted right. In the evening the cup was presented to the winner at the Club-room of Oliver's Coffee house, Westminster-bridge.

### HERNE BAY PIER REGATTA.

HERNE BAY is delightfully situate on the Kentish Coast, and to those persons who are of a retired disposition, and who wish to enjoy the pleasures of rural enjoyment for a few days week, month, or during the season, will find Herne Bay a place well calculated to suit their ideas and feelings in the above respect. A PIER, almost like magic, has made its appearance in the Bay, in the very short space of *eleven months*, 2000 feet in length; and, if we may judge from the above rapidity of execution, we may expect in the course of a few months, or early in the next season, the completion of three beautiful squares, also handsome wide streets, and a new church, which have been laid out for some time past, to form the new town of ST. AUGUSTINE.

The *bathing* at Herne Bay, by those persons who are well informed upon such matters, is said to be of the most inviting description. It also possesses another great advantage to those persons whom TIME is of importance in their affairs—a person may leave London in the morning, and return to the Metropolis in the evening; it is likewise 14 miles nearer than Margate; and only seven miles distant from that noble piece of antiquity, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, so much the object of curiosity to foreigners, from all parts of the world. The above Cathedral, which has been the subject of one of the finest painttings at the Diorama in Regent's Park, has, within the last four years, not only undergone a complete repair, but beautified in various parts of it, to render this venerable pile more attractive, if possible, than heretofore. To the Antiquarian, Canterbury Cathedral is a most intellectual treat, and it will bear inspecting again and again with pleasure to the mind not to be described; and even the careless and indifferent traveller, who might visit this ancient religious structure, merely to fill up a leisure hour, perhaps, while waiting the arrival of a stage coach, or other business, will find his *time* well occupied, as well as experiencing a treat of no common description.

HERNE BAY is between Reculver (this noted land-mark to Mariners, and which adds to the prospect from the Pier, called "The SISTERS"), once the residence of the Saxon king Ethelbert and his Court, and Whitstable, celebrated for oyster fisheries. It is said by Duncombe, in his "Antiquities of Reculver and Herne," to have derived its name from the immense numbers of herons that formerly frequented it. The county of Kent has long been designated the Garden of England, from the excellency of its soil and the salubrity of its air; and, as a proof of this, Sir John Fineux, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in the reign of King Henry the VIIIth, purchased an estate in the parish of Herne, whereon "he builded his faire house for preserving his helth."

Herne Bay combines superior local advantages for the establishment of a town and watering place; it stands on an easy elevation, comm anding in front an open and extensive view of the ocean, and at the rear the surrounding country is most picturesque, with romantic woody walks and rides; the line of shore uninterrupted, permitting the tide to ebb, and flow freely, so as effectually to prevent, at any time, the accumulation of muddy or impure water; thus affording peculiar facilities for sea bathing; and it is much frequented by the inhabitants of Canterbury and its vicinity, for that peculiar purpose.

For several years Herne Bay has been rising in public estimation, as a select sea retreat; it was formerly much more considerable and had a market. The church is a large structure, similar to a Cathedral, with a choir and stalls, divided from the nave by an elegant screen of carved oak; but the want of a landing place has hitherto prevented its acquiring greater notoriety, and has been the only drawback to its becoming one of the most fashionable places of resort of the day; to remove this inconvenience, and to insure to it that increased patronage to which its numerous local advantages so eminently entitle it, a Company has been formed, under the protective provisions of an act of parliament, to raise a Capital of £50,000, in shares of £50 each.

The pier is so constructed as to afford a delightful promenade, and will, when finished, extend 3,000 feet over the sands and sea, and to allow steam-packets and other vessels to embark and land passengers and goods at all times of the tide. In addition to this accommodation, the parade of 50 feet wide, will extend nearly a mile along the front of the town facing the sea, for the accommodation of riding and walking.

The directors of the Pier at Herne Bay, it should seem, and also the proprietors of the land, have determined to take the liberal side of the question, in order that Herne Bay, shall in the shortest time possible, not only rival for elegance of appearance and comforts of life, the first watering places in the kingdom, by disposing of their lands on such moderate terms as to induce persons to become purchasers, and to build houses without any hesitation or delay. The directors, likewise for the accommodation of those persons who might wish to take a view of Herne Bay, the surrounding coast and country, before they make up their minds to become inhabitants, have erected a most spacious and complete establishment under the title of the Pier Hotel, which cost them £6000. The above elegant tavern is under the direction of Mr. Alexander (formerly a partner with Mr. Bleaden of the London Tavern), a person from his well-known experience in such matters, united with gentlemanly manners, is well calculated to render his visitors all that sort of attention and comfort which travellers require—and, to use his own words, at a public declaration at his opening dinner, that he was determined to conduct the affairs of the above Hotel on a liberal scale, and that nothing like *terrifying* charges should be made, which might call forth disagreeable animadversions from those ladies and gentlemen who might extend to him their patronage and support.

The Herne Bay Pier, and the above Hotel, was opened on the 4th of June, 1832, in the most spirited and elegant style by the directors, under the immediate patronage of Mr. Burge, and conducted by Messrs. Clift and Fisher, Clerks to the Herne Bay Pier Company. The *Venus* Steam Packet started from St. Katherine's Docks at nine o'clock in the morning, decorated with numerous flags, and also ornamented in various parts of it, with flowers of the most beautiful description. A military band was also provided by the directors, to give additional life and harmony to the scene. The *Venus* on leaving the dock fired a salute, in fact, as she passed Greenwich, Woolwich, Northfleet, Gravesend, &c., she saluted all the above places with becoming respect and attention, until the *Venus* arrived alongside of the Pier! The Pier had a most delightful and interesting appearance, displaying nearly *ninety* flags suspended by large poles, some yards distant from each other, on both sides of it; and the Hotel was similarly decorated; and although the Pier is 2000 feet in length, it was crowded from one end of it to the other, with persons of the most genteel description, joining in the loudest cheers which assailed the crew of the *Venus*, when she appeared in sight. Salutes were exchanged from the *Venus*, and persons appointed on the shore to return them. The band playing God save the King, Rule Britannia, &c. Upon the Directors and Shareholders ascending the Pier, they walked in couples until they arrived at the door of the Hotel, which is contiguous to the Pier, and, previous to their entrance to the Tavern, the procession terminated with nine loud cheers; another military band, which had arrived from Canterbury, was stationed in front of the Pier Hotel, playing, in succession, a variety of tunes—in truth, the whole was one continued scene of joyous merriment and congratulations between the *Men of Kent* and the citizens of London, on their rapid progress and successful attempts to form a new town, and fashionable watering place on the Kentish Coast.

Previous to the arrival of the *Venus* at Herne Bay, the following Sailing Match took place for a silver cup and cover, but owing to the unmanly conduct of several of the competitors, it turned out a very unsatisfactory affair. There were six boats entered to sail, viz.:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Helene | 16 tons | T. S. Torr. |
| Sidney | 15 tons | A. Nicholls. |
| Star | 14 tons | W. Nicholls. |
| Flirt | 15 tons | J. B. West. |
| Alert | 13 tons | J. Nicholls. |
| Alert | 16 tons | A. Lyon. |

The boats started from the umpires' vessel moored about a mile westward of the pier to sail round a boat about two miles below the Pier, up again, round the Commodore's boat twice. There was great confusion at starting, as the boats lay alongside of each other. The Sydney took the lead (having the best station) and kept it till within a quarter of a mile of the flag pile, the second time of going round, when Mr. A. Lyon's Alert (late Commodore of the R. T. Y. C.), went in advance a considerable distance. A breeze, however, brought up the Alert (J. Nicholls) and the Helene, when the former sailed into the after part of Mr. Lyons boat, and the latter assisted in holding her until the Sydney passed her. Mr. Lyon put in a protest against the Sydney having the cup, and urged, that as his boat was first when the others maliciously fouled him, he only by the fair rules of sailing was entitled to the prize. Mr. Lyon challenged the parties to resail for the cup, or £50, but they refused ; he then offered if they gave up the cup, to present them with Five Pounds. It was pretty generally known, that notwithstanding the Regatta was open to all boats under 20 tons, some of the parties wished to prevent Mr. Lyon's Alert from sailing, because forsooth they were fearful she would carry off the prize. Being thwarted in this, they adopted another mode of proceeding.

Although the crew of the *Venus* were disappointed in witnessing the Sailing Match, they were in good time to witness the *Donkey Races*, according to the following printed hand-bill, which was circulated through the neighbouring towns and villages :—

### HERNE BAY.

### *Donkey Race.*

The following well-bred Donkeys wil start from, and come in at the approach to the Pier, and proceed round the esplanade and plantation shrubberies, at Five o'clock precisely.

| Donkeys. | Color. | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Smuggler* | Blue | Mr. Scott | Canterbury. |
| *Honest Tom* | Pink | Mr. Perkins | ditto |
| *Smiler* | Orange | Mr. Batts | ditto |
| *Black Tom* | Red | Mr. Halford | ditto |
| *Swing Tail* | White & Green | Mr. Blackman | ditto |
| *Rose* | Pink & Blue | Mr. Brown | Herne Bay |
| *Lion* | Blue & Pink with a bit of white, | | ditto |
| *Dusty Bob* | Yellow & Blue | Mr. Wood | Herne Bay |
| *Sarah* (the bethrothed of) commonly called Black Sal | Pea Green | | ditto |
| *Thespis* | Bl. c. & p. jt. | Mr. Bedsworth | ditto |
| *Chammy* | Purple | Mr. Marsh | Whitstable |
| *Sukey* | Yellow | Mr. Neaves | ditto |

The Stakes to be contested for in Five Heats, the Winning Donkey in each heat to lay by for the grand one. In the Fourth Heat, the whole of the Donkeys on the ground (and not entered) will be allowed to run ; the last Donkey to be the winner, and entitled to run in the grand heat, for the following prizes :—First donkey, £2. 2s. ; Second ditto, £1. 1s. ; Third ditto, 10s. ; Fourth ditto, 5s.

The above " terribly *low* bred beasts" paraded before the doors of the Hotel, and who were made by their riders to give specimens of their bottom, speed, and all that sort of thing attached to racing, as the conductors of the REGATTA, and RUSTIC Fetes, to shew *summut* like sporting, and to feel the pulses of the visitors, how they felt inclined to sport their *Rhino*, as to the winners of the different prizes. *Smuggler*, as a matter of course, was the favorite on the coast of Kent ! in fact, there seemed a good deal of spirit and daring about his *nob*, and a prime kicker into the bargain. " Five *tizzies* to four," said one of the jockeys "that Smuggler smugs the first prize !" It is but justice to remark, that the *riders* were *dished* up in a variety of *coloured* jackets and caps, much better than could be expected ; but we suppose in order that the bill might be correct, and no disappointment experienced by the spectators.

*Honest Tom* had scarcely any backers— " he'll not be *placed* any where, I know," observed a *yokel*, one of the *originals* of the Bay, " *Tom* was never good for any thing but to *bray ;* he's a stubborn animal. I never saw any one that could make *Tom* GO as yet."

*Smiler*, *Black Tom*, and *Swing Tail*, were looked upon by the crowd, completely as '*out siders*,' of no use—that is to say ' neither rum 'uns to look at nor good uns to move :' a bad lot altogether ; and not to be mentioned when a race was the subject.

*Rose* and *Lion*, were also amongst the *et ceteras* of Jack Asses—*stubborn* to the end of the chapter, and no mistake ! defying spurs or a mop-stick to get 'em on the *toddle !*

*Dusty Bob* and *Black Sal*, " sure such a pair was never seen !" *Bob* looked summut like a *hero*, and *Sarah* that of a heroine ; and as old acquaintances they were backed—either one, if not both, to prove themselves winners. Six Crowns to four against the field.

*Thespis* was quite of the hunt—the spectators had no touch of the *dram*-a-tic about their compositions ; indeed, it was thought poor *Thespis* would be sent back to the barn ; or, according to a sporting phrase—*drawn*.

*Chammy*, not known ! a sort of hedger and ditcher, a travelling donkey, one of those sort of *hanimals*, as his *Propper*-itor said, " as how, he vas here to-day, and gone to-morrow." And, with a grin upon his mug, he said, to an old itinerant tinker in the crowd, " that he thought *Chammy* would *hedge* to it !"

*Sukey*, poor Susan, like many other females, was without a friend to put her forward in the race ; but her master said, " never mind that ere, she could push-along, and keep moving with the best of any of 'em—and he vou'd bet his ould *castor*, which had been all over the County of Kent for the last twenty years, to a quartern of *Max*, that *Sukey* would be somewhere in the race ! D'ye mind me," said he, " I mean *Suckey* will be *placed !*"

The STARTS were *rich* in the extreme ; and to the admirers or lovers of *kicking* and *prancing*, they proved quite a treat ; indeed, the ludicrous appearance of the affair altogether forcibly reminded us of Joey Grimaldi's celebrated comic song:—

Don't I look spruce on my Neddy!
In spite of his kicking and prancing!
Gee up! Gee Woo! Here we go!

But the whole ended in something like a *wrangle* as to coming in; but on hearing the glad tidings announced, that dinner was on the table, which, to the hungry person supersedes almost every other consideration. We left them to settle their differences, amongst themselves—or refer them, like the great proprietors of horses of another description, to the members of the *Jock*—no, I beg pardon, an appeal to the *nobs* of the *Jack*-Ass Club! —*Maximus in minimis.*

Upwards of 150 persons sat down to a most splendid dinner; in short, the Hotel was full from the top of the house to the bottom, so anxious were the Men of Kent, and those of London, to celebrate the opening of the Pier, with spirit and good cheer. Upon the cloth being removed, 'God save the King' was sung with considerable talent by Mr. Smith, a professional singer from London; a number of loyal and patriotic toasts and sentiments were drank with enthusiasm; and the cheers that followed some of the local toasts respecting the Pier, &c. were almost deafening. In the course of the evening, Mr. Brain entertained the company with an original song, written by a Mr. Fyle, "The Pier that weathered the storm," and which was loudly encored in consequence of its allusions to Herne Bay. Mr. Briant, the well-known comic Irish singer also introduced a song of his own writing, full of point and puns about the Pier, and several comical allusions respecting the Balustrades,* which belonged to Old London Bridge, being transplanted to commence the Pier head at Herne Bay. Several members of the Corporation of Canterbury were present, who warmly professed themselves to be friendly to the undertaking, and who, likewise, gave their promise of support. The company was highly amused by a professional gentleman from London, of the name of King, with two songs, in which he introduced some extraordinary powers of ventriloquism — his imitations of the dog and cat quarreling over a bone, were of the most natural description, and produced for him one of the loudest encores we ever remember to have heard. The fire-works, which were let off at eleven o'clock, at the extremity of the Pier, had a very pleasing effect; and not only delighted the inhabitants of Herne Bay, but also the visitors from London, who were accustomed to this species of amusement. The Chairman was so much devoted to harmony and good fellowship, that he never left the chair until day-light peeped into the room; in short, the whole evening was kept up with great sport and harmony, and a number of excellent songs were sung, that would not have disgraced the boards of either of the Royal Theatres. But *beds* were not to be had for *Love*, at all events, at Herne Bay; NO, nor for money either; the Hotel was crowded to excess, so that all accommodation as to *resting places* were overdone at a very early hour; and not a bed or a sofa were to be had any where in the town of Herne. But those *gents.* who were deprived from going to *roost*, kept it up like game cocks of the highest breed, *crowing* with delight at the numerous jolly fellows that were thus accidentally thrown together, although they were *ousted* from the comforts of *Bedford*-shire. But the above circumstances to them, were 'trifles light as air,' and the song, jest, and tale, most amply compensated for the loss of a 'few winks' at most, which might, in the course of a few hours, be repaid with interest. Therefore, in the words of the well-known parody, it was thus sung one to another over the enlivening glass:—

Go not yet, for now's the time
The "boys" are all bang-up and prime,
Full of *spunk*—ripe for a lark.
"D—n the expense!" exclaims each spark,
In *spirits* every one!

But on the rising of the glorious sun, who not only displayed her own beauties, but also that of nature—the ocean—and picturesque scenery of Herne Bay, the company separated for an early toddle—some scoured the fields, and others, parts of the town, while a few of the gents. on the look out for their lost companions, went and overhauled the *Venus*, who, it appeared, had furnished lodgings for a number of *gay* sparks, who felt themselves so fully contented, and without the least complaint in being admitted in the characters of *board*-ers for that night only!

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* The above *transfer* of the BALUSTRADES of the late London Bridge, most certainly in times hereafter will be viewed as a 'great relic' of that Bridge which not only carried safe over it so many thousands daily; but it will be also remembered as the direct road to industry, honors, and renown, leading to the first commercial city in the world, for enterprize, ability, and integrity. We must observe, that whoever the idea originated with in the first instance, it was a good one; and may ultimately, become a great curiosity and source of attraction when the writer of this paragraph, and also the proposers of the PIER are "gone to that Bourne, from whence no traveller returns!" in order to induce a number of Persons to visit Herne Bay, only as it were to take a peep at the BALUSTRADES OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE. However, we are not led away so strongly as to suppose that the citizens of London will pay so great a veneration to them as the Mahometans considered it their duty *once* in their lives to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, to do homage to the coffin of Mahomet; but, nevertheless, the above *Balustrades* may become a very interesting object to the inhabitants of Herne Bay, by the great influx of visitors. We remember, when quite a child, the following verse of part of a song respecting Old London Bridge:

London Bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my Lady Lea,
London Bridge is broken down,
A gay Lady!

On the conclusion of Mr. Briant's Song, which gave rise to the following impromptu by a gentleman present, it was immediately handed over to us:—

London Bridge is *come* to HERNE BAY—
By the DIRECTORS sent?
Giving! yes! so the Wise Ones, say—
ANTIQUITY to Kent.

Not so!—assert the MEN of KENT,
A hold-fast to the PIER—
Can money thus be better spent?
'Gainst winds and storms no fear!

Far better still!—"those BALUSTRADES!"
Fine *remnants* of renown:
Great ornament to the Parades
Of HERNE BAY, PIER, and TOWN.

At length, the sound of the gun announced the departure of the *Venus* for the return to London, and

The last boat destined from the Pier!

soon arrived with her compliment on board. The salutes were repeated at all the places as before; another pleasant day occurred—a capital dinner was provided by the steward of the *Venus* for his guests—and over a glass of good wine, we joined in the toast of "*Success to the Pier at Herne Bay, and the rising town of St. Augustine!*" Several excellent anecdotes well told, passed between a few gentlemen, who never saw each other before, and, perhaps, may never see each other again, and which made TIME, fly as it were! Such are the delights of refined and enlightened conversation; and the recollection of such pleasant moments, are invaluable. Greenwich Hospital, that immense ornament to Old England, appeared sooner than was anticipated by the pleased eyes of the Cocknies—such a monument of natural grandeur must be always gratifying to the "heart that can feel for another"—the Pools were cleared without the slightest difficulty; and the jolly crew of the *Venus* arrivedsafe and sound at St. Katherine's Dock by six o'clock on Tuesday evening. According to our immortal Bard:—

Parting is such sweet sorrow!

but no matter, we were compelled to part with several interesting persons, positively, with regret—yet, unlike *Johnny Gilpin*, we did not go further than we intended; and found ourselves comfortably seated at home, yes "Sweet Home," enjoying our Twankey before seven o'clock, and relating our adventures, not exactly with the flourishes of a Don Quixotte; but, nevertheless, delighted with our excursion—the opening of the PIER AT HERNE BAY, and to make it more lasting in the tablet of our memory—its being coupled with the passing of the never to be forgotten REFORM BILL.—*Dum vivimus vivamus!*

## THE PEDIGREE OF AN ARABIAN HORSE.

### *Bought in Egypt by an English Nobleman, for the price of* 1000 *Guineas.*

[Translated from the original Arabic.]

In the name of God, the merciful and compassionate, and Sid Mahomet, the agent of the High God, and of the Ali of God, and the companions of Mahomet, and Jerusalem, by the grace of God, the Author of the creation. This horse, the sire of Rabhamy, equal in power to his son, is of the tribe of Zazzalah, and descends from the uncle of Lahadah, the sire of Alket—is of a fine figure, and fleet as an ostrich; herewith is his tooth, when a colt, in a bag, with his pedigree, which a Caffre may believe. Among the honors of relationship he reckons Zalwah, the sire of Mahat, who was the sire of Kallak, and the unique Alket, sire of Manasseh, sire of Alsheh, from generation to generation, down from the noble horse, Lahalala. And upon him be green herbage in abundance, and the water of life with an edifice enclosed with walls, a reward from the tribe of Zoab, for the fire of his race; and let a thousand cypresses shade his body from the hyena of the tombs, from the wolf, and the serpents of the plain; within the inclosure a festival shall be kept, and at sunrise thousands shall come, and observers arrive in troops, whilst the tribe exhibits, under a canopy of celestial signs, the saddle, and the name, and the place of the tribe of Bek Altabek, in Mesopotamia, and Kulasla of Lutarek of the inspired tribe of Zoab. Then shall they strike with a loud noise, and ask of Heaven, in solemn prayer, immunity for the tribe from evil, and the demon of languor, from pestilence, from wandering from God, from scabby camels, from scarcity, from perplexed congregations, from the spleen, from the fiery dragon, from commixtion, from beating on the feet, from treading out with the feet, from Heiubnu, or the unknown son of an unknown father, from lameness at birth, from imposthumes, from seclusions, and from fascination, from depression and elevation, from cracks in the feet, from numerous assemblies, from importunate soothsayers, from the offspring of prophets and nocturnal travellers, from diviners of good opportunity for a purpose, from relations and degrees of affinity, and from rash and inordinate riders, deliver this tribe, O Lord, and secure those who are slow to follow and slow to advance, who guard the truth and observe it.—*Court Journal.*

## THE STAG OUT OF HIS ELEMENT.

Not long since the attention of the inhabitants of Itchenor was attracted by the appearance of a stag on the opposite shore of the river, which, after taking a survey of this arm of the sea, without ceremony took soil and swam across, a distance of about six hundred yards; he then majestically crossed the park, and made his lair in an adjoining covert. The keen sportsmen of the united parishes in the neighbourhood, had speedy information of this unexpected visitant, and the harriers were collected with speed, and laid on his slot. The animal was soon roused, and broke cover in the most gallant style, and, during a chase of two hours, topped every fence in his way, showed capital sport, when, being pressed by his staunch pursuers, he once more attempted to cross the river at West Wittering, but the tide being ebbed, he got embayed in the mud, from which he was extricated unhurt.

Printed for Thomas Tegg, Cheapside, by John Haddon, Castle Street, Finsbury.

# PIERCE EGAN'S
# BOOK OF SPORTS.

No. XXIV.] [*Price Three Pence.*

*In future*, Egan's Book of Sports, *will be published in Monthly Parts only, with the Magazines, Price* 1s.—N. B. *Part VII. will be Published on the* 1*st of August*; *Part VIII. on the* 1*st of September, &c.*

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## PIGEON SHOOTING.

### THE PIGEON SHOOTERS' GLEE.

There's no rural sport surpasses
Pigeon shooting, circling glasses,
  Fill the chrystal goblet up,
  Fill the chrystal goblet up.
No Game Laws can ever thwart us,
Nor *qui tams* nor *Habeas Corpus.*
For our license Venus grants,
Let's be grateful; here's a bumper;
In our bounty, here's a bumper.

Listed under beauty's banners,
What's to us freehold or manors?
  Fill the chrystal goblet up,
  Fill the chrystal goblet up.
No suspense our temper's trying,
Endless sport our trap supplying;
No ill state 'twixt hope and fear—
At magic word our birds appear;
  Fill the chrystal goblet up.

Alike all seasons in our favour
O'er vales and hills, no toil or labour.
No alloy our pleasures yield;
No game-keeper e'er employing
Skill'd in art of game destroying,
Free from trouble, void of care,
We set at nought the poacher's snare,
  Fill the chrystal goblet up,
No blank days can ever vex us,
No false points can e'er perplex us,
  Fill the chrystal goblet up.

Pigeons swift as wind abounding,
Detonating guns resounding,
See the tow'ring victims fall.
With Apollo science vying,
View the heaps of dead and dying,
Forc'd to pay the debt of nature,
Matters it—or soon or later?
  Fill the chrystal goblet up.

Upwards of forty years ago Pigeon Shooting was in high repute; and from that date up to the present period, it has not lost a *jot* of its celebrity as a Sport, in which some of the first rate *shots* in the kingdom are repeatedly engaged in various matches; nay, on the contrary, it has increased in a very great degree; and, amongst some of our noble Dons in society, Pigeon Shooting has become quite a favorite pursuit.

But it would far exceed our limits, were we to attempt to enumerate one half of the *crack* shots that are to be met with in the Sporting World; therefore, a few of the high sounding names, which we shall quote for our purpose, we trust will be quite sufficient:—Lord Kennedy, Captain Ross, Mr. Osbaldeston, Lord Ranelagh, Hon. G. Anson, Mr. Shoubridge, Mr. Gillmore, Mr. Arrowsmith, &c., who have merely to hold up their guns, as it were, when destruction and *death* follow the sound of their pieces to the feathered tribe: but, added to the judgment and skill which the above sporting heroes possess; also the repeated *training* they are continually undergoing, or immense practice, cannot fail to render them perfect to bring down a bird, or shoot at a mark; and, if PERFECTION can be obtained in any pursuit, we verily believe, few opponents can be found, except amongst themselves, to compete, with any thing like a chance of winning, with the above truly celebrated Pigeon Shooters! Independently of gamekeepers, whom we should term as *professional*[*] shots; or, in other words, if the above phrase should prove objectionable to a peculiar class of society—men who have been reared to shoot at GAME and other birds from their cradles!

Pigeon Shooting is kept up, not only with great spirit, but splendor; and Gold Cups, Silver Tankards, and other prizes, are shot for continually, in some instances for *Two Thousand* Sovereigns, One Thousand, down to £10 aside. Also, a great variety of Sweepstakes, under the management of Mr. Swaine, the very able and well-conducted proprietor of the Red House, Battersea, and the Enclosure. Indeed, shooting at pigeons is quite a tip-top sort of thing altogether in the Sporting World; and the *Swells*, who are the principal actors in the scene, are of the very first quality in the fashionable world. We have noticed amongst the visiters the Duke of Richelieu, Lords Sefton, Jersey, and Belfast, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, and several other persons of distinction. A military band may be found here at times to enliven the scene; perhaps furnished on the old adage:—

"That music hath charms to soothe"—

and why may not Pigeons be induced to stay a little on the wing, to be delighted with

"Meet me by moonlight!"

when we are assured that Nightingales have been so fascinated and overpowered with musical sounds as to have expired with ecstacy; and that even stone walls have exhibited vibration, and been seen to move with a sort of indescribable sympathy at the sweet concords of harmony. Men and women also in the most rude state of civilization and savage parts of the world, without knowing a single note of music, have been seen to dance with their feet and motion their hands on hearing the fiddle or any other musical instrument without any order or system! Then why not Pigeons, it might be asked, feel a sort of inclination at the delightful air and invitation of—

"Away, away, to the mountain brow!"

and Pigeon Shooters too, by the same sort of feeling and inspiration, bring down their birds, *a la* Bishop, Barnet, Lee, George Stansburg, &c., with

"Will you, will you, come to the bower?"

Pigeon Shooting, is also followed as an amusement in almost every part of the kingdom; and numerous clubs have been formed in several large towns, although, perhaps, not with the same means of support; but, nevertheless, with equal spirit and ardour, by the Red House Club, the Rifle Club, &c. at Battersea.

However, to show the spirit with which the above sport was followed in 1793, we have made the following extract from the *Old Sporting Magazine*, in the month of February of the above date, nearly forty years since:—

"The great celebrity of this sport, in which some of the first shots in England are so frequently engaged, encourages us to communicate an account of its fashionable influence and increasing prevalence, as a subject applicably entitled to a place in our sporting receptacle.

"Matches coming under this denomination are of two kinds: the first supported by private subscription amongst such gentlemen only as are members of their distinct and separate clubs. Others of an inferior complexion by public contribution from candidates of every description, and is generally excited and collected by the landlords of inns, to purchase different pieces of plate of gradational value, for distribution amongst the successful adventurers in such lottery of hope and uncertainty. This practice is exceedingly common in almost every part of the kingdom, but in none so frequently repeated, or so fashionably followed, as in the counties of Bucks, Berks, Hants, and Surrey, where, at this season of the year, it is in perpetual succession at one spot or another. But the most respectable meeting for the eminence and opulence of its members as well as the superior excellence of their shots, is held at the Old Hats, on the Uxbridge Road, near Ealing, at which many gentlemen of the first fortunes constantly attend, and some from so great a distance as Reading and Wokingham, both which furnish a few of the most expert in the circle. Amidst the respectability of this meeting we have observed even a condescending relaxation from the fatigues of official city dignity; and never enjoyed greater festivity, witnessed more exhilarating conviviality, or drank better Claret and Madeira than upon this occasion.

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[*] We have consulted Dr. Johnson on the subject, and find that Profession is defined to be "a calling; vocation; known employment." We have also consulted the word *professional*, and which Dictionary states the meaning to be "relating to a particular calling, or profession;" therefore, we have not *strayed* much out of the right path; but we have little doubt that even the most fastidious character will pardon us, for using at most, a *doubtful* phrase, to convey our meaning intelligently; one of those sort of *doubtful* things described by the facetious George Colman, in his Newcastle Apothecary:—

Bolus arriv'd, and gave a *doubtful* tap,
Between a single and a DOUBLE rap;
Knocks of his kind
Are giv'n by gentlemen who teach to dance,
By fiddlers and by Opera singers;
One loud, and then a little one behind,
As if the knocker, fell by chance
Out of their fingers.

Therefore, at times, most writers are rather at a loss to convey their intentions accurately to their readers, without the slightest wish to give offence; however, the term, perhaps, might have been expressed better, namely,—"*professed* SHOTS!"

"Having pointed out the two distinct classes who appropriate a portion of their time to this enjoyment, it becomes immediately applicable so to explain the sport, as may render it perfectly easy of comprehension to those who have never had an opportunity to be present at so earnest a struggle for superiority. In direct conformity with propriety, we advert first to the match, as it is generally made and decided, between a given number of gentlemen from different clubs opposed to each other; or members of the same club, when by two tossing up for the first choice they continue to choose in rotation till the party is completely formed, which may be contracted or extended to any number required for the convenience of the company intending to shoot. The match thus made, and the names of the opponents arranged upon paper by the arbiter, the sport begins in the following way:—

"Several dozens of pigeons having been provided for the purpose, are disposed in baskets behind the company, there to wait the destructive crisis, the 'deadly level,' that dooms them to instant death, or gives them liberty. A shallow box of about a foot long, and eight or ten inches wide, is sunk in the ground, parallel with the surface, and just twenty-one yards from the foot mark at which each gunner is bound to take his aim. This box has a sliding lid, to which is affixed a string held by one appointed to that office, who is placed next the person going to shoot, from whom he takes the word of command for drawing the string whenever he is ready to take his aim; another pigeon being so expeditiously placed in the box, for the succeeding shot who stands ready (by the runners that furnish the pigeons) that ten, twelve, or fifteen dozen of pigeons are deposited in the box, flown and shot at in much less time than it is possible to conceive. The gunner is not permitted to put his gun to his shoulder till the bird is on wing; and the bird must fall within one hundred yards of the box, or is deemed a lost shot. During this rapid succession (one of each side shooting alternately) the arbiter is employed in penciling opposite to each name the success of every individual, by A 1, or, A 0; this, at the end of the match, denotes the superiority, by demonstrating which party has killed most pigeons at the least number of shots. Exclusive of the general betting upon the match, there is a variety amongst individuals; the shots of some against others, and the field betting of the bird against the gun, as fancy may prompt or the reputation of the gunner dictate. He that kills most pigeons in the match, at an equal number of shots with the rest, is by such pre-eminence the *Captain* of the day, stands elected chairman for the meeting, and does the offices of the table accordingly.

"Matches of an inferior description are still more numerous, and generally come under the denomination of an help-ale, or make-feast, at the instigation of those industrious liberal landlords who advertize 'three pieces of plate to be given to the three best shots;' but at the moment of entering the lists, it becomes a collateral part of the contract, that each adventurer is to contribute his proportion towards the gifts of plate; to pay for his pigeons, and to dine at the ordinary. These matters properly adjusted, the shooting is carried on precisely in the manner before described, with this exception only, that here every individual shoots for himself alone, without any connexion with party. The candidate killing most pigeons, at the least number of shots, becomes entitled to the piece of plate highest in value, and so in proportion; but in so great a number of candidates there is frequently an equality of success; in such cases they are called ties, and are shot off at remaining pigeons till the superiority is ascertained, and the victor proclaimed. This done, the day concludes with the same degree of festivity and superabundance before described, but in a style of inferiority necessarily regulated by the pecuniary sensations of parties concerned. Looking however into its attraction as matter of sport, little or nothing can be said in its favor, when put in competition with the more noble and manly enjoyment of the sports of the field. The liberal mind feels a temporary repugnance at the idea of first confining, and then liberating from that confinement, hundreds of domestic animals doomed to instant death, with a very slender probability of life in their favor, when a moderate shot will bring down fourteen or fifteen, and some nineteen out of twenty. This picture affords but an indifferent idea of the sportsman's humanity who indulges largely in this species of gratification. And farther we presume to observe, for the information of the inexperienced, that it is the most infatuating and expensive amusement the juvenile sportsman can possibly engage in ; for one day very seldom terminates without the appointment of a second ; one extravagance as constantly engenders another, to the utter exclusion of economy, which is, upon all similar occasions, generally laughed out of countenance. Experience has also convinced us that eight, nine, or ten pounds for pigeons, in addition to the bill of fashionable exorbitances for the day (amounting to the inconsiderable reckoning of two and three guineas each) has sent many a pigeon shooter to his bed, and awakened him to the pillow of reflection."

The *Enclosure* belonging to the Red House affords considerable fun at times to the spectators, at the eagerness displayed by the *Out Scouts*, who will not be denied from having a *pop* or two at these pigeons, who have been lucky enough to escape the almost deadly guns, and who fly out of the bounds. Thus, it appears, the poor pigeons have 'to run the gauntlet' as it were, to save their existence ; and the bird who escapes from such numerous shots, aimed at her life, must be pronounced *lucky* indeed !

The Red House, at Battersea, during the Summer months, is a source of great attraction to numerous persons connected with the Sporting World, namely, in two points of view, for PIGEON SHOOTING and ROWING MATCHES ; it also possesses other advantages from its remarkably pleasant situation, and offering the choice to gentlemen, either going by water, or land, to the Enclosure. The above matches not only produce some excellent dinners provided by "Mine Host" in first-rate style, but also some very capital convivial evenings, which exhibit a very fine feature of the *Spirit* and GAME which generally attaches to meetings of a sporting description, and more especially over "the gaily circling glass !"

### THE DELIGHTFUL OLD CHORUS TO SPORTSMEN OF "HARK, HARK AWAY !"

Ye true British Sportsmen who always delight,
In the field ev'ry morn, o'er the bottle at night,
Come, rouse from your slumbers, and let us prepare
To chase away dullness in chasing the hare ;
For what can delight, o'er the fields as we stray,
Like the sound of the horn, and the words—"Hark away !"

Let dull stupid lovers their Phillidas prize,
And boast of the charms that enliven their eyes,
While we, after puss, on the footsteps of fate,
Despise a *wide ditch*, a broad fence, or a gate,
Singing, as we fly over, so cheerful and gay,
The delightful old chorus of "Hark, hark away !"

Our sports in perusing, when weary we are,
All jocund, and merry, we homeward repair ;
Sit down at the table of friendship to dine,
And drown all our cares in a bumper of wine ;
Keep sound till Aurora brings on a new day,
Then again to the field, with a loud "Hark away !"

It might, perhaps, be deemed invidious on our part, to select one gentleman more than another, but in viewing GEORGE OSBALDESTON, Esq., in the character of an *out-and-outer*, in every thing that he undertakes in the Sporting World, and that, *nine* times out of TEN, his exertions throughout most of his matches have been crowned with success, we hope, we have not trespassed in the slightest degree on the path of any gentleman on the road to Sporting celebrity. In truth, Mr. O. is always ready "to keep the *game* alive," upon any suit whatever :—

When inclined for a shot, I am up with Aurora,
  My jacket lies ready, my buskins are brief,
I speak not a word at the Manse to the snorers,
  But whistle to Juno, and off like a thief !

I leave dykes and hedges, and up to the muirlands,
  That stretch out so tempting, so brown, and so wide,
To me they are rich lands that others think poor lands,
  As I stalk o'er the heather in freedom and pride.

I grudge not my time, nor of powder am chary,
  But roam, looking sharp after Juno's white back ;
'Mong the flowers and the rough bits she scuds like a fairy,
  But when fixed, she's like marble to wait for the crack.

It may shower—it may shine—or the big clouds may sever,
  And drift with long shadows o'er mountain, and fell,
But the main-cocks still find that I'm their FAIL-ME-NEVER,
  Nor will finish the day till I've *tickled* them well.

## VARIOUS MATCHES OF PIGEON SHOOTING

### AT THE RED HOUSE, BATTERSEA.

In May 1828, on Monday, Mr. Anderson and Captain Bishop shot a match of six birds each, twenty-one yards from the trap, for £5, which the Captain lost.

Mr. Anderson then shot four matches with Captain Ross, the former standing twenty-one yards from the trap, and the latter thirty ; Mr. Anderson betting Captain Ross £10 to £5 on each match. The Captain was the winner of all.

On Tuesday a match was shot by Mr. Hyde, of Cambridge, against a gentleman of the name of Tuckett, for £50, twelve birds each. At the commencement of the match the betting was even ; but, after the sixth shot, the superior style of Mr. Hyde's shooting, caused the betting to be six to four in his favor. He eventually won the match, having killed three more than his opponent. The winner shot with a gun made by Hall, of Mary-la-bonne.

The Red House Club met on Tuesday, May, 10, 1828. The first Sweepstakes was between Captain Ross, Messrs. Osbaldeston and Bambridge, at nine birds each, five traps, thirty yards from the shooter, the stake fifteen sovereigns. Captain Ross was the winner, having killed all his birds. The second was between the same party, for the same stake and distance, which was won by Mr. Bambridge.

The third was at forty yards, one trap, for £5. It was contended for by Captains Ross and Dixon, Messrs. Osbaldeston and Bambridge, nine birds each. Mr. Osbaldeston was declared the winner.

Two more followed at the same distance, on the same terms, with the exception that five traps were used instead of one. Captain Ross won the first, and Mr. Bambridge the other.

Captain Ross and Mr. Osbaldeston shot a match of fourteen double shots, each for £10, which the Captain lost by one bird.

In January 1829, on Wednesday, there was a very full attendance at the enclosure near the Red House, Battersea, to witness the shooting of Captain Ross and Mr. Osbaldeston, it being their first appearance this season. They commenced shooting at thirty yards, with three traps, at ten birds each for £10, which was won by the Captain, having killed seven, and Mr. Osbaldeston four; they then shot three matches at double shots, six shots each, at twenty-five yards distance, for ten pounds a-side; the two first were ties, and the other was won by Mr. Osbaldeston. They shot with double guns, made by Mr. William Moore, of the Edgware Road.—On Thursday they commenced shooting about one o'clock; Mr. Osbaldeston and Mr. Bambridge shot four matches—one at thirty yards, single birds, which was won by the former; they shot at seven birds each, for ten pounds; the others were at five double shots each, for the same sum, which was won by Mr. Bambridge. A sweepstakes of seven birds each, fifteen pounds subscription, thirty yards. Three traps were fixed by Captain Ross, and Messrs. Osbaldeston and Bambridge, which was won by the latter killing all his birds. On Friday there were several matches between Captain Ross and Mr. Bambridge, at double shots, twenty-five yards; the Captain was the winner. Eley's improved patent cartridges were used, but in several instances they balled, thereby causing them in their present state not to be safe.

On Monday, May, 1829, Mr. Gillmore shot a match with Mr. Wauchap, at five double shots, at twenty yards distance, with five traps, for ten pounds a-side. At the fourth shot they were even; but Mr. Gillmore won by a bird. They afterwards shot a match of seven birds each, twenty-five yards distance, which was also won by Mr. Gillmore; the match was for a pony.

On Tuesday a sweepstakes of six double shots, twenty yards distance, with five traps, ten pounds subscription, was contended for by the following gentlemen of the Red House Club:—the Hon. G. Anson, Captain Ross, and Mr. Gillmore; the latter gentleman having three dead birds given him; the shooting was very good. Mr. Gillmore was declared the winner. A sweepstakes of ten pounds was then fired at thirty yards, five traps; Captain Ross was the winner.

Two others followed at the same distance, and on the same conditions, which were also won by the Captain.

The shooting of the day was concluded by a long-contended sweepstakes of double shooting, which Mr. Gilmore won by a bird, after having made six ties.

On Wednesday Captain Ross and Mr. Gillmore shot a match of seven double shots each, at twenty yards, with the five traps, the Captain giving his opponent two dead birds, for ten pounds. The shooting was so even that Captain Ross won only by a bird.

Two sweepstakes of eight double shots, twenty yards from the shooter, five traps, were then shot for by Captain Ross, Mr. Gillmore, and Mr. Shoubridge. The latter gentleman was the winner or both.

Mr. Gillmore and a gentleman then had two matches of five birds each, for twenty pounds a-side, match at thirty yards, with the five traps. Mr. Gillmore beat his antagonist both matches.

On Thursday Mr. Eastman and Mr. Thornton shot a-match of twenty-one birds each, twenty-one yards, for twenty pounds. At the commencement Mr. Thornton was the favorite at five to two; but there were very few takers. At the ninth round he was four a-head; his friends then freely laid three to one on him; in some instances it was taken. At the seventeenth shot Mr. Eastman was even with him; but the favorite was eventually beaten by his missing the last bird, and his opponent killing.

On Friday Lord Ranelagh and Mr. Gillmore shot a match of twelve birds each, twenty-five yards from the trap, for twenty pounds. They each killed ten birds. They then shot the match off at eleven birds; and Mr. Gillmore was declared the winner.

*A Handicap Sweepstakes* of eleven birds, at twenty-five yards, was then shot by Captain Ross, Mr. Osbaldeston, Mr. Gillmore, and Lord Ranelagh, the two last gentlemen having a dead bird given them. At the termination of the fourth round they were all even; and at the tenth shot Lord Ranelagh and Captain Ross were even, but the Captain won by killing his last bird, having scored nine out of his eleven.

*A Sweepstakes of Ten Pounds* was then fired by the same members, at three double-shots, twenty yards distance from the shooter, which Mr. Osbaldeston won. The same members then fired sweepstakes of seven birds each, at thirty yards distance from the shooter, for the purpose of trying Eley's improved cartridges, the effect of which gave great satisfaction. Mr. Osbaldeston was declared the winner, but it was a very close match between him and Captain Ross.

### NOTHING ELSE BUT A GOOD SHOT.

Captain Ross, of sporting celebrity, arrived at the Bell Inn, in Leicester, in July, 1828, and in the evening kindly consented to give the shots of that town and neighbourhood a treat, which proved of no ordinary character. Fray's newly-invented air detonating gun was selected for the occasion, and a numerous field of gentlemen assembled in a paddock contiguous to the town to witness the exploit. The Captain proposed to fire with a single pellet, at a card eighty yards distant; and to the astonishment of all present, hit his mark twice out of ten shots. He then took half the distance, and, with the same number of shots, only missed once! *A duck was next placed at seventy-five yard's distance*, which he cleverly despatched by shooting it through the neck; and a second shared a similar fate. The Captain was on a tour to Scotland, to join in the amusing sport of grouse shooting; and this certainly gave the gentlemen of Leicester a fair specimen of the execution likely to take place from the shots of this celebrated, and we may add, unequalled sportsman. Captain Ross was pleased to express his high approbation of Fray's improved air detonator.

### SHOOTING TO A NICETY.

Prince Rupert's skill in firing at a mark we have recorded on the evidence of eye-witnesses, of whom King Charles the First was one. Prince Rupert being at Stafford in the time of the Civil War, while standing in the garden of Capt. Richard Ineyd, who had taken up arms for the King, and at about sixty yards distance, made a shot at a weathercock upon the steeple of the collegiate church of St. Mary, with a screwed horseman's pistol and single bullet, which pierced the tail; the bullet-hole plainly appearing to all that were below; which the King presently judged to be casualty only. Prince Rupert, however, immediately proved the contrary, by a *second shot to the same effect*.

### SINGULAR GREAT SHOOTING AND WALKING MATCH FOR ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS.

The above novel and interesting match for 1000 guineas, between the Hon. G. Anson, and Mr. Ross, which of them killed the most partridges between sun-rise and sun-set, and which perhaps excited more interest in the Sporting World than any thing of the kind on any former occasion, took place at Milden Hall, Suffolk, on the manor belonging to the Hon. Henry De Roos, on Monday, in November, 1828. It was originally fixed for the previous Saturday; but one of the parties not knowing whether it was to be shot with ordinary shot or with Eley's patent cartridges (no previous arrangement having been made), was not provided with the latter; and as the birds were very wild, and it was determined to shoot with them, a messenger was dispatched to London for a supply; he returned on Sunday night, and it was then agreed to commence shooting at a quarter past seven o'clock on Monday morning, and to leave off at a quarter past four o'clock in the afternoon. Many gentlemen, friends of Mr. Ross, came to witness his performance, some from Scotland; and a number of gentlemen, friends of the Hon. G. Anson's, were assembled at the Hon. H. De Roos's, Milden Hall, for the same purpose. The Hon. H. De Roos, the Hon. C. Greville, the Hon. Col. Russell, Sir John Shelley, Mr. H. Baring, and many other gentlemen and amateurs of the sport were present. Many horses were ready to assist the various persons in attendance on the match; each party was allowed three guns, three loaders, &c., that no delay might take plaee; large sums of money were betted, and both parties came to the post in excellent condition, spirits, and confidence. The morning, at break of day, was unfavorable, it being very foggy, and indeed continuing so the whole of the day. In the first hour, the birds being excessively wild, only four were shot; and those getting up most favorably for Colonel Anson, he shot three out of the four. Both parties possessing great pedestrian powers, and thinking to outwalk each other, commenced walking at five miles an hour, and continued that pace for the first two hours, and the remainder of the day at four and a half miles an hour, without halting for five minutes, and the whole of the day *bare-headed.* This pace kept those who accompanied them in a trot, as long as they could last, which but few, if any, did to the end of the day, without the assistance of a horse. At three o'clock the match was even, both having killed ten brace of birds, and it was even again at four o'clock. Nothing could now exceed the interest felt by all parties, a quarter of an hour only being all the remaining time for deciding the contest. It was observed about this time that Col. Anson was growing weak, the parties having walked about thirty-five miles, and a great part of the distance through heavy, wet turnips; but Mr. Ross went on with a gallant stride, to the admiration of all, beating keepers and every other person present. At this juncture Col. Anson killed another bird, which made him one a-head, but he became so weak that he could no longer follow Mr. Ross, who kept as fresh as ever; and although only ten minutes remained, Col. Anson's friends advised him to propose a draw match, as Mr. Ross would, in all probability, either tie or beat him, which he did, and Mr. Ross very handsomely accepted the proposal. Thus concluded a match with which every lover of the trigger present was highly delighted. The number cf birds actually scored was 23½ brace; many others were killed, but it could not be decided by the umpires (Mr. Osbaldeston and others) to which party they belonged. If the match had taken place in September, it was supposed they would have killed a hundred brace each. The superiority of the patent cartridge over shot at long distances was very apparent—most of the birds being killed between fifty and seventy yards. Mr. Ross offered at the conclusion of the match to start immediately, and walk any person present to London, being seventy miles, for 500 guineas. We ought to state, that according to the terms of the match, Colonel Anson and Mr. Ross were to shoot side by side, so that if the Colonel did not keep pace with Mr. Ross, he must have lost; thus the match assumed the double character of a pedestrian and a shooting match.

### THERE'S NOTHING GIVES HEALTH LIKE THE SPORTS OF THE FIELD!

Come! come, my good fellows, attend to my song,
And I'll learn you the way to live happy and long;
Throw! throw off the tricks of the dull smoky town,
To rise with the lark, and lie down with the clown.
With your pointers and gun, to the stubbles repair,
To bring down the partridge, or fleet scudding hare;
To start the gay pheasant, in woodland conceal'd,
For there's nothing gives health like the sports of the field.

The docter to this, boys, will never agree,
It deprives him of practice, and lessens his fee:
To his skill and his prattle no credit bestow,
But leave him to botch up the musty old beau;
Or to wait on my lady, who fancies she's ill,
And always in search of a medical pill:
For the whole of my life I ne'er valued his lore,
But rejected his drugs, and can hunt at fourscore.

The merchant may toil from morning till night,
And all turn to profit, that turns to his sight;
But what are his profits when health is no more,
E'en though they amount to old Crœsus's store?
When pang'd with the gout, he sits down to repent,
And wishes his youth in the fields had been spent.
Looks up to the sportsman with health in his face,
And thinks with a sigh on the charms of the chase.

Thus you see, my good fellows, my thesis is true,
A sedentary life is the worst to pursue;
It brings on infirmities, sorrows, and strife,
And is sure to effect an abridgment of life;
Then who'd spend his days, who is favor'd with sense
In hoarding up nought but pounds, shillings, and pence?
Then fly from the town to the lawns and the farm,
Where the beauties of nature have plenty to charm.

Then mount your brisk coursers, and fly to the fields,
And partake of the bliss that activity yields;
Leave the dull plodding drudge to his ledger behind,
And the prig of the law courts to trouble mankind,
When winter approaches to drench from his urn,
And the finger of time shews the way to return,
You'll own that our sports leave no stings to annoy,
And the charms of your Chloe with raptures enjoy.

### Great Partridge Match between Lord Kennedy and Mr. W. Coke.

The bet between Mr. William Coke and Lord Kennedy was for 200 sovereigns a-side, play or pay, who shot and bagged the greatest number of partridges in two days' sporting; both parties to shoot on the same days, the 26th of September, and the 4th of October, in the season of 1823. Mr. William Coke to sport upon his uncle's manors in Norfolk; and Lord Kennedy in any part of Scotland he pleased. The result of Mr. Coke's first day's shooting was 80½ brace of birds bagged. On Saturday, October 4, Mr. W. Coke took the field soon after six o'clock in the morning; he was accompanied by his uncle, T. W. Coke, Esq., M. P., and by two umpires, Col. Dixon for Mr. Coke, and F. S. Blunt, Esq. for Lord Kennedy; also by two of his friends, Sir H. Goderich, Bart. and F. Hollyhocke, Esq. He was attended by several gamekeepers, and by one dog only, to pick up the game. Several respectable neighbouring yeomen volunteered their services in assisting to beat for game, and rendered essential service throughout the day. Mr. Coke sported over part of the Wigton and Egmere manors. The morning was foggy, and the turnips were so wet that the birds would not lie amongst them. Very little execution was done in consequence in the early part of the day; in the two first hours only six brace of birds were bagged. The day cleared up after eight o'clock, and the sportsmen amply made up for his previous lost time. He found birds plentiful among Mr. Denny's fine crops of turnips on the Egmere Farm, and in one twenty-acre breck of swedes, he bagged 35½ brace of birds. He concluded his day's sport soon after six in the evening, and had then bagged 88 brace of birds, and five pheasants; but a dispute having arisen among the umpires about one bird, Colonel Dixon gave the point up, and the number was ultimately declared to be 87½ brace of birds bagged; pheasants and other game not counted in the match.—So that Mr. W. Coke's number of birds bagged in the two days' shooting, stands 173 brace. He had much fewer shots in the second than in the first day, but he shot better, as will be seen from the comparative number of birds bagged. On Saturday he bagged 180 birds from 327 shots, which was considered good shooting in a match of this nature, when a chance, however desperate it may appear, is not to be thrown away. His uncle, T. W. Coke, Esq., loaded a great part of the gun on Saturday, and, as a finale to the day's sport, shot at and killed the last bird, which his nephew had previously missed. Lady Anne Coke was in the field a great part of the day; her Ladyship carried refreshments for the sportsmen in her pony gig. Lord Kennedy chose for the scene of his exploits, Montreith, in Scotland, a manor belonging to Sir William Maxwell, considered equal to any lands in Scotland for rearing partridges. On the first day of trial his lordship bagged 50, and on the 4th inst. 82 brace, being in all 132 brace of partridges in two days. This match, from its novelty, and the celebrity of the sportsmen engaged in it, excited a considerable degree of interest.

### Partridge Shooting.

*Sang by the late Mr. Incledon, with great effect, at several Sporting Dinners.*

Now, while above that range of hills
The moon a bright'ning gleam distils,
I seize the gun, and call around
The eager pointers—just unbound—
Swift for a time—they dash away,
Too wild—too high of spirit to obey?

At length the whistle, note they hear,
Look round—and turn from their career;
The stubble quarter nicely o'er,
And every sheltering nook explore,
See Carlo—sudden—checks his speed:
To ho! there lie the birds! Pero!—take heed?

How well they back! how fine they point!
The head turn'd short, and fixed each joint,
I'll take the birds upon this side—
The covey rises!—scatt'ring wide—
Dead! see the feathers to the right!
Mark!—Mark!—Mark!
Among the beans three braces alight?

Carlo—watch—charge! keep in, Old Don!
When loaded—ho—good dogs—hey on?
Thus range we, till the sun gets high,
And on the ground no scent will lie;
Then take through woods our homeward way,
And on good cheer boast how pass'd the day!

### Shooting for a Prize Gun.

In June 1829, after an elegant Public Breakfast, provided by Mr. Swayne, the shooting took place for the prize gun, fifteen double shots each, with five traps, at twenty yards. The numbers were handicapped by Mr. Shoubridge. Lord Ranelagh, Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Grant received four dead birds each, and Mr. Worrell and Mr. Baird five dead birds each. The performances at the conclusion of the match were as follows:—Captain Ross killed 19, Mr. Osbaldeston 17, Captain Bentinck 14, Lord Ranelagh 17, Mr. Anderson 12, Mr. Grant 15, Mr. Worrell 9, Mr. Baird 13. Lord Ranelagh was, thereford, declared the winner, the dead birds given to his Lordship making his score 21. The ground was well attended throughout the day, and a salute of patteroes was fired on the occasion. Two sweepstakes were afterwards shot, upon similar terms, both of which were won by Mr. Shoubridge, who shot more double birds than ever was known.

### Great Shooting.

It having been made known to the public that Lord Elcho had killed 100 brace of grouse in one day, upon his moors in Scotland, and it being talked of as a great performance, in 1829 a gentleman under the signature of O'Trigger has replied to it, stating that Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., killed, upon his moors in Yorkshire, on the 12th of August, forty-five brace, and on the 17th fifty brace, *shooting from a pony*. Add to this, on the evening of Sir Richard's arrival in Swaledale, his keeper informed him that the breed of birds had failed altogether, in consequence of the wet season, tape-worm, &c.; and, in short, gave him such a wretched account, that he actually ordered horses to take him back, without pulling a trigger. When these things are taken into consideration, and the comparative tame and wild state of grouse in Scotland and in Yorkshire, the Baronet's shooting, in my opinion far exceeds my Lord's. The servant who attends Sir Richard Sutton has *travelled* the moors many years with many a good shot, and he told me that it was ten to one against every bird that rose within sixty-five yards.

### NATURE AND HEALTH DEFY THE DOCTOR'S PILL.

Come, you who love the pastime of the fields,
And hear a brother sing their charms with glee;
Of joys the pheasant to the sportsman yields,
When yellow autumn tints the forest tree.

Farewell the partridge, and the stubble field,
A loftier game our busy thoughts employ,
I sing the charms the fading coverts yield,
When from the town we fly for sylvan joy.

Nor lose we little by the hasty change,
For there, we leave behind the source of ill;
But here, the while the rural walks we range,
Nature and health defy the doctor's pill.

The shady woods our sober steps invite,
Through thickets dress'd in golden autumn's pride,
To see our spaniels range, a pleasing sight!
To lazy sluggards and to sots denied.

The painter's art is studied to surprise;
To balls and plays, let other sportsmen run,
What scene can equal when the pheasants rise,
And blaze their beauties to the brilliant sun?

And thus disturb'd, they mount the devious way,
Now high in air, they ply the whirring wing,
That glittering gaudy in the face of day,
Presents a sight to gratify a king.

Though mimic thunder flies the leaden death,
And now to make our sylvan joys complete,
Our well-bred spaniels, panting out of breath,
Display the feather'd treasure at our feet.

Such is the manly sport that care defies,
Let us enjoy it (fortune) to the end,
And share the pleasure with the lads we prize,
For what is life! or wealth! without a friend?

Now raise the bumper to the fervid lip,
Let Chloe's name be usher to the glass,
And ere the moments from our mem'ry slip,
Let ev'ry sportsman give his fav'rite lass.

### Shooting at Penny Pieces.

At Mr. Tadd's, the Globe, Aberdeen-place, St. John's Wood, on Friday, November 30th, 1827, a number of gentlemen assembled to witness Mr. Arrowsmith's putting 200 shots in twelve penny pieces, at twelve shots. Several pigeon-matches were disposed of before Mr. Arrowsmith commenced; the ground at that time was crowded, and bets to a considerable amount were laid as to his completing the task; however, the bets were five to four on Mr. Arrowsmith winning. Mr. Butler was appointed to throw up the penny pieces, the first of which Mr. Arrowsmith put in 90 shots; the second 21; the third 19; the fourth above 100; leaving eight penny pieces to the good, and over-winning by 30. A gentleman on the ground ordered Clayard to bring his best pigeons, and requested Mr. Arrowsmith to stand near him; four of the birds were missed by the gentleman, but were brought down by Mr. Arrowsmith, at the amazing distance of 50 yards. The gentlemen afterwards partook of a most excellent dinner at Mr. Tadd's where every delicacy of the season was provided.

### Superior Shooting.—Unparalleled.

At the Red House, at Battersea, on Monday, the 30th of June, 1829, the most interesting shooting ever witnessed took place, in regard to superior shooting, in a Sweepstakes, previous to Captain Ross leaving town for the season. The sweepstakes were for 25 sovs. each, 15 double shots each, at 20 yards distance, with the five traps. The parties were

Lord Ranelagh, Captain Ross, Messrs. Osbaldeston, Grant, and Shoubridge; Lord R. and Mr. Grant receiving four dead birds in advance. The match came off a tie at the fifteenth double shot, between Captain Ross and Mr. Shoubridge. Captain R. and Mr. S. then shot the tie off. Captain R. led, and killed his three double shots in succession; Mr. S. followed with the same success. Captain R. in his next double shot missed one bird, and Mr. S. killed both his and was declared the winner. This was considered by all amateurs present the best shooting ever witnessed, Mr. S. having killed the unprecedented number of ten double shots out of the last eleven, and the first bird of the eleventh, making 21 birds out of 22. *A £1000 to £100 was offered that no person can be produced to excel this performance.* Mr. S. shot with a gun made by Purdey.

### Shooting Match for One Thousand Sovereigns.

This match was decided between Captain Ross, and Mr. Osbaldeston, in May 1828, at two hundred and fifty birds each, thirty yards from the shooter. At the termination of the match the Captain was the winner by eleven; the betting was greatly in favor of Mr. Osbaldeston on the last day, in consequence of the Captain shooting so bad, he being very ill. The gentlemen who had heavy bets on Mr. Osbaldeston began to think there were some hopes for them, but at the second in-go, after lunch, the Captain recovered, and won the match. The state of the shooting on each day was as follows:—

CAPTAIN ROSS.

| | Killed. | Missed. |
|---|---|---|
| First Day | 55 | 7 |
| Second day | 40 | 22 |
| Third day | 44 | 18 |
| Fourth day | 36 | 28 |
| | 175 | 75 |

MR. OSBALDESTON.

| | Killed. | Missed. |
|---|---|---|
| First day | 39 | 23 |
| Second day | 37 | 25 |
| Third day | 39 | 23 |
| Fourth day | 49 | 15 |
| | 164 | 86 |

Since the establishment of the Red House Club, there never was known more betting than on this match. The gun was backed at larger odds than formerly at so short a distance.

### Shooting for a Gold Cup.

The Enclosure at the Red House, Battersea, on Tuesday, in June 1828, was completely crowded to witness the fourth and last day's shooting for the Gold Cup. Captain Ross was backed at six and seven to four against the field, on the day's shooting. The Captain killed his seventeen birds in succession, missed his eighteenth, and killed his nineteenth and twentieth. Mr. Osbaldeston was the second on the day, having killed sixteen, and Mr. Dore only fifteen. The following is a detail of the total number of birds killed by the first three members for the Cup:—

| | Killed. | Missed. |
|---|---|---|
| Captain Ross | 75 | 5 |
| Mr. Osbaldeston | 62 | 18 |
| Mr. Dore | 60 | 20 |

### Sweepstakes for 500 Sovereigns.

In May 1829, on Thursday, the Enclosure was most respectably attended to witness this match; the shooters were the Hon. Col. Anson, Captain Ross, Messrs. Osbaldeston and Shoubridge. At the commencement of the shooting the Hon. Col. Anson and Mr. Osbaldeston were the favorites, at five to four. Captain Ross made some of the most surprising double shots ever made on the ground; the distance was twenty yards with the five traps, at twenty-five double shots each. The betting was five to one, both birds being killed against both being missed. At the conclusion the numbers were:—Mr. Shoubridge, 27; Capt. Ross, 26; Hon. Col. Anson, 25; Mr. Osbaldeston, 24. The betting on the next day's shooting was in favor of the Hon. Col. Anson. The match was fired with shot. Two matches were then shot by Captain Ross and Mr. Osbaldeston, at thirty yards, with the five traps, at twelve birds each. Captain Ross was the winner of both matches, having killed ten out of twelve. The matches were shot with Eley's improved cartridges, the shooting of which was most excellent, and gave to the gentlemen great satisfaction.

### Double Shooting for 200 Sovereigns.

On Saturday, in June 1829, the ground at the Red House, Battersea, was fully attended to witness the match between Mr. Osbaldeston and Captain Bentinck, at fifty double shots each, twenty yards distance, with the five traps; the Captain was the favorite at five to four; in the first twelve shots he was six a-head; at the thirty-fifth shot, Mr. Osbaldeston was even with him; and at the last shot but one the Captain was two a-head—he missed both his birds, and Mr. Osbaldeston killed both, which made the match a tie; in some instances, the Captain was backed absolutely to win. On the same day Captain Ross, Messrs. Osbaldeston and Shoubridge, shot at five birds each, at thirty yards—five pounds stake; Mr. Shoubridge was the winner, having killed all his birds. The latter gentleman and Captain Ross then shot a match on the same terms, at seven birds each, which they tied; they shot it off, and Mr. Shoubridge lost in consequence of his gun missing fire. Mr. Gilmour and Mr. Shoubridge shot two matches at twenty-five yards, for £5 each match, Mr. Gilmour having the privilege of using both his barrels against Mr. Shoubridge's one; the matches were at twelve birds each. Mr. Shoubridge was the winner of both.

### Sweepstakes for 150 Sovereigns.

In June, on Friday the 20th, 1828, Lord Anson, Mr. Shoubridge, and a gentleman, shot a sweepstakes for the above stake—Mr. Shoubridge giving his opponents three dead birds—the match was at fifty birds each. The five traps forty yards from the shooter. At the commencement the gun was freely backed at two to one, but, after the first twenty-five shots, the betters of the odds declined going on. At the beginning of the second innings Mr. Shoubridge was four a-head, and at the forty-fourth round he was seven a-head, leaving him only six shots more to fire. Mr. Shoubridge shot with a gun made by Purdy, of Oxford-street.

### Rifle Shooting.

On Wednesday, July 18, 1827, the Enclosure at the back of the Red House, Battersea, was numerously attended by persons of the first class in society, to witness the rifle shooting match between Mr. Chinnery, Captain Ross, Major Rhodes, and Captain Grant. The above match was considered a very fine one, and gave great pleasure to the *crack* shots, the bull's-eye being frequently struck by all four gentlemen. The match was ultimately decided in favor of Major Rhodes. Some very good minor matches closed the day's sport; and more betting took place than usual.

### Lord Kennedy and Mr. Arrowsmith.

A grand pigeon match for 600 guineas aside, took place on Monday and Tuesday, June 5th, 1826, between Lord Kennedy and Mr. Arrowsmith, at the Enclosure near the Red House, Battersea. Betting 5 to 4 on Mr. Arrowsmith. In the first twenty-five birds Mr. Arrowsmith killed 20, and Lord Kennedy 18; in the second twenty-five, Mr. Arrowsmith killed 20, and Lord Kennedy 19. On the second day in the first twenty-five birds, each killed 19; Mr. Arrowsmith keeping three a-head. In the second twenty-five the interest upon the event was extremely great, Lord Kennedy having brought the match to a tie. At the twenty fifth shot, Mr. Arrowsmith was one a-head: he missed the the last bird, which produced the *tie*. State of the shooting:—

| LORD KENNEDY. | | MR. ARROWSMITH. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| First day.......... | 37 | First day.......... | 40 |
| Second day........ | 39 | Second day........ | 36 |
| | 76 | | 76 |

Mr. Arrowsmith killed as many birds out of ninety-nine as his Lordship did out of a hundred; and, therefore, if there is any best about the thing, it certainly belongs to Mr. Arrowsmith. Had Mr. Arrowsmith killed his last bird within the bounds, he would have been proclaimed the winner; but the pigeon falling sixty-two yards from the trap, and only *two yards* out of distance, produced the tie.

### Nouvelle Pigeon Shooting.

A singular match at pigeons took place on Thursday, June 8th, at the Red House, Battersea, between Messrs. Ross and Osbaldeston, at fifty birds, for 100 sovereigns. The gun was placed on a table, and the shooter was not allowed to touch it, *until he had pulled the string himself*. Considering the difficulties arising from such restrictions, the shooting was excellent, particularly Mr. Osbaldeston's during the last twenty-five shots, which has never been equalled. We understand that Mr. Osbaldeston has won every match this season against Lord Kennedy and Captain Ross. The numbers killed are as follow:

| MR. OSBALDESTON. | | CAPTAIN ROSS. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Out of first 25, killed.. | 16 | Out of first 25, killed.. | 16 |
| Second ditto.......... | 22 | Second ditto.......... | 18 |
| | 38 | | 34 |

### Red House Rifle and Pistol Club.

On Wednesday, July 11, 1827, the sweepstakes were very closely contended for between Captain Dixon and Mr. Roach; but was decided in favor of the former. Captain Ross did not shoot so well by far as we have seen him, and lost his temper, which we were much surprised at in him, and his rifle suffered for it, for he threw it down and broke it all to pieces. After the Club had done shooting, Captain Ross borrowed a rifle, and had a long match with Mr. Roach, which lasted upwards of two hours, and was a specimen of the finest shooting possible; there was only one shot difference in favor of Mr. Roach.

### Tie Pigeon Shooting Match.

There was a strong muster in the Enclosure at the Red House, at Battersea, on Thursday, July 12, 1827, and lots of betting took place. The long-protracted match between Mr. Osbaldeston and Captain Ross was the chief attraction of the day. The distance was thirty yards from the trap, at nineteen birds each. Mr. Osbaldeston and Captain Ross shot a TIE at the first nineteen, and commenced again, when they SHOT ANOTHER TIE. It was altogether very fine shooting on both sides—the betting was 5 to 4 on Mr. Osbaldeston, and in some cases even.

### Match for Two Thousand Sovereigns, between Lord Kennedy and Mr Osbaldeston.

The Red House and Enclosure were crowded to excess on Wednesday, June 20, 1827, to witness the last day's shooting (the fifth) between Lord Kennedy and Mr. Osbaldeston (said to be two of the best shots in the kingdom). The shooting was at 100 birds each, twenty-one yards from the trap. The ground was covered with *Swells* of the highest grade, and the day's shooting one of the best we ever witnessed. The first bout at 50 birds was as follows:—Lord Kennedy killed 44; Mr. Osbaldeston 42; the second bout, Lord Kennedy killed 39; Mr. Osbaldeston 44; total, Lord Kennedy, 83; and Mr. Osbaldeston 86. In the seventeenth shot Lord Kennedy was five a-head; but Mr. Osbaldeston won the match finally in the five days shooting by 19 birds!

### A Capital Marksman.

On Monday, October 9, 1827, Mr. C., a gentleman of Nottingham, undertook, for a wager, to shoot and hit in the air twelve penny pieces, two halfpence, and six small stones, thrown up successively, which he accomplished as follows:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1st Shot, | penny piece . hit with | 7 corns. |
| 2nd — | . . . . . . . . . | 17 |
| 3rd — | . . . . . . . . . | 13 |
| 4th — | . . . . . . . . . | 35 |
| 5th — | . . . . . . . . . | 17 |
| 6th — | . . . . . . . . . | 9 |
| 7th — | . . . . . . . . . | 7 |
| 8th — | . . . . . . . . . | 2 |
| 9th — | . . . . . . . . . | 21 |
| 10th — | . . . . . . . . . | 9 |
| 11th — | . . . . . . . . . | 7 |
| 12th — | . . . . . . . . . | 13 |
| 13th — | Halfpenny . . . . | 1 |
| 14th — | . . . . . . . . . | 7 |
| 15th — | Small stone . . . | 6 |
| 16th — | . . . . . . . . . | 9 |
| 17th — | . . . . . . . . . | 12 |
| 18th — | . . . . . . . . . | 10 |
| 19th — | . . . . . . . . . | 13 |
| 20th — | . . . . . . . . . | 8 |

Averaging eleven corns, Total . . 223

### Shooting Gallery, Haymarket.

A grand match was shot at Lang's Shooting Gallery, in the Haymarket, on Thursday, June 28, 1827, between Lord Kennedy and Mr. Ross, for £50; the former to shoot with his small rifle, at twenty-one yards, and Mr. Ross with his pistols, at twelve yards, at twenty-one shots each—which was won by Mr. Ross by six shots. Another match also took place between Lord Kennedy and Mr. Ross, which was won by the latter gentleman, by four shots; it was altogether the finest shooting ever witnessed; out of eighteen shots Lord Kennedy hit *eight wafers*, and Captain Ross TEN.—The above gallery is a most fashionable place of resort to the lovers of shooting; and it is but justice to state that Mr. Lang has done every thing within his power to render it not only attractive and comfortable to the gentleman sportsman, but the visiter has also an opportunity of viewing the different guns made by those celebrated manufacturers, Manton, Purdey, Smith, Forsyth, Moore, Egg, &c.—This, to a man of taste, must prove a desirable object: indeed, Mr. Lang has a variety of other subjects for inspection, which renders a visit to his Shooting Gallery, at all times, a treat.

### Great Success of Mr. Osbaldeston.

Since Mr. Osbaldeston's great match against Lord Kennedy, and his bet with Captain Ross that he killed *eighty* out of 100 with the net, killing 89 and 92 within the Enclosure, he has shot several others, and WON THEM ALL! On Saturday, July 7, 1827, he finished a match against Captain Ross, at thirty yards from the trap, with single guns, beating the Captain four a-head in 76 shots. On the Thursday following Captain Ross and Mr. Osbaldeston were to have shot a match on the same terms. Mr. Osbaldeston shot against Lord Kennedy, but Mr. Ross paid forfeit; after which they shot 50 birds each, with single guns, from five traps, when Mr. Osbaldeston killed 43, and Captain Ross 40. On Saturday se'nnight Mr. Osbaldeston shot a match against Mr. Shoubridge, giving him two dead birds out of fifteen double shots, at twenty-one yards, from five traps, when Mr. Osbaldeston killed 23 out of 26, winning the match with three double shots to spare. This was one of the best days of shooting ever witnessed. We understand the guns belonging to Mr. Osbaldeston are the finest specimens of workmanship in London, and were made by William Moore, who lived a great many years with Joseph Manton, and a distant relation of Moore's, in St. James's Street.

Notwithstanding PIGEON SHOOTING affords considerable amusement to the Sporting Gentry during their residence in the Metropolis, and 'keeps the *hand in*,' as it were for better things; also proves a pleasing sort of practice with the *gun*, and likewise gives an opportunity of spending many pleasant hours with old friends and acquaintances. *Pigeon shooting*, too, produces several trials of skill at the Red House, &c., between the best shots in the kingdom; the occasion of several public breakfasts, capital dinners, and some little *betting*—which latter circumstance, to the Sporting man, may be viewed as a kind of food to feed upon, not only to give him strength, but to increase his exertions—yet, nevertheless, the real sportsman likes the more substantial thing—that is to say, to range the woods and forests—to beat the furze and bush—and to be accompanied by his steady pointers, something after the manner of the old chant:—

### COME, SPORTSMEN, TO THE FENS REPAIR!

Now Phœbus glads the hills no more,[*]
And icy winter spreads his store;
Now ev'ry river, pool, and lake,
Faded bush, and leafless brake,
Puts on the gear the clime bestows,
Without a tear to weep its woes.

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[*] From the "*Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet,*" containing an extensive collection of scarce, curious, and original Songs and Ballads, relative to Field Sports, by George Armiger, Esq., and well worthy a place in the Library of every Sporting man.

Come, sportsmen, to the fens repair,
And find a consolation there ;
Seek out the secret sheltering spot,
By every wanton breeze forgot—
There haunts the Snipe to pierce her bill,
To reach the sweets the springs distil.

Or, haste to Ely's osier way,
Where the wild duck loves to stray—
There lurks the Snipe, and there you'll find
A pastime to divert your mind ;
For there's beneath the treach'rous sward,
A moisture grateful to the bird.

When ev'ry spring the sod forsakes,
By Russia's seas or Finland lakes—
Or to Old Romney's marsh repair,
You'll find the wint'ry travellers there :
Drove from their adamantine coast,
Here, seek their food the fledgic host.

Or by the banks of winding Lea,
Where oft the Snipe has pleasur'd me ;
While City feasts (a dang'rous mess)
Have chok'd the glutton with excess—
Then have I found round Waltham marsh,
An antidote for civic trash.

Come then—equipp'd, a sportsman bold
Defies the rigour of the cold ;
The fur-dress'd cap, the friendly boot,
The buckskin glove, the light surtout—
But, above all, or nothing's gained,
Your spaniels must be fairly train'd.

Thus take your way, and if your eye
Can mark the birds that downward fly,
Discharge your fire, and you shall find,
Snipe shooting to your wishes kind.
At eve return, before the sun
His short diurnal course has run.

Then seek in town the friendly bowl,
Beneath sobriety's divine control :
And city friends shall learn of you,
To kill the Snipe the season through.
When vernal sweets again arise,
And from our shores the woodcock flies—

To lands more grateful to his taste,
And the Snipe follows him in haste,
Then, sportsmen, for the chase prepare ;
Or hunt the stag, or course the hare—
By this you'll many a bliss disclose,
And wear in frost the summer's rose.

### A Match between two Pigeons.

The above extraordinary match was decided on Sunday, July 8, 1827, between two pigeons, the one a young Black Beard Tumbler, belonging to Mr. Priest, a celebrated fancier, and the other a Blue Dragon, the property of Mr. Gobby, of Clerkenwell. The betting was considerable, and principally in favor of the Blue Dragon. At half-past one o'clock each of the birds were released from their confinement, and, the signal being given, the chuckers threw them into the air. On their arrival at a certain height, they flew perpendicularly, in a circular way, till they were at an immense elevation, and all at once Black Beard made a dive directly to the point of London, and continued his flight until he was lost to the human sight. The Blue Dragon took at first a contrary direction, but eventually was seen bending his course, and seemingly bewildered, towards his home, and at length was lost sight of. The betting was now altogether in favor of Black Beard, at Mickleham. From two to three o'clock in the afternoon the tops of the houses of the London fanciers were covered with anxious partisans, all eyes being fixed in the direction of Surrey, to catch a sight of the birds. At about half-past two o'clock a distant bird was seen bending its way in the direction of St. Giles's, which excited considerable expectant interest among the parties, each conceiving it to be his own—it looked like Black Beard. It gradually approached until it arrived at St. Ann's Church, where it took a few turns and pitched, no doubt for a rest, or to come to the point cool and steady, and to convince his master that with all Dragon's experience he could beat him like chaff. Shortly he again took flight, and in a few moments he hovered over the house of Mr. Priest, who recognized his own bird, who at length pitched into the house, and strutted with much consequence until his master supplied him with refreshment, of which he partook heartily, and appeared to be ready for another match. The bird flew the 20 miles in one hour and ten minutes, which was a great task for so young a bird.

### ADVICE RESPECTING SHOOTING WELL.

*By an Old Sportsman.*

Come then, ye hardy youths, who wish to save
By gen'rous labour, powers that nature gave ;
Glad on the upland brow, or echoing vale,
To drink new vigour from the morning gale.
Come, and the muse shall show you how to foil
By sports of skill the tedious hours to toil,
The healthful lessons of the field impart,
And careful teach the rudiments of art.

Every sportsman (observes the Old One) in my time, nearly forty years ago, had his own manner of bringing his gun up to his shoulder, and of taking aim ; and each followed his own fancy with respect to the stock of his fowling-piece, and its shape. Some like it short, others long ; one prefers it straight, another bent.

Though there are some sportsmen who shoot equally well with pieces stocked in different ways and shapes, yet certain principles may be laid down, as well with regard to the proper length, as the proper bend that the stock of a gun should have. But, in the application, those principles are very frequently counteracted by the whim, or the particular convenience of the shooter.

But, generally speaking, it is certain that for a tall, long-armed man, the stock of a gun should be longer than for one of a less stature, and a shorter arm ; that a straight stock is proper for him who has high shoulders, and a short neck ; for if it be much bent, it would be very difficult for him, especially in the quick motion required in the shooting at a flying or running object, to place the butt of the gun-stock firmly to the shoulder ; the upper part alone would in general be fixed, which would not only raise the muzzle, and consequently shoot high, but make the recoil be much more sensibly felt, than if the whole end of the stock were firmly placed on his shoulder. Besides, supposing the shooter to bring the butt home to his shoulder, he would hardly be able to level his piece at the object. On the contrary, a man with low shoulders, and a long neck, requires a stock much bent; for if it is straight he will, in the act of lowering his head to that place of the stock at which his cheek should rest in taking aim, feel a constraint which he never experiences when, by the effect of the proper degree of bend, the stock lends him some assistance, and, as it were, meets his aim half way.

Independent of these principles, we beg leave to inform the sportsman that, generally speaking, a long stock is preferable to a short one, and, at the same time, rather more bent than usual; for a long stock fits firmer to the shoulder than a short one, and particularly so when the shooter is accustomed to place his left hand, which principally supports the piece, near the entrance of the ramrod into the stock. The practice of placing that hand near the bridge of the guard, is certainly a bad one; the aim is never so sure, nor has the shooter such a ready command over his piece as when he places his hand near the entrance of the ramrod, and at the same time strongly grasps the barrel; instead of resting it between his fore finger and thumb in conformity with the general custom. It may therefore be depended upon that a stock, bent a little more than ordinary, is better for shooting true than one too straight; because the latter, in coming up to the aim, is subject to the inconvenience of causing the sportsman to shoot too high.

We would also advise the shooter to have his fowling-piece a little elevated at the muzzle, and the sight small and flat; for the experienced well know that it is more usual to shoot low than high. It is therefore of service that a piece should shoot a little too high, and then the more flat the sight, the better the line of aim will coincide with the line of fire, and consequently the gun will be less liable to shoot low.

The method by which to avoid missing a cross shot, whether it be flying or running, is not only to take aim before the object, but likewise not involuntarily to stop the motion of the arms at the moment of pulling the trigger; for the instant the hand stops in order to fire, though the space of time is almost imperceptible, the object, if a bird, gets beyond the line of aim, and the shot will fly behind it; and if a hare or rabbit is shot at in this manner whilst running, and especially if at a distance, the animal will only be slightly struck in the buttocks, and will be taken but by hazard.

When a bird, however, is flying in a straight line from the shooter, this fault can do no harm; the object can hardly escape, if the piece be but tolerably well directed, unless, indeed, it is fired at the moment the game springs, and before the birds have taken a horizontal flight. In that case, if the hand should stop ever so little, at the instant of firing, the sportsman will shoot low, and inevitably miss the mark. It therefore becomes extremely essential to accustom the hand, in taking aim, to follow the object, without suspending the motion in the least degree, which is a capital point towards acquiring the art of shooting well; the contrary habit, which it is very difficult to correct when once contracted, prevents that person from attaining perfection in the art, who, in other respects, may eminently possess quickness of sight, and steadiness of aim.

It is essential in a cross shot, to aim before the object, in proportion to its distance at the time of firing. Should a partridge, for instance, fly across at the distance of thirty or thirty-five paces, it will be sufficient to take aim at the head, or, at most, but a small space before. The same rule will nearly hold in the cases of shooting quail, woodcock, pheasant, or wild duck, though they move their wings slower than the partridge; but when the object is fifty, sixty, or seventy paces distant, it is necessary to aim at least half a foot before the head. The same practice should be observed in shooting at a hare or rabbit, when running in a cross direction, making due allowance for the distance, and for the swiftness of the pace.

In shooting at a very distant object, aim should be taken a little above it, because shot, as well as ball, have but a certain range in point blank, beyond which each begins to describe the curve of the parabola.

If a hare runs in a straight line from the shooter, he should take his aim between the ears, or he will run the hazard of missing, or at least of not completely killing, or *killing clean* in the language of the field. A true sportsman, ambitious of shooting well, is not satisfied with breaking the wing of a partridge, or the thigh of a hare, when he shoots at a fair distance; for in such case the hare, or partridge, ought to be shot in such a manner that it should remain in the place where it falls, and not require the assistance of the dogs to take it; but if he shoots at a great distance, it is no reproach that the partridge is only winged, or the hare wounded, so that it cannot escape.

Practice soon teaches the sportsman the proper distance at which he should shoot, the distance at which he ought infallibly to kill any kind of game, with patent shot, No. 3, provided the aim be well taken, is from twenty-five to thirty-five paces for the footed, and from forty to forty-five paces for the winged game. Beyond this distance, even to fifty or fifty-five paces, both partridge and hares are sometimes killed; but in general the hares are only slightly wounded, and carry away the shot, and the partridge, at that distance, present so small a surface, that they frequently escape untouched between the vacant spaces of the circle. Yet it does not follow that a partridge may not be killed with No. 3 patent shot, at sixty, and even at seventy paces distance, but these shots are extremely rare.

Those who know the range of a fowling-piece, and the closeness of its shot, give little credit to the romances of those sportsmen who, by their own accounts, daily kill, with the shot No. 3, at the distance of ninety, and one hundred paces. Some, indeed, go so far far as to assert that they have killed, with this sized shot, hares at one hundred and ten paces, and pheasants at one hundred and twenty. It is possible, however, that with shot No. 5, a man may have killed a hare or a partridge at one hundred and ten, or one hundred and twenty paces; but these shots are so extraordinary, and occur so seldom, that the whole life of a sportsman will hardly afford more than two or three instances; and, when it does so happen, it will be found to be by a single pellet, which, by great chance, has hit either the wing or the head of the partridge, or has struck the head of the hare, by which he is stunned, or perhaps has penetrated the small part of the shoulder, where, to prevent the wound being mortal, there is only a very thin skin, which being stretched by the animal in running, is more liable to be pierced with the shot.

In order to acquire the art of shooting flying, many young sportsmen are advised to shoot at swallows; but the flight of swallows are so irregular and swift, and so unlike the motion of those birds which are the objects of sport, that we cannot approve of such a method. No mode is so advantageous as the actual practice of shooting the game, whereby that trepidation and alarm, which most men feel upon the rising of the covey, will be sooner conquered; for, while these are possessed, even in the most trifling degree, no one can attain to be a steady and good shot.

This opinion is so well confirmed and enforced by the Laureat's beautiful poem, entitled SHOOTING, that we are tempted to gratify our readers with the following quotation from it:—

But vainly shall perceptive rules impart
A perfect knowledge of this manly art:
Practice alone can certain skill produce,
And theory confirm'd by constant use.
The hardy youth, who pants with eager flame
To send his leaden bolts with certain aim,
Must ne'er with disappointed hopes recoil
From cold and heat, from hunger and from toil;
Must climb the hill, must tread the marshy glade,
Or force his passage through th' opposing shade;
Must range untam'd by Sol's meridian pow'r,
And brave the force of winter's keenest hour,
'Till industry and time their work have wrought,
And honor crown the skill that labor taught,
Yet some, these harsher rudiments to spare,
And equal art with easier toil to share,
Or watch with careful aim and steady sight,
The swallow wheeling in her summer flight;
Or on some lofty cliff, whose chalky steep
Hangs with rude brow impending o'er the deep;
Where gulls and screaming sea-mews haunt the rock,
Pour fire incessant on the mingled flock.
But vain their hopes, presented to the eye,
In such diversive lines the objects fly,
That the 'maz'd sight unnumber'd marks pursues,
Uncertain where to aim, and which to choose,
Decision quick and calm, the shooter's boast,
By frequent change, is check'd, confus'd and lost;
And, guarded by irresolute delay,
Untouch'd shall future coveys fleet away.
More hurtful still to try with distant blow,
To bring the percher from th' aerial bough.
How shall his thoughts, the level that prepare
With all the caution of mechanic care,
Exact and steady as the sage's eye,
Through Galileo's tube surveys the sky,
With ready view the transient object seize,
Swift as the motion of the rapid breeze,
Pursue th' uncertain mark with swift address,
And catch the fleeting moment of success!

If there are persons who still think the practice of shooting swallows to be of assistance in acquiring the art, we will venture to recommend another mode, which, though somewhat similar, is in our opinion much better. This is, by putting small pieces of white paper round the necks of sparrows, or other small birds, by the means of a hole cut in the middle of the paper; then, throwing a single bird into the air, the shooter may deliberately take his aim; for, by this devise, the flight of the bird is rendered less rapid, and more regular: and at the same time presents a much better mark for practice. It also affords excellent diversion in seasons when game cannot be pursued, or in wet weather, from underneath the shelter of a shed, or a barn door. Some of the first shots in England have been perfected by this mode.

A fowling-piece should not be fired more than twenty or twenty-five times without being washed; a barrel, when foul, neither shoots so ready, nor carries the shot so far as when clean. The flint, pan, and hammer should be well wiped after each shot; this contributes greatly to make the piece go off quick, but it should be done with expedition. The flint should be often changed, without waiting till it misses fire before a new one is put in.

A gun should never be fired with the prime of the preceding day; it may happen, indeed, indeed, that an old priming will sometimes go off well, but it will more frequently contract moisture, and fuze in the firing; the object will therefore most probably be missed because the piece was not fresh primed.—MORE ANON.

### SNIPE SHOOTING.

SNIPES visit this country in autumn, and remain here till the spring. It is generally supposed that they return into Germany and Switzerland to breed; a great number of them, however, continue with us during the summer, and breed in the marshes where they lay their eggs in June, to the number of about four or five. These birds are hardly worth shooting till the first frost sets in; but in the month of November they begin to grow very fat. When these little birds are plentiful they afford exceeding good sport. Snipes, as well as woodcocks, always fly against the wind; it is therefore best to hunt for them, as much as possible, with the wind to the back, because they then fly towards the sportsman, and present a fairer mark.

It is a common observation that it is difficult to shoot a snipe, on account of the many turnings and twistings which it makes on being sprung, but this difficulty exists only in the minds of inexperienced sportsmen, for there are many birds more difficult to shoot flying. If the shooter can accustom himself to let the snipe fly away, without his being alarmed, he will find that the flight is not more difficult to follow than that of the quail: and it is better to let him fly to some distance, because the smallest grain of shot will kill him, and he will fall to the ground if struck ever so slightly.

Among the common snipes the largest are supposed to be the males. There are some snipes, indeed, which are of a most extraordinary size, but they are doubtless of a different species; they are also so extremely rare that they do not here require a particular description.

Snipes are often to be found in great plenty in those places where the water lies open in hard frosty, or snowy weather. They delight in haunting such places, and where springs run with a gentle stream, because, on account of their bills, they cannot feed in places that are hard and stony. They resort very much about these plashes in snowy weather.

### Shooting Water Fowl in Sicily.

We mounted our horses very early (observes Mr. Swinburne, in his Travels in the Two Sicilies), and, leaving *Augusta*, rode directly north, over the high promontory of Santa Croce: the land very even, but cultivated with spirit. As soon as we reached the north side of the hill, and faced Ætna, I perceived that all the stones were lumps of black lava. We descended to the shore of the bay of Catania, at its south-west angle, not far from La Brucca, a small caricatore, and baited at a public house, called Agnuni; near it are the foundations, and walls to the height of ten feet, of a very large Gothic church, begun by King Frederic the Second, but left in an imperfect state, either on account of his death, or the insalubrity of the situation. Near this spot antiquaries place the emporium of Leontini, where the superabundance of their produce was shipped for foreign parts.

In the neighbouring fields grow a great deal of rue and lupines. The waste was already [the 20th of January] dressed in the sweet garb of spring: the myrtle, woodbine, and wild-rose, were powdered with flowers; among them an Iris, of a bright brimstone color, dashed with purple, was very remarkable.

From hence we travelled many miles close by the sands of the sea, and forded the river of Leontini, at the place where it dischargeth itself into the bay. The weather had been so long dry that there was no depth of water to create either difficulty or danger.

A spacious plain extends towards the inland country, and also along the shore, full of ponds and marshes, which abound with wild fowl of numberless sorts. We shot several birds out of the flocks of snipes, teal, cootes, ducks, &c., that rose on all sides as we rode along: I never saw a finer field for a keen sportsman, than these *foggie*, the Sicilian name for marshy grounds near the sea. They are frequented by many fowlers; the report of guns were almost incessant; and wherever I turned my eyes columns of smoke were ascending from the fens. My campiere, who had often made one in these shooting parties, informed me that it was usual to wade, up to the middle, in the swamps, which, in winter, are full of water; and, on account of the banks, impracticable for boats. The fowler drags after him a couple of laquered baskets for his ammunition and his game; while his dog swims before him, or runs along the ridges of dry ground, to spring the birds, or fetch them when shot. The fishing-net is not less amusing or profitable than the gun; but as soon as the sun enters the Lion this country becomes the house of death; fevers of the most malignant kind seize upon the imprudent or unfortunate wretch who passes a night near them, and few escape with life when attacked with so virulent a disorder.

We emerged from the fens to a noble plain, covered with promising crops of corn, but without a single enclosure, or even tree. No country seems better calculated for pigeons; and, indeed, none has such incredible flights of them; from their abundance they are considered as nuisances, and, therefore, deemed public property. My soldier shot at them whenever they flew within reach; nay, he even stopped his horse opposite a cottage, and fired at a cluster of them basking on the thatch; the muleteer went to the palace, and picked up the slain, while the cottagers stood at the door as unconcerned as if we had shot a parcel of sparrows on a hedge. My servants feasted several days on this game, but enjoyed much more the eating of a magpie which I had shot for them.

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### Field Sports for July.

We have no hesitation in observing that a thorough Sportsman, one game to the back-bone, must be the happiest fellow in the world; for in his vocation there is always something to amuse on the *tapis*—something to occupy attention—turning up or coming off. If the gun must in February no longer be levelled at game, the saddle may still be pressed, and the hare "seehod." If March gives its "mad" *madam*, and then puts the "long dogs" out of training, the fox may yet be still halloo'd from covert, and the echoing horn continue to give the signal of—"To horse, my brave boys, and away." But then cometh May, when

> "No one wears a scarlet suit,
> And no one wings a bird."

when the "kennel creatures" are permitted to increase and multiply, and Reynard to form her cradle. What then? Why, let Izaac

Walton answer, for doth he not say—"Under this sycamore tree, with the sound of the clear river in our ears, with the odour of May flowers freshly around us after this gentle shower, and in the sight of these meadows, gold and silver, the overflowing of nature for the delectation of all quiet and contemplative anglers, we do well to sigh that our life is so much in walls, and so little here." Anon June, lusty June, bursts upon us in its sunshiny glory, in its verdant apparel, and with its coronal of flowers—its offering of fruits. He walketh the teeming earth like a magician, and plenty marketh the print of his footstep; he waveth his wand, and culture exhibits its bounties, and nature her liberality. He is a good friend to sportsmen, too, for he calleth them to pastimes which a British King is proud to participate in, and which princes, equally with the people, approve and patronize. Not only on the green sward, but also on the green wave, does he command sports that invigorate, and relaxations that amuse. The Race-course, the Cricket-ground, the Archer's Circle, the Wrestler's Arena, the Pigeon-shooter's Enclosure, the Boatman's Course, and the Yacht Crew's World, alike produce evidences of his favor, and bear testimonies to his sway. But now cometh July, and with an equally beneficent cornucopia of gifts, the more valuable of which are these:—

Beneath the sun, or, it may be, the showers of the coming month, then the all-influential sports of the turf will, with untiring vigour, be continued (our columns will, as usual, accurately record the results of the principal meetings); aquatic amusements, or rather, manly and tarlike struggles for fame, particularly among the members and craft of that useful and patriotic institution, the Royal Yacht Club: its rendezvous, Cowes Harbour, Isle of Wight, will equally claim attention and approbation. Add to these, Cricket,—well might it be termed a "*noble* game,"—and all those manly amusements, both in the environs of the Metropolis, and in the country, which strengthen the sinews, summon up the generous blood, and characterise the Englishman above the inhabitants of every other nation of the world.

July, too, is the month when the Sportsman's eye, and the Sportsman's vigilance, should be peculiarly directed to the protection of the young birds, and other creatures constituting game, or the objects of his after pursuit, in which latter the fox may be more particularly mentioned, inasmuch as the future supply for the noblest of all field sports, fox-hunting, will mainly depend upon the caution observed in protecting from insidious opponents (*batter*-fanciers), and plunderers by profession, those who steal foxes, and bring them to receiving-houses in town, for the shameful purpose of selling them to certain Hunts not well supplied with *brushes* of their own.

ANGLING.—Though the trout has now become an exceeding dainty feeder, and the salmon will not as eagerly as before come at the lure dropped on the waters of Scotland, or the streams of Wales (for they afford fishing to content an epicure), angling may still be actively pursued, and to skilful suitors will yield pleasure, profit, health, and satisfaction. The grayling now may be added to the list of fish which are in season, and they will rise now eagerly at a gaudy fly; yet, being a leather-mouthed fish, skill, when struck, will be requisite to ensure the captive into your landing-net. Trout are excellent now, and, we should suppose, plentiful, for we have seldom noticed more abundant supplies than have beautified the sloping show-tables of our leading fishmonger's shops this summer. Dace, perch, bream, roach, and all the finny tribe that "Patient Runters on the peopled Thames" think it a triumph to capture, are now fair game; but give us our native, far off

"Beauteous streams, that busy, long,
Filleth the flowery vales with song;"

and then let those who will, enjoy the dull monotony of watching the bobbing of a cork, as the strokes of the waterman ripple the wave; and of crying, "Here's one, here's one; I've got him, I've got him," and up cometh a three ounce weight roach, or a foolish minnow. Let us rather sing, after the manner of our great master—

"The waters, the waters! how clearly they flow,
And how softly and balmy the summer winds blow.
There are joys in the chase when the red fox doth flee—
There are joys on the turf when the fleet coursers be—
But the waters, the waters! and their melody!

The waters, the waters! o'ershadowed with leaves,
And cool'd by the evening, and fann'd by the breeze!
Be our sunset companions a down yonder lea,
When the scenes of our childhood delighted we see;
And sing, O, the waters, the waters for we!"

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## A TOUCH OF THE FANCY IN CHINA:

But COUNTRY or COLOUR, to us are the same,
Only anxious are we in preserving the *game!*

The following extract from a Journal of a voyage from Macao, &c., published by Mr. R. Phillips, shows that the science and honorable mode of conducting pugilism, are not unknown in China:—"Several of our people, being intoxicated, began to fight with one another in the square, which soon caused the place to be filled with natives as spectators. In our endeavours to get them without the gates, one of the natives struck Mr. B——, and then gave him a fair challenge to box; but, from his temerity, he soon got so sound a drubbing as to convince him how inferior a Hainanese is to a European in the *noble* art of self-defence. Although this man was thought a professor in that branch of the fine arts, yet I fancy this was the first, and will probably be the last, time he will venture upon a similar experiment. The poor fellow, however, fought toughly for about twenty minutes before he asked for quarters, and the surrounding multitude never once interfered in the contest, although they evinced great interest as to the result."

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# PIERCE EGAN'S

# BOOK OF SPORTS.

No. XXV.] [*Price Three Pence.*

## COURSING.

> Poor PUSS! and thy life is indeed but a day!
> When the eye-searching GREYHOUND encounters your way;
> Thy tears show the dread of the danger behind,
> And tell, but too plainly, your *death*—doom is signed!

THIS amusement is of great antiquity (observes Mr. Daniel, in his Rural Sports), and is treated on by Arrian, who flourished A. D. 150. It was first used by the GAULS, the most luxurious and opulent of whom used to send out good hare-finders early in the morning, to those places where it was likely to find hares sitting; they returned to their employers with an account of the number of hares found, who then mounted their horses and took out their greyhounds to course them. Not more than two greyhounds were to be ran at once, and those were not to be laid in too close to the hare; for although the animal is swift, yet, when first started, she is so terrified by the hallowing, and by the closeness and speed of the dogs, that her heart is overcome with fear, and in the confusion, very often the best sporting hares were killed without showing any diversion; she was, therefore, allowed to run some distance from her seat, before the dogs were set after her. The best hares were those found in open and exposed places; they did not immediately try to avoid the danger by running to woods, but, whilst contending in swiftness with the greyhound, moderated their own speed according as they were pressed; if over-matched in speed by the dogs, they then tried to gain ground by frequent turns, which threw the dogs beyond them, making at the same time their shortest way to the covers, or nearest shelter. The true Sportsman, even in Arrian's time, did not take out his dogs to destroy the hares, but for the sake of seeing the contest between them, and was glad if the hare escaped, which was never prevented, by disturbing any brake in which she might have concealed herself, after beating the greyhounds. They were also frequently taken alive from the dogs by the horsemen who closely followed them, and, after the greyhounds were taken up, were turned for future sport. They used *to speak* to their greyhounds whilst in the field, considering it a kind of encouragement to them to know that their master was a witness of the excellence of their running; but this *speaking* was recommended to be chiefly confined to the first course, lest, after being weakened by a second or third, they might by such encouragement, exert themselves beyond their strength, and hurt their insides, which was thought to be the destruction of many good dogs.

Those who had not the conveniency of hare-finders, went out commonly in a company on horseback, when they beat the likely ground, and, on starting a hare, the greyhounds were let loose after her: those who were more keen after the sport used to go on foot, and if any one accompanied them on horse-back, it was his business to follow the dogs during the course. It is singular, that after the lapse of so many centuries, the mode of *beating* for a hare in *Coursing* should be *now* exactly what it *then* was. The company were drawn up in a straight rank, either horse or footmen, and proceeded at certain distances from each other, in a direct line to a given point, and wheeling round, that they might not go over precisely the same track, they beat the ground regularly back. This practice is still continued. A person was appointed to take the command of the sport, if there were many dogs out; he gave orders that such and such dogs should be slipped, according as the hare took to the right or left, and these orders were punctually obeyed.

The *Isle of Dogs*, now converted to the first *commercial* purposes, derived its name from being the depôt of the spaniels and greyhounds of Edward III., and this spot was chosen, as lying contiguous to his sports of Woodcock shooting, and *Coursing* the Red Deer, in Waltham and the other Royal Forests in Essex, for the more convenient enjoyment of which, he generally resided in the Sporting season, at Greenwich.

In the days of ELIZABETH, when she was was not herself disposed to hunt, she was so stationed as to see the Coursing of *Deer* with greyhounds. At Cowdrey, in Sussex, the seat of Lord Montacute, A. D. 1591, one day after dinner, the Queen saw from a turret, "sixteen bucks all having fayre lowe, pulled down with greyhounds in a launch or *lawn*."

In ancient times three several animals were Coursed with greyhounds, the *Deer*, the *Fox*, and the *Hare*. The two former are not practised at present, but the Coursing of deer formerly was a recreation in high esteem, and was divided into two sorts, the *Paddock* and the *Forest* or *Purlieu*.

### THE SWEET PLEASURES THAT COURSING DOES YIELD.

Ye mortals whose boast is the sports of the field,
And know the sweet pleasures that coursing does yield,
'Tis yours to illustrate the greyhound's swift run,
What cups he has gained, and what sweepstakes he's won.

O'er Ashdown and Malton, how wind-like he flew!
And the loud shout of "bravo!" from all around drew;
With what triumph he bore off the trophies of bliss,
"On that day won the goblet, the couples on this!"

Poor puss! and thy life is indeed but a day,
When the eye-searching greyhound encounters your way;
Thy tears show the dread of the danger behind,
And tell but too plainly your death-doom is sign'd!

In vain is thy courage, thy daring and speed,
The fleet-footed greyhound condemns thee to bleed!
His mouth opens on you—his strength runs you down—
Thy death is his triumph—your life his renown!

Not RIVERS,[*] whose dogs with the best of dogs vies,
And oft bore away both the matches and ties!
Not Rivers could save thee, when once his hounds run—
Your field-sport was over—thy breath of life done!

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[*] The Right Honorable George Pitt, Baron Rivers, of Stratfieldsay, in Hampshire, who added fresh lustre to the name he bore, and to the family from whom he had the honor of being descended, died July 20th, 1828, at his house in Grosvenor-place, near Hyde Park Corner. His lordship was born September 19th, 1751, and succeeded his father, George, the late lord, in 1803. No man, probably, ever bred more largely, brought more capital greyhounds into the field, or was more successful in his various contests at Swaffham, Newmarket, &c. The names of all his lordship's greyhounds began with R., and before he came to the title with P. (the initial of Pitt, the family name).

Hare Park, contiguous to Newmarket, belonged to Lord Rivers, which he sold to Mr. John Gully, and to whom his lordship gave the preference amidst several competitors who were anxious to purchase the above Park. Mr. Gully took up his residence at Hare Park for two or three years, when circumstances called him to another part of the country, when he sold it to Sir Mark Wood, Bart. His lordship's mind not only soared above vulgar prejudices, but he was a very kind, liberal-hearted nobleman; also a great patron of the arts; also a thorough-bred sportsman; and he was not ashamed to own that he had a *penchant* towards the pursuits of the Fancy, in a national point of view.

The following card of admission to his lordship's Gallery of Pictures we have had in our possession for several years past—and as a proof of our assertion we now insert a copy of it:—

"Mr. GARRARD, A. R. A., having prepared the Model of a BRITISH BOXER, LORD RIVERS has kindly permitted it to be put up for inspection in his Gallery.

"The Figure is somewhat larger than life, and exhibits the Boxer in the spirited, scientific, and combined action, both of guard and attack.

"Any Nobleman and Gentleman will be permitted to see the Model, at No. 10, *Grosvenor Place*, upon producing a Card of Admission from Mr. GARRARD, who presumes to hope that by subscription he may be enabled to cast this work in Bronze, to be presented by the Subscribers to the British Museum.

"By order of the Committee,
"G. GARRARD."

Ticket of Admission. From 2 till 5.
P. EGAN, Esq. Not Transferable.

Brave *Rex!* and the sovereign indeed of greyhounds,
Hare Park and elsewhere with thy glory resounds;
Like *Snowball*, triumphant thy deeds will long shine,
And your right noble master say proudly, "he's mine!"

Fill the bowl, fill it flowing, since life glides apace,
And health be the toast to the dog-coursing race!
To the greyhound's wing'd speed, wheresoe'er it abounds,
Till time calls away to the field, park, and downs.

## ANCIENT AND MODERN COURSING.

"I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
"Straining upon the start—the game's afoot!"
SHAKSPEARE. *Hen. V.*

The greyhound, under the ancient name of gazehound (observed the late Major Topham), formed one of the earliest dogs of the chase; and from the very nature of his first appellation was intended only to run by sight. He was the original accompaniment of royalty in the sports of the field; and in lieu of fines and forfeitures due to the crown. King John was wont to accept of greyhounds; whether, when received as a tax, he was able to obtain those of a superior description, is not to be ascertained. But the dog of that day, which, under kings, was the concomitant of hawking, was long-haired, and somewhat resembling the one used by warrenners; and, in the oldest pictures now extant on the subject, the spaniel, and sometimes the pointer, accompanied the sportsman in what was at that period denominated coursing.

The greyhound then employed was probably larger than even the warren mongrel, resembling more the shaggy wolf-dog of former times than any sporting dog of the present day. The Wolds of Yorkshire, which, like the Wealds of Kent, are a corruption of the word "Wilds," appear, from the dates of parish books, to have been infested with wolves later than any other part of England. In the entries at Flixton, Stackston, and Folkston, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, are still to be seen memoranda of payments made for the destruction of wolves, at a certain rate per head. They used to breed in the cars below, among the rushes, furze, and bogs, and in the night-time came up from their dens, and unless the sheep had been previously driven into the town, or the shepherds indefatigably vigilant, great numbers of them were destroyed; it being observed of all wild animals, that when they have opportunity to depredate, they prefer the blood to the flesh of the victim, of course commit much unnecessary carnage.

From the wolves having so long remained in the parts just mentioned, it is not more than fifty years since many of the long-haired, curl-tailed greyhounds were to be traced, bred originally from the wolf-dog; and some of these, for a short distance, could run with surprising velocity. That a dog of this description should sufficiently gratify the coursing sentiment of that day, is by no means surprising; the uncultivated face of the country, covered with brakes, bushes, wood, and infinite obstacles, may readily account for it. In running their game they had to surmount these impediments, and to dart through thorn hedges (in that unimproved state) which covered eighteen or twenty feet in width, and frequently to kill their object of pursuit in the middle of them.

These dogs were accustomed to lie unhoused upon the cold ground, and to endure all hardships of indifferent food, and more indifferent usage; but when the owner, or protector, lived in the open air, unmindful of the elements, and regardless of the storm, it can create no surprise that the faithful dog should fare no better than his master. This, most likely, was the earliest stage of the gaze, or greyhound; wild in his aspect, erect in his ears, and shaggy in his coat; but even in that unimproved state they had many good points; as straight, firm legs; round, hard, fox-hound feet; were incredibly quick at catching view, and being instantaneously upon their legs, which modern sportsmen term "firing quickly."

In uniform progress with time, improvement proceeds also; during "the merry days of good Queen Bess," when maids of honor could breakfast upon beef, and ride a-gallop for a day together, the sports of the field were objects of due attention. It was then her majesty, divested of regal dignity, would condescend to see a brace of deer pulled down by greyhounds after dinner: and it was then that coursing began to assume a more regulated form, and to acquire a more universal degree of emulative estimation.

Instead of the wild man, with his wilder dogs, taking his solitary quest for game; the hourly enlightened sportsmen of that day began to form themselves into more friendly congeniality, and rules were adopted, by which a general confidence and mutual intercourse might be maintained. The Duke of Norfolk, who was the leading sportsman of that time, was powerfully solicited, and ultimately prevailed upon, to draw up a proper code of laws, which constitute the magna charta of the present day.

These rules, though established by a duke, and regulated by a queen, rendered the coursing of that period but of a very sterile description. Pointers were used for the purpose of finding the game, and when any of these made a point, the greyhounds were uncoupled as a necessary prelude to the sport which was to ensue. The greyhounds, even at this time, deviated but little from the kind already described; rough and heavy, with strength enough to overcome any difficulty it might be necessary to break through. To found the æra of improved coursing, and for introducing greyhounds of superior form, and higher blood, was reserved for the late princely owner of Houghton. If the agricultural meetings in the most distant counties feel themselves gratefully justified in drinking, as their first toast, "The Memory of Mr. Bakewell," no true and consistent coursing meeting can ever omit to give, with equal enthusiasm, "The memory of the Earl of Orford."

It is the distinguishing trait of genius to be enthusiastically bold, and daringly courageous. Nothing in art or science, nothing in mental, or even in manual labour, was ever achieved, of superior excellence, without that ardent zeal, that impetuous sense of eager avidity which, to the cold, inanimate, and unimpassioned, bears the appearance, and sometimes the unqualified accusation of insanity. When a monarch of this country once received the news of a most heroic action maintained against one of his own fleets, and seemed considerably chagrined at the result, the then Lord of the Admiralty endeavoured to qualify and soften down the matter, by assuring the king that "the commander of the enemy's fleet was mad."—"Mad! would he were mad enough to bite one of my admirals."

Lord Orford had absolutely a phrenetic furor of this kind, in anything he found himself disposed to undertake; it was a predominant trait in his character never to do any thing by halves, and coursing was his most prevalent passion beyond every other pleasurable consideration. In consequence of his most extensive property, and his extra-influence as lord-lieutenant of the county, he not only interested numbers of opulent neighbours in the diversion, but, from the extent of his connexions, could command such an immensity of private quarters for his young greyhounds, and of making such occasional selections from which, that few, if any, beside himself, could possess.

There were times when he was known to have fifty brace of greyhounds; and as it was a fixed rule never to part from a single whelp till he had a fair and substantial trial of his speed, he had evident chances (beyond almost any other individual) of having, amongst so great a number, a collection of very superior dogs: but, so intent was he upon this peculiar object of attainment, that he went still farther in every possible direction to obtain perfection, and introduced every experimental cross from the English lurcher to the Italian greyhound. He had strongly indulged an idea of a successful cross with the bull-dog, which he could never be divested of, and after having persevered (in opposition to every opinion) most patiently for seven removes, he found himself in possession of the best greyhounds ever yet known; giving the small ear, the rat-tail, and the skin almost without hair, together with that innate courage which the high-bred greyhound should possess, retaining which instinctively, he would rather die than relinquish the chase.

One defect only this cross is admitted to have, which the poacher would rather know to be a truth, than the fair sportsman would come willingly forward to demonstrate. To the former it is a fact pretty well known, that no dog has the sense of smelling in a more exquisite degree than the bull-dog; and, as they run mute, they, under certain crosses, best answer the midnight purposes of the poacher, in driving hares to the wire or net. Greyhounds bred from this cross have therefore some tendency to run by the nose, which, if not immediately checked by the master, they will continue for miles, and become very destructive to the game in the neighbourhood where they are kept, if not under confinement or restraint.

In a short space of time after Lord Orford's decease, his greyhounds (with various other sporting appurtenances) came under the hammer of the auctioneer. Colonel Thornton, of Yorkshire, who had passed much of his early life with Lord Orford, and had been an active associate with him in his hawking establishments, was the purchaser of Czarina, Jupiter, and some of his best dogs, giving from thirty to fifty guineas each. It was by this circumstance the select blood of the Norfolk dogs was transferred to Yorkshire; and thence a fair trial was obtained how the fleetest greyhounds that had ever been seen on the sands of Norfolk could run over the Wolds of Yorkshire.

Old Jupiter, when produced by Colonel Thornton in that county, presented to the eye of either the sportsman or the painter, as gallant and true a picture of the perfect greyhound as ever was submitted to judicious inspection. He was a dog of great size, with a very long and taper head, deep in the chest, strong in the loins, with a skin exceedingly soft and pliable, ears small, and a tail as fine as whip-cord. From this uniformity of make and shape, a cross was much sought after by members of the different coursing meetings in the northern districts, and it was universally admitted that the breed in Yorkshire was considerably improved by the Norfolk acquisition.

Notwithstanding these dogs were amongst the best Lord Orford had ever bred from his experimental crosses, and were the boast of the greatest coursers the south of England ever knew; yet, when they came to be started against the hares of the High Wolds, they did not altogether support the high character they had previously obtained. This was more particularly demonstrated when the hares turned short on the hill sides, where the greyhounds, unable to stop themselves, frequently rolled like barrels from the top to the bottom, while the hare went away at her leisure, and heard no more of them; it was, however, unanimously agreed by all the sportsmen present, that they ran with a great deal of energetic exertion, and always at the hare; that though beaten, they did not give it in, or exhibit any symptom of lurching, or waiting to kill.

In the low flat countries below the Wolds they were more successful; such gentlemen, therefore, as had been witnesses of the Norfolk, as well as the Berkshire coursing, and saw how the best dogs of the south were beaten by the Wold hares, were led to observe, and afterwards to acknowledge, the superiority of the Wold coursing, and the strength of the hares there. By those who had never seen it, this had been much doubted: the good sportsmen of the south, each partial to his own country (from a strong small enclosure to an open marsh pasture), deny this totally, and many invitations have passed from them to the sporting gentlemen of Yorkshire, to have a midway meeting of greyhounds from the respective countries.

To have capital coursing, a good dog is only one part of the business; it is not only necessary to have a good hare also, but a country where nothing but speed and power to continue it can save her. Over the high wolds of Stackton, Flixton, and Sherborne, in Yorkshire, where hares are frequently found three or four miles from any covert or enclosure whatever; the ground the finest that can possibly be conceived, consisting chiefly of sheepwalk, including every diversity of hill, plain, and valley, by which the speed and strength of a dog can be fairly brought to the test; it will not require many words to convince the real sportsman that such courses have been seen there, as no other part of the kingdom, in its present enclosed state, can possibly offer, and these necessarily require a dog to be in that high training, for which, in coursing of much less severity, there cannot be equal occasion. But the day is fast approaching when coursing of such description will no more be seen; in a very few years these Wolds will be surrounded, and variously intersected with fences, and thus equalized with other countries; the husbandman (who will then have his day of triumph over the sportsman) may justly and exultingly exclaim,

> Seges est, ubi Troja fuit!

The man who in any way challenges the whole world should recollect—the world is a wide place. Lord Orford once tried the experiment, and the challenge thus confidently made, was as confidently taken up by the present duke of Queensbury (then Lord March), who had not a greyhound belonging to him in the world. Money will do much; with indefatigable exertion it will do more; and it is a circumstance well known to many of the sporting world, that upon particular occasions, some of the best pointers ever seen have emerged from cellars in the Metropolis, who, it might be imagined, had never seen a bird in the field. The Duke in this instance applied to that well-known character, old Mr. Elwes, who recommended him to another elderly sportsman of Berkshire (Captain Hatt), a courser of no small celebrity, who produced a greyhound that, in a common country, beat Lord Orford's Phenomenon.

This same kind of challenge was some few years since given for Snowball, and was the only challenge of similar import that has not been accepted; but it is requisite, at the same time, to remark that the match was restricted to be run only in such places where a fair and decisive trial could be obtained. Those who have seen great matches decided by short courses, and bad hares (where chance frequently intervenes), must know that such trials are uncertain and deceptive, and that the real superiority of either dog may still remain unknown when the match is over. Perhaps, even in the best country, should the contest be for a large sum, and between two greyhounds of equal celebrity, the most equitable mode of ascertaining the merit of each, would be to run three courses, and adjudge the prize to the winner of the main of the three; it being very unlikely that, in three courses, run in an open country, the superiority of one greyhound over the other should not be evidently perceived.

The excellence of Snowball, whose breed was Yorkshire on the side of the dam, and Norfolk on that of the sire, was acknowledged by the great numbers who had seen him run; and, perhaps, taken "for all in all," he was the best greyhound that ever ran in England. All countries were nearly alike to him, though bred where fences seldom occur; yet, when taken into the strongest enclosures, he topped hedges of any height, and in that respect equalled, if not surpassed, every dog in his own country. They who did not think his speed so superior, all allowed, that for wind, and for powers in running up long hills without being distressed, they had never seen his equal.

On a public coursing-day given to the township of Flixton, the continuance of his speed was once reduced to a certainty by the known distance, as well as the difficulty of the ground. From the bottom of Flixton Brow, where the village stands, to the top of the hill where the wold begins, is a measured mile, and very steep in ascent the whole of the way. A hare was found midway, and there was started with Snowball, a sister of his, given to the Rev. Mr. Minithorpe, and a young dog about twelve months old, of another breed. The hare came immediately up the hill, and after repeated turns upon the wold, took down the hill again; but finding that in the sandy bottom she was less a match for the dogs, she returned, and in the middle of the hill the whelp gave in, Snowball and his sister being left with the hare; reaching the wold a second time, she was turned at least fifty times, where forcibly feeling the certainty of approaching death, she again went down the hill, in descending which the bitch dropped, and by immediate bleeding was recovered; Snowball afterwards ran the hare into the village, where he killed her.

The length of this course, by the ascertained distance, was full four miles, without adverting to the turns which must have much increased it; this, with a hill a mile high, twice ascended, are most indubitable proofs of continuance which few dogs could have given, and which few but Flixton hares could have required. The people of Flixton talk of it to this day, and, accustomed as they are to courses of the richest description in the annals of sporting, they reckon this amongst the most famous they have seen.

Snowball, Major, his brother, and Sylvia, were perhaps the three best and most perfect greyhounds ever produced at one litter. They never were beaten.

The shape, make, systematic uniformity, and all the characteristics of high blood were distinguishable in the three; the colour of Major and Sylvia were singularly brindled, that of Snowball a jet black, and when in good running condition was as fine as black satin. Snowball won ten large pieces of silver plate, and upwards of forty matches, having accepted every challenge, from whatever dogs of different countries were brought against him. His descendants have been equally successful: Venus, a brindled bitch; Blacksmith, who died from extreme exertion in running up a steep hill; and young Snowball, have beat every dog that was ever brought against them.

For several years Snowball covered at three guineas, and the farmers in that and the neighbouring districts, have sold crosses from his breed at ten and fifteen guineas each. Major, his brother, has displayed his powers before the gentlemen of the south as already described; this, as a public exhibition of the dog to a few sporting amateurs, might be bearable, but could he have found a tongue, when he beheld himself brought to run a hare out of a box, in the month of March, upon Epsom Downs, amidst whiskies, buggies, and gingerbread carts, well might he have exclaimed,

"To this complexion am I come at last!"

## On the Qualities of the Greyhound.

It appears (observes a well-known Sportsman a few years since) from a Welsh proverb* that a gentleman was known by his hawk, his horse, and his greyhound; and Mr. Pennant † has observed by a law of Canute, a greyhound was not to be kept by any person inferior to a gentleman.

The different perfections of the greyhound, it seems, have been comprised in the following rude and barbarous rhymes:—

The head like a snake;
The neck like a drake;
The back like a beam;
The side like a bream;
The tail like a rat;
The foot like a cat.

Ludicrous as this poetical effort may be, the description is still correct; and these different qualities, when united, even now form the model of perfection in the race. On the superior breed of greyhounds there has been a variety of opinions; the blood of the late Lord Orford's was allowed to stand very high, if not the first, in the public estimation. Perhaps there has not been any person who took more pains to arrive at the utmost state of perfection in his object; and it is a circumstance generally believed, that he even had recourse to a cross with the English bull-dog, in order to acquire a courage and resolution till then unknown. After seven descents, it is said, he obtained the object for which he had been so solicitous, without any diminution of speed, or the beauties of shape and symmetry. Lord Rivers's stock is now allowed to be one of the first in England, and its superiority may be owing to a judicious cross of the Dorsetshire and Newmarket blood. Mr. Gurney, of Norwich, has likewise for some years been in possession of a breed in considerable repute. It has the three great requisites, blood, bone, and shape. Snowdrop, a son of Snowball, won the Malton Cup four successive years; and Fly, a granddaughter of Snowball, a yellow and white bitch, the property of Major Topham, carried it away also in the Malton Spring Meeting of 1810, though she had suffered previously by very severe exercise. Scarcely a greyhound, indeed, of any other blood now appears at the Malton meeting, and it has been so celebrated as to be introduced in almost every county in the kingdom.

There was a circumstance respecting Snowball, peculiar to him in the history of coursing. He served greyhounds for years before his death at three guineas each. The first year had 10; the second 14; the third 11; and the fourth 7. And amongst them two out of Wales, two out of Scotland, one from the Marquis of Townshend, out of Norfolk, and the rest out of counties at some distance. Fifty guineas were given for Young Snowball, who was sold afterwards for one hundred: and Mr. Mellish beat all Newmarket with another son of Snowball.

In the South, Millar, belonging to Sir H. B. Dudley, has been likewise very famous. The sire of Millar was an Essex dog, Tulip, by a blue Newmarket dog, and he was the produce of a bitch by a Lancashire dog bred by the late Mr. Bamber Gascoyne. Millar was a large deep-chested dog, of a fawn-colour, and whilst young did not discover any pretension to his future reputation. He was afterwards tried in the Essex Marshes, and in a single day he beat no less than five of the first and best dogs in the field. His superiority continued for some years, and he won upwards of seventy matches. His stock also proved excellent runners, and Miss, one of his daughters, received the Bradwell cup from twelve opponents who had been run down to a brace. Whatever, therefore, may be thought by a few individuals on the subject, it is certain that *blood* has a very striking superiority. Half-bred horses have been sometimes known to exhibit great speed and bottom; but, in general, a thorough-bred horse only can maintain and continue his velocity for miles in succession. The same observation may be made with respect to the greyhound, and it forms the essential difference, which is not often properly attended to, between the greyhound in an open and enclosed country. The coarse, rough-haired greyhound may discover some prowess in the latter; but in the former, and in long and severe courses, BLOOD, which includes the shape, sets all competition at defiance.

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* Wrth ei walch, ei farche, a'i filgi, yr adwaenir bonheddig. Pennant.

† British Zoology, vol. i. p. 53.

On the propriety of breeding akin, in the sportsman's phrase, or from the same blood, there have been various opinions; but it appears to be a practice neither to be desired nor pursued with advantage. If continued for some litters, a manifest inferiority of size, and a deficiency of bone, will soon be visible, as well as a want of courage and bottom; though the beauty of the form, with the exception of the size, may not be diminished. If we are to believe Varro, there has been an instance, even in the brute creation, of a repugnance to such conjunctions. By a judicious choice, and an attention to the shape, blood, and bone of another stock, a cross may always be procured, which will in general meet the sportsman's wishes; being attended with every advantage, without any of the consequences to be feared from a contrary practice, there can be little hesitation in adopting it.

The most favorable season for the production of the young brood, in the opinion of the ancients, was that of the warm months. If dogs are bred in the summer months, they will also be of the fittest age to be brought into the field the following year.

It is rather singular that no alterations have been made in the "Rules and Laws of Coursing" since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the Regulations which are usually still in force received the fiat of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, and are as follows:—

## THE LAWS OF THE LEASH, OR COURSING;

*As they were commanded, allowed, and subscribed, by Thomas, late Duke of* NORFOLK, *in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.*

First, Therefore it was ordered, that he which was chosen fewterer, or letter-loose of the greyhounds, should receive the greyhounds match to run together into his leash as soon as he came into the field, and to follow next to the hare-finder till he came unto the form; and no horseman or footman, on pain of disgrace, to go before them, or on either side, but directly behind, the space of forty yards or thereabouts.

*Item.* That not above one brace of greyhounds do course a hare at one instant.

*Item.* That the hare-finder should give the hare three So-hows before he put her from her lear, to make the greyhounds gaze and attend her rising.

*Item.* That dog that giveth first turn, if, after the turn be given, there be neither coat, slip, nor wrench, extraordinary, then he which gave the first turn shall be held to win the wager.

*Item.* If one dog give the first turn, and the other bear the hare, then he which bore the hare shall win.

*Item.* If one dog give both the first turn, and last turn and no other advantage between them, that odd turn shall win the wager.

*Item.* That a coat shall be more than two turns, and a go-by, or the bearing of the hare, equal with two turns.

*Item.* If neither dog turn the hare, then he which leadeth last at the covert, shall be held to win the wager.

*Item.* If one dog turn the hare, serve himself, and turn her again, those two turns shall be as much as a coat.

*Item.* If all the course be equal, then he only which bears the hare shall win; and if she be not borne, then the course must be adjudged dead.

*Item.* If any dog shall take a fall in the course, and yet perform his part, he shall challenge advantage of a turn more than he giveth.

*Item.* If one dog turn the hare, serve himself, and give divers coats, yet in the end stand still in the field, the other dog without turn-giving, running home to the covert, that dog which stood still in the field shall be then adjudged to lose the wager.

*Item.* If any man shall ride over a dog, and overthrow him in his course (though the dog were the worst dog in opinion), yet the party for the offence shall either receive the disgrace of the field, or pay the wager, for between the parties it shall be adjudged to course.

*Item.* Those who are chosen judges of the leash, shall give their judgments presently before they depart from the field, or else he, in whose default it lieth, shall pay the wager by a general voice and sentence.

The substance of the above rules, it seems, has been adhered to in most of the sporting counties; but the dogs are now loosed out of a double spring-slip, which renders it impossible for either to have the advantage of the start. In Wiltshire, however, some judicious deviations have been introduced; and the dog that hath the best of the course, whether he kills the hare or not, is there declared to be the winner. The propriety of such a decision is apparent, for the best and speediest dog may turn the hare directly on his opponent, who may have no other merit than that of laying hold of his game when forced full upon him.

The Swaffham Coursing Society was established in the year 1776, by the late Earl of Orford, confining the number of members to the number of letters in the alphabet, and when any member died, or wished to retire, his place was always filled up by ballot, conformable to the rules of the Society. On the decease of the founder, the members of this Society unanimously agreed to purchase a Silver Cup, value twenty-five guineas, to be run for annually; and it was then intended to pass on from one to another like the Whip at Newmarket; but, before starting for it in the year 1792, it was agreed that the winner of the Cup should keep it; and that a new Cup should annually be purchased by the Society to be run for in November. An opinion was entertained by the Members of the Swaffham Club, that it would best diffuse that respect they wished to show to the memory of their founder, by gracing the side-board of the different winners in the different parts of the kingdom. The winner of the first Cup was remarkable for having stood foremost in the breed of greyhounds from the foundation of the Society.

COURSING is kept up with great spirit during the season, by the various Clubs for gold and silver Cups, and other prizes at Newmarket, Chatsworth, Drayton, Barton, Malton, Highdore, Cardington, Andoversford, near Cheltenham, Caistor, East Ilsey, Burton-upon-Trent, Morfe Coursing meeting at Sir J. Piggott's Park, Louth, Chesterfield, Cannet, Ashdown, Derbyshire, West Ilsey, Deptford Union, Wilts, Barton, Southport, &c.

### Curious Coursing Anecdote.

A good deal has been said of the sagacity of the dog, and his natural fondness for the sport to which he has been trained; the following circumstance will go a good way to prove that the horse also rejoiceth in the chase, even when unurged by spur—undirected by rein.—A party of gentlemen were recently enjoying the sport of coursing over a preserve of the Earl of Pembroke's, near Welton Abbey, Wilts., when, towards the conclusion of a *killing*-day, one of them dismounted to beat a small gorse-patch (generally considered safe to hold a hare), giving his horse to a boy to restrain in the meanwhile. Mr. S—e was not disappointed: puss soon broke, and a jolly "halloo" followed, and away went madam, with the "long dogs" at her scent, and the field in as good order as their nags would let them; away, too, bolted our beater's nag; for no sooner did the generous animal hear the "well-remembered, long prolonged" shout, than he broke from the puny grip that but too faintly held him, and galloped, wild and ardent as the steed of Mazeppa, or as that now old, but ever-famous horse, Euphrates (well does the writer remember seeing him, when a colt, come starting up the hill just previous to the run-in on the Salisbury Racecourse), in the consciousness of irrestrainable might. Instead, however, of breaking without order over the field, Mr. S.'s horse, to the astonishment of all, followed the track of the run, doubling, as well as a larger animal could be imagined to do, with the greyhounds, without running over them, and stopping only (being first in from a *saddle* only being up) at the death! The generous animal then permitted itself to be captured, and was restored to its master snorting delight. About twelve years since we saw a similar proof of sagacity in a coursing nag, which we in part accounted for from the mare having been exercised constantly with the brace of greyhounds he followed, and taught by a clever groom to stop as they stopped, and invariably at the loss or the kill.

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### The Rational Apes.

The following interesting account of the Pongos, or rational Apes, (is to be met with in the *Altrive Tales*), from Mr. W. Mitchell, a Settler at the Cape of Good Hope, to his friend in England, dated October 1, 1826:—

"In my last I related to you all the circumstances of our settlement here, and the prospect that we had of a peaceful and pleasant habitation. In truth, it is a fine country, and inhabited by a fine race of people; for the Kousies, as far as I have seen of them, are a simple and ingenious race; and Captain Johnstone having secured the friendship and protection of their chief, we lived in the most perfect harmony with them, trafficing with them for oxen, for which we gave them iron and copper in exchange, the former being held in high estimation by them. But, alas! sir, such a fate has befallen to me since I wrote you last, as I am sure never fell to the lot of a human being. And I am now going to relate to you one of those stories which, were it to occur in a romance, would be reckoned quite out of nature, and beyond all bounds of probability; so true is it, that there are many things in heaven and earth that are not dreamed of in our philosophy.

You knew my Agnes from our childhood: you were at our wedding at Beattock, and cannot but remember what an amiable and lovely girl she then was. I thought so, and so did you, at least you said you never had as bonny a bride on your knee. But you will hardly believe that her beauty was then nothing in comparison with what it became afterwards; and when she was going about our new settlement with our little boy in her arms, I have often fancied that I never saw so lovely a human being.

Be that as it may, the chief Karoo came to me one day, with his interpreter, whom he caused to make a long palaver about his power, and dominion, and virtues, and his great desire to do much good. The language of this fellow being a mixture of Kaffre, High Dutch, and English, was peculiarly ludicrous, and most of all so when he concluded with expressing his lord's desire to have my wife to be his own, and to give me in exchange for her four oxen, the best that I could choose from his herd!

"As he made the proposal in presence of my wife, she was so much tickled with the absurdity of the proposed barter, and the manner in which it was expressed, that she laughed immoderately. Karoo, thinking she was delighted with it, eyed her with a look that surpasses all description, and then caused his interpreter to make another palaver to her concerning all the good things she was to enjoy, one of which was that she was to ride upon an ox whose horns were tipped with gold. I thanked the great Karoo for his kind intentions, but declared my incapability to part with my wife, for that we were one flesh and blood, and nothing could separate us but death. He could comprehend no such tie as this. All men sold their wives and daughters as they listed, I was told—for that the women were the sole property of the men. He had bought many women from the Tambookies that were virgins, and had never given above two cows for any of them; and because he desired to have my wife, he had offered me as much for her as would purchase four of the beat wives in all the two countries, and that therefore I was bound to give her up to him. And when I told him, finally, that nothing on earth could induce me to part with her, he seemed offended, bit his thumb, knitted his brows, and studied long in silence, always casting glances at Agnes, of great pathos and languishment, which were perfectly irresistible, and ultimately he stuck his spear's head in the ground, and offered me ten cows and a bull for my wife, and a choice virgin to boot, when this proffer was likewise declined, he smiled in derision, telling me I was the son of foolishness, and that *he foretold I should repent it.* Three times he went over this, and then went away in high dudgeon. Will you, Sir, believe, or will any person alive believe, that it was possible I could live to repent this?

My William was at this time about eleven months old, but was still at the breast, as I could never prevail on his lovely mother to wean him, and, at the very time of which I am speaking, our little settlement was invaded one night by a tribe of those large baboons called ourang-outangs, pongos, or wild men of the woods, who did great mischief to our fruits, yams, and carrots. From that time we kept a great number of guns loaded, and set a watch; and at length the depredators were again discovered. We sallied out upon them in a body, not without alarm, for they are powerful and vindictive animals, and our guns were only loaded with common shot. They fled at the first sight of us, and that with such swiftness that we might as well have tried to catch deer; but we got one close fire at them, and doubtless wounded a number of them, as their course was traced with blood. We pursued them as far as the Keys river, which they swam, and we lost them.

Among all the depredators, there was none fell but one youngling, which I lifted in my arms, when it looked so pitifully, and cried so like a child, that my heart bled for it. A large monster, more than six feet high, perceiving that he had lost his cub, returned, brandishing a huge club, and grinning at me. I wanted to restore the abominable brat, for I could not bear the thought of killing it, it was so like a human creature; but before I could do this, several shots had been fired by my companions, at the hideous monster, which caused him once more to take to his heels; but, turning oft as he fled, he made threatening gestures at me. A Kousi servant that we had finished the cub, and I caused it to be buried.

The very morning but one after, Agnes and her black maid were milking our few cows upon the green; I was in the garden, and William was toddling about pulling flowers, when, all at once, the women were alarmed by the sight of a tremendous ourang-outang issuing from our house, which they had just left. They seem to have been struck dumb and senseless with amazement, for not one of them uttered a sound, until the monster, springing forward, in one moment snatched up the child and made off with him. Instead of coming to me, the women pursued the animal with the child, not knowing, I believe, what they were doing. The fearful shrieks which they uttered alarmed me, and I ran to the milking-green, thinking the cows had fallen on the women, as the cattle of that district are ticklish for pushing when any way hurt or irritated. Before I reached the green where the cows stood, the ourang-outang was fully half a mile gone, and only the poor, feeble, exhausted women running screaming after him. For a good while I could not conceive what was the matter, but, having my spade in my hand, I followed spontaneously in the same direction. Before I overtook the women, I heard the agonized cries of my dear boy, my darling William, in the paws of that horrible monster. There is no sensation of which the human heart is capable, that can at all be compared with the horror which at that dreadful moment seized on mine. My sinews lost their tension, and my whole frame became lax and powerless. I believe I ran faster than usual, but then I fell every minute, and as I passed Agnes she fell into a fit. Kela-kal, the black girl, with an astonishing presence of mind, had gone off at a tangent, without orders, or without being once missed, to warn the rest of the settlers, which she did with all expedition. I pursued on, breathless, and altogether unnerved with agony; but, alas! I rather lost than gained ground.

I think if I had been fairly started, that through desperation I could have overtaken the monster; but the hopelessness of success rendered me feeble. The truth is, that he did not make great speed, not nearly the speed these animals are wont to make, for he was greatly encumbered with the child. You, perhaps, do not understand the nature of these animals—neither do I: but they have this peculiarity, that when they are walking leisurely, or running down hill, they walk upright like a human being; but when hard-pressed on level ground, or up hill, they use their long arms as fore-legs, and then run with inconceivable swiftness. When flying with their own young, the greater part of them will run nearly twice as fast as an ordinary man, for the cubs cling to them with both feet and hands; but as my poor William shrunk from the monster's touch, he was obliged to embrace him closely with one paw, and run on three, and still in that manner he outran me. O may never earthly parent be engaged in such a heart-rending pursuit! Keeping still his distance before me, he reached the Keys river, and there the last gleam of hope closed on me, for I could not swim, while the ourang-outang, with much acuteness, threw the child across his shoulders, held him by the feet with one paw, and with the other three stemmed the river, though then in flood, with amazing rapidity. It was at this dreadful moment that my beloved babe cast his eyes on me as I ran across the plain towards him, and I saw him holding up his little hands in the midst of the foaming flood, and crying out "Pa! pa! pa!" which he seemed to utter with a sort of desperate joy at seeing me approach.

Alas! that sight was the last, for in two minutes thereafter the monster vanished with my dear child, in the jungles and woods beyond the river, and there my course was stayed; for, to have thrown myself in, would only have been committing suicide, and leaving a destitute widow in a foreign land. I had therefore no other resource but to throw myself down, and pour out my soul in lamentation and prayer to God. From this state of hapless misery I was quickly aroused by the sight of twelve of my countrymen coming full speed across the plain on my track. They were all armed and stripped for the pursuit, and four of them, some of whom you know, Adam Johnstone, Adam Haliday, Peter Carruthers, and Josoph Nicholson, being excellent swimmers, plunged at once into the river, and swam across, though not without both difficulty and danger, and without loss of time continued the pursuit. All pursuit is in vain.

About three months after this sad calamity, one evening, on returning home from my labour, my Agnes was missing, and neither her maid-servant, nor one of all the settlers, could give the least account of her.

The husband is about to attack the native chief who, he thinks, has stolen her. Just when we were on the eve of commencing a war, which must have been ruinous to our settlement, a black servant of Adam Johnstone's came to me, and said that I ought not to fight and kill his good chief, for that he had not the white woman. I was astonished, and asked the Kaffre what he meant, when he told me that he himself saw my wife carried across the river by a band of pongos (ourang-outangs), but he had always kept it a secret, for fear of giving me distress, as they were too far gone for pursuit when he beheld them. He said they had her bound, and were carrying her gently on their arms; but she was either dead, or in a swoon, for she was not crying, and her long hair was hanging down.

About the beginning of last year a strange piece of intelligence reached our settlement. It was said that two maids of Kamboo had been out on the mountains of Norroweldt, gathering fruits, where they had seen a pongo taller than any Kousi, and that this pongo had a beautiful white boy with him, for whom he was gathering the choicest fruits, and the boy was gambolling and playing around him, and leaping on his shoulders.

This was a piece of intelligence so extraordinary and so much out of the common course of events, that every one of the settlers agreed that it could not be a forgery, and that it behoved us to look after it immediately. We applied to Karoo for assistance, who had a great number of slaves from that country, much attached to him, who knew the language of the place whither we were going, and all the passes of the country. He complied readily with our request, giving us an able and intelligent guide, with as many of his people as we chose. We raised in all fifty Malays and Kousis; nine British soldiers, and every one of the settlers that could bear arms went with us; so that we had in all nearly an hundred men, the blacks being armed with pikes, and all the rest with swords, guns, and pistols. We journeyed for a whole week, travelling much by night, and resting in the shade by day, and at last we came to the secluded district of which we were in search, and in which we found a temporary village, or camp, of one of these independant inland tribes. They were in great alarm at our approach, and were apparently preparing for a vigorous resistance; but on our guide, who was one of their own tribe, going up to them, and explaining our views, they received us joyfully, and proffered their assistance.

From this people we got the heart-stirring intelligence that a whole colony of pongos had taken possession of that country, and would soon be masters of it all; for that the Great Spirit had sent them a queen from the country beyond the sun, to teach them to speak, and work, and go to war; and that she had the entire power over them, and would not suffer them to hurt any person who did not offer offence to them; that they knew all she said to them, and answered her, and lived in houses, and kindled fires like other people, and likewise fought rank and file: that they had taken one of the maidens of their own tribe to wait upon the queen's child; but because the girl wept, the queen caused them to set her at liberty.

I was now rent between hope and terror—hope that this was my own wife and child, and terror that they would be torn in pieces by the savage monsters, rather than given up. Of this last, the Lockos (the name of this wandering tribe) assured us we needed not to entertain any apprehensions, for that they would, every one of them, die, rather than wrong a hair of their queen's head. But that it behoved us instantly to surround them: for if they once came to understand that we were in pursuit, they would make their escape, and then the whole world would not turn or detain them.

Accordingly, that very night, being joined by the Lockos, we surrounded the colony by an extensive circle, and continued to close as we advanced. By the break of day we had them closely surrounded. The monsters flew to arms at the word of command, nothing daunted, forming a circle round their camp and queen, the strongest of the males being placed outermost and the females inmost; but all armed alike, and all having the same demure and melancholy faces. The circle being so close that I could not see inside, I went with the nine red-coats to the top of a cliff, that, in some degree, overlooked the encamp-ment, in order that, if my Agnes really was there, she might understand who was near her. Still I could not discover what was within; but I called her name aloud several times, and in about five minutes after that, the whole circle of tremendous brutal warriors flung away their arms and retired backward, leaving an open space for me to approach their queen.

In the most dreadful trepidation I entered between the hideous files, being well guarded by soldiers on either hand, and followed by the rest of the settlers; and there I indeed beheld my wife, my beloved Agnes, standing ready to receive me, with little William in her right hand, and a beautiful chubby daughter in her left, about two years old, and the very image of her mother. Conceive, if you can, Sir, such a meeting! Were there ever a husband and wife met under such circumstances before? Never since the creation of the world! The two children looked healthy and beautiful, with their fur aprons; but it struck me at first that my beloved was much altered: it was only, however, caused by her internal commotion, by feelings which overpowered her grateful heart, against which nature could not bear up; for on my first embrace she fainted in my arms, which kept us all in suspension and confusion for a long space. The children fled from us, crying for their mother, and took shelter with their friends, the pongos, who seemed in great amazement, and part of them begun to withdraw, as if to hide themselves.

As soon as Agnes was somewhat restored, I proposed that we should withdraw from the camp of her savage colony; but she refused, and told me that it behoved her to part with her protectors on good terms, and that she must depart without any appearance of compulsion, which they might resent; and we actually rested ourselves during the heat of the day, in the shades erected by those savage inhabitants of the forest. My wife went to her hoard of provisions, and distributed to every one of the pongos his share of fruit, succulent herbs, and roots, which they ate with great composure. It was a curious scene, something like what I had seen in a menagerie; and there was my little William, serving out food to the young ourang-outangs, cuffing them, and ordering them, in the broad Annandale dialect, to do this, that, and the other thing; and they were not only obedient, but seemed flattered by his notice and correction. We were then presented with delicious fruits; but I had no heart to partake, being impatient to have my family away from the midst of this brutal society; for, as long as we were there, I could not conceive them safe, or fairly in my own power.

Agnes then stood up, and made a speech to her subjects, accompanying her expressions with violent motions and contortions, to make them understand her meaning. They understood it perfectly; for when they heard that she and her children were to leave them, they set up such a jabbering of lamentation as British ears never heard. Many of them came cowering and fawning before her, and she laid her hand on their heads; many, too, of the young ones, came running, and lifting up the children's hands, they put them on their own heads. We then formed a close circle round Agnes and the children, to the exclusion of the pongos, that still followed behind, howling and lamenting; and that night we lodged in the camp of the Lockos, placing a triple guard round my family, of which there stood great need. We durst not travel by night; but we contrived two covered hurdles, in which we carried Agnes and the children; and for three days a considerable body of the tallest and strongest of the ourang-outangs attended our steps, and some of them came to us fearlessly every day, as she said, to see if she was well, and if we were not hurting her.

We reached our own settlement one day sooner than we took in marching westward; but there I durst not remain for a night, but getting into a vessel, I sailed straight for the Cape, having first made over all my goods and chattels to my countrymen, who are to send me down value here in corn and fruit; and here I am, living with my Agnes and our two children, at a little wigwam about five miles from Cape Town.

My Agnes's part of the story is the most extraordinary of all. But here I must needs be concise, giving only a short and general outline of her adventures; for, among dumb animals, whose signals and grimaces were so liable to misinterpretation, much must have been left to her own conjecture. The creatures' motives for stealing and detaining her appeared to have been as follows:—

These animals remain always in distinct tribes, and are perfectly subordinate to a chief or ruler, and his secondary chiefs. In their expedition to rob our gardens, they had brought their sovereign's sole heir along with them, as they never leave any of the royal family behind them, for fear of a surprisal. It was this royal cub which we killed; and the queen, his mother, having been distractedly inconsolable for the loss of her darling, the old monarch had set out by night to try, if possible, to recover it; and on not finding it, he seized on my boy in its place, carried him home in safety to his queen, and gave her him to nurse! She did so. Yes, she positively did nurse him at her breast for three months, and never child throve better than he did. By that time he was beginning to walk, and aim at speech, by imitating every voice he heard, whether of beast or bird; and it had struck the monsters as a great loss that they had no means of teaching their young sovereign to speak, at which art he seemed so apt. This led to the scheme of stealing his own mother to be his instructor, which they effected in the most masterly style, binding and gagging her in her own house, and carrying her from a populous hamlet in the fair forenoon, without having been discovered. Their expertness, and the rapidity of their motions, Agnes described as inconceivable by those who had never witnessed them. They showed every sort of tenderness and kindness by the way, proffering her plenty of fruit and water; but she gave herself totally up to despair, till, behold! she was introduced to her own little William, plump, thriving, and as merry as a cricket, gambolling away among his brutal compeers, for many of whom he had conceived a great affection; but then they far outgrew him, while others as fast overtook him in size.

Agnes immediately took her boy under her tuition, and was soon given to understand that her will was to be the sole law of the community; and all the while that they detained her, they never refused her in aught save to take her home again. Our little daughter she had named Beatrice, after her maternal grandmother. She was born six months and six days after Agnes's abstraction. She spoke highly of the pongos, of their docility, generosity, warmth of affection to their mates and young ones, and of their irresistible strength. She conceived that, however, to have been a tribe greatly superior to all others of the race, for she never could regard them in any other light than as dumb human creatures. I confess that I had the same sort of feeling while in their settlement, for many of the young females in particular were much comlier than negro savages which I have often seen; and they laughed, smiled, and cried very much like human creatures. At my wife's injunctions, or from her example, they all wore aprons: and the females had let the hair of their heads grow long. It was glossy black, and neither curled nor woolly; and, on the whole, I cannot help having a lingering affection for the creatures. They would make the most docile, powerful, and affectionate of all slaves; but they come very soon to their growth, and are but short-lived, in that way approximating to the rest of the brute creation. They live entirely on fruits, roots, and vegetables, and taste no animal food whatever.

I asked Agnes much of the civility of their manner to her, and she always described it as respectful and uniform. For a while she never thought herself quite safe when near the queen; but the dislike of the latter to her arose entirely out of her boundless affection for the boy. No mother could possibly be fonder of her own offspring than this affectionate creature was of William, and she was jealous of his mother for taking him from her, and causing him instantly to be weaned. But then the chief never once left the two queens by themselves; they had always a guard day and night.

I have no objection to the publication of these adventures in Britain, though I know they will not obtain credit; but I should not like that the incidents reached the *Sidney Gazette*, as I intend emigrating to that country as soon as I receive value for the stock I left at the settlement, for I have a feeling that my family is scarcely safe as long as I remain on any part of the coast of Africa. And, for the sake of my rising family, I have an aversion to its being known that they were bred among creatures that must still be conceived to be of the brute creation. Do not write till you hear from me again; and believe me ever your old affectionate friend,

—*Altrive Tales.* Wm. Mitchell.

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## Doings and Sayings in the Prize Ring.

### The Little Mill, between

### Harry Jones and Frank Redman.

Noman's Land, in Hertfordshire, was the scene of attraction on Tuesday, March 31, 1829; and the road, generally speaking, exhibited a better sprinkling of the old ring-goers than usual. The battle-money, £100 a-side. When the match was first made Jones was decidedly the favorite. at 6 and 7 to 4; but on the night previous to the battle an alarm had got abroad, and a sort of panic was witnessed among the betters on Jones. Several, in the most modest manner, declared their bets off, although contrary to the general usage of the sporting world. It was at length declared to be a square fight, and that it was "all right," there being no foundation for such reports. At one o'clock, Redman, attended by Peter Crawley and Joe Fishwick, threw his hat into the ring; and Jones followed shortly afterwards with his seconds, Tom Spring and Tom Gaynor. Both of them received loud applause. Jones weighed 10st. 2lb.—Redman 9st. 8lbs. The colours, yellow for Redman, and dark blue with a white spot for Jones, were tied to the stakes, and the battle commenced. Five to two, and three to one on Jones.

Round 1. Jones, on stripping, satisfied his friends that he was "all right;" and Frank Redman was equally slap-up to the mark; therefore it was quite clear they had both been attentive to their training; in fact, they were pictures of men in fine health and strength. A good look-out for squalls was the order of the day between them: Jones kept his weather-eye up, and Frank also made the best of his peepers: Jones was not to be had, and Redman was not to be gammoned; and, upon the whole, it was a fine scientific display of the art of self-defence. To give a chance away was out of the question; and the Sailor Boy was cautious to the very echo. After measuring the little sinner from his nob to his toe, Harry let fly with his right arm, but it was no go—when Redman touched the body of Jones slightly; Jones smiled. A very long pause, and nothing done. The seconds were as quiet as mice, and kept their places at the four corners of the ring. "This is as it should be," observed an old ring-goer—"it is a gentlemanly sort of mill, and all the parties are behaving like men." Jones tried his one, two; but Frank was down, and prevented any mischief. "Three to one!—two to one!"—"Why," roared out Bishop Sharpe, "it is not six to four." A pause;—both men appeared ready to take advantage of the slightest mistake. "Don't do all the work, Frank!" said Peter Crawley. Redman parried well; in truth, the science displayed on both sides was delightful. "Crawley drinks to Redman," observed Peter, something after the manner of "the King drinks to Hamlet," and as full of character. Redman got well out of danger, and likewise made several good stops. Redman went to work, and some exchanges passed: "Hit him in the eye," said Peter, "the same as Ward served me, and you'll queer him a little bit." Jones laughed at the chaffing; but, nevertheless, kept a prime eye upon his work, and let fly, one, two. "First blood!" said Gaynor.—"No!" replied Fishwick, "we won't have that at any price." Jones at length rushed in, and planted a nobber; and, in closing, he began the weaving system, and threw his adversary with the utmost ease, a severe cross-buttock. The friends of Jones were all alive, and offered any odds. Four to one, but no takers. This round occupied thirteen minutes.

2. The claret was now visible on the conk of Redman; but it might be said that nothing was the matter. Redman stopped two hits cleverly; when Dobell observed, "That is science, not like our fight on Tuesday last." Frank planted a ribber. A short rally, with mutual exchanges. The parries of the Sailor were excellent; he stopped one, two, three, four, rapid hits in succession.—[Applause from all parts of the ring.] "Go to work, Redman," from his pals, "he cannot hurt you." Frank bolted in to do mischief; but, in closing, Harry laid hold of him, and threw him down with the most apparent ease, exhibiting great strength.

3. Redman was evidently the worse for the last fall—his mug rather flushed; but he appeared anxious to do *summut*, and made play with his right hand, which told on his adversary's body; but Jones parried off a rum one intended for his nob. The spectators were delighted with the science displayed on both sides. Redman fought his way into a rally, and marked the left peeper of Jones. "Bravo, my Franky—another such a one, and the Chancery suit will be visible!"—In closing, Redman was again thrown, without the least trouble; in fact, he appeared little more than a feather in Jones's hands.

4. "Look at his head," said Peter Crawley, "and hit straight forward—what I mean is, to down him." Redman endeavoured to follow the advice of Peter, and hit out well; but it was of no use—Jones stopped his efforts with the utmost indifference, and laughed at him. Jones planted a teazer on Frank's nose, and the Red Sea flowed down profusely. Redman conducted himself well in a sharp rally, but he napt pepper. In closing Frank was punished—down upon his knees.

5. Short, but against Frank—a facer stopped his career; and Redman, on the bustle to do mischief, fell on his knees. The friends of Jones said it was as safe as the Bank, and the sooner Frank cut it the better.

6. This round was a sort of finisher to the mill. Redman went to work; but Jones planted his one, two, slap-bang on his adversary's nob, when he went down. The conduct of Jones was loudly applauded; he endeavoured, in the fairest manner, not to fall on his antagonist. Five to one.

7. Redman was piping, nay, worse—quite sick; and the *eau de vie* bottle necessary, before he quitted the knee of his second. The Sailor Boy went to work to put an end to the combat—he nobbed his adversary in closing, took liberties with his nob, and, by way of climax, threw him a most terrible cross-buttock, enough to burst a giant, and in falling, the knees of Jones severely pressed Redman's abdomen. Any odds, but no takers.

8. The story was nearly told, and Frank was quite groggy; indeed, the fight appeared to be all out of him. Jones went to work, punished him in all directions, held him up as if in a vice, fibbed and threw him. "It is all U. P.—take him away; he is a brave little man; but he cannot win."

9. It was nearly over. Frank showed fight, but it was of no use; he was hit right and left by the Sailor Boy, and thrown down with the utmost ease. He was quite gone, and the general cry was for him to give it up; but his friends were anxious for Frank to proceed, although he seemed much distressed.

10 and Last. On "Time" being called, Frank got upon his pins, but did not show any disposition to continue the battle. Crawley, anxious for the honor of the ring, told Frank that he was not half-licked; and that he was certain he could fight longer. But Redman was satisfied that the chance was against him, and all the gammon about standing up to be milled had not the desired effect—Peter was quite out of temper on the subject. Redman said he had received an injury in his last fall, and that he could not use his left arm. Jones was declared the winner in thirty-six minutes; and he left off quite as fresh as when he entered the ring.

REMARKS.—Whatever might have been the opinion of several persons present, who were loud in their remarks, that *summut* was originally intended to be wrong, it was a clear case that Redman could not win—Jones is his master in all points as a boxer: and the first four rounds, to the lovers of the art of self-defence, was a perfect treat. Redman is a brave little man; but it was generally imagined that the contest would have been a more determined one on the part of Redman. His battle with Barney Aaron was one of the gamest of the game, continuing one hour and twelve minutes. Jones is a most troublesome customer to any boxer of his weight—he has improved in a material degree as a pugilist; in fact, it is now Mr. Jones, and not the Sailor Boy.

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### BUFFALO: AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The savage disposition of this animal renders it well known about the Cape of Good Hope, and in the several other parts of Africa, where it is found. It is very large, and enormously strong. The body is of a black, or dusky ash-colour; the front parts covered with long, coarse, black hair. The horns are very thick, and rugged at the base; sometimes measuring three feet in length, and laying so flat as to cover almost all the top of the head. The body and limbs are very thick and muscular; and the animal is above twelve feet long, and six in height. The head hangs down, and bears a most fierce and malevolent aspect.

In the plains of Caffraria, the buffalos are so common, that it is by no means unusual to see a hundred and fifty, or two hundred of them in a herd. They generally retire to the thickets and woods in the day time, and at night go out into the plains to graze.

Treacherous in the extreme, they frequently conceal themselves among the trees, and there stand lurking till some unfortunate passenger comes by, when the animal at once rushes out into the road, and attacks the traveller, who has no chance to escape but by climbing up a tree, if he is fortunate enough to be near one. Flight is of no avail; he is speedily overtaken by the furious beast, who, not content with throwing him down and killing him, stands over him for a long time afterwards, trampling him with his hoofs, and crushing him with his knees; and not only mangles and tears the body to pieces with his horns and teeth, but likewise strips off the skin, by licking it with his tongue. Nor does he perform all this at once, but often retires to some distance from the body, and returns with savage ferocity to gratify afresh his cruel inclination.

As Professor Thunberg was travelling in Caffraria, he and his companions had just entered a wood, when they discovered a large old male buffalo, lying quite alone, in a spot that, for the space of a few square yards, was free from bushes. The animal no sooner observed the guide, who went first, than, with a horrible roar he rushed upon him. The fellow turned his horse short round behind a large tree, and the buffalo rushed straight forwards to the next man, and gored his horse so dreadfully in the belly, that it died soon after. These two climbed into trees, and the furious animal made his way towards the rest, of whom the Professor was one, who were approaching, but at some distance. A horse without a rider was in the front; as soon as the buffalo saw him he became more outrageous than before, and attacked him with such fury that he not only drove his horns into the horse's breast, but even again through the very saddle. This horse was thrown to the ground with such excessive violence, that he instantly died, and many of his bones were broken. Just at this moment the Professor happened to come up, but, from the narrowness of the path, having no room to turn round, he was glad to abandon his horse, and take refuge in a tolerably high tree. The buffalo, however, had finished, for, after the destruction of the second horse, he turned suddenly round and galloped away.

Some time after this the Professor and his party espied an extremely large herd of buffalos grazing on a plain. Being now sufficiently apprized of the disposition of these animals, and knowing that they would not attack any person in the open plains, they approached within forty paces, and fired amongst them. The whole troop, notwithstanding the individual intrepidity of the animals, surprised by the sudden flash and report, turned about, and made off towards the woods. The wounded buffalos separated from the rest of the herd, from inability to keep pace with them. Amongst these was an old bull buffalo, which ran with fury towards the party. They knew, from the situation of the eyes of these animals, they could see in scarcely any other direction than straight forward; and, that in an open plain, if a man that was pursued darted out of the course, and threw himself flat on the ground, they would gallop forward to a considerable distance before they missed him. These circumstances prevented their suffering any material alarm. The animal, from this circumstance, pssed close by them, and fell before he appeared to have discovered his error. Such, however, was his strength, that, notwithstanding the ball had entered his chest, and penetrated through the greatest part of his body, he ran at full speed several hundred paces before he fell.

The Cape buffalo is frequently hunted by Europeans, and by the natives of South Africa. In Caffraria he is generally killed by means of javelins, which the inhabitants use with considerable dexterity. When a Caffre has discovered the place where several buffalos are collected together, he blows a pipe made of the thigh-bone of a sheep, which is heard at a great distance. The moment his comrades hear this notice, they run up to the spot, and, surrounding the animals, which they take care to approach by degrees, lest they should alarm them, throw their javelins at them. This is generally done with so sure an aim, that, out of eight or twelve, it very rarely happens that a single one escapes. It sometimes, however, happens, that, while the buffaloes are running off, some one of the hunters, who stands in the way, is tossed and killed; but this is a circumstance not much regarded by the Caffrarians. When the chase is ended, each one cuts and takes away his share of the game.

Some Europeans at the Cape once chased a buffalo, and having driven him into a narrow place, he turned round, and instantly pushed at one of his pursuers, who had on a red waistcoat. The man, to save his life, ran to the water, plunged in, and swam off; the animal followed him so closely, that the poor fellow had no alternative but that of diving. He dipped overhead, and the buffalo, losing sight of him, swam on towards the opposite shore, three miles distant, and, as was supposed, would have reached it had he not been shot by a gun from a ship lying at a little distance. The skin was presented to the governor of the Cape, who had it stuffed, and placed it among his collection of curiosities.

Like the hog, this animal is fond of wallowing in the mire. His flesh is lean, but juicy, and of a high flavour. The hide is so thick and tough, that targets, musket proof, are formed of it; and even while the animal is alive, it is said to be in many places impenetrable to a leaden musket-ball; balls hardened with a mixture of tin are, therefore, always used, and even these are often flattened by the resistance. Of the skin the strongest and best thongs for harness are made.

The Hottentots, who never put themselves to any great trouble in dressing their victuals, cut the buffalo's flesh into slices, and then smoke, and at the same time half broil it over a few coals. They also frequently eat it in a state of putrefaction. They dress the hides by stretching them on the ground with stakes, afterwards strewing them over with warm ashes, and then with a knife scraping off the hair.

## Walking, Riding, and Driving Match.

Captain Polhill, of the 1st King's Dragoon Guards (the present lessee of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane), when stationed at Leeds Barracks, having undertaken for a match of 100 sov. to walk fifty miles, to drive fifty, and to ride fifty, in the space of twenty-four hours, commenced his arduous task on Monday morning, April 17, 1826, at one o'clock, on Haigh Park Race Course. This feat having excited a good deal of interest in the town, occasioned the attendance of a numerous and respectable concourse of equestrians and pedestrians. At five minutes past eight the Captain completed his undertaking, having four hours and fifty-five minutes to spare. He immediately stepped into a coach, and, amidst repeated cheers, was drawn to the barracks (a distance of upwards of four miles), by the assembled multitude. Upon arriving at the barracks, the coach was drawn up to the officers' door, and after the Captain had alighted in, a company sung the national anthem. The evening's entertainment concluded with a scramble for money. The following is a return of the times and distances, as completed :—

| | Rnds. | hrs. | m. | | Rnds. | hrs. | m. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Walk | 24 | 3 | 19 | Ride | 10 | 0 | 26 |
| Drive | 13 | 0 | 54 | Drive | 13 | 0 | 54 |
| Walk | 7 | 1 | 8 | Drive | 7 | 0 | 24 |
| Ride | 10 | 0 | 23 | Walk | 8 | 1 | 34 |
| Ride | 30 | 1 | 12 | Drive | 4 | 0 | 17 |
| Drive | 13 | 0 | 46 | Ride | 12 | 0 | 41 |
| Walk | 15 | 2 | 49 | Walk | 8 | 1 | 31 |
| Drive | 12 | 0 | 49 | | | | |

Total, 186 rounds of three quarters of a mile and 104 yards each.

In the last round, Captain Polhill finished his arduous task by running; at the conclusion of which, he appeared very little worse for the exertion. The Captain performed his task in 19 hours, 5 minutes, including 1 hour and 38 minutes for rest.

## Another Match by Captain Polhill.

On Thursday November 9th, 1826, the above Captain undertook for a considerable wager to ride ninety-five miles in five successive hours, on Haigh Park Race Course. The Captain started at nine o'clock, and accomplished his arduous task in 4 hours, 7 minutes, being 53 minutes less than the time allowed. Many bets were depending on the event, which excited considerable interest. Captain Pollhill had relays of nineteen horses, but he only rode thirteen of them.

## The Beagle.

> Mille fugit refugitque vias: at vividus Umber
> Hæret hians, jam jamque tenet. *Virgil.*

The beagle is the smallest of the genus of hounds (for the largest do not stand above twelve inches in height), and is used solely in the pursuit of the hare. The beagle is remarkable for an elongated form and short legs, large head, chubby rather than long (as a long narrow head in a dog is incompatible with a good nose), and last, though not least, a melodious voice. There are two sorts of beagles, the rough and the smooth haired, though the quality of the hound is little influenced by the texture of his coat, for there are good ones of both sorts. Beagles do not trust to their speed for killing the game, but to the exquisiteness of their nose, tracing it through all its windings with the greatest accuracy—the beagle, always having his nose to the ground, will puzzle an hour on one spot rather than leave the scent; the slower he goes, the less likely will he be to overrun the scent, and consequently will kill the game sooner. A hare generally describes a circle as she runs, larger or less, according to her strength and the openness of the country; among inclosures where there is much cover, or where are sheep-stains, it is a constant puzzle to hounds; yet the beagle being able to endure great fatigue, unravels the Gordian knot, and will invariably kill his hare if the day is long enough. It is a great object for a pack of beagles to run well together; a hound, therefore, that runs too fast for the rest, ought not to be kept. Some huntsmen load them with heavy collars, but the best way would be to part with them. Whether they go too fast or too slow, they ought equally to be drafted. Mr. Daniel, in his Rural Sports, tells us that Colonel Hardy had a pack of these diminutive animals, ten or twelve couple in number, which he used to carry to cover in a couple of panniers slung over a horse's back.

## A NEW SPORTING CHANT!

### Black and White: or a Shy for to Win a Bet.[*]

Oh! *Betty Bell* a milk-maid was,
Most beautiful to see,
And she was loved as others are,
Of high and low degree.

Why she was prized above the rest,
The reason I've heard tell;
Because above all other names,
Her's always bore the *Bell*.

She thought it could not be a sin,
What other folks might do;
If every girl a sweet-heart won,
Her *one* should follow too.

And two as quick as thought she found,
A Baker first she saw,
Who swore he'd baked too many a batch,
So like a *batchelor*.

The other was a Chimney-Sweep,
A dark and dingy brute;
I'm sure 'twas nothing strange in him,
To carry on his *soot*.

The Baker talked of hearts and darts,
Of *flours*, and fields, and groves;
And of the fire that made his heart
As "crusty" as his loaves.

Though this may be too strange a thing,
To be again exceeded,
He ate and drank from morn till night,
Yet still his bread he *kneaded*.

The man of chimnies not abashed,
Stood on another tack,
And said though fond of gay attire,
He came to her in black.

But soon these heroes bold began,
With angry words to scoff;
And though they would not go themselves,
They took each other off.

High words from each alternate came,
Though both were rather "low;"
And when they blowed each other *up*
'Twas with a "knock-*down* blow."

Then they determined for to fight
For love and for renown;
To quarrel like two gentlemen,
For Betty and 'a crown.'

The Baker, though a man of pluck,
Possessed no fighting skill;
He owned a fight he'd seldom seen,
Though often at a *mill*.

But with the *training* he received,
It quickly changed his state,
For like his bread he soon became
As known for his '*light* weight.'

When these two warriors sought the field,
Their courage to be tried,
They found although the *ring* was there
It did not hold the bride.

Then bets were offered two to one,
By rogues more fit for fetters;
'Twas strange indeed these fighting men
Were much above their *betters*.

The Sweep came to the *scratch*, and kept
His courage up with lush,
Swore though through life he'd *brushed* his way,
From there he'd never brush.

Then right and left they pegged away,
Like two brave-hearted souls;
The Sweep, he met with many *scrapes*,
And the baker many *rolls*.

But where the 'chummy' struck his man
'Twas plain he left a trace,
And soon the baker, ('twas a fact!)
Grew *black* about the face.

Yet still he fought—although he seem'd
To wear a nigger's skin;
Till the folks, who saw the fight, gave out
That the man of dough gave in.

And sad am I to tell the tale,
In any sort of rhyme;
The last time Sweep came up to him,
He didn't come up to time.

For with the falls—and with the blows—
And with the fearful shaking—
He felt he'd got as many *joints*,
As made a Sunday's baking!

But when Bet heard that this was done
And done in her behoofs;
That men like these—of faithful love—
Should give such *striking* proofs!

She didn't like the thing at all,
It was not surely right;
That the baker, who had won her heart,—
Should now have lost the fight.

She swore she wouldn't have the Sweep,
Nor any other he;—
Whose only pride, was 'once a year,'
A gentleman to be.

The tenant of the chimney-pots,
Nought could his grief assuage:
Like fires, when raging in a flue,
He then flew in a rage.

But as five shillings were his own,
And he was not in debt;
He made light of his hapless lot,
With lots of *heavy whet*.

He grew a drunkard and a rogue,
And had a thievish touch;
Till 'Ketch' who keeps the Newgate tap,
Gave 'Sweep' a *drop* too much.

The story of the Baker's fate
I ought not to forget,
Like Charles the Tenth he lost his *crown*,
But carried off his *Bet*.

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[*] The above 'bit of *light* play,' in the Literary Ring, without any *fibbing* on the subject, we believe, belongs to the Editor of the Omnibus—after the manner of Tommy Hood.

Printed for T. T. and J. Tegg, Cheapside, by J. Haddon, Castle Street, Finsbury.

## BIRMINGHAM—THE TOPPER.

*A New Racing Song, by a Sporting Gentleman.*

The books were squared, the favourite yet,
Maintain'd his well earn'd place,
'Twas 'gainst the field, an even bet,
That PRIAM won the race.

The *Riddlesworth* had told his speed:
The Derby he had won;
And CHIFFNEY knew, against his breed,
No Northern horse could run.

The Yorkshire boys were mighty glum,
And PETRE's looking blue,
Cried here's this Cockney fellow come,
To steal the LEGER too!

*Moss Rose* and *Hassan*, both in trim,
Were known to go the pace;
And *Brunswicker*, some reckon'd him,
The winner of the race.

The *Cardinal* was known before,
A prize or two to take;
But by *St Nicholas* some swore,
It was *Maria's* race.

But one alone from *Smoky* BRUM,
Both North and South would pass;
They sneer'd and said, a button's come,
Whose shanks are polish'd brass.

Twenty to one, or more if you please,
In thousands, or in copper;
Down with the dust, we'll win with ease,
For BRUMMAGEM's a *Topper*.

The course was clear'd, they start complete,
With the swiftness of a shot;
You might have thrown, at first, a sheet,
To cover all the lot.

*Priam*, by CHIFFNEY, hung aloof,
Sure of the Day's success;
Whilst BRUMMAGEM came to the proof,
To win, and nothing less!

They shoot like arrows from the rest,
And *Priam* skims the gale;
And now, by BRUMMAGEM hard press'd,
His gallop seems to fail.

They're in! they're in! the race is done!
The winner! who is he?
'Tis BRUMMAGEM! the *Buttons'* won!
VICTORY! VICTORY!

Now Northern boys, and Cockneys too—
An't BIRMINGHAM a topper?
Come, don't look crabbed, I know'd he'd do,
But damme, post the *copper*!

## ANGLING CONTEST.

Friday, June 8, 1832, being the day appointed for the Angling contest for a medal given by the St. Ronan's Angling Club, Piper Angus, at an early hour, struck up the Gathering of the Anglers, when numerous competitors appeared from Coldstream to the head of the Tweed. After their names being duly enrolled they marched off towards their favorite streams; and, agreeably to the regulations of the club, returned at five, when the contents of their baskets were weighed in the presence of Earl Traquair and Mr. Hogg, when the glory of the day was declared in favor of Mr. Boyd, the Club Secretary, who killed with the Earl Grey, of Reform fly, 20lb. 10 oz. of splendid trout. A. Mitchelson, Esq., of Middleton, was found next in weight. For the information of Anglers it may not be improper to mention that the Reform fly, the recent design of the Ettrick Shepherd, is composed of a Grey wing, and a body same colour as the furze of the Brougham, and is found to be a killing fly in any river and rivulet in Scotland.

At six the competitors and their friends sat down to dinner in Riddell's Inn.

## THE INDIAN FALCON.

Mr. John Ward, of Egypt, near Wantage, some time ago, shot a rare and beautiful Indian falcon, of Linnæus; and not a great distance from where he met with his first curiosity, he also killed a green shank, or sea yollok: both are in the possession of Mr. John Bartholomew, of Lackhamstead, near Newbury, a most excellent shot, equal to the renowned Colonel Hawker's late respected friend, Baylis Wardell, Esq., or the present Mr. A. Arrowsmith, in the art of "shooting-flying," in the field.

## OFF-HAND PEDESTRIAN MATCH FOR 100 SOVS.

In consequence of some difference of opinion respecting what might be done if any gentleman felt inclined to exert himself as a pedestrian, David Ritchie, Esq., who resides at Calloch, in the neighbourhood of Stranraer, performed, some time since, a most remarkable pedestrian feat. Mr. Ritchie took a bet of 100 sovereigns with Sir James Hay, Bart., and Mr. M'Taggart, of Ardwell, that he would walk to Ayr in fifteen hours, though the distance is 52 miles, and the road, which is a shore one as far as Girvan, more remarkable for ruggedness than any other feature. Accordingly, he left the King's Arms, Stranraer, at seven minutes past three, A. M., breakfasted at Ballintrae, lunched at Kirkoswald, and arrived in Ayr at half-past five, P. M., having completed the distance in fourteen hours and a half, including stoppages. From the state of the road, and the nature of the weather, Mr. Ritchie felt rather timid at first, but his spirits improved as he neared the goal; and after dining and changing his dress, he sallied forth and visited his friends in Ayr, who one and all marvelled to see him look so fresh. Every one who has travelled the coast road to Ayr, must have a lively recollection of the Braes of Glenapp, and those tremendous acclivities, the Binning and Ardmillan hills. As compared with those eminences, in length as well as height, Errickstane Brae is a mere trifle, and the feat performed is the more remarkable on this account, that Mr. Ritchie, from his status, has so little practice as a pedestrian, that he scarcely ever walks a mile, excepting when he goes abroad with his dog and gun.

### Herculean Match performed by Mr. Osbaldeston at Newmarket.

The above extraordinary match, to ride *two hundred miles* in TEN SUCCESSIVE HOURS, for 1000 sovereigns, made between Col. Charittè and Mr. Osbaldeston, was decided on Saturday, Nov. 5, 1831. Previous to the event coming off, as it is termed, this match excited an unusual degree of interest throughout the sporting circles in all parts of the kingdom; but among the betting men it afforded 'numerous events' to lay out their money upon, according to the best calculations they could make on the subject. A few of the immediate friends of Mr. Osbaldeston, who were perfectly aware of his "neck or nothing qualities:"—

> Of Sportsmen brave, who hunted then,
> The LEADER bold was he,
> And full in the teeth of the dread north wind
> He led that company.
>
> Now through the flashing stream he darts,
> The wave aside he flings—
> Now o'er the cataract's bright arch,
> With *fearless* LEAP he springs.
>
> And many a chasm yawning wide,
> With a desperate bound he clears;
> Anon, like a shadow he glances by
> The rock of six thousand years.

We repeat, Mr. Osbaldeston's NECK or *nothing* qualities operated so strongly on the feelings of his friends, that they felt satisfied within themselves he could 'WIN, and nothing else;' if there was a *possibility* about the circumstance: added to which, if good *training*, judgment, and *pluck* that would not be denied, could bring him through the piece, Mr. Osbaldeston *must* win, barring an accident—although at the same time they were ready to admit that such an attempt was enough to try the constitution and strength of a giant, and would prove a teazer, or trying sort of match, even to the out-and-out Mr. O. But it was well known that he had "screwed his courage up to the sticking-place," and exclaimed in the words of Richard,—

> I have set my life upon a cast,
> And I will stand the hazard of the die?

But the *leary* sort of folks—the cautious sort of betting men—the *doubtful* cove—and the '*field*' sort of character, who prefers generally a variety of *chances* for his book, stuck to the Old Chap who never veers to the right nor to the left, but with an unerring and steady pace observes the greatest regularity in all his movements, denominated TIME—an undoubted safe one, in a variety of instances, took the latter as the best sort of *chance* towards winning.[*] *Pourquoi!* Because the weather might prove stormy, and the rider and his horses become deluged with rain! Also, *General Frost* might appear on the Course, powerfully assisted by some of his staff, Messrs. *Snow* and *Sleet*, calculated to damp the ardour of the hero of the tale, if not rather to annoy and depress his feelings! He might be out of *condition* altogether! The toothache might suddenly attack him on starting! A violent pain in the stomach might occur during the match! His bowels become out of sorts! His head, the great pendulum of the whole, towards winning the match, might be out of order; and a variety of other little complaints that 'the flesh is heir to?" To which might be added, his high-bred cattle, on which he placed so much reliance, might not exactly be "*all* right!" Likewise the chance that Mr. Osbaldeston might undergo a temporary sort of blindness during the race; not an uncommon circumstance where so much exertion is requisite.[†] The above *complaints* were all within the reach of probability; and one of them might have occurred to have increased the 'Chapter of Accidents!'. Therefore TIME ought always to be backed as a *winner* by those persons who entertain a *doubtful* opinion that the event cannot be accomplished!

The day at length arrived for the match to take place, and at the time appointed, seven o'clock in the morning, Mr. Osbaldeston, bang up to the mark in spirits, and 'fresh as a four year old,' towards winning, accompanied by his Umpire, Mr. T. Thelluson; and Col. Charittè with Mr. Bowater, on behalf of the Colonel, appeared at the Dutch Stand. The company was not so numerous as might have been expected upon such an extraordinary occasion; but when it is considered that the inhabitants of Newmarket have so much *Racing* continually before their eyes—the novelty ceases[‡]—and accounts for the shyness of spectators at the above early period of the morning. However, the preliminaries for starting were soon settled between the parties appointed to watch the proceedings of the match—the watches of the Umpires being set and locked up, Mr. Osbaldeston prepared to mount: he was dressed in a purple silk jacket, doe skins, and a black velvet cap; but some little surprise was expressed that he did not wear any flannel; but Mr. Osbaldeston was so warm within with the certainty of winning, and 'eager for the fray,' that he stood in no need of auxiliaries to give him courage, or to raise a doubt in his mind on the subject. It is true, that he wore a broad riding belt with whalebone round his waist, which proved of essential service to Mr. O., more especially as he advanced towards the conclusion of his unrivalled performance.* He started upon **Emma**, who went the first round of four miles in nine minutes.

---

[*] When Jack Carter fought with Robinson, the black, at Moulsey Hurst, April 24, 1816, for a purse of 75 guineas, he *polished* off the man of colour in the short space of *seventeen minutes*, and who had not half a chance; but in a TIME fight, at Combe Warren, on June 26, 1816, for 20 guineas a-side—D. Carter did not conquer Robinson in thirty minutes. The black fought very shy, and Carter was very near losing the match—in fact, after all, there was a *demur* about it—*Twenty-eight* minutes and a half had expired; and the fight not half taken out of Robinson—but it was alleged against him that he went down without a blow—and the Umpires decided in favor of Carter. See Boxiana, Vol. ii. page 311, 315.

[†] When Mr. Mytton, also of 'neck or nothing quality,' rode from London to Stamford in less than five hours, a distance of ninety five miles, he was nearly stone-blind on his entering the town. Therefore the *chance* was much greater against Mr. Osbaldeston, who had to ride *twice* as far as Mr. Mytton.

[‡] Mr. Rogers, the respectable and intelligent bookseller at Newmarket, observed to me, in a conversation respecting the *taste*, or *character* of the inhabitants, that prints of race-horses were not at all saleable articles at Newmarket; but that he had sold a great many volumes of Boxiana; something after the manner, if the comparison will be allowed, "that a Prophet is never believed in his own country!" And, *vice versa*, at Bristol, the hot-bed once for Pugilists, and also the native place of Jem and Tom Belcher, Harmer, &c., so renowned in the History of Boxing, that, at the Fair held in St. James's Church-yard, when *milling* was in its zenith, Mr. Smeeton, who had a stall there covered with books on Boxing, were totally unheeded by the Bristol people!

**Paradox**, his second horse, had likely to have proved unfortunate to him. *Paradox*, like his name, was not exactly to be made out, he proved rather stubborn at starting, and very nearly rubbed his leg against the wall of the stand. But Mr. Osbaldeston soon persuaded Paradox to alter his conduct, and the *Prad* took the hint, and finished the four miles in good style.

**Liberty**, a cheerful sound to every person, went over the ground steadily; and **Coroner** was equally on the alert towards doing his duty.

**Oberon**, a little, but capital horse, seemed almost to enter with the spirit of victory, like his rider, and got over the ground in first-rate style. Twenty-five miles and a half had been completed in the first hour.

**Don Juan**, although not a great *Don* in this match, nevertheless did his work *quicker* than some of the horses which appear on the list. **Morgan Rattler**, whose steps should be lively at all times, if he had any music attached to his character, rendered assistance to his rider: **Paradox** improved in the eyes of the spectators by a more intimate acquaintance; and **Cannon Ball**, although not so swift as a shot, and also long enough on the list, as to time, in performing the round—yet the *aim* was completely answered.

**Clasher**, in the tenth round, broke down a short distance from home, and trotted to the finish of his journey in a bad state; but Mr. Osbaldeston did not heed the above circumstance a *jot*, as he was perfectly aware that accidents cannot be avoided; yet nothing was the matter as to alter his opinion of winning the bet.

Although **Coroner** proved himself rather an obstinate beast in his second round, nevertheless he was managed with considerable tact by his able and undaunted rider, and completed his ride in 8 minutes and 40 sec.

On the conclusion of the fourteenth round, after **Liberty** had done her work for the second time, Mr. Osbaldeston took a toothful of brandy and water; indeed, it could scarcely be denominated—*refreshment*.

**Emma** ran on the wrong side of the post in the fifteenth round; but the squire soon made it all right: **Don Juan** followed in successful style; and little **Oberon** delighted the spectators by doing her journey in 8 minutes and 30 seconds. **Cannon Ball** kept up a sure pace; and **Ultima** was nothing wanting.

**Tranby**, like his master, nothing else but a good one, and game to the back bone, proved the best horse rode by Mr. Osbaldeston during the day. **Tranby** performed four rounds, and all of them were done considerably under *nine* minutes. Sixteen miles done in 33 minutes 15 seconds, is quite character enough for any horse, without another word. But Mr. Gully has always been distinguished for the possession of good horses. We, most certainly did not hear Mr. Osbaldeston, but we were told that he was so pleased with the movements of **Tranby**, that a gentleman caught the sound as Mr. O. was riding by him, humming the well-known sporting song—

I ride as good a trotting horse as any man in Town,
He'll trot you—

**Fairy**, aye, indeed, she tripped it along as light as any Fairy,—and got over the course in the short space of 8 minutes and 8 seconds: and her second attempt.

**Morgan Rattler** was quite at home a second time, when tried; and Lord Lowther's colt, by *Acorn*, not only a '*rum 'un* to look at,' but a '*good un* to go,' was much admired as to *condition*. Mr. Osbaldeston now took a 'tiny bit' of refreshment, and a *drap* of brandy and water, and who appeared confident to the echo. But he determined to lose no time, and anxious to finish his work in the quickest time possible, he was mounted again on **Tranby**; and, as if he had gained new spirit by this trifling relaxation, he got over the ground in the short space of *eight minutes*.

**Skirmisher**, by Smolensko; **Guilford**, and **Dolly**, were all good ones, and satisfied their gallant rider that he was 'getting on well!' Considering himself safe, Mr. Osbaldeston now partook of a lunch in the stand; and although wet through, he would not change his clothes. His attendant, or *Nurse*, if we may be allowed the expression, *Harry England*, a downy one, wide awake, and who can see his way as far as most people in this bustling world, and who also will never give any thing like a chance away if he 'knows it,'—adhered to the good old maxim in this instance, to 'push along, keep moving,' in order to win a race—he got Mr. Osbaldeston again to his work, before his limbs felt stiff, or any thing like chilliness should come over his frame. Few men, in the sporting world, that we have met with in our travels, can be '*trusted alone!*' better than the gay, merry, late landlord of the *Green Man!*

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* The sketch of the above Match, and a portrait of Mr. Osbaldeston, which appears in the title-page of this work, is copied, by permission, from a spirited and beautifully coloured engraving, drawn by Mr. H. Alkin on the Course at Newmarket, and published by Mr. Moore, in West-street St. Martin's-lane.

IKEY SOLOMONS had nearly proved a very disastrous horse to Mr. Osbaldeston; and might have lost him the match. Ikey was going a slashing pace when he made a flounder, and Mr. O., standing in his stirrups, shot over his head. This, at all events, was going farther than he intended; and *Ikey Solomons* bolted * for a hundred yards before he was again *grabbed.* To say that the above 'untoward circumstance' did not alter the complexion of things for a short period would be wrong; or that Mr. Osbaldeston was not put out of his way by it for a few minutes—would be equally untrue—but look to the result,—Like a game cock of the highest breed, he was at the scratch in a twinkling; off like a shot; and finished the round well; though not so quickly as heretofore. It is true, Mr. Osbaldeston came in a little *distressed*—and his opponents were raised in hope a 'tiny bit;' but the game of Mr. O. is so good at all times—that his motto appears to be "Death or Victory."

On TAM O'SHANTER he became all right; and Ikey Solomons and the fall were completely obliterated from the tablet of his memory.

EL DORADO came in very lame; but, nevertheless, the round was done in 9 minutes and 20 seconds. Keeping up the 'look of winning,' and nothing else!

COVENTRY and RINGLEADER, kept the 'game alive;' and TRANBY, for the third time, was swift indeed. One hundred and forty-four miles were completed in six hours and seventeen minutes.

IPSALA, SKIRMISHER, GUILFORD, STREAMLET, DONEGANI, HASSAN, FILLY, RINGLEADER, TRANBY, and COVENTRY, all did their rounds in the most satisfactory manner to the backers of Mr. Osbaldeston.

COVENTRY and IPSALA repeated their rounds so as to put the thing beyond all doubt—and success was completely within the reach of Mr. Osbaldeston—a SOVEREIGN to *ninepence.*

STREAMLET had to encounter a violent squall of nine and wind; and, to prove the *out-and-out* game of Mr. Osbaldeston, he stood it like bricks and mortar, unmoved by the rude and overwhelming elements; but not so STREAMLET, the animal turned round from its violence near the fir-trees, and in all probability would not have faced it again for some time, but his master, like the pilot that weathered the 'storm,' steered STREAMLET through the round in nine minutes.

DONEGANI, although the longest except Ikey Solomons, performed his round quite time enough, to the satisfaction of the visitors.

SKIRMISHER, the last horse required to give *eclat* to this wonderful match, finished the business at nine minutes before four o'clock—or, in other words, this immense undertaking was completed in EIGHT HOURS AND THIRTY-NINE MINUTES, having *one hour, and twenty-one minutes* to the good!

His reception by the Public, on winning the match, was of the most enthusiastic description; and numbers of sporting gentlemen were at a loss to show him the extent of their approbation. Some seized hold of his hands; others patted him on the back; and several shouted out "OSBALDESTON for ever! *Osbaldeston* against any man in the world! He wins FIVE points out of SIX, and let any person make the match," &c., &c. He came in like one of those Choice Spirits who think nothing impossible to achieve a match if he "*wills it!*" flourishing his whip over his head. A jolly venerable farmer was so delighted with the success of Mr. Osbaldeston, that, in the ecstacy of the moment he complimented him with the view-halloo in fine rattling style.

Mr. Gully, Harry England, and Tom Oliver, three of the right sort of persons at such a time, rendered him some little assistance to dismount at the Stand; on ascending which, he was honored by the congratulations of Lady Chesterfield and her sister, Mrs. G. Anson, who had driven from the race-course to be in at the "winning" of this extraordinary match (to be recorded in the BOOK OF SPORTS), something after the manner, we suppose,

"That none but the brave deserve the fair!"

There was no nonsense—no affectation—about Mr. Osbaldeston, nor no *Benjamin Bolus* required to take him in tow, and prescribe for him with a face as long as my arm, under the impressive idea—*to take great care* of himself! Mr. Osbaldeston is his own physician—an excellent trainer—a soul above Buttons—and a man who does not meet difficulties half-way.—Harry England prescribed physic to Mr. O., as a *cooler*—a—

Throw the physic to the dogs;
I'll have none of it,

said Mr. Osbaldeston, with a smile upon his countenance, and, without further ceremony, he mounted Cannon Ball. He started at a tidy pace, followed by all the horsemen, to his lodgings at Perrin's in Newmarket, where he made his bow to those gentlemen who had done him the honor to attend him to the hotel. A warm bath removed, or rather prevented any thing like stiffness about his limbs, and a comfortable nap in *Bed*-fordshire not only composed his feelings, but, in the course of two hours, enabled him to meet his friends to partake of a good dinner and the pleasures of the festive board. Such was the *climax* to this unparalleled match in the Sporting World.

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* Comparisons, it is said, are odious; but there was something rather ominous in the name for *bolting.*

Mr. Osbaldeston did not ride the *exact* round course, which is some furlongs under four miles; but by going outside of it, getting into the *Beacon*, about Choke Jade, touching on the Bunbury Mile, and coming home close to the ditch, he made it a four mile course; and at the end of each round he changed his horse. Mr. O. had a leg given him up each mount, in consequence of the impossibility of making the horses approach a wooden horse-block, turfed over, and erected in front of the Stand.

Previous to the above match, Mr. Osbaldeston had been in close training for a week, riding most of his horses; his constant exercise was of the severest description. He hunted his hounds in Northamptonshire, and afterwards, with two hacks he rode *sixty-one miles* to dine at Newmarket.

During the match, as might be expected, a variety of opinions were expressed upon the subject—some thought Mr. Osbaldeston, after he had done upwards of 100 miles, appeared rather weak; and that one of the horses was rather troublesome to him. Such might have been the case; but, upon the whole, his cool, game, high-spirited conduct as the theme of all the spectators, and the majority of persons present entertained the opinion, from the first moment of his starting, to the completion of the match—that he always looked like *winning*—his countenance was a complete finger-post to his mind. Mr. John Gully, not only anxious to assist his friend, but likewise interested in the success of the match—generally met him at coming in towards the conclusion of it, and laid hold of his horse.

It has been said, but we do not vouch for the truth of the assertion, that with all the *horses* possessed by the parties connected with the above great undertaking, that the *stable* was not so well conducted as it might have been, where so much depended upon TIME—a few *seconds* a loss, but a *minute* or two positively dangerous; and at one period of the match there was something like *uncertainty* as to the arrival of horses; and also that some rounds had been accomplished by Mr. Osbaldeston before the “ lookers out' for spare horses had made it all right. Be that as it may—one thing is decidedly clear, connected with this match, that Mr. Osbaldeston had perfectly satisfied himself (barring accidents) he could win it in TEN hours to the greatest certainty; that he could also win in NINE by taking 1000 sovereigns to 100; and also entering most fully into the spirit of the following motto,—

*Forti et fideli nil difficile !*

It was the opinion of the best-informed upon the subject, that had the day have proved fine, the ground in a better state, and Mr. Osbaldeston had not been thrown off Ikey Solomons—he would have accomplished his great task in less time—say, from 12 to 15 minutes sooner than is recorded.

*A List of the Horses, their names, and the time, which each Horse performed the round of Four Miles.*

| | | m. | sec. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Emma | 9 | 0 |
| 2 | Paradox | 9 | 20 |
| 3 | Liberty | 9 | 25 |
| 4 | Coroner | 9 | 15 |
| 5 | Oberon | 9 | 40 |
| 6 | Don Juan | 9 | 0 |
| 7 | Morgan Rattler | 9 | 13 |
| 8 | Paradox, 2nd time | 9 | 6 |
| 9 | Cannon Ball | 9 | 23 |
| 10 | Clasher | 9 | 25 |
| 11 | Ultima | 9 | 10 |
| 12 | Fairy | 9 | 5 |
| 13 | Coroner, 2nd time | 8 | 40 |
| 14 | Liberty, 2nd time | 9 | 0 |
| 15 | Emma, 2nd time | 9 | 21 |
| 16 | Don Juan, 2nd time | 9 | 8 |
| 17 | Oberon, 2nd time | 8 | 20 |
| 18 | Cannon Ball, 2nd time | 9 | 45 |
| 19 | Ultima, 2nd time | 9 | 0 |
| 20 | Tranby | 8 | 10 |
| 21 | Fairy, 2nd time | 8 | 8 |
| 22 | Morgan Rattler, 2nd time | 9 | 28 |
| 23 | Colt, by Tramp | 8 | 58 |
| 24 | Dolly | 8 | 58 |
| 25 | Acorn | 9 | 2 |
| 26 | A horse by Smolensko | 8 | 52 |
| 27 | Tranby, 2nd time | 8 | 0 |
| 28 | Skirmisher | 9 | 25 |
| 29 | Guilford | 8 | 25 |
| 30 | Dolly, 2nd time | 8 | 45 |
| 31 | Ikey Solomons | 12 | 0 |
| 32 | Tam O'Shanter | 9 | 40 |
| 33 | El Dorado | 9 | 20 |
| 34 | Coventry | 9 | 0 |
| 35 | Ringleader | 8 | 42 |
| 36 | Tranby, 3rd time | 8 | 15 |
| 37 | Ipsala | 8 | 20 |
| 38 | Skirmisher, 2nd time | 8 | 15 |
| 39 | Guilford, 2nd time | 9 | 10 |
| 40 | Streamlet | 8 | 50 |
| 41 | Donegani | 9 | 12 |
| 42 | Hassan | 9 | 0 |
| 43 | Surprise (Filly) | 9 | 10 |
| 44 | Ringleader, 2nd time | 9 | 30 |
| 45 | Tranby, 4th time | 8 | 50 |
| 46 | Coventry, 2nd time | 9 | 30 |
| 47 | Ipsala 2nd time | 9 | 0 |
| 48 | Donegani, 2nd time | 10 | 15 |
| 49 | Streamlet, 2nd time | 9 | 0 |
| 50 | Skirmisher, 3rd time | 9 | 40 |

Mr. Osbaldeston, at the close of the match, said he would give a plate of £50, to be run for by the above horses. The above plate was won by Lord Lowther's Smolensko Colt, three years old, 7st. 10lb. (Chapple), was the winner, and Donegani second (Conolly).

In consequence of considerable *chaffing* (as it is termed in the slang of the day) having taken place respecting the above match—“that any *cripple*, &c., could have done it with the same horses,” Mr. Osbaldeston, to put a *stopper* on the matter, addressed the following letter to the Editor of Bell's Life, on the subject: the following is an extract:—

"Sir, there are men, I have no doubt," observes Mr, Osbaldeston, can do the match in the time I did, and in much less, who only ride 7 stone, if *they* are to be called men. Many fox-hunters, and even jockeys, *before* the performance, thought it impossible to do it in nine hours; but *now*, the very same men say any FOOL *can do it!* If they are correct, pray what can a wise man do? Double, at least: but, perhaps, no wise man will be fool enough *to try!*—400 miles in 17 successive hours and 12 minutes will puzzle all the wise men of the East! It is the *pace* which a man is obliged to maintain, with such short intervals between every four miles, that distresses him, from which the MUSCLES *have not time to recover*. Two hundred miles in 10 hours would be no performance to talk of—putting on the extra steam of six miles an hour tries the wind and strength. A man riding 14st. could do it in ten hours, if a good horseman, sound wind and limb, and with good pluck. Whoever accomplishes it in EIGHT HOURS and *forty-two minutes*, riding 11st. 3lbs., will find 'his stockings tied up tighter than he ever had them tied up before,' to make use of a waterman's phrase!

Various rumours have gone abroad as to the sum I won, and great exaggeration exists; some say £10,000; some £20,000; and some even £36,000. After deducting all expenses, I shall not net more than £1800, owing to the supineness and bad advice of my friends. They would not exert themselves for me, nor would they allow me to back myself 'in the Ring;' because, they said, I should spoil the betting; and if I would only be quiet they would get plenty on for me. I followed their advice; but they never bet a shilling for me, but kept *humbugging* me to the last.

"'It was all right!' They knew I would have betted 3, 4, and even 5 to 1 on the match, two nights before, and kept me quiet to fill their own pockets at 6 to 4, which they did pretty handsomely at my expense. I never was afraid of any thing but sudden indisposition, and at no one period of the match would I have taken *Ten* to *One* about the *nine hours;* I had time enough to dine with the Lord Mayor of London, and do it in ten. My friends' advice to keep quiet was something like the advice given to Dawson, who was executed for poisoning the horses at Newmarket. They persuaded him a pardon was close at hand, even up to the moment of his execution, merely to keep his mouth shut, as 'dead men tell no tales' they say.

* * * * *

"Having been pestered to death by so many inquiries about the match, and having been chaffed so much about the match, and a jockey doing it in eight hours, I thought it best to put a complete statement in the paper, and also to add the following challenges *to the whole world*, but of which one, at least, I should imagine, may be selected for their adoption. I have named large sums, because, in my attempting or accomplishing any of them, I should incur a great expense, and risk my health and stamina, and it is not worth my notice for less. I address myself to *all the sporting men in England*, and surely, as a body, *they* can stump the ready against *me alone*, if they think it a 'good catch.' Should no man, or body of men, come forward to take up any one of my offers, I trust I shall not be bothered with—'*it is nothing to do*—AN OLD WOMAN can do it—and a jockey can do it in eight hours,' and so on. I merely back myself on my own stamina and determination; and a man of my age challenging all the world to back a man of *any age* against me, is unparalleled in the history of any sporting, and hardly to be believed. I will, however, appear at the scratch whenever called upon, both with the *needful*, and *my own* carcase ready for the fray. The following are my offers:—

### THE CHALLENGE.

"I challenge any man in the world, of any age, weighing or carrying my weight, to ride any distance he prefers, from *Two hundred* to FIVE HUNDRED MILES, for TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS! But if he will only ride 200, or 250 miles, I will ride for *Ten Thousand Pounds*. Or, I will ride against the Jockey of seven stone, whom they talk of backing to ride 200 miles in EIGHT hours, receiving 30 minutes for the difference between seven stone and eleven stone; or, I will take £10,000 to £3,000, or £20,000 to £6,000, that I ride *Two hundred miles* in EIGHT HOURS, which, it must be allowed, would be a wonderful performance for eleven stone odd; and, I THINK, ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE—at least, *a single accident* would lose the match; and I should scarcely have time to mount and dismount. I am always to be heard of at Pitsford, near Northampton.

"GEORGE OSBALDESTON.

"Pitsford, Wednesday, Nov. 16."

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THE END.

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